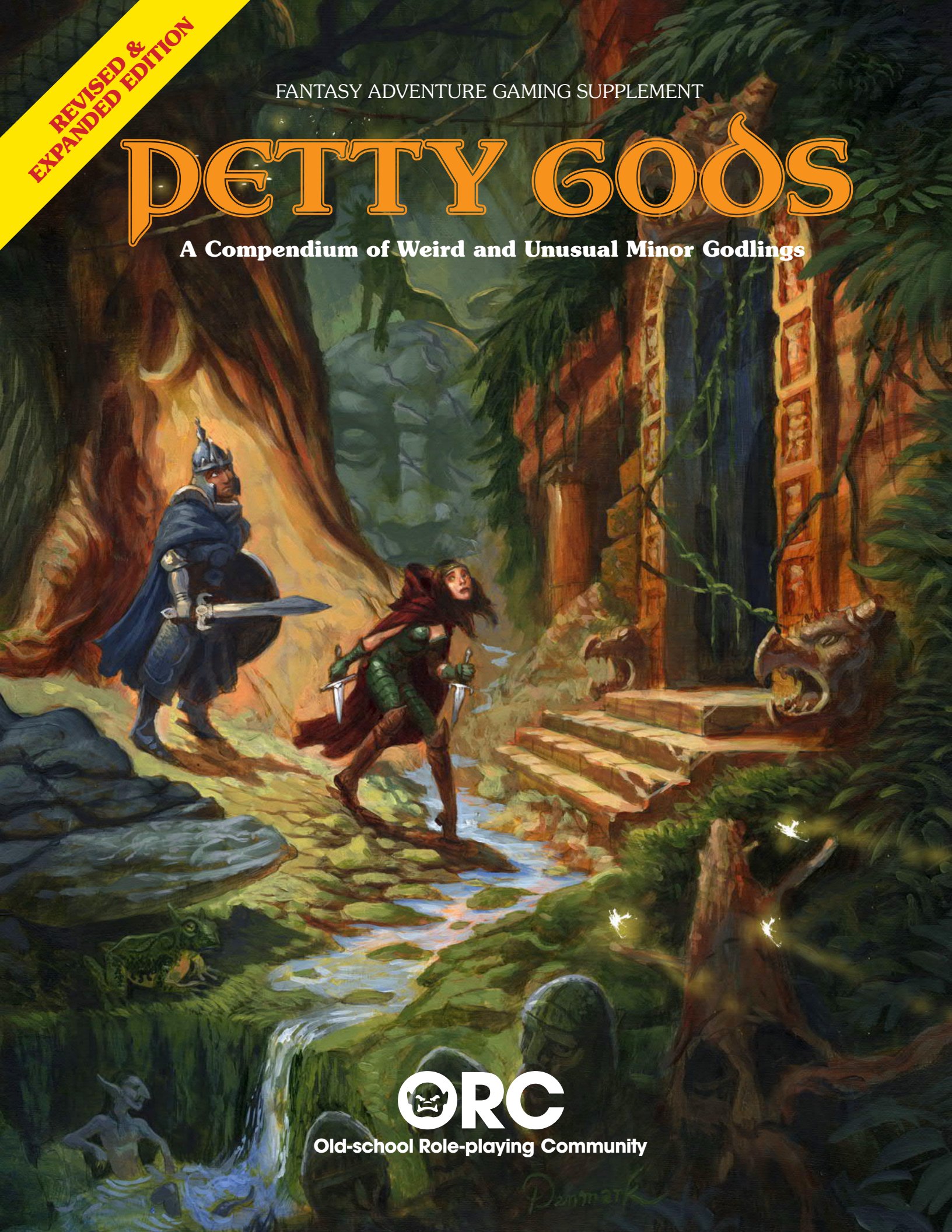
REVISED & EXPANDED EDITION

FANTASY ADVENTURE GAMING SUPPLEMENT

PETTY GODS

A Compendium of Weird and Unusual Minor Godlings



ORC

Old-school Role-playing Community

PETTY GODS

REVISED & EXPANDED EDITION

SPECIAL REFERENCE WORK

PETTY GODS

REVISED & EXPANDED EDITION

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with Matthew W. Schmeer and Greg Gorgonmilk

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A PROJECT OF THE OLD SCHOOL ROLE-PLAYING COMMUNITY

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Inexorable Deities

Edgar Lee Masters

Deities!
Inexorable revealers,
Give me strength to endure
The gifts of the Muses,
Daughters of Memory.
When the sky is blue as Minerva's eyes
Let me stand unshaken;
When the sea sings to the rising sun
Let me be unafraid;
When the meadow lark falls like a meteor
Through the light of afternoon,
An unloosened fountain of rapture,
Keep my heart from spilling
Its vital power;
When at the dawn
The dim souls of crocuses hear the calls
Of waking birds,
Give me to live but master the loveliness.
Keep my eyes unharmed from splendors
Unveiled by you,
And my ears at peace
Filled no less with the music
Of Passion and Pain, growth and change.
But O ye sacred and terrible powers,
Reckless of my mortality,
Strengthen me to behold a face,
To know the spirit of a beloved one
Yet to endure, yet to dare!

Prologue

I've always felt that the best role playing game aids are the ones that enable the imagination, rather than replace it. These are typically not part of the brand name 'sharecropper' game settings, bursting with all the pre-fab details necessary to run somebody else's world. Rather, they are often small press publications, chock full of inspirational gems; stockpiles of stand-alone ideas, encounters, characters, deities, and settings that are intended to blend into the stories being created by game masters and their players. Over the years, I've worked on a few such game aids—Central Casting, CityBook, The Dungeoneer, and of course The Unknown Gods from Judges Guild—which as I understand, is the inspiration for this book. And that, of course, means it's one of the good ones.

Jennell Jaquays
December 25th, 2010
Author of Dark Tower & The Caverns of Thracia

Reflecting on *Unknown Gods*

Jennell Jaquays

Speaking frankly, this was not one of my favorite Judges Guild projects. During my time at the Guild, there were projects that were entirely mine such as Dark Tower and Caverns of Thracia, and there were those which were simply assignments that someone else had conceived. The Unknown Gods was one of the latter, and I strongly preferred to work on my own projects. I was darn good at what I did for them—comparatively speaking—and I knew it and acted like it too. I will freely admit to being a bit of a *prima donna* during my time at Judge Guild.

Bob Bledsaw began the Unknown Gods project as a collection of his original, purely fantasy deities—a counterpoint to TSR's own OD&D *Gods, Demi-Gods & Heroes* which contained deities interpreted from terrestrial mythology and popular fiction. The project arrived in my hands not long after I started at Judges Guild as a disorganized file of typed notes, and charming black and white illustrations by another illustrator. I organized, edited and rewrote Bob's notes, added a few original deities of my own, illustrated most of the gods, and created a two-color cover. I don't remember it being anything close to my best work, but it had a lot of wacky ideas for fantasy deities. It certainly filled an inspirational niche in fantasy game publishing not being met elsewhere at the time.

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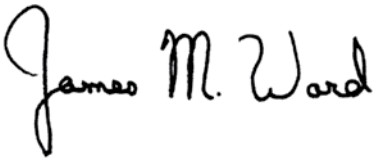
Foreword

PETTY GODS—what a great title. When Mr. Gorgonmilk offered me the chance to do the introduction for this book and a petty god inside the manuscript I jumped at the chance. In the past I have written my own versions of gods and their like in products like GODS, DEMI-GODS & HEROES (D&D), DEITIES AND DEMIGODS (AD&D), and OF GODS AND MONSTERS (C&C). There is just a lot of interest in deities and what they do to characters in any fantasy campaign game. The concept is not easy for Game Masters to wrap their heads around. Those types are busy enough just designing dungeons and cities for their characters. Putting together temples, high priests, and other "holy" concepts/encounters is a lot of work and books like this excellent tome are just what the Game Master needs to add flavor to his game.

The title of this book is very interesting. Who is to say which deity is petty or lesser, or which being is all powerful or greater? The goddess of pregnant women doesn't look very interesting or powerful unless you are pregnant, and then that being takes on a whole new status in the mind of that particular worshiper. Look at the Roman god Janus, who has two faces and is the deity of doors. That being doesn't appear like a big deal until there are 10 orcs trying to get into the house through the front door. I imagine a few special prayers are sent up in that case, and Janus looks like a much bigger deal.

For 38 years I have had the pleasure of running games for friends and convention-goers. I can tell you from very practical experience that salting in some bit of religion into encounters can go very far in shaking up your players and making them think for a change. Imagine the surprise of your players as they are doing a simple dungeon crawl when they come across an obvious temple area with a very strange looking altar with a cup, scepter, and sphere on top. Could the characters be horribly cursed by touching those items? Is there a way to discover the alignment of the relics and the temple? It could be possible that those items could greatly aid the character party in the struggles ahead. There could be hours of fun adventure just having those players try and figure out this one encounter.

When I get my hands on this book (because hopefully Greg will send me one early) some of the creations are going right into my game. My campaign will be better for it and so will yours.



James M. Ward
Spring 2013

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Preface

✎ Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

There are always challenges when working with a project like this. While the creativity that can come from opening up contributions to all within the community can be truly dazzling, the workload it produces as a result can be easily overwhelming.

Simply managing the wealth of materials for a project like this is a Herculean task. Think about it... this tome contains over 300 petty gods entries, 100-plus minions/knights/servitors, a similarly staggering number of divine items, and an incredible wealth of supplementary materials. It's no wonder there were days during the this project that I thought to myself, "Sisyphus had it easy."

Take for example, the small inconsistencies that exist in the contributions. Statistics, though generally in line with the chosen Labyrinth Lord format, were sometimes based on different editions of the rules (which necessitated some alteration, albeit minor). Even those familiar with the chosen edition inadvertently produced inconsistencies (e.g., capitalizing the names of spells vs. typesetting the names of spells in lower case italics).

As a designer who writes (or is that a writer who designs?), I possess a valued asset in wrangling a project like this, particularly when it comes to production—I can edit on the fly. That is, as I move things into the layout, it doesn't require much on my part to alter text while I'm typesetting it. This speeds up the editing process tremendously. More importantly, it means that I can streamline things and (do my best to) edit for consistency as I go.

Be warned, I've had to make some judgment calls throughout. For example, many of you who provided stats with dual-axis alignments will find them sweepingly changed to single-axis alignments. Most of us who are BX/LL veterans know that many creatures noted as "lawful evil" in 1e should actually be treated as "chaotic" in BX/LL terms, so a notation of "lawful (evil)" could be considered misleading. Additionally, many descriptions included indications, checks, or abilities that are generally not part of the BX/LL rulesets, so those needed some work. Finally, many of the stat blocks did just not "jive" with the information in the full descriptions, so tweaks were necessary to make these things fall in line with one another. These are the types of calls to which I'm referring.

There's something else I've learned about working on projects like this—it is better to ask for forgiveness than permission. Imagine trying to get permission to make alterations to entries from over 150 different contributors (most of whom I have no contact information). So... this is me... officially asking for your forgiveness (and hoping that it's tempered by the understanding that you are holding a massive-yet-complete work in your hands—be those hands physical or metaphorically digital).

Acknowledgements

✎ Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

I would like to begin by tipping my hat to the book that started it all (GODS, DEMI-GODS & HEROES) by Robert Kuntz and James M. Ward, under the direction of Tim Kask. This is the book that brought the world of the gods directly to the gaming table, and for that I'm sure we as gamers are all eternally grateful.

This project would not exist if it were not for an idea put forth by Blair Fitzpatrick— a book featuring minor godlings, created in homage to, and as a continuation of, Judges Guild's UNKNOWN GODS (originally produced under the direction of Jennell Jaquays).

I personally would like to give the deepest honor possible to the man that really kept all of the iterations of Petty Gods alive from the project's original inception—Peter Gifford. He may only have credited himself with the design, layout, and logo for the original PETTY GODS edition, but he truthfully deserves an editor's credit for managing the task when he found himself a man alone on an island, much less keep it going at all! (This is why you will find him credited on the title page of this edition as the editor of the previous edition).

I would like acknowledge the work of my predecessors on this project, James Maliszewski and Greg Gorgonmilk.

Special mention must also be made of my "go to" writers and editors on this edition: Mike "Carlson" Davis, Matthew W. Schmeer, Matthew Skail, and Eric Potter. When I needed help whipping an entry into shape, creating needed content, or figuring out something from a statistics standpoint, their assistance was invaluable.

Finally, I would like to thank each and every member of the OSR RPG community who contributed to this project in any way—whether that be as an illustrator, writer, editor, proofer, or just a proselytizer. Many of them may be found in the ***List of Contributors***, but there are those advocates of the project that will not. I thank you all!

What is a God?

Grant Stone *Juan Ochoa*

Most of us claim an inherent understanding of what a god is and would have no difficulty in comprehending the difference between a farmer on his way to market and Nr'Gth, one of the ever-screaming, denizens of Gorthen's pit. However, for those who have embarked on a lifelong quest for knowledge, such "inherent understandings" are nothing more than the whistling of the wind. 'You know what a god is," they will say, leaning on their staves and raising their eyebrows menacingly, "but does anyone else share your view?"

An answer to this most basic question could not be entrusted to the religionists. While a person of faith may acknowledge the existence and power of many gods, they will nevertheless demonstrate a bias towards the one they have devoted themselves to. Therefore, a specific definition of the term 'god' remained elusive until the famous proclamation of Redus X, 40th heirarch of the University of Crabt.

(Most faculty and not a few students of the university of Crabt have adopted a uniform of deep blue robes and conical hat, topped with a bright yellow star. This star is intended to represent the pure light of knowledge, but there are many who consider both robes and hat ridiculous. Some local comedian dubbed the place "Star Hat U". The name, unfortunately, stuck.)

Redus X called a great conclave, summoning religious leaders from many different (and often opposing) faiths together for what he called an 'enlightened and intellectual conversation'. The result was unsurprising. When the worst of the fires had been extinguished, Portan XVII, 41st heirarch of Star Hat U, found the following document beneath the still-smouldering body of his predecessor.

ABILITIES COMMON TO ALL GODS

Command: This ability functions in a similar manner to the *command* spell as practised by many schools of magic. For smaller gods, this lasts for two rounds. In the case of greater gods, this could last three rounds or more. No saving throw is possible. Most gods do not play dice with the universe; neither should you play dice with gods unless your intention is to lose.

Comprehend Languages: The tongues of mortals are nothing more than dust across the face of the world to gods. All gods are able to hear, read, or speak any language as they choose. Note that in most cases only the most literal of meanings is translated; just because a god can hear you does not necessarily mean he can understand.

This ability to comprehend any language has one remarkable disadvantage. Gods are able to comprehend scripts written with living glyphs of power (the famous 'Shatterglyphs' mentioned in certain ancient texts). A Shatterglyph is both a textual component and a living entity in its own right, that feeds upon any mind that reads it. Because the comprehension of all languages is an innate divine ability, it would be theoretically possible to use a Shatterglyph script to shred the mind of a god, should he be tricked into reading it. That same script could be gazed upon by mortals with no ill effect, since no one mortal has ever been able to comprehend Shatterglyphs.

Thankfully, Shatterglyph scripts are incredibly rare. Any mortal contemplating deicide should consider what dark intelligences might have originally created the Shatterglyph scripts and what unknown powers the gods may be protecting us from.

Detect Alignment: Gods have additional senses that mortals do not. They have the innate ability to see the true nature of any person or thing. It is impossible to deceive the gods; they will see into your soul and always see it true.

Gate: Gods can create connections to other planes of existence. Once this connection is made, the god can use the gate to draw beings from other planes through the gate. A god can only draw beings from its own mythos. Gods, like mortals, are divided into groups and there is often no small enmity between factions.

Geas or Quest: A god may command any creature to commit to or refrain from a course of action. This ability functions similar to the spells bearing the same name, although the range is 9" and no saving throw is possible.

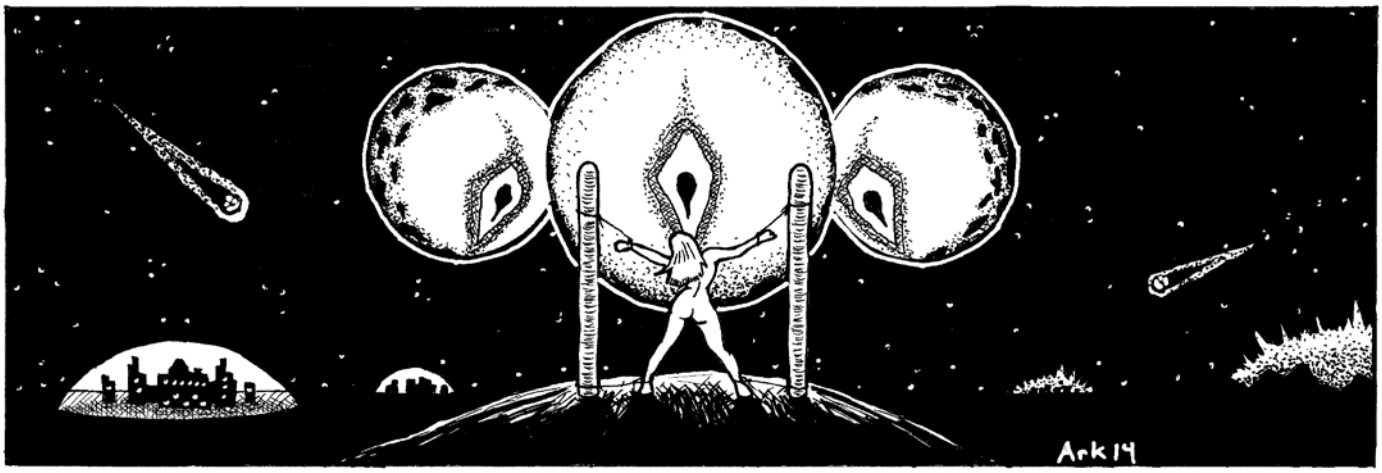
Teleport: Gods have no interest in the literally pedestrian modes of transport. A god can teleport from one place (or plane) to another at any time.

All of the above abilities function instantaneously, though not necessarily continuously. There will be no outward indication that a god is about to invoke one of these abilities; gods do not often give forewarning of their intentions.

Saving Throws: Gods enjoy a saving throw in all categories of at least 2. If they are fallible at all, it is only one time in twenty. Even then, you should be on your guard; a god who has the ill-fortune to demonstrate weakness in front of mortals will not easily let said mortals depart with their health, soul, or sanity intact.

Notes for Using Petty Gods in Play

✎ Chris Tamm ☙ *Studio Arkhein*



The idea of a pantheon of gods, each with dominion over substantial concepts (e.g., war, kingship, love, fire, nature, etc.) is one with which most gamers are comfortable. And while most role-players are familiar with the major names of historical mythology (such as Isis, Odin, or Ares), a large number would be unfamiliar with the little gods. (For those who have played Greg Stafford's Glorantha, the concept may be more familiar.)

There is, however, a historical precedent for the inclusion of lesser gods. One of the world's first emperors, Sargon of Akkad (ca. 2300-2200 BCE), conquered dozens of independent city-states, each with its own a patron god. Some of these gods had wives and children who were also gods. Some had servants—gate keepers, lamp holders, and the like—who played minor roles in the city cult. Sargon couldn't have everybody saying their favorite city god was supreme and so, along with the introduction of a single calender, written language, and other sweeping changes, he introduced the concept of the gods as a single family or pantheon.

Rome received a similar treatment in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, a history of the world from its creation by the gods to the deification of Julius Caesar. While most of what is commonly known about Greece concerns Athens, a reading of Robert Graves' *Greek Myths* and works by H.D.F. Kitto provide a sense that the lineages and relations of the gods varied not only between cities, but also between rural areas. Organized state religions of empires were very different to the religious practices of the common folk.

Although the modern conception of demons is one of wholly evil entities, those of Mesopotamia could be as much benefactors as banes. While many are familiar with the Mesopotamian demon Pazuzu, fewer are aware of his demonic father, Hanbi. Though monstrous in appearance, sporting a panther face, wings, claws, and a snake for a phallus, Hanbi tended to be a useful ally. He would be evoked by healers and commoners to scare away other demons. Amulets to Hanbi were placed on children's cots as a ward against demons such as the child-killing demon Lamashtu. Babylonian demons would at times act on behalf of the gods, dispensing punishments to the wicked, or function as the gods' bailiffs, carrying off to the underworld those seeking to avoid death.

The Hindus have over a million gods. While greater gods such as Indra were supreme in the minds of conquering Brahmins, the military aristocracy, and state priesthoods, a local tree or well divinity could be more important to local common folk. Further, such lesser gods were truly local, and might be unheard-of in the neighboring village.

These sorts of lesser gods were not exclusive to non-European religions. In Northern Europe, the mounds of ancient Norse kings were occasionally associated with elves. Local goatherds would leave small bribes or unwanted infants to protect their flocks and appease these mischievous elves. Entire kingdoms of elves could lay within such mounds, and their kings and queens might be regarded as minor gods. In pagan Russia you might find a lesser god in the guise of a grubby, hairy dwarf dwelling under a barn. In other places, a petty god might make take the form of a wild man of the forest, making life difficult for unworthy hunters. Locals would avoid swearing so as not to offend such beings, leaving treats in hopes of good relations with them.

It is all very well for an empire to have distant and mighty gods, but for common folk around the world, the need existed for gods that were nearer, more personable, and suited to their ordinary needs. While a king would not follow a god of cheese moulds, a cheese maker would find use for such a deity. A greater god might have servants (e.g., scribes, messengers or ministers) whose divine employment would guide the palace official or urban tradesmen. These little gods might also take the form of a legendary ancestor or a significant animal. What some

would regard as a spirit, demon, or local forest monster might in fact be a petty godling. The various nymphs, sylphs, and satyrs might be worshipped, perhaps even being kin of greater gods. There could even be petty gods relating to a single vegetable, a household tool, or a holy day. They might reside in strange rock, an ancient tree, or some other landmark.

Some of these petty gods, while potent in their own right, might only represented by a simple shrine, sometimes within the temple of a greater god. As with greater gods, small amulets and figures dedicated to the petty god might be carried by the faithful or decorate the hearth of a home. In the wilderness, any landmark might have significance for the locals, such as a special stone one would crawl under in order to become an adult, which might also be the holy site of a particular petty god. In urban areas, a ghetto might have a local god, patron to a gang of thieves.

With the real world precedent of minor gods, it is only natural that they migrate into the tales told for entertainment, and what better stories than the interactive tales of fantasy role-playing games. There are many ways to introduce petty gods into a fantasy campaign setting. As a general rule, minor gods will be more common among the common folk, usually in rural areas. They will tend to be concerned with only one locale, but are more likely to interact with or intervene on the behalf of mortals than a greater power such as Zeus. Such lesser gods might offer advice, quests, or aid. While it is unlikely a petty god would grant powerful magic to a wandering cleric, they might allow the devout country wise woman or village elder to reach lofty heights of power in their service. Although lesser to other gods, petty gods should still represent a significant encounter, and are unlikely appear in groups (though some petty gods might appear in the form of more than one being, such as the Norns of Norse mythology).

In the early days of tabletop role-playing games, tomes such as AD&D's *Deities & Demigods* or Judges Guild's *The Unknown Gods* (spiritual predecessor to this very tome) presented gods as little more than powerful monsters for higher level heroes to battle (why else have defined stats if they were not intended for combat?). Even though many gods in these early works were very powerful, some were not terribly greater than some of the lords of Hell depicted in the AD&D *Monster Manual*. But no matter the circumstances, meeting a petty god should be a significant event; combating one a momentous occasion; the slaying of one the definition of a campaign's entire scope.

In life, a petty god can be formidable; in death, they can be an even greater threat. Lesser gods have followers, and such a cult, when not seeking to return their god to life, might hunt down their god's slayer. A greater god might raise a favorite servant god, though they might return a changed being. A petty god might be released from the underworld by their great uncle—who just happens to be the gatekeeper of the underworld—and return with new and frightening undead abilities, plotting horrible revenge on those who have brought them low.

Petty gods might be the source of curses, whether directly (by cursing the faithless) or indirectly (through the vengeance of other gods). In the *Odyssey*, upon being blinded by Odysseus, the Cyclops called on his father Poseidon to punish the mortal who had wounded him, leading to Odysseus' ten year voyage throughout the Mediterranean. When Gilgamesh killed Humbaba, the forest guardian and Bull of Heaven, he drew the anger of greater gods, who, as punishment, killed his best friend, Enkidu. As noted before, killing a petty god can be the basis for a campaign, where ever more powerful gods confront the heroes as punishment.

Petty gods can be found in myriad places and situations. They might reside in a place holy to them, surrounded by their followers, creatures and, perhaps, other members of their pantheon. They may act as guardians of a relic or hallowed place, protecting that which the gods wish to keep for themselves (the secret of immorality, gates to the underworld, caves of gold, sacred groves from which the local royalty make their beds...). A petty god might act as a ruler of spirits and monsters in a region, perhaps even having a greater rapport with the longer-lived or pre-human races than with humanity. Some mortals may be blessed or cursed by a god, and become petty gods themselves in the form of saints or demons. Other lesser gods may be the result of a romantic liaison between a greater god and a mortal, or even the intentional creation of a cult (though older gods may frown upon such a creation) or another god (to act as a servant or lover).

Petty gods can also be used as punishment on those who accost their faithful, whether they be the giant insects which destroy the farmers' crops, the orc horde which destroys the village, or the adventuring 'murder hobos' who think their wandering nature protects them from the necessity of respecting others. While they may not be able to slay the cosmic chaos dragon, a petty god might have no problem taking on some unruly undead, werewolf, or minor demon. Such protections may make a strong impression on the god's mortal followers, who may come to act or dress like them (even if that means they wear a turnip-shaped hat to honor of the Turnip God). Some of the god's followers may even exhibit unusual features due to their interaction with a petty god, such as blue hair or bird feet.

Petty gods are also useful beyond providing antagonists for characters. The player characters in the campaign may be called upon to act as the avengers for a deceased godling, tracking down the god's killers at the behest of followers. Another possibility is a quest to restore the god to life, with the heroes seeking out items (or the body of the god) with which to bring this about. A petty god might even join a party to act as a guide in some other plane. Or the player characters may instead be the petty gods themselves, whether after their own ascension from mortality to divinity, by being viewed as divine by an expanding group of faithful followers, or by having a previously unknown divine ancestry revealed to them. Such character-gods could provide the basis for an ongoing campaign or a single night of high-level play.

No matter how they are introduced into a campaign, petty gods provide a great opportunity to expose characters to divine beings and powers without diminishing the potency of the mightier gods. Interactions with petty gods might shape the opinions of the greater gods towards an adventuring party, and be used to gradually expose them to higher powers.

There is plenty of gold in Petty Gods. How you use it is up to you.

The Subtle Art of Propitiation

✐ **Friar Fifthwhistle, Order of the Open Hand Abbot (ret.), Taverntoss Abbey**
(translated from mildewed parchment by Matthew W. Schmeer)

As we all know, the gods are petty in ways that boggle the mind. Some are distant, others are meddle in mortal affairs, and others still view those who walk this earth as a pestilence that must be eradicated. Yet most gods, from the weakest to the greatest, are unknowable except in that they are capricious and quick to anger. And if a mortal should offend a god, woe be unto him!

There is little a mortal can do to appease an angry god. At best, we can offer meager offerings; at worst, we can die for our transgressions. And death may not be enough, as some gods torture souls for eons once they have crossed the boundaries of the material plane. What can one do to remain in or return to a petty god's good graces?

The answer might surprise you: keep your superstitions! Superstitions are not deviations of religious feeling and the practices that faith imposes; in fact, they are grounded in appeasing the gods through sacramental signs. Wearing amber beads, eating apples once a day, mounting horseshoes above a stable's doors, tossing a pinch of spilled salt over one's shoulders—these please some nearly-forgotten petty god in some small way and keeps them at bay. These small acts have ensured the protection of peasant folk for generations on end!

But there is more to propitiating the gods than simple domestic rituals. No, true propitiation is more specific; it implies that divine wrath must be averted to mend the mortal/god relationship. This may be as simple as sending up a request for forgiveness or as complex as undertaking a quest at a god's behest.

Broadly speaking, there are four ways to propitiate the gods:

Prayers: These usually take the form of requests for blessings or curses or some other divine favor. Many common obscenities are rooted in quick prayers, while other prayers are overly ornate literary constructions. Prayer is the one sure route to the gods open to all.

Ritual: Formal performance rites incorporating sacred symbols, language, and gestures. These are usually festive performances in thorps, villages, and towns. They are powerful statements that remind the gods that people remember and fear them. See my manuscript "As the Seasons Turn: Festivals & Ritual in Town and Country, " housed in Baron Walthamthorp's personal library for more information.

Offerings: Offerings of foodstuffs, objects, lifeblood, emotions, and so on. This may include ritualized blood sacrifices of living animals, prisoners, or volunteers. This also includes libations of wine, spirits, and holy liquids. There are a host of complicated rules for who may perform offering rites; see my manuscript "Inviting the Gods to Sup: A Guide to Divine Offerings," available at the abbey library in Taverntoss, for a fuller treatment of this topic. The most powerful offerings are performed by clerical orders.

Quest: Retrieval of a holy object or performing a complex service. The gods tend to offer these to the least likely of candidates, most of whom have little chance of success. Still, you better undertake it if you want to avoid a god's wrath!

Now, this little essay would not be complete without a bit of instruction on how to deal with an angry god, so allow me to quickly provide a template for prayer that has been most successful for clerics of the Order of the Open Hand when they are out in the field. Most Reverend Father Troutslapper created this form of prayer many years ago when this abbey was first founded, and we have found that it is an easy and accessible way for the common folk to ingratiate themselves to the gods and avoid their wrath.

There are four parts to a good prayer, which you can remember by this simple mnemonic device: A.C.T.S. Allow me to explicate as follows.

Acknowledgement: Declare your belief in the god, acknowledging their power over their specific domain or dominion. Ex: "Ywehbobbobhewy, Lord of Waters, King of Mirrors, Patriarch of the Most Profound, I beseech you in your powers over thought and reflection!"

Compunction: Admit your transgressions and your guilt and express a deep regret for those actions which a god might find offensive. Ex: "Know that I have faltered in my faith and in my words and I have broken seven mirrors and passed by calm waters without the proper sacrifices."

Thankfulness: Express your gratitude to the god for not afflicting you in their wrath. Ex: "Praise you, oh Most Profound, for not striking your humble servant dead!"

Solicitation: Entreat the god to act in your favor. Ex: "If it please Your Honor, please bless this poor befuddled servant and allow him to see through this portal to what lies on the other side. Allow this mirror to reflect the truth of what therein remains!"

And then, of course, end the prayer in some appropriate way. At all costs avoid the cliche "Amen"! I find it useful to appeal to a god's ego at the end of a prayer. Ex: "All hail Ywehbobbobhewy! All hail He who through mirrors darkly sees!"

So, here is the prayer all put together:

Ywehbobbobhewy, Lord of Waters, King of Mirrors, Patriarch of the Most Profound, I beseech you in your powers over thought and reflection! Know that I have faltered in my faith and in my words and I have broken seven mirrors and passed by calm waters without the proper sacrifices; Praise you, oh Most Profound, for not striking your humble servant dead! If it please Your Honor, please bless this poor befuddled servant and allow him to see through this portal to what lies on the other side. Allow this mirror to reflect the truth of what therein remains! All hail Ywehbobbobhewy! All hail He who through mirrors darkly sees!

Follow this form and you too will find that the petty gods' blessings will shine upon you!

A Guide to Godly Reactions

✎ **Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.** ✐ *Todd McGowan*

The relationship between gods and men has a long and varied history: in ancient Greece, the gods actively intervened in the day-to-day lives of humans; the Egyptian gods limited contact between the human and divine realms to specific circumstances; in China, most of the gods and goddesses were deified humans whose presence among mortals was, to some degree, commonplace. It's just plain and simple theophany—the appearance of a deity to a human or other being. But what happens when those humans and other beings appear to a deity (or stumble upon them, as the case may be)? A reaction roll!

The standard reaction roll as used in this book utilizes a 2d6 roll; the lower one rolls (with high Charisma providing bonuses to help achieve that), the more friendly and enthusiastic the reaction from the god in question. But what does "friendly" mean for god of toothaches? Or "hostile" for the goddess of bookbinding?

Ultimately, each petty god's reaction would be determined by a unique table tailored to explain the differences reaction results for that god. A good number of the gods contained in this volume have exactly that—a specialized reaction table to represent how that god reacts when encountered by the PCs. Then again, many of the gods in this book do not.

The information below is presented for those wishing to develop reaction tables for the gods in this book that do not have one of their own.

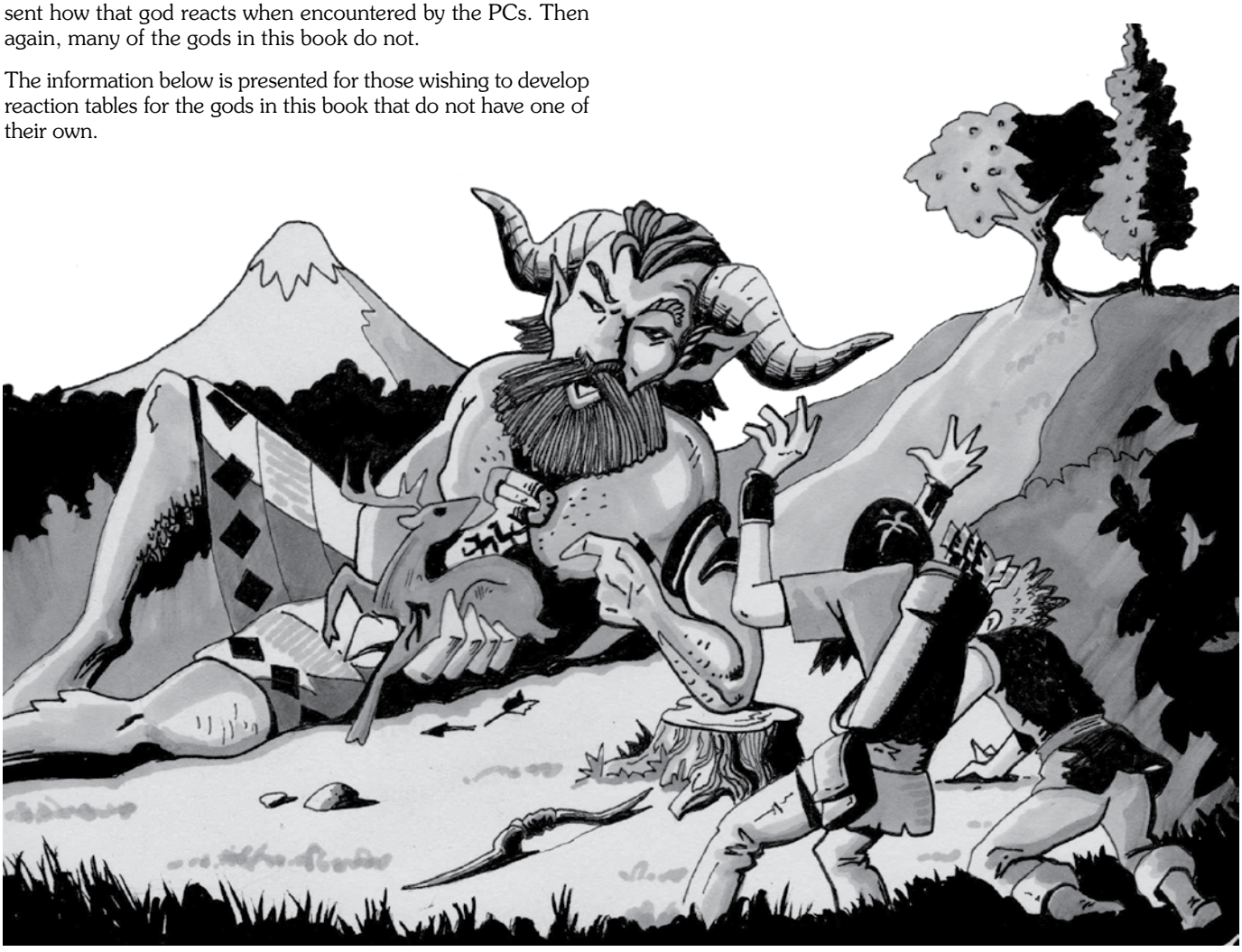
Dice Systems

The standard reaction table utilizes the result of a 2d6 roll, as outlined below:

Standard Reaction Table (2d6)

Roll	Result	Chance of Result
2	Friendly, helpful	2.78%
3-5	Indifferent, uninterested	25%
6-8	Neutral, uncertain	44.44%
9-11	Unfriendly, may attack	25%
12	Hostile, attacks	2.78%

The column on the right shows the chances of any particular result occurring. Any newly-developed reaction table could just as easily use 1d20, 2d12. 3d6, or any other single die or die combination. Understand, a single die roll will produce a "flat" chance of results (with each individual roll occurring as often as any other roll), as opposed to the bell curve created by rolling multiple dice. It is suggested that this be taken into account when choosing the dice upon which a reaction table will be based.



Result Modifiers

The standard reaction modifier is based on Charisma as outlined below:

Ability Score	Modifer
3	+2
3-5	+1
6-8	+1
9-12	0
13-15	–1
16-17	–1
18	–2

Petty gods are still gods (however minor), so they may not be affected by mortal Charisma, but by other ability scores. For example, the god of arm wrestling might be impressed by high Strength, and the goddess of grammar might like high Intelligence types. Reaction modifiers need not be based on attributes at all. For example, the petty god of dirt and grime might react more favorably to those who are covered in caked-on mud, and less favorably to those wearing highly-polished armor.

Propitiation

Often, propitiating a god can affect that god's initial reaction. Most often, this will affect an "indifferent" or "unfriendly" reaction, with propitiation shifting an "indifferent" reaction to "friendly", and in the case of "unfriendly reactions", will often stave off an inevitable attack or other harm.

Reaction Tables by Hippocratic Humor

The following reaction tables are based on Hippocratic humorism, with each table representing one of the the four traditionally-designated personalities. These four personality types cover a broad range of personalities (particularly when it comes to interacting with others), and how those personality types would respond to an intrusive situation. As such, these tables are presented as a 'catch-all' system for those not wishing to develop their own reaction tables, but wanting something slightly-more tailored than the 'by-the-book' reaction table.

Though the system is designed for human and humanoid characters, there is no reason the same personality traits cannot be prescribed to creatures or animals, even those with animal intelligence or lower.

A1. Sanguine Reaction Table

Sanguine personalities are impulsive, optimistic, irresponsible, and/or courageous.

2	**Enthusiastically Friendly**
3-5	**Friendly**
6-8	**Approaches Cautiously**
9-11	**Passive:** Attacks if threatened
12	**Hostile:** Possible attack

A2. Choleric Reaction Table

Choleric personalities are dominating, short-tempered,violent and/or vengeful.

2	**Wary/watchful**
3-5	**Uncertain/Guarded**
6-8	**Hostile:** Possible attack
9-11	**Incredibly hostile:** Imminent attack
12	**Immediately Attack**

A3. Phlegmatic Reaction Table

Phlegmatic personalities are calm, rational, unemotional, docile, lazy, and/or controlled.

2	**Uninterested**
3-5	**Watchful**
6-8	**Uncertain:** Confused; will possibly flee
9-11	**Guarding:** Possible flee or attack
12	**Guarding:** Possible attack

A4. Melancholic Reaction Table

Melancholic personalities are cautious, introspective, irritable, and/or avoiding.

2	**Cautiously approaches**
3-5	**Watchful:** Possible retreat
6-8	**Guarding:** Flees if threatened
9-11	**Hostile:** Attacks if threatened
12	**Hostile:** Attacks if approached

SECTION 1

Petty Gods

Leonard O'Grady

Petty Gods Overview

✐ **Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.**

Explanatory Notes

NAME/TITLES
The name of each god in this volume has, in most cases, been simplified to the god's given or adopted name, without any superlative additions. Where appropriate, longer or alternate titles for a god have been listed under the god's name and domain as "Titles".

DOMAIN/SPHERE OF INFLUENCE
Directly following each god's name, their domain/sphere-of-influence has been noted In parentheses. Those noted with an asterisk ("*") indicate that the god is a "local" god—that is, the god's domain is normally restricted to a specific locality or geographic area (which may be as small as a room or building, or as large as a country or continent).

Note that many gods included herein have similar or conflicting domains/spheres. These can provide the DM with added possibilities, providing a basis for godly feuds (and the like) to take place in the campaign world. (See *Arbitrator of Sphere* on p.216 in the ***Minions, Knights & Servitors*** section.)

AFFILIATIONS lists any pantheons, cults, or other gods appearing in this volume, to which the described god is related. In most cases, the affiliation will also be noted in the "Related Entries" section at the bottom of the god's description. (See ***Related Entries*** below.)

SYMBOL notes the visual symbol by which the god is known. This symbol will likely figure prominently in architecture and items related to the worship of that god (e.g., embellishments in temples, clothing worn by the clergy, amulets and talismans kept by the god's followers, etc.)

ALIGNMENT shows the standard alignment for the god (based on a single-axis alignment system). Though the alignment noted will most often reflect the belief system of the god, the god's actions may reflect a different alignment (at DM's discretion).

MOVEMENT indicates the god's movement per turn (and round) on the ground. Additional movement details are provided for those gods with alternate forms of movement, including the ability to fly, swim, burrow and traverse in webs.

ARMOR CLASS is based on a descending scale in which an AC of 9 is an unarmored human. AC indications for gods that typically wear armor will show the god's AC when wearing armor.

 # [+1] An AC rating with additional brackets indicates that a magical weapon is needed "to hit" the god, with the number in brackets indicating the minimum enchantment required "to hit."

HIT POINTS indicates number of hit points possessed by the god when fully healed. The Hit Dice shown in parentheses should be used for determing attack level.

ATTACKS presents number and type of attack(s) the god may make during the melee round.

DAMAGE indicates variable damage by attack(s).

SAVE provides a class and level equivalent to be used when determing the god's saving throws.

MORALE shows the suggested target number for any morale checks made by the god. The target value, or reaction, may be adjusted at the DM's discretion based on situation or other extenuating circumstances.

HOARD CLASS indicates the suggested treasure which will be found in the god's lair, unless otherwise indicated. (May be adjusted at the DM's discretion.)

EXPERIENCE POINTS indicates the recommended number of experience points to be rewarded for killing the god *based on the god's abilities determined only by the listing*. Should the DM choose to give a god the additional abilities outlined in the section ***What is a God?*** (page xi), then the Experience Point award for that god should be adjusted accordingly.

REACTION TABLES have been included for many of the gods listed here. For those gods without a personalized reaction table, the DM may choose to do any of the following

- Create their own reaction table for the god.
- Use one of the standard tables presented in the section ***A Guide to Godly Reactions*** (pages xv-xvi).
- Use the standard reaction table for their preferred rules system.
- Determine the god's reaction independently of a reaction table.

RELATED ENTRIES
Throughout this book, many entries will be related to or reference other entries. For convenience, any related/referred entries which are included in this volume have been noted at the bottom of the description and listed by section, to aid in locating them. The letters used to denote each section are as follows:

G = ***Petty Gods*** section
M = ***Minions, Knights & Servitors*** section
C = ***Cults*** section
D = ***Divine Items*** section
S = ***Spells*** section
A = ***Appendix*** item

Other references included in this book, but not in one of the major sections outlined above (e.g., in the ***Introduction*** or ***Appendix*** of the book) are noted separately.

ABONDIANCE • ADASSEC • AGLAOS • AGLET • AMBER BLOOD SWORD • AMMON THRAX • ANWYN WOOD • APAR • ARIPHAS • AROLOHNSO • ARVIRIVE • ASPIX • ATANUWÉ • ATRA • AÞ • ATTRECOPPEA • AUDRUM • AURUS ARGENTUS • AUSTURA • AVERTED ONLOOKER • AVIRGIRI • AZWA

Abondiance *(petty god of ephemeral wealth)*

TITLES: *Patroness of Ephemeral Wealth*

E.T. Smith
Kelly Bennett

SYMBOL:	A jeweled wine goblet, tipped over and spilling its contents
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	300' (100')
ARMOR CLASS:	6
HIT PTS. (HD):	27 hp (7 HD)
ATTACKS:	0
DAMAGE:	None
SAVE:	M7
MORALE:	7
HOARD CLASS:	Special
XP:	440

Some creeds extol their followers to practice wise investment for the future. However, other gods would rather have a big party right now, damn the uncertain pleasures of tomorrow!

Abondiance appears as an exotically-beautiful, bombastically-figured woman dressed in stylishly-rich garments and glittering jewelry, and is most often found serving as the hostess of a epically epicurean celebration. She will only be encountered in towns or other civilized environments, and never in the wilderness or dungeons. If attacked, she will flee immediately, remembering the assailant's identity for future payback through her next paramour.

The treasures she knows of are real, but guarded by significant and deadly obstacles. Recovering them will be difficult, and she is unwilling to join any expedition and unable to offer any aid besides an accurate location. If the character returns with the treasure, Abondiance will appear to them again, this time offering a rare quick entrance to high society via their new-found wealth (a house for sale in a fashionable neighborhood, invitations to a grand ball, a ceremonial court position up for bid). Characters will find additionally that Abondiance's bonus for her Charisma (18) is added to their own when others react to them in social situations, granting ever-more-friendly contacts.

Abondiance will only remain a companion as long as the character keeps her entertained with lavish parties and luxurious living (costing them 2d10×100 gp per week). When the character either refuses, or is unable to pay for this lifestyle any more, roll for a new reaction below. If Abondiance tells of a new treasure, the character has a chance to maintain her favor. If she leaves, they lose the advantage of her high Charisma when dealing with the well-to-do.

Abondiance Reaction Table

Modify by Charisma, plus a bonus of –1 for every 1,000 gp possessed by the character (on his/her person or elsewhere). If the character is destitute (no more than the clothes on their back), an additional +2 penalty should be applied to the roll.

2	**Infatuated:** Fawns over character and tells them she knows where to find a great treasure (Hoard Class XVI).
3-5	**Friendly:** Flirts with character and mentions she knows of a rich treasure (Hoard Class X).
6-8	**Coquettish:** Chats with character and hints she knows where to find a modest treasure (Hoard Class XII).
9-11	**Indifference:** Cools to boredom if pressed.
12	**Mortified:** After a mocking comment, she abandons the character, and leaves a high bar tab in the character's name (d100 gp worth).

Adassec *(petty god of stairs and ladders)*

TITLES: *Adassec of Many Steps*

Igor Vinicius Sartorato
Jason Sholtis

SYMBOL:	A ladder
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	180' (60')
ARMOR CLASS:	0
HIT PTS. (HD):	80 hp (18 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (fists or trample) or spell
DAMAGE:	1d6 or special
SAVE:	T18
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	XVII
XP:	9,000

Adassec, the petty god of stairs and ladders, is a grotesque creature, similar to a massive, giant centipede with human legs and feet, topped by the upper body of a human. His dark hair is long and greasy, his nose is hooked, and his eyes are bottomless spirals of darkness. It is said he resides only on very important or very exceptional ladders or stairs (e.g., very old, very large, very dangerous, etc.). Adventurers and explorers who have fallen from such places know how dangerous these places can be, and tend to respect Adassec in an almost fearful manner.

Adassec can be as treacherous and capricious as the stairs and ladders he protects. Just as one cannot always predict what lies beyond the next staircase, so one cannot know what to expect from this conservator of climbs. One false step in his presence will almost always lead an adventurer to ruin. Adassec has the power to *teleport* anyone to the top or bottom of any ladder or staircase (on a failed save vs. wand)—an ability which he uses, depending on the occasion, to either help or hinder. When Adassec is poised on a set of stairs above opponents during combat, he is able to make a trample attack as he descends, causing all in his path to tumble down the stairs (on a failed Dexterity check), taking normal falling damage. Additionally, three times per day, Adassec is able to spew a liquid that oozes down stairs and ladders, making them slippery and dangerous.

Anyone crossing or climbing these affected stairs or ladders must make a Dexterity check or tumble and fall, taking normal falling damage. Should Adassec find himself in trouble, and only as a last option, he will attempt to trap his opponents in an *endless staircase* illusion (see ***Spells*** section) before fleeing. He may only use this ability once per day.

Adassec Reaction Table

Use Dexterity instead of Charisma for modifier.

2 **Friendly:** Teleports 1d4 nearby targets to the desired 'end' (top or bottom) of ladder or stairs.

3-5 **Indifferent:** Teleports 1d4 nearby targets to the desired 'end' (top or bottom) of a ladder or stairs, if properly propitiated/honored.

6-8 **Neutral:** Proposes a race on the stairs, accompanied by a bet.

9-11 **Unfriendly:** Tries to prevent anyone attempting to climb/descend the ladder or stairs if not properly propitiated/honored.

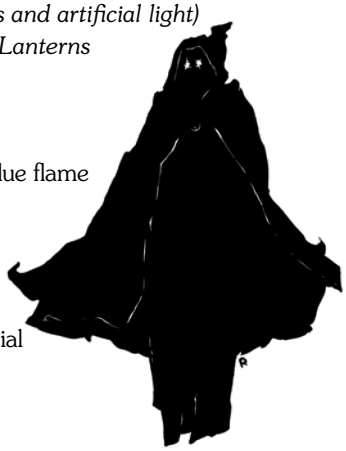
12 **Hostile:** Tries to prevent anyone attempting to climb/descend the ladder or stairs.

RELATED ENTRIES: **S)** *Endless Staircase.*

Aglaos *(petty god of torches and artificial light)*

TITLES: *God of Torches, Lord of Lanterns*

Evan Elkins
Ryan Browning



SYMBOL:	A torch with a blue flame
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	–2
HIT PTS. (HD):	75 hp (15 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (claws) or special
DAMAGE:	2d6
SAVE:	F15
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	XII, XXI
XP:	8,000

Aglaos is the god of torches and artificial light. He is friend to adventures and seekers into the unknown. He appears as an empty coal-colored cloak and cowl. Within the hood of the cowl burn two small flames where this 10'-tall god's eyes should be. These flames, as well as his occasional claws, cast no light on nearby objects or on his clothing. While generally benevolent, he is a fickle deity and can easily be roused to anger or coaxed to abandon those he supports.

The God of Torches can emit a ray of intense heat that deals 2d12 damage to an intended target. He may also create flaming claws that issue forth from his cloak, attack with a +3 bonus, and deal 2d6 damage to nearby opponents. Aglaos is unharmed by fire, and even his cloak and cowl seem to be untouched by any flame. He has the ability to cast *continual light* at will on any object or person.

Aglaos Reaction Table

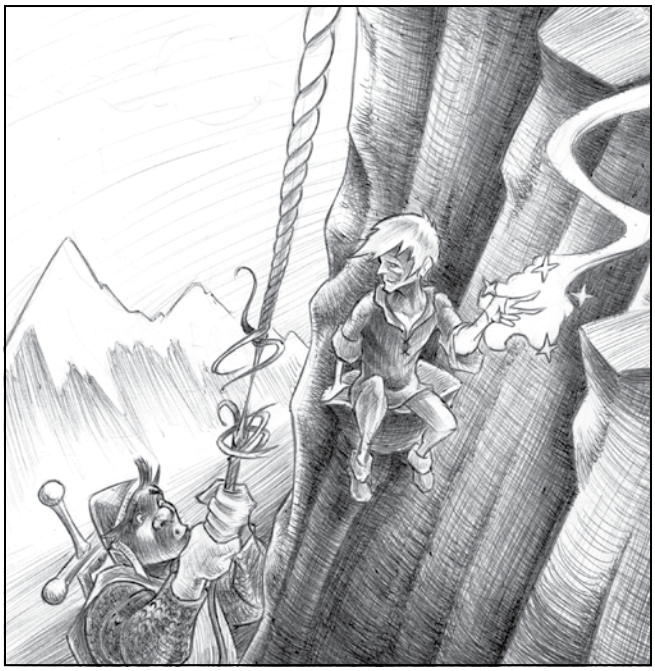
2 **Friendly:** Casts *continual light* on whatever objects his friends wish him to, and attempts to answer any questions put to him as accurately as possible.

3-5 **Indifferent:** Will perform some favors, but demands some type of bizarre payment (usually lots of wood) in return.

6-8 **Neutral:** Ignores nearby targets.

9-11 **Unfriendly:** Casts *continual light* on things and people that would be disadvantageous to those who displease him.

12 **Hostile:** Attacks nearby targets.



Aglet *(petty god of frayed ropes, cords, and strings)*

Stuart Roe
Alexander Cook

SYMBOL:	A length of cord or rope, knotted at both ends
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
ARMOR CLASS:	4
HIT PTS. (HD):	40 hp (5 HD)
ATTACKS:	3 (whip tips)
DAMAGE:	1d4/1d4/1d4
SAVE:	M6
MORALE:	6
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	350

Aglet is the god of frayed ropes, cords and string. It is his greatest pet peeve. If the end of a rope or cord has not been dipped in pitch, wax, secured or bound in a manner to prevent fraying, Aglet will unbraid it. However, he will only unbind ropes or cords that have been properly secured if he has a personal grudge against the owner.

Aglet is about two feet tall, appearing like a small human. White-haired and clean-shaven, he dresses in drab colors. Though he may become *invisible* at will, his greatest ability is the capacity to go unnoticed, even while not invisible. In fact, very few will see him even when he is standing in plain sight. Often they don't think to even look for him. If they do so, treat Aglet as if

he is a secret door. If one character does notice Aglet, they can communicate his position well enough to grant a reroll with a +2 bonus to other characters and NPCs.

Aglet prefers to flee when confronted, but will stand and fight if cornered. His only weapon is a 6-foot long heavy cord, the last foot of which is frayed into three separate ends. He uses this rope as a whip and can attack one opponent each round. Even though the whip attack is made in one motion, each of the three ends of the rope requires separate "to hit" and damage rolls.

Aglet Reaction Table

2	**Friendly:** Aglet will openly greet the players and be helpful as to local knowledge, etc. He will courteously point out ropes and cords that have not been properly bound. If the players are dismissive of this advice, reroll Aglet's reaction to them. (Aglet will not be ignored when he is being nice!)
3-5	**Indifferent:** Aglet will not show himself, but won't run if noticed by the players. If not noticed, he won't go out of his way to fray any ropes or cords, but any that cross his path are fair game.
6-8	**Neutral:** Aglet won't show himself, but will fray any ropes that are unbound and accessible. If discovered, he will attempt to flee.
9-11	**Unfriendly:** Aglet will fray cords and ropes and go to great lengths and take chances to do so. He will not mess with properly bound ropes and cords.
12	**Hostile:** Aglet will fray any and all unbound ropes. He will also attack the most egregious transgressor in righteous indignation. It will be a sneak attack. During the attack he will berate the players for their sloppiness and inattention to their ropes.

RELATED ENTRIES: **S)** *Fray.*

Amber Blood Sword

(petty goddess of battle blood-lust and feminine protection)
TITLES: *The Amber Protector, The Great Vindicator*

Chris Tamm
Studio Arkhein

SYMBOL:	Amber sword-shaped bead
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	180' (90')
ARMOR CLASS:	–4
HIT PTS. (HD):	105 hp (21 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (axe)
DAMAGE:	4d6+3
SAVE:	F22
MORALE:	11 (12 if fighting males)
HOARD CLASS:	Special
XP:	11,000

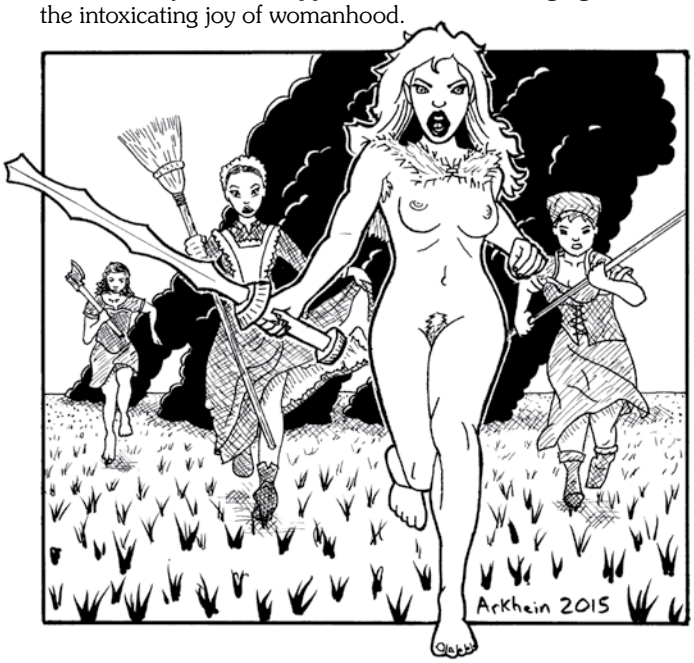
Amber Blood Sword is a protector of women everywhere. She is a savage maiden with animated red hair who appears unclothed, save for a red, fox-fur cape. Her skin is amber-tinted milky white, and her eyes blaze as brilliant gold amber spheres. Regardless of any other emotions which may be hiding underneath, she rarely exudes anything but anger and rage.

When menfolk are away on the business that they believe to be their personal domain (e.g., being vikings, crusaders, and pirates), womenfolk may call upon Amber Blood Sword for her assistance when enemies attack. More frighteningly, Amazons deliberately petition her during invasions. Chaotic cults have been known to call upon her to start bloody riots, while lawful cults have engaged her to punish evil doers.

Once Amber Blood Sword appears on a battlefield, any woman (friend or foe) within 240' of her becomes berserk (unwilling may save vs. spell to resist the effect), and will go on a killing spree. Affected women get +2 "to hit" and damage bonuses vs. male opponents while in her presence, and will not stop killing until all males present have fled the area, or appear to be dead (either by playing dead, or by actually being dead).

In combat, Amber Blood Sword will never ambush or attempt to surprise, regardless of the circumstances. She is a vindictive, bestial creature without language who, before engaging opponents, warns them of her inevitable attack with growling snarls and hostile animalistic grunts. Her trusted form of attack is *+3 'Ever-bleeding' Sword*—an amber-colored bastard sword which always appear to be oozing with the fresh blood of battle. In addition to the damage done by her sword on a successful "to hit" roll, any non-virgin males and virgin males ages 13 and older who are struck by her sword must save vs. spell or become sterile (the effect may be removed by a *cure disease* spell). Furthermore, she is not swayed by charms from any man (words or spells). Amber will attack any male virgins last. She will happily fight to the death and, should she die, one of her thousands of sisters will gain Amber's powers, knowledge, and sword at midnight on the first seasonal solstice following her death. Upon her replacement assuming Amber's godly duties, Amber's body will turn into 3d6+6 chunks of amber, each worth 1d6×100 gp.

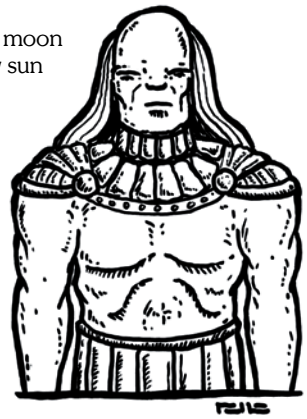
If there are no enemies present (e.g., because they've been vanquished, or simply because those that called upon Amber Blood Sword seek only to celebrate their womanhood), the berserking effect is replaced by a sense of companionship, solidarity, and euphoria. Often, Amber is called to preside over rituals of gynic celebration (best not spied upon by prying men). Calling for her presence at these sort of rituals requires that at least 100 "initiated" women of any age be gathered in the presence of a medallion dedicated to her honor, and engage in a chorus of feminine praise from sunup to sundown. Should Amber feel their honor worthy, she will appear at sundown, bringing with her the intoxicating joy of womanhood.



Ammon Thrax *(former godlet of the Black Sun)*

TITLES: *Ammon of the Black Sun, Ammon of the Echoes*
AFFILIATIONS: *The Dead Godlets of Suto Lore*

Gavin Norman
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.



SYMBOL:	A grinning black moon crossing a yellow sun
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	–5 [+3]
HIT PTS. (HD):	100 hp (15 HD)
ATTACKS:	Infinite
DAMAGE:	None (special)
SAVE:	M15
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	2,400

Slaughtered ingloriously by the god of the rising sun as punishment for his playful meddling with the tedious order of the cosmic cycle, Ammon Thrax now resides as a psychic waft in the Astral Plane. His consciousness is dormant and diffuse, but could potentially be reawakened by planar travelers who stumble upon the obscure astral backwater in which he drifts.

Those encountering the remnant of Ammon Thrax perceive the godlet's presence as a subtle black tint, covering a one mile diameter area, amidst the otherwise featureless expanse of the astral grayness. Those entering the darkened area must save vs. spell or hear the voice of the dead god cackling merrily in their minds. The spells *commune* and *contact other plane*, when cast in the midst of Ammon Thrax's psychic echo, may be used to reawaken the godlet and to communicate with him. During life, Ammon Thrax was at the best of times erratic; in death, his mind imprint is chaotic and prone to rage—a reaction roll should be made each round characters interact with him.

Once awakened, the godlet is able (if he chooses—see reaction table) to attack all beings within his area. A normal attack roll is made, with success draining one level of life energy from the target. The substance of Ammon Thrax is now so diffuse that it can only be harmed by dimensional magic (physical spells such as *fireball* have no effect), or by weapons +3 or greater. If the awakened form of Ammon Thrax were to be channeled into a more substantial plane of existence, it could be manipulated to cause astronomical mischief one last time, before dissipating for all eternity (e.g., a *gate* spell may be able to achieve this).

Ammon Thrax Reaction Table

2	**Friendly:** Babbles telepathically about cosmic cycles and the joy gained from derailing them. Obscure astronomical lore may be imparted in this way.
3-5	**Indifferent:** Merely cackles.
6-8	**Neutral:** Doubles in size—if left alone, the awakened remnant of Ammon Thrax will expand to encompass vast areas of the Astral Plane.
9-11	**Unfriendly:** Attacks all within range.
12	**Hostile:** Doubles in size and attacks all within range.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Dead Godlets of Suto Lore*, *Numathoth*, *Panathoth*.

Anwyn Wood *(petty god of favors)*

Andrew Crenshaw
Andrew Crenshaw

SYMBOL:	Left-pointing arrow with right-pointing arrow beneath
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
ARMOR CLASS:	2
HIT PTS. (HD):	56 hp (14 HD)
ATTACKS:	Special
DAMAGE:	Special
SAVE:	M14
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	XXII
XP:	3,800

Rarely revealing his presence, Anwyn Wood works to ensure favors are repaid in kind—although not necessarily directly or immediately. This typically involves subtly manipulating the paths of others to intertwine those who owe a favor with those in need. When he appears, it is as a young human boy. He sometimes grants favors himself, and is owed enough return favors by powerful beings that he is assured retribution, rescue, or resurrection when needed.

Anwyn Wood has the following special abilities: *charm person* and *geas* at will, *limited wish* once per week, *teleport without error*, *travel ethereally*, *comprehend and speak all languages*. Anwyn Wood wields a set of *+3 silver darts of returning*.

Apar *(petty god of misfortunate explosions)*

TITLES: *Apar the Bright*
AFFILIATIONS: *The Three Cowardly Gods of Yattle-Hoy*

Ash Law
Glen Hallstrom (Apar)
James V. West (feature)

SYMBOL:	A circle within a circle
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	240' (80')
ARMOR CLASS:	–3
HIT PTS. (HD):	75 hp (15 HD)
ATTACKS:	2
DAMAGE:	3d6/3d6
SAVE:	F15
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	VII
XP:	5,800

Wizards offer prayers to the god Apar the Bright very quickly and urgently, often uttering them while flinching. He is the god of explosions, of miscalculated blast radii, and poorly mixed alchemical reagents. Apar's symbol is a circle within a circle, and it is said that is why wizards wear pointed wide-brimmed hats (so that from above, a running wizard might look like the symbol of the God of Misfortunate Explosions).

Making regular offerings of their own blood helps a wizard ensure they will never suffer an accidental explosion, and any explosion to which they fall prey is Apar showing his displeasure. For each day a wizard sacrifices at least half their hp via bloodletting to this god, they accumulate a –1 point bonus toward a Dexterity check to avoid such damage (e.g., a wizard spending twelve days sacrificing receives a –12 bonus). Upon the occurrence of an explosion, the wizard may call out to Apar as he or she attempts to avoid the explosion and makes a Dexterity check, modifiying the result by their banked bonus. On a successful check, the wizard avoids the damage. On a failed check, the wizard takes full damage. Furthermore, a natural roll of 20 is always a failure, indicating Apar is angered and causing the wizard to take an additional +1 point per die of damage from the explosion. Standard saving throws still apply. After the roll is made, all banked points are lost and the wizard must begin the sacrifices again.

Apar is a corpulent god, with his gray skin stretched over inhumanly configured bones. He crouches at the center of his Labyrinth of 1,000 Doors, a structure deep within a high valley in Yattle-Hoy. Each door of the maze is inscribed with explosive runes, magical curses, and alchemical traps. Though he waddles slowly when walking, while running he is as swift and agile as a gazelle, and as unstoppable as an elephant. He can cause any unattended non-magical object to explode simply by punching it, no matter how unlikely that explosion may be. Apar himself is immune to all explosions, flame, and fire (normal and magical).

Having no taste for battle when confronted, Apar will simply explode a path to freedom and run. Anyone following Apar through an exploded wall (for 1d6 rounds after Apar passes through it) must save vs. breath or take 1d4 flame damage. Should Apar find himself with no other options, he is able to attack by making up to two melee touch attacks during combat, each doing 3d6 flame damage on successful "to hit" rolls. Should both attacks be successful against a single target, both explosions will cause full damage (18 points each).

Apar's priests have expanded his labyrinth many times, and have hidden treasures beyond measure in the secret passages that riddle the temple-dungeon. The Red Priests of Apar the Bright are all practiced alchemists, and carry flasks containing the distilled sweat of their god—an explosive substance they delight in throwing at blasphemers (doing 1d4 flame damage on a successful "to hit" roll).

Apar Reaction Table

Characters who are wearing red, approaching slowly, and speaking softly gain a +4 bonus.

2-5 **Wary:** Will speak to the party, provided they make no sudden moves.

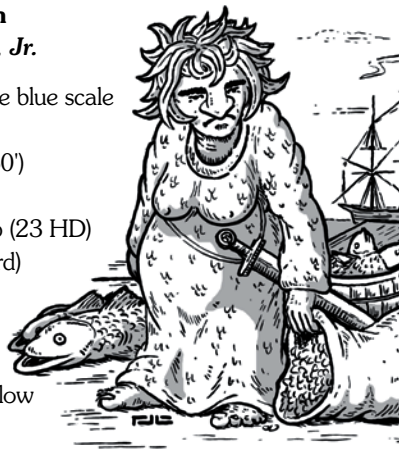
3-12 **Surprised:** Runs away!

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Derral-Orth*, *Eye of Vengalate*, *Yattle-Hoy*.

Ariphas *(petty goddess of fish scales and fishrot)*

TITLES: *The Scaly Lady, Mama Squamous*

Katherine Ausborn
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.



SYMBOL:	A single blue scale
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	180' (60')
ARMOR CLASS:	3
HIT PTS. (HD):	187 hp (23 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (sword)
DAMAGE:	1d8+2
SAVE:	F23
MORALE:	6
HOARD CLASS:	See below
XP:	3,000

Ariphas walks unnoticed at the docks where the fishermen scale their catch. She has a habit of collecting the scales that the fisherman scrape off the fish. If not at the docks, she can be found walking alone collecting the scales of dead fish that have washed up on the shore. Her hair is like seaweed and she smells just as bad. At the docks, her scent is often confused for just the smell of the gutted fish. Rarely is she sighted, but occasionally a fisherman may notice her. In retaliation she can cause a gentle breeze to bring about a strong odor of dead fish (save vs. spell), which will cause even a fisherman to wince. Ariphas uses this opportunity to slip away. If confronted she has no qualms about drawing her blade to defend herself.

ARIPHAS'S HOARD: 3d4+20 gold fish scales (1 gp each), dress made out of fish scales (as *+1 scale armor*), blue-bladed *+2 sword* with a single sapphire gem in the hilt.

Arolohnso *(petty god of labyrinths and the undercity*)*

TITLES: *God of the Undercity*

Brian A. Cooper
Ryan Browning

SYMBOL:	An asymmetrical, ungainly labyrinth
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	150' (50')
ARMOR CLASS:	–1
HIT PTS. (HD):	60 hp (12 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (back-stab) or traps
DAMAGE:	5d4 or special
SAVE:	M12
MORALE:	5
HOARD CLASS:	XII, XVI
XP:	11,000

The nature of Arolohnso's powers, while both fearsome and varied, depend completely on his presence within the narrow confines of his realm—the catacombs, sewers, and tunnels of the city of [a locality at the DM's discretion]. Within this city, he is known popularly as the God of the Undercity. His followers call him by another title—The Designer.

According to his followers, Arolohnso, if not the original god, is nevertheless the originator of the universe. According to them, Arolhonso's first creation was a labyrinth, which he later framed with earth and rock, and populated with thoughts and shadows. From nothing he created the bricks and building stones that he then arranged in the forms of tunnels and fortresses, multi-story palaces and the tiny featureless cells without entrance or exits that humans would one day use as tombs. Water trickled in a slick, shallow trench many millennia before any river under the sun poured into a sea. But these things, too—rivers, suns, and seas—were the work of The Designer. For after he had built the city of "X" and all the other cities of the world, he allowed a colored fungus to fill the spaces between them, and asked his delegates to use this fungus to create all the other plants and animals, and later the sky, the stars, the moon, and the sun.

Sages agree that this fanciful lie should be flattered to be called a myth. Arolohnso is unknown outside the city. When encountered by humans, he appears in the form of a narrow-framed, stooped, and half-dazed middle-aged man wearing a grayish threadbare cloak and worn-out boots. Usually he evades human contact completely, and given two rounds of concentration, can assume the form of any common underground feature: a rat, a piece of garbage, a strange odor. While certain spells may reveal his presence and even confirm his identity, he is truly amorphous and cannot be said to have a "true form."

Arolohnso has 20th-level thief skills and will often use these to harass visitors to the undercity, trailing a party for hours and pilfering possessions of special importance. In battle, he attacks by backstab with a normal dagger, surprising on a roll of 1-5 on 1d6. Arolohnso will flee from any melee, or if this is impossible, plead insanity and beg for mercy—always with the intention of attacking again when the opportunity presents itself. Arolohnso has the power to make immediate, though limited, changes to his underground environment, and although he resents doing this, he can use this power to create an escape route or harm pursuers. Pits, falling ceiling blocks, and secret doors are common parts of his repertoire. Trap damage will be widely variable, with the maximum damage of successive traps increasing as Alohonso himself sustains more damage. Arolohnso suffers in fresh air and direct sunlight. While neither causes actual damage, both phenomena trap Arolohnso in his current form, deprive him of his special powers, and reduce his movement rate by half.

Arolohnso Reaction Table

2	**Friendly:** Follows party for several turns and then makes an appearance to explain a notable feature of the undercity. To a select few, he will reveal his true identity and invite them to become followers. Refusal changes his reaction to hostile.
3-5	**Indifferent:** Follows the party for several turns. Make a second check, modified by the party's relevant behavior and comments about the undercity. Arolhonso likes compliments, but hates insincere flattery.
6-8	**Neutral:** Creates a subtle sign of his presence and then ignores party completely.
9-11	**Unfriendly:** Follows the party for the purpose of harassing them.
12	**Hostile:** Follows the party with the intention of killing them.

**Arolohnso is a 'local god,' tied to a specific location (i.e., the undercity of a particular town or city). He is not in any sense the god of ALL undercities. His followers of course would disagree.*

Arvirive

(petty god of the keys of Law and the Wards)

TITLES: *The Knight of Inevitability, The Master Warden of the Gods of Inevitability, Slayer of Chaos, The Summoned Warden*

AFFILIATIONS: *The Mearra*

Eric Fabiaschi
Scott Faulkner

SYMBOL:	The arrow of Law behind a skeleton key set against a field of blue
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	150' (50')
ARMOR CLASS:	2
HIT PTS. (HD):	90 hp (18 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (fists or lightning bolt)
DAMAGE:	6d6 or 8d6
SAVE:	F18
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	XVII + 5,000 gp
XP:	5,250

After a moment has been disposed of, Arvirive (the petty god of the keys of Law and the Wards), is called upon to lock away that period of time. He is the Master Warden of the Gods of Inevitability. He is the jailer of Law, called upon to keep incarcerated the hideous truths of time and space. He is the knight of the Family of Inevitability and the Slayer of Chaos. He is the keeper of the secrets of the Mearra and the speaker of the words that hold power over the laws of Chaos.

This short little god in gray-white robes harbors a hidden strength belying his size, and deals swiftly with any situation, but only appears when called from his fortress workshop. He is called when a god needs a prisoner of Law locked away within the confines of "Dead Time" (the plane of lost moments and broken dreams from which few escape).

Arvirive would rather be upon the Prime Plane communing with inventors, alchemists, and tinkerers in order to learn new mechanisms of security. His workshops are second to none, and he often trades technical secrets for treasure. He keeps a vast storehouse of treasure, inventions, and *objets d'art*, and enjoys relaxing in their presence.

In combat, Arvirive may strike with his fists for 6d6 damage, or with a lightening bolt of pure law (180' long, 10' wide) that does 3d8 on a successful "to hit" roll. He may use one of these lightning bolts every three rounds. Additionally, Arvirive is able to use spells as a 12th level magic-user. He is normally loath to use such magics (for he believes that they are, by nature, of Chaos), but he has often had to use his magical knowledge when combating demons and the forces of Chaos.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Avirgiri, Glaria, the Mearra, Merramorina, Micicara, Nardrea, Ruslivia, Sertetti, Termarr, Tsrura.*

Aspix

(petty god of the Butcher's Alley)*
TITLES: *Aspix the Forsaken*

Benjamin Ball
Glen Hallstrom

SYMBOL:	None
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40') or 150' (50')
ARMOR CLASS:	3 or 2 [+3]
HIT PTS. (HD):	32 hp (4 HD) or 48 hp (6 HD)
ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE:	1d6 + drains 1 level or 1d8 + drains 2 levels
SAVE:	F4 or F6
MORALE:	7
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	2,000+ (at DM's discretion)

Long ago, Aspix was the god of the city. Many were the virgins who died on his altars, and endless was the stream of precious metals and stones consigned to his furnaces with great pomp. But Aspix was weak and pampered, and eventually his city fell and his worshippers were slain. A new city rose on the spot that cursed his name, and he was left to rage in the darkness with only the meager sustenance of fear and hatred from the conquering people. Over time the city of his conquerors was destroyed and rebuilt in its turn, and Aspix was forgotten entirely. No one spoke his name or invoked his memory in the new city, even to curse it. Where once his magnificent temple had risen, with its gilded blood basins and marching lines of blank faced alabaster sphinxes, now was the garbage strewn back alley behind a humble butcher's shop. Aspix desperately clung to the city, roaming the streets in secret, stealing the offerings left to other gods. But in time he became too weak to dare approach their temples, and he was unable to travel far from the spot where once thousands had bled out their lives in his name. Now Aspix is confined to the alley, dreaming his dreams of ancient glory while he drinks the trickle of blood from the butcher's shop and clings feebly to this world.

Aspix can't manifest in a physical form, nor can he be attacked in any way. However, it's possible to contact Aspix on the night of the new moon if his name and the site of his ancient temple are somehow discovered. Some sort of communication device (e.g., a spirit board or talking board) is needed, as Aspix is far too weak to communicate without aid. Provided this type of device is brought to the alley on the proper night, Aspix will answer up to three questions per night on invocation of his name. Aspix is 50% likely to know the answer to any given question and won't normally lie if he knows the answer (if he doesn't know, he will always lie rather than admit it). The replies will be brief, one word answers and tend toward the cryptic unless the questions are phrased very carefully. Each time Aspix is invoked and questioned, there is an 8% cumulative chance that he will gain enough strength to begin manifesting on the nights of the new moon. This manifestation is a barely visible, shadowy form, equal in power to a wraith—except that Aspix is unaffected by silver and holy water, cannot be turned or affected by anything else that only affects the undead, is immune to all forms of magic spells and devices and psionics, and is hit only by +3 or better weapons. Aspix has maximum hit points in this form. Once manifested, Aspix will creep around the city on the nights of the new moon, draining the lives of those he is able to catch alone and vulnerable. Aspix can only be destroyed on nights when he roams in search of souls; otherwise he broods invisible and intangible in his forsaken alley. When Aspix has drained enough levels (DM's option) he will begin to manifest as a maximum hit point specter with the same immunities as noted for his wraith form. His exact appearance is up to the referee, but it will likely be hideous. In addition to continuing to slay the unwary on the nights of the new moon, he will begin to gather a cult of insane and degenerate worshippers. How this will develop, and what additional powers Aspix will gain from such worship, is left to the DM.

Atanuwé *(petty god of unicorns, death magic)*

TITLES: *The Seven-hoofed, Single-horned One*
AFFILIATIONS: *The Jale God*

Greg Gorgonmilk
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

SYMBOL:	A flanged mace
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	6
HIT PTS. (HD):	285 hp (30 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (mace or bite)
DAMAGE:	1d8+3 or 1d6+2
SAVE:	M17
MORALE:	11
HOARD CLASS:	XV
XP:	3,500

For several eons there was a season of unicorns among the Lords of Chaos—a kind of in-joke or competition wherein random mortal creatures were selected for unicorn-hood. That is, the perfect metamorphosis from, say, the form of a rabbit to that of a full-blown, sometimes anatomically incorrect mono-horned beast. They called this game Unicorning.

Each unicorn was absurd in its own way, with absurdity being the Chaos Lords' sole aesthetic, so that a wild variety of the beasts began to accumulate in remote forests and in certain secluded glens.

Afterward the Lords killed them all with stone and fire and poison. All save the most beautiful: a nine-legged hermaphroditic horse-thing the Jale God called called Atanuwé (an old word meaning something akin to "primal nonsense").

He bred Atanuwé with several human women in his service, and the witch-mothers gave birth to seventeen mule-things with the faces of human men and women. These are the atacorns. They are known to dwell near rivers and underground streams. If witches are sometimes characterized as malicious, the atacorns are regarded as experts in the area of cruelty. They are known in local folklore as child-thieves, cheats, liars, poisoners, slave-traders, cannibals, and occasional usurpers. Several stolen lands make up their hodge-podge empire, wherein Atanuwé is worshiped like a god and eats bread stuffed with the seasoned organs of human virgins.

Atanuwé is typically found lording over some out-of-the-way country, attended by numerous human and animal servants who praise and fawn over him ceaselessly. Any of them would sacrifice their lives for him, at any moment, being compelled to unnatural levels of devotion through exposure to the Nag-Lord's radiant blue prism, the Klewgin Klel. Any character within eyeshot of the prism's glow must save vs insanity*, success indicating that they have a natural resistance to the Klel's power. Blinded or naturally sightless creatures and characters are immune to this effect, no save required. Those who fail to resist the prism's pull are drawn to its owner (in this instance, Atanuwé) as though under the effects of a *charm person* spell cast by an Arch-Mage. Through the medium of this enchantment, Atanuwé uses his innate magics to distort his enthralled servants' memories according to his own self-gratifying designs.

In close combat the Nag-Lord wields Yddril, a Cursed Mace +3 that he swings about himself while prancing about like a grotesque crab, horse-legs flailing (those trampled suffer 2d6+3 points of damage). Any creature who sees Yddril will immediately cower (save vs insanity to resist) and beg to be hit with it. This effect last 1d10 rounds.

RELATED ENTRIES: Please see the *Jale God* entry in this section for a complete listing of entries related to the Jale God.

* See UNDERWORLD LORE #1.

Atra *(petty goddess of recidivism, licentiousness, addiction, and uncontrolled urges)*

TITLES: *The Grand Temptress*

Johnathan Bingham
Johnathan Bingham

SYMBOL:	The hand of a young maiden and old crone forming the shape of a heart *or* a golden hookah pipe
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
FLY:	300' (100')
ARMOR CLASS:	0 (-5) [+1]
HIT PTS. (HD):	76 hp (19 HD)
ATTACKS:	Special
DAMAGE:	Special
SAVE:	M19
MORALE:	5
HOARD CLASS:	XV
XP:	8,250

In the ancient texts, this goddess goes by the name Atra. In the revisionist texts, she appears as Loe-Hann. (Please see the ***Loe-Hann*** entry for a full description of Atra's abilities.)

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Loe-Hann.*

Aþ *(petty god of oaths and wells)*

TITLES: *God of Oaths, God of Wells, Holder of Oaths*

Mike "Carlson" Davis
Glen Hallstrom

SYMBOL:	A silver arm ring
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	–3
HIT PTS. (HD):	90 hp (20 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (spear)
DAMAGE:	2d6+10
SAVE:	F20
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	VII, XXII (magic only)
XP:	10,000

Aþ is the Holder of Oaths, bringing luck and good will to those who hold to their oaths and their word, ill will and woe to those who do not. It is he who adds all oaths to The Well, strengthening the bonds between all good men. His movements are tied to the waters of the world, and he can travel between the wells of the world at will, cleansing or spoiling their waters by wishing it.

Aþ will always set terms before any combat, and will abide by those terms until such time as his foe abandons them. Once his foe breaks their word, Aþ will *curse* them, bestowing a –4

penalty on the foe's "to hit" rolls, damage rolls (minimum 1 point), saving throws and Armor Class for the duration of the encounter. Afterward, cursing his opponent, Aþ will attack with full force, alternating melee attacks with spells (as an 8th level magic-user). It is rare, however, that Aþ will strike a killing blow against one who has held to the terms of their combat.

Aþ is not one to concern himself with the day-to-day lives of mortals, and only intercedes (3% chance) in cases where either an oath is broken to the harm of others, or an oath is being maintained at great penalty or harm to those who hold it. For oath breakers, he will bestow a curse: for the next week, wandering monster encounters occur 50% of the time (3-in-6 chance) and will be 2 levels higher in power. For those maintaining an oath at peril, Aþ bestows his blessing, granting them a +4 bonus to hit, damage, saves and armor class for the duration of the encounter.

Aþ Reaction Table

Those who have broken an oath in the past month roll at +4.

2	**Friendly:** *Blesses* (double effect) 1d8 nearby targets.
3-5	**Indifferent:** *Blesses* 1d8 nearby targets.
6-8	**Neutral:** Ignores nearby creatures.
9-11	**Unfriendly:** *Curses* 1d4 nearby targets.
12	**Hostile:** *Curses* (double effect). 1d8 nearby targets

Attrecoppea

(petty goddess of very small spiders)

TITLES: *The Silken One*

Ragnar Arneson
Mark Allen

SYMBOL:	A spiderweb in a corner of a ceiling
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	240' (120')
ARMOR CLASS:	−4 [+3]
HIT PTS. (HD):	88 hp (19 HD)
ATTACKS:	2
DAMAGE:	Special
SAVE:	M19
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	XI, XVII
XP:	8,000

Nearly every household contains these tiny predators, and nearly every housewife and child kills them out of instinctive fear. But in truth these creatures are benevolent, preying on fleas which bear disease, flies and moths which damage foodstuffs and cloth, among many other harmful insects, and each death is a martyrdom. Attrecoppea embodies these contradictions; inspiring fear, but protecting human homes through her tiny, oft-slain children. Beneficent but accustomed to being misunderstood, she plots and plans to aid humanity secretly, but may give direct aid as well. She favors lawful creatures and weavers of all sorts.

When appearing before humans or demihumans Attrecoppea adopts her humanoid aspect. This appears as the shape of a slender, well-formed woman with long limbs, enfolded in a beautiful dark gray gown woven of fine spider silk. No flesh is visible, instead the areas of hand, forearm, head, neck and cleavage appear to be covered with an even finer pale silver body stocking; again woven of (paler) spider silk. No eyes or other features are visible, though what appear to be the outlines of a fine-boned, even beautiful, face seem to show beneath. Her voice is rich and melodious and her tone gentle, even motherly.

In combat Attrecoppea uses *web* to reduce the number of attackers, then strikes twice per round with her hands, each attack a caress which does no hp damage but carries the bite of minute fangs, forcing a save vs poison. Failure means falling into a comatose sleep for six hours, unless Attrecoppea is pressed (under half hp or attacked with fire), in which case failure means death. Magical effects which protect against poison give only a +2 to saves at best. There is no immunity.

Attrecoppea can only be harmed by a weapon of +3 or better enchantment, by spells, or by fire. If struck with a bladed weapon, a hole is torn in her pale spidersilk 'skin', releasing a torrent of tiny arachnids which run up the attacker's weapon and arm to bite. The attacker must immediately save vs. poison as above. Once reduced to half hp, and again if struck down, her form releases a wave of tiny spiders surrounding her equivalent to a double-HD, double-damage *insect swarm*, which also causes creatures of 2 HD or below to flee as an *insect plague* spell.

Any creature within the area of the swarm when it appears also suffers from *Attrecoppea's curse* (see below). Attrecoppea moves freely through webs and on walls or ceilings at full speed.

Attrecoppea Reaction Table

2	**Motherly:** Will *cure poison*, answer up to three questions (as *contact other plane*), and *bless* up to eight creatures who swear to never kill any spider which is not directly attacking them.
3-5	**Friendly:** Will *bless* as above.
6-8	**Indifferent:** Will give cryptic advice.
9-11	**Unfriendly:** *Curses* up to eight creatures unless they swear the above oath. If the above oath is ever broken, any blessing is rescinded and her *curse* immediately takes effect.
12	**Hostile:** *Curses* up to eight creatues (no opportunity for oath).

If *blessed* by Attrecoppea, the recipient is immune to poison for eight days, and will not be attacked by any arachnid smaller than a human hand. The mark also grants a +2 reaction bonus from intelligent arachnids.

If *cursed*, for eight days each morning the cursed one will discover a spider in their boot, glove, armor, or other garment. This arachnid will only be noticed once it bites the unfortunate. Searching is useless. If the victim is of lawful alignment, they must save vs. poison or sleep for six hours (or until the poison is neutralized). If the victim is neutral or chaotic, a failed save results in death. Further, the offender's home will forever lack for spiders, allowing pestilent and parasitic insects to more easily infect the offender, their family, and harm their perishable goods.

RELATED ENTRIES: **S)** *Shrink Spider; Summon Spider Swarm.*

Audrum *(petty god of carnivorous plants)*

Matthew W. Schmeer
Todd McGowan

SYMBOL:	Venus flytrap wrapped in a vampire vine
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	0' (0')
ARMOR CLASS:	–4 [+2]
HIT PTS. (HD):	81 hp (13 HD)
ATTACKS:	3 (1 crush/2 acid)
DAMAGE:	1d12/1d20/1d20
SAVE:	F12
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	XXII
XP:	12,500

Audrum is a giant, sentient pitcher plant who reigns over carnivorous plants. His gigantic, bulbous frame is attended by a host of an unnamable insectoid race descended from the offspring of alien mi-go vistors and dwarf neanderthals. The insectoids swab his putrid girth in their acidic saliva to protect it from rot, and Audrum allows the insectoids to crawl within his fetid orifices to feed on the rotting sacrifices held within his seventeen-chambered digestion system.

Worshiped by sentient venus flytraps, vampire vines, razor grasses, pitcher plants, and other flesh-eating plant life, he is also well regarded by those creatures whose life force are tied to the Green—including dryads, wood nymphs, and other such beasts. Some sentient jellies, ochres, and slimes who don't know any better also pay him homage. Every carnivorous plant pays tribute to Audrum by offering him every third victim devoured; if pleased with the sacrifice (20% chance), Audrum *teleports* the unlucky victim into his stomachs, where they will be slowly savored over seventeen years, one year in each chamber of his gut. Victims usually die in the second or third year. Those devoured longer than two years in his stomachs cannot be raised or resurrected. He can also *teleport* non-sacrificial near-dead, dying, and undead (including ghasts, ghouls, mummies and vampires) into his gut to feed his tremendous appetites if these creatures have physically attacked him.

The Cult of Audrum was once relatively well-known in the ancient kingdoms, but has withered to a few hundred adherents in scattered locations around the realms. The cultists are easily recognized by the blood-red doors of their greenhouses. It is rumored that a few of cultists hold the secrets to crafting the *seeds of sowing* and *salts of despair.*

Audrum is psionically connected to all uninhabited green plant life and can command and control these plants anywhere on the Material Plane at will. He can negate any spell cast by an elf, druid, or ranger, and he can only be attacked by magical edged weapons of +2 quality or greater. He is impervious to undead attacks, gaze attacks, and normal fire.

Audrum himself is physically immobile, but radiates a powerful, non-dispellable illusion to make it appear he is capable of movement. In order to destroy Audrum, his miles-long root system must be utterly destroyed or he will fully regenerate in 1d6 days, larger and more loathsome than before. The true location of his throne is hidden deep within a collapsed temple on an uncharted atoll in the Fair Isles, as he must live on the Material Plane to receive sustenance.

Audrum is a gregarious petty god who enjoys stories, songs, and bawdy jokes. He is likely to provide a boon to bards, especially if they sing the nearly-forgotten ballads "The Tale of Gerwan," "The One True Vine My Lover Swallowed," or "The Grave O'er Grown" within his presence (real or projected). He has the power to grant a limited wish if the wish deals with plant life of some kind.

If his true physical form is attacked, Audrum will be vigorously defended. All the sentient plant life in his lair will attack and 1d1000 of his insectoid attendants will swarm to defend him (treat as xorns). Audrum will also command and control all non-sentient plant life in his lair to defend himself. His own physical attacks consist of a 1d12 crushing blow of his leafy protuberences, a 1d20 spitting acid attack (this is a direct attack), and 1d20 acidic stomach disgorgement (an area of effect attack). There are no saves for the acid attacks. There is a 40% chance the acidic disgorgement contains one or more partly digested sacrifices; if so, then PCs in the area of affect must also save vs. poison or suffer a –2 to all "to hit" and damage rolls due to extreme nausea.

Audrum Reaction Table

Use 1d6 instead of 2d6.

1 **Gregarious:** Will happily engage the party and grant request and boons within reason.

2 **Moody:** Will banter with and engage the party and demand they fulfill a quest in exchange for a just reward.

3 **Anxious:** Will engage the party to do his bidding at the utmost haste for the greatest possible reward within his power.

4 **Indifferent:** Will not engage the party unless pressed.

5 **Hungry:** Will demand the sacrifice of a party member before proceeding with any parley. Can be persuaded otherwise at great cost.

6 **Wrathful:** Will attack the party if not afforded the proper respect.

RELATED ENTRIES: **D)** *Salts of Despair, Seeds of Sowing.*

Aurus Argentus *(petty god of currency debasement)*

TITLES: *The Electrum God*

Patrick Wetmore
Joey Lindsey

SYMBOL:	Electrum coin, high in silver content
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	0
HIT PTS. (HD):	57 hp (10 HD)
ATTACKS:	2
DAMAGE:	2d6 each
SAVE:	F10
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	See below
XP:	3,100

Aurus Argentus is the glittering Electrum God. Every coin shaved, every forgiveness of sovereign debt, every ounce of silver surreptitiously added in the mint is an act of worship to the Electrum God. He appears as a shining figure of pale yellow gold, standing 8' tall. He wields a pair of short electrum spears that crackle with lightning.

In combat, he fires lightning bolts from his spears at his opponents. The bolts require a successful "to hit" roll, do 2d6 points of electrical damage, and have a range of 240'. There is no save to reduce damage if the bolts hit.

Any successful melee hits to the Electrum God cause the attacker to suffer 2d6 points of electrical damage (regardless of weapon type). The Electrum God is immune to fire and cold damage, and electrical damage heals him, adding to his total hit points (not to exceed his maximum hit points). If slain, his body collapses into a pile of 2d12×1,000 electrum pieces.

Aurus Argentus Reaction Table

Modified by Wisdom instead of Charisma.

2	**Well-pleased:** Upgrades all coins the mortal carries to the next more valuable type; platinum coins are converted to jewels worth 100 gp each.
3-5	**Pleased:** Doubles the amount of coins the PCs are carrying; the coins are slightly thinner than normal, which may be noticed by savvy merchants and bankers.
6-8	**Bored:** *Curses* PCs such that no one will give them a loan until they perform an act of currency debasement (e.g., coin shaving over 1,000 gp of value, counterfeiting, etc.).
9-11	**Unhappy:** All the PCs' coinage changes to the next less valuable type; copper coins are replaced with lead slugs.
12	**Enraged:** Attacks.

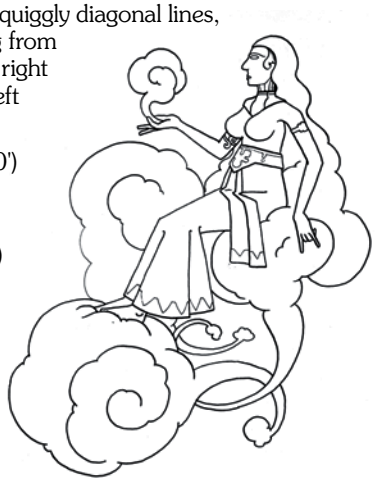
Austura

(petty goddess of the southeast wind)

TITLES: *The Goddess of the Southeast Wind*

Craig Schwarze
Luka Rejec

SYMBOL:	Three squiggly diagonal lines, running from bottom right to top left
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	180' (60')
ARMOR CLASS:	2
HIT PTS. (HD):	62 hp (10 HD)
ATTACKS:	Special
DAMAGE:	Special
SAVE:	F10
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	3,500



Austura is the goddess of the southeast wind. Her natural form is that of the wind itself, and in this form she is both invisible and invulnerable. But she also often takes a material guise, and in such form she may be attacked and killed. Although she can take any shape, she favors that of a stately middle-aged lady. She is typically accompanied by three or four air elementals.

Her only attack is to summon an enormous wind against her opponents. Each round the wind is blowing, her attackers must save vs. spell or be knocked over, suffering 1d6 damage. Movement into the wind is at half rate. If combat is going badly, Austura will dissolve her material form, but this takes a full two rounds. If her material body is destroyed, then her spiritual essence will be scattered for a year and a day, during which time no wind will blow from the southeast. After this time elapses, she will re-coalesce, and again function normally.

Austura Reaction Table

2	**Friendly:** Will offer to put the wind at their backs, and travel with them for 1d6 hours (as long as they are going northwest).
3-5	**Indifferent:** Offers a cooling breeze to those sweating in heavy robes or armor.
6-8	**Neutral:** Calms the air in the immediate area (making the air still and heavy) as she awaits the party's next actions.
9-11	**Unfriendly:** Whips up a threatening (but not damaging wind). Awaits party's reaction.
12	**Hostile:** Attacks. Calls the strongest wind she can muster.

Averted Onlooker *(petty god of despair)*

TITLES: *The Jale God, Averted Onlooker, The Laughing Rot*
AFFILIATIONS: *The Jale God*

Logan Knight
Todd McGowan

SYMBOL:	A jade eyeball, the burrowing pupil of its eye deeper than it has any right to be
ALIGNMENT:	Roll randomly: 1-2 = Lawful, 3-4 = Neutral, 5-6 = Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	60' (20')
ARMOR CLASS:	Randomly determined on 1d10 each round
HIT PTS. (HD):	Randomly determined (roll 1d20 HD)
ATTACKS:	Special
DAMAGE:	Special
SAVE:	Randomly determined on 1d20 for each effect
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	600 × d20

The Averted Onlooker is one of many forms of the Jale God (q.v.).

The Jale God comes into the light, sunken sockets bereft of sight, green bone grown over the pits. A smile splits his face and a chittering, choking laughter fills the room, as does a steady tinkle of teeth hitting the floor, tiny organic jade sculptures falling from his mouth like a spilling jar.

His body follows in the shadows, a dark hulking thing, scraping forward on legs bent like a rat's and a field of arms that sprout and claw and beckon. But it is the wet naked body of a man that drags itself from the shadows and into the light behind the laughing living death mask. The shine of his deep green skin makes his flesh seem to sink in and out of itself and the Material Plane.

He is here to take your eyes. You have seen so much agony. The Jale God will carry it in his belly.

A blessed few Chosen of the Jale God are granted jade eyes passed from his divine gallbladder to replace those taken. Those with graven green eyes inserted into their skull look through the window of fate, seeing the possibilities floating through the purple ether and other things besides.

As often as they desire they may save vs. spell to inflict doom upon another with a gaze, twisting their fate, watching as their faithful hound rips into their throat, laughing as they trip and impale themselves. Every failed save inflicts a new insanity as the separation of things grows thinner.

His teeth are prized by the desperate as Loin Stones, as consuming one carries a 3-in-6 chance of curing sexual ailments and a blessing of luck in love. Otherwise the user descends a nightmare spiral of unrecorded diseases and humiliation.

RELATED ENTRIES: Please see the *Jale God* entry in this section for a complete listing of entries related to the Jale God.

Avirgiri

(petty god of ordered decay)
TITLES: *The Entropic Wanderer, The Great Gray Rambler*
AFFILIATIONS: *The Mearra*

Eric Fabiaschi
Scott Faulkner

SYMBOL:	A walking stick and an hourglass
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful (Neutral)*
MOVEMENT:	150' (50')
ARMOR CLASS:	2
HIT PTS. (HD):	85 hp (17 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (fists) or special
DAMAGE:	8d6 or special
SAVE:	F17
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	XVII + 5,000 gp
XP:	4,250

Each time a moment ends, Avirgiri (the petty god of ordered decay) is there to record all of the details. It is he who catalogs all manner of time's minute details. He is the man who watches things happen, then breaks it all down. Each and every event is recorded both in his mind and in the records of Law. This god not only knows all the contents and secrets of each moment, he breaks down the final bits and returns them to the continuum of time.

Avirgiri, The Great Gray Rambler, wanders the faces of the Prime Plane, strolling through history and its alternate worlds. His affairs most often call him to the busy and bustling cities there, for Avirgiri is the silent witness.

There are those who desire Avirgiri's knowledge. so this god is not without his defenses. Should someone try and detain him, he will strike them with his fists for 8d6 points of damage, with the touch also aging the victim by 1d10 years (on a failed save vs. death). Additionally, Avirgiri possesses an ability of such awesome circumstance, he is loath to use it. He may attempt to remove a person from the pages of history itself (an ability he may use against a single individual one time per year, although he may use it against as many different individuals as he chooses each year). Should Avirgiri choose to use this ability, his victim must save vs. death or be completely erased from the annals of history (and, therefore, existence) in 1d4 rounds. It is because of such actions that the witnesses to courts of the gods have been known to call Avirgiri the God of Ordered Decay.

Avirgiri keeps whatever treasures catch his eye, and often displays examples within his Earthly galleries on the Prime Plane.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Arvirive, Glaria, the Mearra, Merramorina, Micicara, Nardrea, Ruslivia, Sertetti, Termarr, Tsrura.*

** Please see the entry in this section for the Mearra for information regarding their alignment.*

Azwa *(protector of giant stone heads in the wilderness)*

TITLES: *The Protector of Giant Stone Heads in the Wilderness, The Head of Heads*

Garrett Weinstein
Thomas Denmark

SYMBOL:	A profile of a seemingly-giant stone head
ALIGNMENT:	Unknown
MOVEMENT:	0' (0')
ARMOR CLASS:	–3
HIT PTS. (HD):	85 hp (15 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (curse)
DAMAGE:	Petrification
SAVE:	M15
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	Special
XP:	2,400

Scattered throughout the untamed wild places of the world, and taking many different forms, are the mysterious, giant stone heads of Azwa. Just as the origins of most of these heads has been lost to the shadows of time, so too are the origins of their mysterious protector deity Azwa unknown. Whether these stone heads (and the occasional stone skull on a mountain) are merely sculpture art or serve as the entrance to an underworld labyrinth, the mark of Azwa is often found somewhere on the outside (or sometimes just inside the nose). Wise explorers of the wilderness might whisper a short prayer to Azwa when happening upon these hallowed heads.

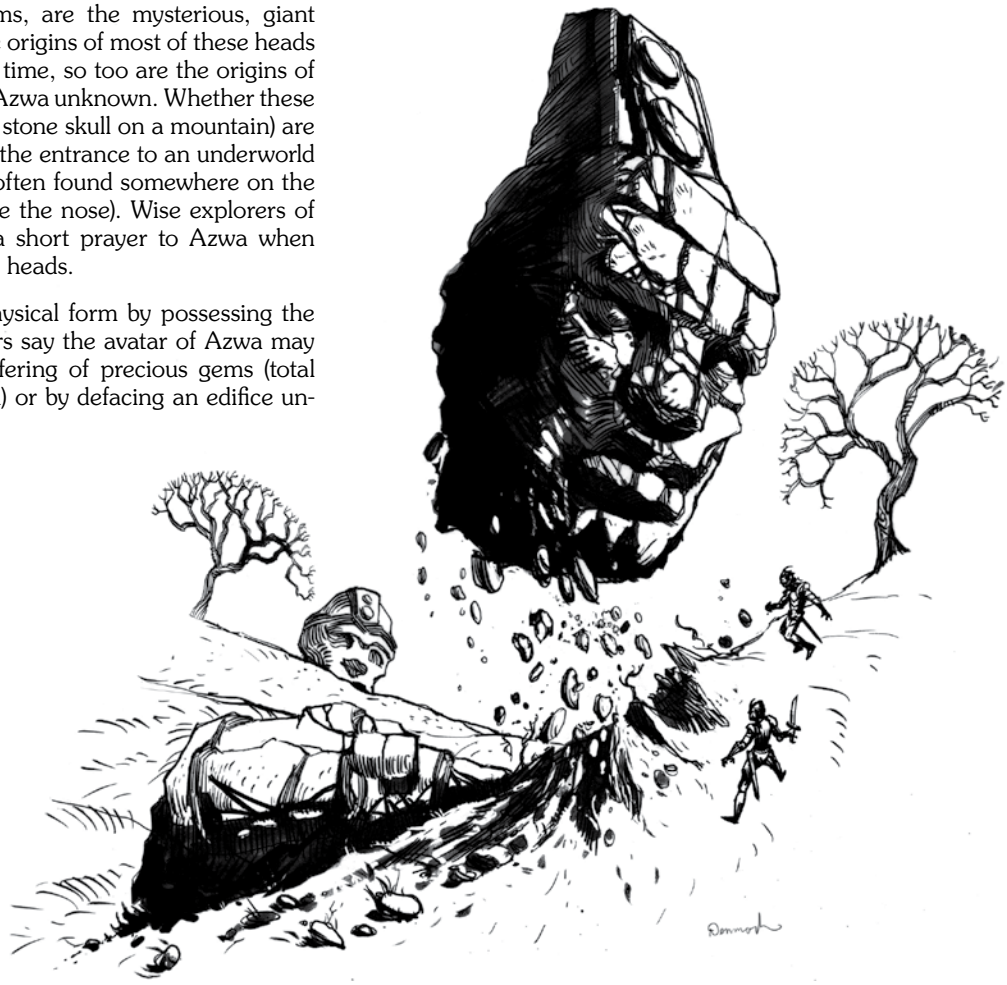
Azwa is only known to take physical form by possessing the stone heads he protects. Rumors say the avatar of Azwa may be called forth either by an offering of precious gems (total value needed at DM's discretion) or by defacing an edifice under his protection (generally considered a stupid thing to do). The blessing he bestows is said to give one's skin a hardness like granite for 3 days afterward (+3 to AC). If displeased, or defending/avenging a stone head, Azwa will curse the offending individuals with a horribly slow *curse of petrification* (-4 to save vs. petrification).

An individual so cursed will immediately have their feet turn to stone and be rooted in place. Over a period of 3 days the curse will spread upward turning the rest of their body to stone. If the curse is completed the body of the new statue will instantly crumble to dust, leaving only the head. The curse cannot be undone by the usual means (*stone to flesh* and *remove curse* won't work), but Azwa is said to be willing to reverse the curse if placated. This might require a large offering of gems, or perhaps repairing a defaced stone head. Azwa has no treasure, but it is also rumored that if a stone head is destroyed while possessed by him, the shards can be transmuted into diamonds by an alchemist using a philosopher's stone.

Azwa Reaction Table

Modified by +1 per 1,000 gp value of gems offered.

2	**Friendly:** *Blesses* 1d4 nearby targets.
3-7	**Indifferent:** *Blesses* 1d4 nearby targets if properly propitiated.
8-10	**Neutral:** Ignores nearby creatures.
11	**Unfriendly:** *Curses* 1d4 nearby targets if not properly propitiated.
12	**Hostile:** *Curses* 1d4 nearby targets.



BAJ'LIQUE • BAROCOCAR • BARTLEBY • BASHIUUS • BEAST OF UNBIDDEN CHALLENGES • BEHZD • BEHZD & VYDIA • BENG • BEORL • BERENEDRIL • BLENTRY • BODEN • BOGRUMP • BOKRUG • BOULUBEK • BUBULMAX

Baj'Lique *(petty god of fertility, lasciviousness & lechery)*

TITLES: *The Lascivious Lunatic*

Garrisonjames
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

SYMBOL:	A leering baboon in drag
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
ARMOR CLASS:	1
HIT PTS. (HD):	42 hp (19 HD)
ATTACKS:	2 (special)
DAMAGE:	3d6/Special
SAVE:	M19
MORALE:	11
HOARD CLASS:	V, VI
XP:	5,250

Gibbering obscenely in decrepit alleys and beneath the sagging balconies of questionable theaters, Baj'Lique is an odd and thoroughly urbanized fertility deity obsessed with burlesque, titillation and dirty jokes. A perverse trickster and shapeshifter, Baj'Lique is notorious for having ruined hundreds of reputations, sown the seeds of scandal and committed bastardry near and far with all manner of intelligent beings and numerous animals either domestic or wild. Many scholars have attributed one or another of the more improbable hybrid monstrosities plaguing the countryside to the unholy appetites and mischievous escapades of this gleefully transgressive and demented deity of fecundity.

Baj'Lique carries no weapons. Instead he relies upon guile, deceit, or spells. *Repulsion*, *polymorph self*, and *irresistible dance* are among Baj'Lique's favorite spells (he casts as a 19th level magic-user). Whenever possible, Baj'Lique will avoid harming others. However, if necessary, Baj'Lique has been known to curse enemies with lasting impotence, inconvenient pregnancies (even if the victim is male or barren), or even an unnatural infatuation that has destroyed more than one political career.

Barococar *(petty god of absurd architecture)*

Matt Fischer
Luigi Castellani

SYMBOL:	A golden tablet or statue (see below)
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	180' (60')
ARMOR CLASS:	0
HIT PTS. (HD):	149 hp (19 HD)
ATTACKS:	2 (stone fists or weapons)
DAMAGE:	3d10/3d10
SAVE:	F15
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	XIV
XP:	5,496

Long hallways leading to nowhere, inhabited complexes full of deadly traps in main walkways and thoroughfares, magical rooms with chessboard floors, entire castles with nary a sign of a privy chamber, sprawling multi-level complexes of halls and rooms mysteriously confined to 340'×440' rooms with no sign of support for the ceiling, huge amounts of pointless bas-relief murals and frescoes, obviously placed secret doors, confounding mazes whose only exit is their entrance, fabulous air-filled cavern dwellings far below the water table, inexplicably common bridged crevices filled with hot lava, rooms with bizarrely angled walls—all these are signs of the handiwork of those inspired by Barococar (treat his power of inspiration as a *quest* spell.)

His symbol is a golden tablet incised with a 34×44 grid or an impossibly ornate statue of a nobleman or ruler. Barococar is said to manifest to adventurers exploring locations he has inspired, often in the guise of an ornate statue of some sort of nobleman or ruler adorned with gems and jewelry, an ornate talking mirror, or a ornate tapestry that talks and moves. If Barococar is manifesting as a mirror or tapestry and is attacked, the mirror or tapestry vanishes (roll once on the reaction table at –6 for the accompanying effect, treating any result lower than 2 as a 2). The attacks and hp/HD listed are only for his statue form. If he is attacked in statue form, Barococar will, of course, fight back. He also has godlike power to reshape any architectural structure to suit his whims, or destroy it by *earthquake*.

Barococar Reaction Table

2	**Friendly:** Inspires a member of the party (using an effect exactly like the Cleric spell *quest*) to build an absurd piece of architecture (any of the strange ideas listed in the text will do).*
3-5	**Indifferent:** Reshapes structure in a way that makes things easier for the party.

6-8 **Neutral:** Reshapes structure in a random, unecessary way that does not unduly help nor hinder the party.

9-11 **Unfriendly:** Reshapes structure in a way that makes things more difficult for the party (e.g., closing off access to sought areas, sealing off exits, etc.).

12 **Hostile:** Collapses structure (functions as an *earthquake* spell).

** Now you know where all those 'mad' dungeon-building wizards come from!)*

Bartleby *(petty god of inactivity)*

TITLES: *Bartleby the Scrivener*

Patrick Kennedy
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

SYMBOL:	A quill
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	9
HIT PTS. (HD):	79 hp (18 HD)
ATTACKS:	N/A
DAMAGE:	N/A
SAVE:	M19
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	N/A
XP:	10,000

Bartleby the Scrivener is the petty god of those who prefer not to. Legend has it he was once mortal, a member of a monastic order of scribes. One day he laid aside his quill and preferred not to do anything anymore. He even preferred not to eat. Eventually his material body ceased operating, but his spirit preferred not to die. Thus was a godling born. Bartleby's avatar (on the extremely rare occasions he prefers to assume one) resembles a meek, unassuming scribe of average height and weight, with otherwise nondescript features.

Anyone who even contemplates attacking or otherwise harassing Bartleby in any way is immediately overcome by an almost insurmountable preference not to do so. Only a supreme act of will (5 consecutive natural 20s on a die with as many sides) makes it possible for a character to follow through with any attack. Bartleby prefers not to attack or defend himself. Destroying Bartleby is impossible (he prefers not to be destroyed); reducing him to zero hit points simply destroys his avatar.

Bartleby Reaction Table

2 **Friendly:** Replies to any and all requests with, "I would prefer not to."

3-5 **Indifferent:** Replies to any and all requests with, "I would prefer not to."

6-8 **Neutral:** Replies to any and all requests with, "I would prefer not to."

9-11 **Unfriendly:** Replies to any and all requests with, "I would prefer not to."

12 **Hostile:** Replies to any and all requests with, "I would prefer not to."

Bashiuus *(petty god of wine and merriment)*

M.T. Black
Jonahtan McNally

SYMBOL:	Cluster of grapes
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	150' (50')
ARMOR CLASS:	3
HIT PTS. (HD):	52 hp (10 HD)
ATTACKS:	Special
DAMAGE:	Special
SAVE:	F10
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	XII
XP:	3,200

Bashiuus, the petty god of wine and merriment, appears as a short, round, middle-aged man with a fleshy face, red cheeks and laughter in his eyes. He invariably has a cup of wine in his hand. He is often found at celebrations, uninvited and unrecognized, enjoying the festivities and using his powers to enhance the wine being drunk. If encountered in the wilderness, he will be accompanied by four to six dryads and a pair of pipe-playing fauns. The whole party will be drinking, dancing and making merry.

Bashiuus can cause thick grape vines to emerge instantly from any soil, and these will be laden with ripe grapes. He can take a handful of these grapes and squeeze them into a cup of the very finest wine. He can also enhance the quality of existing wine, and turn small amounts of fresh water into wine as well.

Anyone meeting Bashiuus for the first time must save vs. spell or be *charmed* by him. If he is attacked, he will cause vines to grow up and entangle his assailants. Those affected must save vs. spell or be held fast for two turns (as *hold* spell), by which time Bashiuus will have fled.

Bashiuus Reaction Table

2-5 **Befriends** the PCs.

6-9 **Ignores** the PCs.

10-12 **Avoids** the PCs.

RELATED ENTRIES: **S)** *Wineberry.*

Beast of Unbidden Challenges

(petty god of random violence)

Nathan Cohen
David L. Johnson

SYMBOL:	None
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
BURROW:	90' (30')
ARMOR CLASS:	–8
HIT PTS. (HD):	100 hp (20 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (bite)
DAMAGE:	2d10+10 + special
SAVE:	M25
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	Special
XP:	15,000

The Beast of Unbidden Challenges is the threat of random acts of violence. It is the final act of a person, a government, a world summed up in a cry for help and then blood in the gutters.

It has no shrines. Its clergy is relegated to a handful of people who gather in back alleys and pray for the end. Their holy rites involve donning mummer's masks that look like monsters (such as goblins, hobgoblins, orcs, and ogres) and assaulting people they find.

The Beast only demands the fearful tears of sentient creatures as an offering, so the faithful collect the tears of their victims. Not even its clergy is entirely sure why. The different cults are corresponding by letter, in an ongoing and heated theological debate about the nature of these offerings. It is considered bad form for one cult leader to out another's hiding spot to the local authorities, but it has happened in the past.

When the Beast does take a shape it is always in the form of a worm 40' long and 10' wide. The hide of the worm appears to be human flesh with eyes that cry, mouths that scream, and clusters of hair that appear at random intervals on its body. A character who is bitten by the worm will stay clamped in its maw until they pass a successful Strength check. During the worm's next turn, if it still has a target in its mouth, the target is immediately swallowed. Its stomach is a pocket dimension that simulates oblivion. There are ways out. It is considered to be a great blessing to be eaten by the worm or crushed beneath its massive bulk. The worm can only be damaged by magic weapons.

When the worm is killed, its remains dissolve into 2d20×1,000 gold pieces.

Behzd *(petty god of lost items)*

TITLES: *He of the Loss and the Lost*

Luigi Castellani
Luigi Castellani

SYMBOL:	A set of mismatched keys held by a piece of string
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
ARMOR CLASS:	–1 [+2]
HIT PTS. (HD):	90 hp (20 HD)
ATTACKS:	2 claws/bite or roar/tail
DAMAGE:	1d4/1d4/1d10 or special/1d8
SAVE:	F20
MORALE:	11
HOARD CLASS:	None on self; XX in the ruins of Ku-ehmeth
XP:	7,250

Behzd used to be a quite powerful god. Currently, his life force is imprisoned in the remains of his main statue in the swampy ruins of Ku-ehmeth. This great jade statue used to portray him as a crowned and lion-headed croccodile. Many of the pieces of the statue where taken away by the raiders of the Godless Horde, and Behzd barely managed to survive.

At this low point of his divine career, Behzd can do very little: he can't leave the statue and can barely make himself manifest to anyone within 20 feet of the statue. Behzd has lost the power to grant spells to clerics, but still preserves a sort of divine omniscience.

Across the years, a rag-tag following has formed around the lion-headed god—the ruins of Ku-ehmeth have attracted adventurers of all sorts, and many rogues have taken a liking to the jade oracle. Behzd has entrusted his followers with the duty to find all the missing pieces of the great statue. Once the statue is rebuilt, Behzd can again manifest on this plane as a lion-headed croccodile.

Behzd only be struck by +2 or better weapons. Due to his divine nature, Behzd can cast spells as a 15th level cleric, and can cast any clerical *detection* spell at will. Behzd can attack front facing enemies twice per turn with his claws, and once per turn with his bite. Behzd can also use his tail to strike at enemies to the rear. Once per turn, Behzd can emit a powerful roar; all living creatures within 120' must save vs. paralysis or suffer weakness (losing 1d6 Strength) for 2d6 rounds. Those within 30' are deafened (no saving throw) for 2d6 rounds. Behzd can only be surprised on a roll of 1 on 1d6.

Behzd currently has no clerics, but thieves and fighters of third or higher level who strike a pact with him will be granted the ability to cast *locate item* once per day as long as they search for the pieces of the statue. Roving bands of Behzd's 'followers' comprise 1d6 first level thieves, 1d8 first level fighters and leader of 4th level (50% chance of being a thief, otherwise the leader will be a fighter).

Missing from the statue are an unspecified number (optionally, roll 1d20) of jade pieces of varying sizes. These chunks of jade have clearly been worked by man, and usually have the form

of a piece of reptilian anatomy. These *pieces of Behzd* radiate magic. After sleeping one night with one of them under the pillow, the piece will reveal its nature and connection to Behzd; afterward the owner can use the piece to *commune* with Behzd once per week. However, each time this power is used, a save vs. spell must be made. If this save is failed, the character will attempt to search out the ruins of Ku-ehmeth or Behzd followers for a period of 1d4 days.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Behzd & Vydia, Vydia*.

Behzd & Vydia *(twin gods)*

Luigi Castellani
Eleanor Ferron

Legend has it that Vydia and Behzd were born to the deity of the great river Skarka. Each one became the patron of one of the two cities facing each other across the river—Bahar on one bank, and Ku-ehmeth on the other.

Whereas Vydia was a deity vain and fickle (connected to air, fire, flies, and horses), Behzd was a more somber god (connected to earth, water, lions, and crocodiles).

A handful of centuries ago, however, the Godless Horde came to the river Skarka in search of a new god of their own (having lost theirs in a feud with another tribe of barbarians). The horde besieged the cities asking the citizens to surrender their gods.

Behzd and his followers stood true to one another—Ku-ehmeth was sacked and reduced to swampy ruins. Even through the citizens of Ku-ehmeth were killed, and the city deprived of all its riches, Behzd survived, linking his own godly life-force to the remains of his great jade statue in the depths of the ruins.

Vydia, by comparison, forsook his people and accepted the Godless Horde as his new followers. He left the temple and assumed mortal form to guide the Godless Horde to a prosperous future. However, Vydia had lost much of his power in abandoning so many believers, and being apart from the focus of his power in the great temple.

Bahar was spared. However, to this day the city is without a god, and accepts none within its limits.

In due time, the Godless Horde discovered how untrustworthy Vydia truly is (and feeble compared to his previous status), and they abandoned him.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Behzd, Vydia*.

Beng

(petty god of vagabonds and con-artists)
TITLES: *Beng the Wanderer*

Rob Griffin
Jason Sholtis

SYMBOL:	Circle with two arrows drawn through
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	2
HIT PTS. (HD):	90 hp (14 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (shank or spell)
DAMAGE:	1d4+4 plus special or by spell
SAVE:	T14
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	See below
XP:	10,000

Beng the Wanderer is a patron deity of hobos, vagabonds, and con-artists. His symbol is a circle with two arrows drawn through it, which means "hit the road quick" in the secret symbol language of vagabonds.

Beng appears as a dark, charming, roguish human dressed in mismatched, gaudy, and worn clothing. He often times travels in a overloaded covered wagon with small iron wheels and a potbellied stove belching smoke from a small pipe coming through the roof.

Beng's appearance on the Material Plane usually coincides with a rash of petty larceny, disappearing maidens, and runaway children who will follow Beng for months at a time before becoming hobos themselves. Beng is always encountered surrounded by 4d6 such devotees who will fight to protect him and can be counted as low level thieves for purposes of combat.

Beng has the abilities of a 14th level thief, and will only fight if cornered. He fights with a *jeweled shank (dagger) +4* which deals 1d4+4 damage. Anyone pierced by Beng's shank will fall asleep immediately (no save) for 1d6 hours and cannot be awakened by normal means. Beng does not kill his victims, but will rob them of their most valuable possession once asleep. He can also cast *charm person*, *knock*, *invisibility*, and *suggestion* at will.

Beng's treasure hoard is secreted into patchwork bag which acts as a *bag of holding*, and is hidden in his wagon. It consists of thousands of gold pieces worth of trinkets, baubles, and jewels he has plundered over the years, along with random magic items (as determined by the DM).

Beorl

(petty god of honey, mead and beekeepers)
TITLES: *Beorl the Hivemaster*

Alan Brodie
Alexander Cook

SYMBOL:	Stylized bee in a hexagon
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	150' (50')
ARMOR CLASS:	0
HIT PTS. (HD):	66 hp (14 HD)
ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE:	1d6+6 plus special
SAVE:	F14 (poison immune)
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	XIX
XP:	6,000

Beorl the Hivemaster is the petty god of honey and mead, and the patron of beekeepers. His name is occasionally invoked around the hearths and campfires of men when horns are hoisted and mead is quaffed. "Beorl's sting" or "Beorl's strike" are sometimes used as euphemisms for hangovers.

Most commonly encountered in pastoral countryside or pleasant forest glades, the deity appears as a stocky, almost portly man with a fuzzy beard and close-cropped, golden-brown hair. He wears clothing of the same color. He often hums tunelessly to himself.

Beorl's demeanor is brisk yet amiable, unless provoked to fury. He is always girt with a broad belt of black leather supporting his drinking horn and a short sword. In the Hivemaster's hand, this weapon does 1d6+6 damage and anyone struck by it must save vs. poison or suffer agonising pain for 1d6 full turns. The victim's saving throws, attack rolls and damage dice are subject to a –2 penalty for the pain's duration.

Beorl himself is immune to poison of any sort.

At will, once per round, he can summon either an angry swarm of bees (treat as an insect swarm of the largest size) or 2d4 giant killer bees (equal chance of either) to attack his foes. Moreover, he can cause *mead-drunkenness* once per day. This power resembles the 4th-level magic-user spell *confusion* in all respects, except that "babbling incoherently" may involve singing, shouting, boasting, falling down, vomiting, and other common effects of extreme intoxication.

Beorl may *create food and water* (as a cleric of 14th level) up to three times per day. The food thus created will be honey-based (e.g., honey-roasted meat and vegetables, sweet pastries, honey cakes, and the like) and the "water" will, in fact, be mead.

Thrice per day, Beorl may use *honeyed words*, employing flattery to "sweet talk" his way around entities more powerful than himself (+2 bonus on reaction rolls if his victims fail to save vs. spell).

Beorl has had numerous colorful adventures, acquiring in the process a reputation for wit and guile.

Beorl Reaction Table

2	**Friendly:** Creates food and mead for characters.
3-5	**Indifferent:** Creates food and mead for characters if they speak and behave respectfully.
6-8	**Neutral:** Ignores characters.
9-11	**Unfriendly:** Summons bees to attack characters unless they speak and behave respectfully.
12	**Hostile:** Summons bees to attack characters.

Berenedril *(petty god of folly, stupidity and blind luck)*

TITLES: *Lord of Folly, Lord of Stupidity and Blind Luck*

Terje Nordin
Kevin Chenevert

SYMBOL:	Jester's hat
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
ARMOR CLASS:	1
HIT PTS. (HD):	33 hp (7 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (rattle or feather)
DAMAGE:	2d8 or special
SAVE:	T8
MORALE:	9
HOARD CLASS:	VI
XP:	790

Berenedril appears as a jolly man wearing jester's clothes and a blindfold. As the Lord of Stupidity and Blind Luck, he wanders the realms spreading silliness and foolishness, and seeking to make existence an absurd joke.

All who come within 20' of the Lord of Folly must save vs. spell or become drunk on the god's presence. Everyone so affected will become careless, foolhardy and impulsive, acting rashly and recklessly. They will believe anything they are told, and will follow any order or suggestion (short of the immediately suicidal). These effects last while they remain within 20' of the god, plus one additional hour after leaving his presence. While under the effect, any encounters with hostile beings automatically result in surprise. However, all affected characters also receive from the god a gift of good luck, allowing them to choose to reroll any 1 die roll during the following (game) year.

During a combat encounter, Berenedril will spend his round doing one of the following (roll 1d6)

Roll	Action
1-3	strike with his rattle (2d8)
4-5	strike with his feather (*cure light wounds* on target)
6	laugh and dance

Throughout many lands, it is common to celebrate Fools' Day, with people dressing in silly clothes and engaging in all manner of pranks and shenanigans. By doing so, it is believed that the god will grant good luck rather than bad judgment for the rest of the year. During such festivities, there is a 5% chance that Berenedril will make a personal visit.

RELATED ENTRIES: **D)** *Berenedril's Hat of Dumb Luck*.

Blentry *(petty goddess of tallies and commerce)*

TITLES: *Old Huffer*

Porky
Paul Schaefer

SYMBOL:	An abacus strung with constellations
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	4
HIT PTS. (HD):	5 hp (1 HD)
ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE:	1d3
SAVE:	M1
MORALE:	8
HOARD CLASS:	1d6-1 of each coin type, 1d3-1 scrolls, 1d6 lbs. of stationery, 1d3 lbs. of food
XP:	24

Blentry, or Old Huffer, is the godlet of the improbable tally. A dust-cloaked, ink-splattered hob-like creature, she lives among the rafters and in the wall spaces of the wholesalers, posthouses and harbor offices of a burgeoning regional hub. There she plays a central role in its growing commerce and unknowingly guides an information revolution.

Though initially drawn to the tallyrooms by scraps of food and dregs of stimulant, the cluttered counters, desks and cabinets become their own attraction. By night she sets quills dancing to correct errors, parchment fluttering to improve filing systems and ink squirting to refill wells, often borrowing the innovations of one clerk to better the work of others. By day she snoozes belly-up, dreaming brightly of new forms of stationery and the sparks of outlandish cybernetic structures.

Every evening the offerings are left and every morning foreheads are struck in realization, while belief in this benevolent representative of expansion grows and spreads with the multiplying shipments. Opponents of the faith are quickly found guilty of complex fraud, tax avoidance, embezzlement, struck with exorbitant bills, or simply found to be bankrupt.

Blentry is deeply interested in new forms of knowledge and means of classification and will trade methods with those she grows to trust. Blentry herself knows the following spells, can learn more and can cast any once per day as if a 5d4th level magic-user: *animate implements*, *convey knowledge*, *conjure buffer*, *describe value* (see ***Spells*** section for complete descriptions of each).

In self-defense, Blentry will often extract a full understanding of combat from an attacker's body, animate the weapons they carry, then convey to it the knowledge necessary to turn on its former owner.

RELATED ENTRIES: **S)** *Animate Implements*, *Convey Knowledge*, *Conjure Buffer*, *Describe Value*.

Boden *(petty god of the soil)*

Eric Campbell
Eric Campbell

SYMBOL:	Writhing worm
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	60' (20')
BURROW:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	–2
HIT PTS. (HD):	200 hp (30 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (bite, grapple, crush or swallow)
DAMAGE:	1d10 or 1d12/rd. or 1d20/rd. or 2d20/rd.
SAVE:	F20
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	XIII, VII (all items will be tarnished and encrusted with/in dirt)
XP:	9,000

Boden appears to most as a massive earthworm as large as a man. Anthropomorphic in shape with humanoid, tentacled limbs, Boden strikes fear in most by his appearance alone. Boden's skin is pink in color, wet and covered in mucus and slime. His eyes appear to have dual pupils and flicker with strange, almost unearthly colors. His segmented body contains no bones but is supported by powerful muscular rings.

Boden is a master at the art of stealth, never will he be put in a situation where he has to fight in direct combat. If forced, Boden attacks with a bite from his powerful sucker-like mouth. If he hits a target he will then attempt to strike the target in a grapple with a +2 modifier. Next, Boden will begin to crush and squeeze the target doing 1d20 points of damage per round until the grapple is broken with a save vs. petrification at +10. Finally Boden will attempt to swallow his target after 4 rounds if the victim has not broken free from the crush attack. Boden's powerful stomach acids do 2d20 points of damage per round with no saves. The only way to escape at this point is for Boden to be defeated and then the victim to be cut from his body.

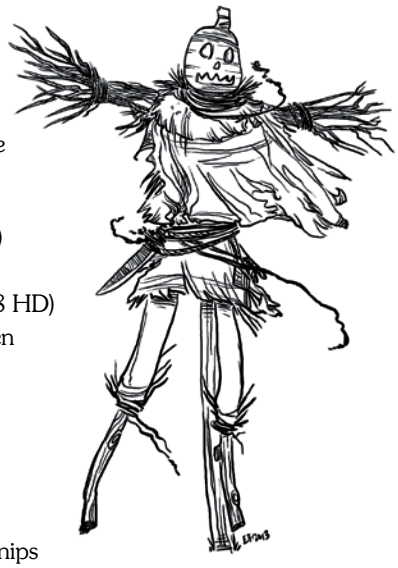
Boden does not favor worshipers nor does he draw on a cult of any sort, however, creatures the live in the soil including some intelligent plants and funguses obey Boden without question. Boden is honored and called upon at times by some less than lawful farmers for various reasons, to include farmers wishing to have good yields come harvest or petty revenge on neighboring farms. Boden can *curse* or *bless* farmland on a whim and as the mood strikes him. Boden is also called upon when someone loses objects in the dirt and muck. Boden tends to claim everything lost whether he knows of it or not, but has been known to be swayed at times.

Summoning Boden to aid oneself always requires a blood sacrifice of an intelligent lawful creature, then the sacrifice must be buried in a shallow grave. If Boden feels the sacrifice was worthy he will appear after the first full day of rain on the spot of the grave. He is always accompanied by several giant-sized worms of demonic power; he has always scouted the area, wary of traps and ambushes.

Bogrump

(petty god of turnips)
TITLES: *Bogrump Turnip Head; The Turnip Lord*

Chris Tamm
Eleanor Ferron



SYMBOL:	A humble turnip
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	180' (60')
ARMOR CLASS:	–2
HIT PTS. (HD):	85 hp (18 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (wooden sword or strangle)
DAMAGE:	4d6
SAVE:	F18
MORALE:	8
HOARD CLASS:	d1000 +100 turnips
XP:	11,000

Bogrump the Turnip Lord was carried from lands far away. His holy flesh sustains beasts over winter, making it unnecessary to slaughter most live stock before winter. This frees labor time and increases local wealth, giving men more time and money to spend at war. Bogrump is a hideous swollen-faced humanoid, often embodied in a scarecrow with a carved turnip head. He stalks and ambushes the unworthy, especially at night (surprising on a 1-4 in daylight, and on a 1-5 at night, on a 1d6).

This petty god strikes with a crude wooden sword for 4d6 damage, but he will attack loners by strangulation with 19 Strength inflicting the same damage. He may also turn 3d10 turnips in a field into his turnip sprite servitors (turnip-headed goblins) to aid him once a day. He heals one hp for every turnip he eats and can eat 1d6 per round if in a heap or one if he has to dig them up.

Bogrump may *bless* a turnip field to be 10% more fruitful or to make a full turnip cellar last a season weevil, worm, and rot free. Sometimes a maiden is married to a scarecrow of Bogrump, and the lucky couple spend a night in the barn alone. A virtuous humble maiden who pleases Bogrump has healthy, trouble-free childbirth for ever more, and produces large healthy (slightly lumpy) twins three months after the marriage. Vain or egotistical maidens are blessed with a swollen purple turnip-like face and the other birthing benefits. Maidens are free to marry any of their choosing after Bogrump has had his turn. He may avenge these maidens if they are harmed.

Stories tell of Bogrump's giant turnip house, and his various clumsy and moronic turnip-headed servants. Some tell of him keeping spare heads in brine, with different personalities and various comedic head swapping antics. Most stories are funny, and some are downright scary. Telling stories over turnip soup or wine or mash is his preferred worship. He includes pumpkin, squash, swedes, carrots and others as his kin.

RELATED ENTRIES: **D)** *Divine Turnip of Glory.*

Bokrug *(petty god of millennial revenge*)*

TITLES: *The Great Water Lizard, The Doom of Sarnath*
AFFILIATIONS: *Cthulhu*

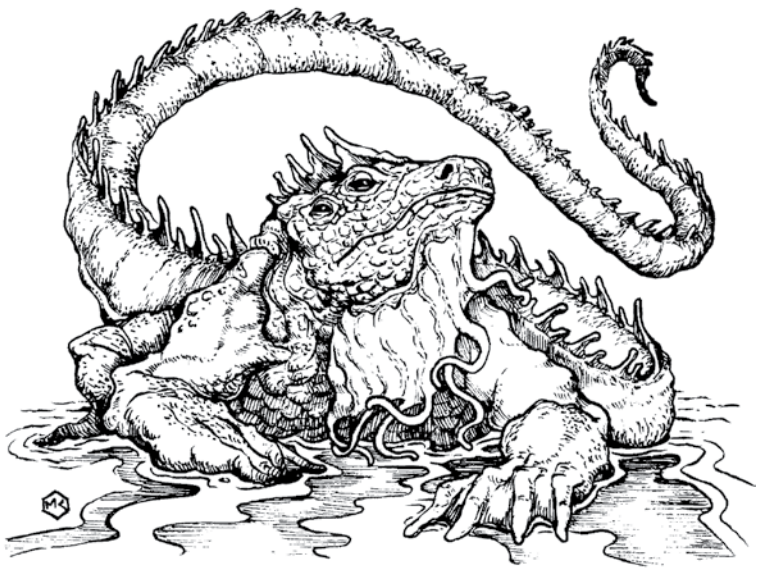
Nicolas Senac
Mike Clarke

SYMBOL:	A gibbous moon
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	60' (20')
ARMOR CLASS:	0
HIT PTS. (HD):	120 hp (35 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (bite or spell) + gaze
DAMAGE:	4d6 + special
SAVE:	M30
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	5,250

The general appearance of Bokrug's idols is that of very large lizards or blue-green iguanas (though no one knows the reality). The fact that Bokrug is one of the great old ones suggests that its appearance is truly disturbing, to the point of maddening mere mortals (perhaps a terrifying octopus-headed lizard with tentacles, or even worse).

This god dwells in the depths of a vast still lake that is fed by no stream, and out of which no stream flows. This strange lake is opaque and green as the damnable mists that rise above it, and the water level fluctuates with the phases of the moon, revealing sometimes sinister ruins and half-buried monoliths of another time. Wandering through the haze can lead to a horrible death. First, a sea-green stone idol chiseled in the likeness of Bokrug lays buried in the rushes of the marsh. Woe to the man who finds it, for the dreaded god will visit that fool on the next gibbous moon. Second, ghosts of the beings of Ib roam on the shores of the lake, seeking prey to scare to death.

Bokrug lies half-covered by sediments at the bottom of the lake. In a deep sleep, he will not awake until the moon is gibbous, and black clouds descend from the inclement sky. It is only then that he is vulnerable and can hurt those who dare enter the dark waters. His main virtue is almost infinite patience, especially in dealing with affronts that are done to him and



his meager worship, for Bokrug can wait for centuries before manifesting his divine wrath upon the unaware.

Bokrug's gaze (usable at will) has the same effect as the spell *fear*. He also possesses the following spell-like abilities: *wish* (1× every other year, used to punish those who offend him), *confusion* (2× per day), *hold person* (3× per day), and *telepathy* (at will).

Bokrug Reaction Table

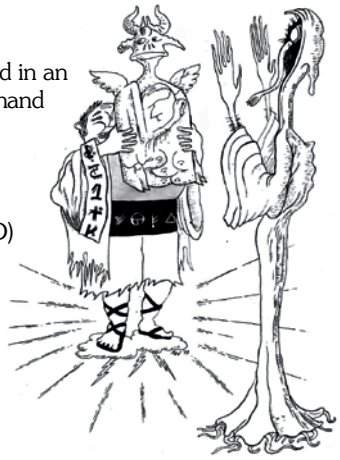
2	**Antagonistic:** Curses PCs (uses *wish* to bring them future trouble).
3-5	**Indifferent:** Does not interact with the PCs, but his gaze remains dangerous.
6-8	**Neutral:** If the PCs are Chaotic, he telepathically suggests they revere him. Otherwise, treat result as "Indifferent".
9-11	**Unfriendly:** Attempts to drive the PCs into fearful insanity with his gaze.
12	**Antagonistic:** Attacks the PCs.

RELATED ENTRIES: **M)** *Being of Ib*.

Boulubek

(petty god of lost idols)

Keith Sloan
Andrew Walter



SYMBOL:	Small idol held in an outstretched hand
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	240' (80')
ARMOR CLASS:	-2
HIT PTS. (HD):	90 hp (19 HD)
ATTACKS:	Special
DAMAGE:	Special
SAVE:	F18
MORALE:	8
HOARD CLASS:	XII
XP:	8,000

Boulubek is the god of lost idols. It is his task to reunite lost idols, religious statuary, and holy symbols with their faithful, regardless of their alignment, pantheon, or other consideration. He is not worshiped by mortals. Rather, he is essentially a servant of all other gods, ensuring that their idols and other paraphernalia find their way back to their rightful place when lost. Boulubek is agnostic when it comes to quarrels among the gods, and performs his function without regard to the alignment of the gods associated with the lost idols. His primary function is to recover idols that are lost or forgotten; thus, he will not attempt to recover them from thieves or those that simply find and keep them. He will return recovered idols to the appropriate temple or group of faithful secretly, without leaving any indication of how they came back. Many of these returns are falsely attributed to the gods of the idols.

Because of the nature of his service, other gods leave Boulubek alone, and have even been known to aid him at times. He prefers to avoid combat, and will use stealth, speed and magic to avoid it at all costs. At will, he can *teleport without error*, *fly*, turn *invisible*, and *shrink* to 1" high and back.

Boulubek appears as a squat human, somewhat under 5' tall. He is balding, pudgy, and usually has a dull grin on his face masking his true nature and intelligence. His clothing consists of dusty and tattered robes of red with indecipherable runes on them. He is by nature a kind and gentle god. The more obscure and weak the god of the lost idol, the more interested in returning it he becomes, feeling compassion for the weaker sorts of gods.

Bubulmax

(petty god of adventurers and muscles)

Tim Stephens
Ryan Browning

SYMBOL:	A six pack of abs
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	60' (20')
ARMOR CLASS:	2
HIT PTS. (HD):	54 hp (9 HD)
ATTACKS:	2 (mighty fists of power)
DAMAGE:	1d6+2/1d6+2
SAVE:	F11
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	See below
XP:	3,500

Bubulmax is the deity of the mighty thewed, those who venture forth in life strong of limb, strong of spirit and adequately oiled up. Bubulmax frowns upon weaklings and spreads his gospel of muscular philosophy amongst the rowdy and boisterous of the lands. He is often called upon by participants in tavern brawls, arm wrestling contests and sometimes competitive eating competitions. Bulbulmax wears no armor except a scraggly loincloth and his only possession/treasure is a *girdle of ogre strength* (which he swears he doesn't really need).

Bubulmax Reaction Table

2-4	Bulbulmax slaps the petitioner heartily on the back, psyching the target up and increasing target's "to hit" and saves by +2 for 24 hours.
5-8	Bulbulmax is less impressed. Striking a muscular pose meant to be an example of physical awesomeness, he grants viewers immunity to fear effects for 1d3 hours.
9	Nothing. Bulbulmax leaves, bored with his petitioners' overall look.
9-11	Attempts to drive the PCs into fearful insanity with his gaze.
10-12	Displeased at his audience's physical form, Bulbulmax shouts invectives in the ancient tongue of Gymnuvexian, cursing his target with large bulky muscles that slow the bearer down, but grant no additional boost in Strength. The PCs' movement is reduced by one-third, and there is a 15% chance clothes and armor no longer fit. A *remove curse* spell can rid one of this state.

Chaugnar Faugn

(petty god of the desert plateau of Tsang)*
TITLES: *The Elephant God, The Horror from the Hills*
AFFILIATIONS: *Cthulhu*

✎ **Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.**
☙ ***Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.***

SYMBOL:	Snub dodecahedron
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	240' (80')
ARMOR CLASS:	–7 [+3]
HIT PTS. (HD):	145 hp (22 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (blood drain or trample or curse)
DAMAGE:	2d6 (blood drain) or 4d8 (trample) or death
SAVE:	F22
MORALE:	11
HOARD CLASS:	XV, XVII
XP:	10,000

Chaugnar Faugn, The Elephant God, The Horror from the Hills, the god of the desert plateau of Tsang, is a terrifying abomination amalgamating the worst elements of elephant, man, and octopus. Traveling eons ago from an alternate dimension (possibly in another form), upon his arrival to the plateau, he found only the simplest of amphibians living there. From them, he created the miri-nigri as his servitors. It is the miri-nigri who, ages later, mated with early humans to produce the Tcho-Tcho people who now call the plateau their home. While it is rumored that Chaugnar Faugn is simply another name for the god Ganesha, the benevolent nature of Ganesha and the egoistic and unwittingly malevolent* nature of Chaugnar Faugn would suggest otherwise.

Although the appearance of Chaugnar Faugn is disturbing and perverse, and his sensibilities as malign as a gorgon, he nonetheless exudes a buddhic calm. In fact, when he is 'dormant', his skin is so stone-like and his demeanor so still, that he appears as a statue (from a casual glance of the god while dormant, it is impossible to discern the difference between a statue or idol of Chaugnar Faugn and the god himself). When Chaugnar Faugn "awakens", he does so to drink the blood of his devotees through means of his lamprey-like "trunk".

Even though his massive size would suggest a lumbering walk, Chaugnar Faugn is quite swift. More interestingly, he leaves phosphorescent tracks behind him (which persist for approximately 1 turn before losing their phosphorescence).

During combat, a successful attack with his trunk results in the victim losing 2d6 hp per round (due to blood drain) until the victim is dead or Chaugnar Faugn has been killed, rendered unconscious, or banished. His stone-like hide provides him an impressively low Armor Class (-7), and weapons with enchantments of +3 or greater are required "to hit" Chaugnar Faugn.

During any given round, Chaugnar Faugn may cast his *curse* (*Curse of Chaugnar Faugn*) against a single target. The target must save vs. death or die (of a heart attack). A successful saving throw results in a permanent loss of 1d6 hp (due to the tearing of the heart). Chaugnar Faugn may only use this against a particular target one time per day (though he may use it against as many different targets as he wishes any given day).

Chaugnar Faugn is able to communicate telepathically with any amphibian creature or humanoid within 360'. Any such creature that he contacts will also be *charmed* automatically (no saving throw). Additionally, any amphibian creature under his *charm* receives a +3 morale bonus while fighting on behalf of Chaugnar Faugn.

Chaugnar Faugn Reaction Table

If Chaugnar Faugn is hungry, he will attack immediately (no reaction roll) using his trunk and attempting to drain 40 hp worth of blood.

2	**Friendly:** Remains dormant.
3-5	**Indifferent:** Remains dormant but prepares to use his *curse* if threatened.
6-8	**Neutral:** Remains dormant but commands all amphibian creatures within 360' to attack.
9-11	**Unfriendly:** Commands all amphibian creatures within 360' to attack, summons 1d10 miri-nigri, and attacks (trample).
12	**Hostile:** Commands all amphibian creatures within 360' to attack, summons 1d10 miri-nigri, and attacks (first using his curse vs. each opponent, then trampling any survivors).

* He has no regard for the concepts of good and evil.

RELATED ENTRIES: **M)** *Miri-Nigri*.

Chel-Kloth

(petty goddess of the Dark Lake)*
TITLES: *The Lady of the Dark Lake*

✎ **David Haraldson**

Sources discussing Chel-Kloth are ancient, few, and fragmentary. A single verse of the epic "*Tale of the Sun's Return*" relates how the petty god—a monstrous hybrid of spider and cephalopod—rebelled against the Sun and Moon. The two deities defeated "Her" and, refusing to submit to their rule, Chel-Kloth and her disciples fled to the deepest and darkest parts of the world. Since then, "She" has dwelt in The Dark Lake, attended by myriads of "Her" sightless and aetiolated followers, plotting to avenge "Her" self-imposed exile. Four lines of "*Lost Delver Stew*", sung by goblin parents to their whelps, warn against straying too far from home lest they chance upon Chel-Kloth's lair. There, the godling (a luminous human maiden) drowns disobedient children in the lake's cold waters. And, in the Northern Wastes, an antique boundary marker invokes Chel-Kloth as wronged sister of the Sun and the Moon, imploring her to take pity on and grant sanctuary to all those fleeing tyranny. On the weathered stone, above the inscription, is a carving of a middle-aged woman with a kindly expression, the left side of whose face is burned, as by a terrible fire.

Only those who reach the Dark Lake's shores will discover which, if any, of these representations of Chel-Kloth is true.

RELATED ENTRIES: **M)** *Sir Daraneolus*.

Chelk & Jodj

(Chelk: petty god of stains; Jodj: petty god of vandals)
TITLES: *(Chelk only) Chelk The Unwashed, The Grimebringer*

✎ **Justin Dunnuck**
✐ ***Dungeon of Sketch***

	Chelk	**Jodj**
SYMBOL:	A smudged palm print	Any other god's symbol, but broken in two
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	45' (15')	180' (60')
ARMOR CLASS:	3	–2
HIT PTS. (HD):	56 hp (10 HD)	90 hp (15 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (touch)	2 (weapon or touch)
DAMAGE:	1d6 + special	by weapon, 1d6 + special
SAVE:	C15	T15
MORALE:	9	7
HOARD CLASS:	I	XIV
XP:	2,400	5,100

"Without imperfection, there can be no perfection."

Such is the ethos embodied by the twin gods Chelk, the petty god of stains, and Jodj, the petty god of vandals. Chelk represents the slow, gradual wear-and-tear caused by the elements and blind luck; Jodj, though, signifies immediate, visceral impulses of capriciousness—he's the child's temptation to pull an animal's tail; the hooligan's need to throw a rock through an ornate cathedral window; the barmaid's urge to spit in an unruly patron's drink.

Chelk (also known as Chelk The Unwashed, and The Grimebringer) is embraced by the destitute and downtrodden who cope with their lot in life by believing they are part of a greater divine plan. He appears as a rumpled, bedraggled male in his late teens, with a spotty complexion and greasy hair. Within 100' of his presence, the air becomes musty and heavy with humidity (making it impossible for him to Surprise anyone), and any paper/parchment/scrolls within this radius have a 50% chance per minute of being ruined with spontaneous growths of mildew.

He is not a combatant, and will attempt to parley his way out of physical confrontations. If forced into battle, his touch causes minimal damage, but inflicts a curse on the target's person and gear—clothing becomes discolored, jewelry/metal begins to tarnish, and weapons start to corrode, resulting in a loss of 1d4 Charisma points per week until lifted. Furthermore, the items themselves become useless at the end of 1d4 weeks. Changing into new garb and/or buying new equipment just delays the inevitable—the process starts up again a week after being worn/acquired.

Chelk's general air of melancholy is at direct odds with the impish, dangerous demeanor of his brother, Jodj. Jodj looks many years younger than his twin, and appears as a ruddy-faced adolescent with a perpetual sneer and flickering, beady eyes.

Jodj is unpredictable in combat, as he is always armed with a different weapon—sometimes he uses proper armaments, but other times implements slingshots, thrown rocks, flaming vials of oil, and even rotten eggs. His touch is far more dangerous, however, as it degrades the enchantments of magical items and equipment—items with combat bonuses lose –1 effect point (ex: a *+3 sword* becomes a *+2 sword*), and those with charges/doses lose 1d4 in quantity per strike. Fortunately, Jodj is rather cowardly, and flees when combat turns against him.

Jodj has no divine symbol of his own; instead, his followers (mostly bored, wayward teenagers, and political anarchists) take the image of any other local deity's symbol and 'break' it…meaning they (and often Jodj himself) incur the divine wrath of a god insulted in this manner.

Chelk Reaction Table

2-3	**Talkative/Helpful**
4-10	**Neutral/Indifferent**
11-12	**Hostile:** Wants to induce humility. May attack.

Jodj Reaction Table

2-3	**Mirthful/Helpful**
4-6	**Impish**
7-11	**Mean-Spirited:** May Attack.
12	**Hostile:** Attacks.

Chicxulub *(petty god of decaying orbits)*

TITLES: *Goddess of Decaying Orbits, The Star Scribe, Home-Maker, Mother of Craters*

John Everett Till
Juan Ochoa

SYMBOL:	A hunchbacked crone crowned by a fire-and-smoke serpent* which is crowned by a star
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	60' (20') as crone (walk) 320' (120') as serpent (fly)
ARMOR CLASS:	4
HIT PTS. (HD):	105 hp (26 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (as crone: spell or burning touch)
DAMAGE:	by spell or 1d12
SAVE:	M22
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	Little treasure other than rare metals found scattered in an impact crater
XP:	9,250

Chicxulub, the Goddess of Decaying Orbits, is a daughter of the Moon Goddess and a forgotten star-god of a better age. In ancient times she was associated with Law, since in those times, the movements of most celestial objects were stable and unchanging. Indeed, Chicxulub was known as the Star Scribe, an assistant to the Moon Goddess and the Wise God, and a friend to astrologers. She helped astrologers predict the movement of the stars and planets in the firmament, as well as important conjunctions.

However, in this age of instability and decline, Chicxulub is associated with Chaos and the many celestial objects whose orbits are unstable. She nudges space rocks, rogue moons, ruined arks from other worlds, and other celestial effluvia onto a collision course with the world. A variety of alien creatures call her the Home-Maker and Mother of Craters; some bargain with her for safe passage down to earth, riding the rocky objects down to the planet in cocoons spun of fire and smoke. These arrivals often make their dwelling place in collision craters on land or in the ocean's depths. Any summoning of the goddess will be accompanied by an escort of 1d12 of these creatures (who have 1-2 HD each). Chicxulub is easiest to summon in a collision crater immediately after the fall of a celestial object. She most often manifests within and just above the collision crater as a serpent of smoke and fire.

Chicxulub is worshipped by chaotic cults who seek to rain down ruin on civilized lands, sorcerers who seek her assistance to heighten the potency of their spells through manipulation of lesser celestial objects, as well as by actuarial wizards who wish to predict and wherever possible deflect potential disasters away from striking the assets of their patrons. Chicxulub also has a following among blacksmiths and metallurgists, and may choose to help one of the faithful in finding fallen star metal.

Under the sign of her mother, the Full Moon, Chicxulub may also be summoned forth from any unworked rock or metal that has crashed to the planet. She will manifest for 1d10 rounds as a diminutive hunchback crone with red-ember-eyes and searing black metallic skin. Striking her skin with a metal rod will cause flakes of skin to fall off as she moves. These metallic flakes remain forever hot, and can be placed in a farmer's fields, on a wooden floor, or on a straw roof to start a fire. They also make particularly nasty caltrops.

Chicxulub is able to use the following abilities at will: *meteor swarm*, *move earth*, *earthquake*.

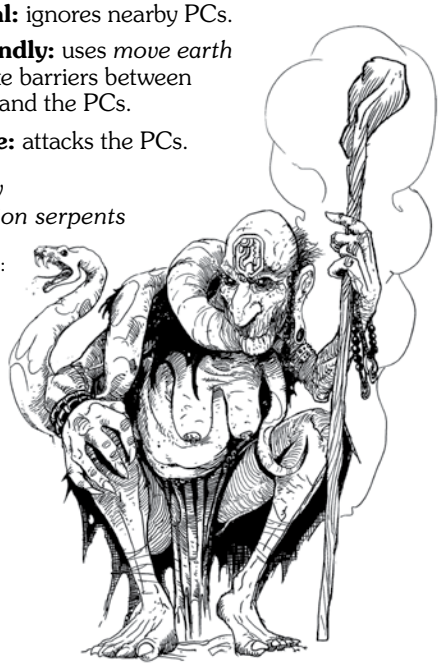
Chicxulub Reaction Table

Chaos-aligned astrologers, as well as blacksmiths and metallurgists, may subtract –1 from their roll.

2	**Friendly:** Offers a boon such as the location of a large cache of star metal or the date/time and location of an impending meteor shower or disaster, or the command of 1d6 of its alien servants for one week.
3-5	**Indifferent:** Offers the PCs the inhalation of her serpent fire-smoke substance. Save vs. breath or experience 1d4 hours with hallucinations of careening stars and planets. Inhaling the substance of the goddess also confers the location of a small cache of star metal, or the command of one of its alien servants for 24 hours.
6-8	**Neutral:** ignores nearby PCs.
9-11	**Unfriendly:** uses *move earth* to create barriers between herself and the PCs.
12	**Hostile:** attacks the PCs.

**As exemplified by Mesoamerican vision serpents*

RELATED ENTRIES:
M) *Tzitzimine*.



Choozwiz *(petty god of non-magical crossroads)*

Rorschachhamster
Eugene Jaworski

SYMBOL:	A toppled signpost
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
ARMOR CLASS:	–1
HIT PTS. (HD):	54 hp (12 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (walking stick)
DAMAGE:	1d6 + special
SAVE:	F12
MORALE:	8
HOARD CLASS:	XIII
XP:	3,600

Crossroads are magical places of transition—to choose a direction is to choose your fate. Death or glory, all depends on the choice you make. But sometimes, very rarely, there is a crossroad without meaning. Be it that all roads lead to dull and irrelevant locations in the grand scheme of things, or that they are reuniting soon after. Choozwiz is the god of these places.

For the most part, Choozwiz is a god uninterested in mortal affairs, but he is very protective of the few places in the world he sees as his own domain. More than one would-be lord of a mansion or hold to be constructed at a road leading from one of "his" crossroads was smacked by his cursing *Walking Stick of the Lost* (see ***Divine Items***). He is not very powerful, and it is relatively easy to bully him away or to appease him by constructing pointless intersecting roads in mostly uninteresting terrain.

Choozwiz's appearance is that of an ugly peasant in simple garb with three feet pointing in different directions, speaking with a high-pitched, whining voice, that seems to come from every direction at once. He is never seen without his *walking stick* and is not known for being worshipped apart from the occasional appeasement offerings of pointless roads mentioned above. Even though Choozwiz hates magic and magic-users almost as much as musicians, he is able to *teleport* at will to every non-magical crossroad instantly, and to become *invisible* up to 4 times a day.

RELATED ENTRIES: **D)** *Walking Stick of the Lost*.

Chu-bu *(petty god of the mahogany idol*)*

Keith Sloan
Jason Sholtis

SYMBOL:	Smoking brazier
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	0' (0')
ARMOR CLASS:	2
HIT PTS. (HD):	38 hp (8 HD)
ATTACKS:	Special
DAMAGE:	Special
SAVE:	F8
MORALE:	9
HOARD CLASS:	XI
XP:	1,000

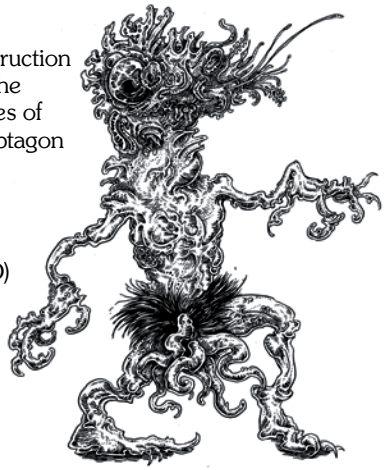
Chu-bu is an ancient god bound into the form of an ancient idol of polished mohagany. He is incapable of leaving this form, and thus cannot move. He is always aware of what is occurring within sight and hearing. Additionally, he can use *ESP* at will to probe the thoughts of those within sight. Further, he is able to project thoughts to those nearby, though he can only transmit short sentences or phrases, not complex ideas.

He is a lazy and dull god, content to receive offerings of maize and burning fat from his worshipers. He is, however, also a petty and jealous god, and his ire may be awakened if he feels that his worship is being slighted in any way. Such transgressions will stoke his anger, which is not easily assuaged though his ability to respond is limited. He may, once per week, attempt to create a minor earthquake which will cause the local area to shake slightly, but cause little or no damage. Such attempts have only a 10% chance of succeeding; if it fails, he cannot attempt another one for a full week. Additionally, if a worshiper shows particular deference, there is a 10% chance that Chu-bu will perform a minor miracle to benefit the worshiper. This miracle may consist of increased luck (+1 to hit, damage and saving throws for a day), the finding of a minor treasure (no more than 50 gp in value), or 1d4 hit points of healing. Such miracles can only be provided by Chu-bu once per day.

Chu-bu is so petty and sedentary as to be all but forgotten by other gods. However, he does have a single enemy of note, Sheemish, a newer idol of dyed red wood. The two gods are evenly matched in both power and pettiness, and their hatred of one another is undying.

Chulg *(petty god of heptagonal objects)*

Thomas Fitzgerald
Thomas Fitzgerald



SYMBOL:	Neusis construction diagram of the interior angles of a regular heptagon
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	30' (10')
ARMOR CLASS:	–3 [+1]
HIT PTS. (HD):	56 hp (7 HD)
ATTACKS:	See below
DAMAGE:	See below
SAVE:	See below
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	Nil
XP:	1,100

If certain ancient malachite funerary ornaments are disturbed when the moon is gibbous, there is a 4% chance that Chulg will descend through a cartilaginous rift from seven-dimensional pseudo-space, arriving in 1d4 rounds. Upon arrival, Chulg will recite a series of charges against the offender with a hideous voice that sublimates reality, causing the air to burn within 60' and causing 2d8 damage per round to anyone within that radius (no saving throw). The recitation will last 3d4 rounds, after which Chulg will return to its place of origin for 3d100 years.

Chulg's visage is so utterly loathsome as to cause *fear* (as a 7th-level magic-user) to anyone that looks upon it.

Chulg is immune to non-magical weapons and all spells of less than third level. Otherwise, Chulg saves as a 7th level cleric.

The propitiation of Chulg was undertaken by worshippers whose origins are lost in deep time. Its manifestation seems to be associated, to a lesser extent, with the breaching of certain taboos regarding heptagonal objects. Since few understand the specific conditions that will incur Chulg's attention, judicious avoidance of heptagons is often held to be the best policy.

Reaction Table for
Heptagonal Blasphemies

Roll 2d12 (instead of 2d6).

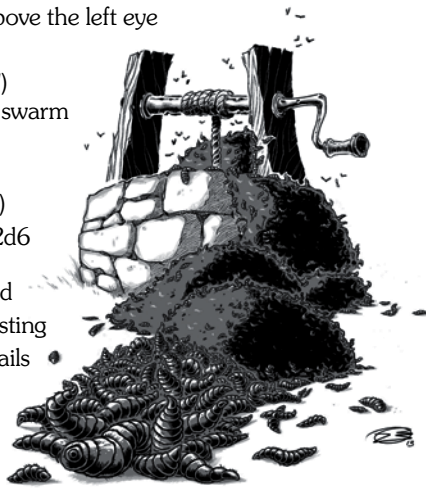
2-5	For some reason, Chulg exudes a buttery green substance that renders anyone who rubs it on their body *invisible* (as cast by a 7th level magic-user). 1d3 smearings of this substance are left. In such cases, Chulg appears, exudes, and leaves within 2 rounds.
6-12	Chulg appears and sings "*The Green Lullaby*", causing voice damage as above for one round, and acting as a *hold person* cast by a 7th-level magic-user. Chulg then confiscates any heptagons and returns to its place of origin.
13-18	Chulg partially manifests inside the body of an offending character in order to remove part of their bile duct before disappearing again. This causes 2d10 damage (no save).
19-20	Chulg manifests as a flickering 2-dimensional image tottering on the edge of reality, invulnerable to attack. In this form it causes *fear* as normal, but does nothing else until it flickers out of existence after 1d3 rounds.
21-24	Chulg merely peers through a vortex from the Gulches of Schlaem. Explosive decompression ensues. All characters within 20' must save vs. petrification or be sucked into the vortex to their deaths.

Churfaz *(petty god of filth and cisterns)*

TITLES: *Churfaz the Befouler*

Greg Gorgonmilk
Rom Brown

SYMBOL:	A cyst above the left eye
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40') as flying swarm
ARMOR CLASS:	Nil
HIT PTS. (HD):	888 hp (111 HD)
ATTACKS:	Up to 12d6 (stings) per round
DAMAGE:	1d2 per sting
SAVE:	Always fails
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	Nil
XP:	350



His secret name is a curse leveled against a particularly hated foe. He is known to all, yet only a few blackguards ever find occasion to say his name aloud. Regarded with disgust and loathing, he is called "Churfaz"—a meaningless noise thought to be similar to the eerie drone of his thousand fly-bodies as they take flight.

Churfaz the Befouler is a pox on all lands where men dwell. Ever-fearing the god's approach, wise-women make offerings of sour milk and rancid meat, left in heaps atop remote hills—all in the hopes that Churfaz will be satiated by the wretched feast and no longer see the need to trouble their villages.

Such offerings have also been used to goad old Churfaz along certain paths, even toward the homes of one's enemies. Not being a particularly intelligent god, he is easily persuaded to follow nearly any course provided there is plenty of rotting flesh and rank animal-fluids along the way. But such coaxings can only be the designs of evil.

In his most reviled manifestation, Churfaz erupts as a mass of pale worms and fur-smeared filth that will permanently corrupt (no save) a particular well or cistern. After several days the roiling mass of maggots that constitute Churfaz will begin to hatch and become a cloud of stinging flies. The buzzing of these flies is then modulated through the god's will to become the strained, hissing crackle of his voice, which he uses to issue strange geases upon all those within earshot.

Periodically the Maggot-King chooses servants among the malformed and the outcast who dwell near his chosen water-source. Each of these annointed bears the King's mark—a bruise-like cyst above the left eye.

Each of Churfaz's stings have a 1% (cumulative) chance of injecting the victim with a magical disease*.

Churfaz can only be harmed by magical attacks.

** See UNDERWORLD LORE #2, p.25, or at DM's discretion.*

Clavibor

(petty god of doors and locks)

Antoine Marc Belle
Ryan Browning

SYMBOL:	Iron lock
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	60' (20')
ARMOR CLASS:	7
HIT PTS. (HD):	16 hp (3 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (hammer)
DAMAGE:	1d4+1
SAVE:	T3
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	See below
XP:	65

Patron deity of all those whose concern is with closed doors, Clavibor is a god invoked by bankers and thieves altogether. His cult was mainly observed in the guildhouse of the Guild of Locksmiths, and offerings to this god are usually made through financial contributions to the Guild. Although officially lawful (doors and locks are typically used to ensure respect of private

property, after all), he is known to nurture a certain indulgence for particularly gifted thieves whose dexterity with complicated locks he admires and can occasionally reward (and bribing the Guildmaster is also often a clever move when you make a living of entering other peoples' houses).

Clavibor usually appears as a wrinkled old dwarf, sporting locksmith garments, a leather apron and locksmithing tools in his belt. When it is encountered in a dungeon, it is often to protect a treasure, but the Hoard Class can vary depending on the importance of the summoner. In combat, Clavibor uses a small hammer as primary weapon. He can use the *wizard lock* spell at will.

Once a day, he can either *bless* or *curse* a character of the thief class. A blessed thief increases his Open Locks ability score by +20% until the end of the play session. A cursed thief suffers a -20% penalty until the end of the play session.

Clavibor can also take the form of an iron locked door. No mortal power on earth can open this door. Only the direct intervention of another deity or a *wish* spell can do so.

Clerchad *(petty goddess of commerce)*

TITLES: *Clerchad the Counter*

Mike "Carlson" Davis
Joel Priddy

SYMBOL:	A quill and ledger
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	2
HIT PTS. (HD):	32 hp (7 HD)
ATTACKS:	4 (quills)
DAMAGE:	1d3×4
SAVE:	M7
MORALE:	7
HOARD CLASS:	I, II, IV, VIII
XP:	1,000

Clerchad appears as a small pixie-ish being wearing a simple kirtle. Her clothing shows signs of age and use, with frayed edges and spots of ink here and there. Her bearing makes her seem bigger than her small stature, walking upright with hands loosely clasped behind her back, her curt nods and occasional pointing of a finger speaking louder than her lightly scowling face.

Contrary to her countenance, Clerchad is a much adored deity among the clerks and bankers. She is an active god, visiting financial businesses through the night, ensuring that each ledger is balanced and each coin accounted for. As the Goddess of Commerce, she is also one of the most learned beings, responsible for the passage of knowledge from its source to those who are in need of it (for how can you assess the correct counting of monies without the proper knowledge of the worth of the item it is traded for?).

Clerchad has many tools to aid her in her nightly work. With but a thought, she has the ability to enchant simple objects to do her bidding (*animate object*, at will). She has amassed a sizable knowledge of the whereabouts of things, and can tap into this knowledge easily (*locate objects*, at will). Coins, it is said, talk to her, and impart their travels to her willingly (*stone tell*, at will). Her experience appraising the value of objects has given her the ability to see them as they truly are (*true seeing*, 3×/day).

Some among her followers have suggested that perhaps Clerchad and Blentry are, in fact, the same goddess. Such heresy is typically met with the beating of ledgers about the head and neck of the infidel.

Clerchad Reaction Table

Modified by Intelligence, instead of Charisma.

2	**In The Black:** Sound financiers; gives Hoard Class VII (no % roll).
3-5	**Bullish:** A good investment; gives Hoard Class V.
6-8	**Neutral:** A quick appraisal, a short nod, and moves on about her business.
9-11	**Bearish:** A bad investment; takes Hoard Class V.
12	**In The Red:** Cuts her loses; takes Hoard Class VII (no % roll).

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Blentry*.

Clobrek *(petty god of sundered blades, broken weapons, and fumbled attacks)*

TITLES: *Lord of Fumbles and Follies*

Antoine Marc Belle
Luigi Castellani

SYMBOL:	A black dagger parted in two halves
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	180' (60')
FLY:	240' (80')
ARMOR CLASS:	0
HIT PTS. (HD):	45 hp (9 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (+3 dagger) plus special (taunts)
DAMAGE:	1d4+3 plus special
SAVE:	M7
MORALE:	7
HOARD CLASS:	I, II, IV, VIII
XP:	1,000

Clobrek, god of sundered blades, broken weapons and fumbled attacks, is a mischievous god who enjoys witnessing the mishaps and embarrassments of unlucky adventurers. He is susceptible to manifesting when a player rolls a natural 1 on an attack roll (usually on a further result of 1 on 1d8; although the DM may increase the probability according to circumstances). The more dramatic the consequences of a failed roll, the higher the chances to attract the attention of this malign deity.

He usually manifests himself in the likeness of a small dark-skinned gremlin, floating in the air above the battlefield. He has the annoying habit of making snarky comments and shouting insults (or sarcastic encouragements) to the unlucky adventurer while cleaning his nails with a chipped blade. His irritating comments tend to enrage his victims who must save vs. wand or suffer a –1 penalty on "to hit" rolls and saving throws for 1d6 rounds.

Sometimes, Clobrek just enjoys the spectacle. However, more often than not, he likes to aggravate the consequences of the failed roll. He can be propitiated by sacrificing a bladed weapon and breaking it in front of him.

Clobrek Reaction Table

2	**Friendly:** Allows character to remake attack roll.
3-5	**Indifferent:** Will negate the effects of the fumble, but only if properly propitiated.
6-8	**Neutral:** Just enjoys the show.
9-11	**Unfriendly:** Aggravates the effects of the fumble if not properly propitiated.
12	**Hostile:** Aggravates the effects of the fumble.

To determine the exact consequences of Clobrek's malice, the DM may choose to use the following table.

Consequences Table

Roll 1d12.

1	Weapon breaks; requires 1 round to ready new weapon.
2-3	Weapon breaks & character is confused; requires 2 rounds to ready new weapon.
4-5	Weapon breaks & does 1d4 to nearest ally; requires 2 rounds to ready new weapon.
6	Weapon breaks & does 1d4 to nearest ally; requires 1 round to ready new weapon.
7-8	Weapon breaks & character falls; automatically loses initiative on next round.
9	Weapon breaks and character falls, provoking the hilarity of the adverse party, causing them to automatically lose initiative on the next round (animals and undead not affected).
10	Weapon breaks and does 1d3 to nearest enemy.
11	Character cursed with *unluck* (see below).
12	12 Weapon breaks and injures the character (doing 1d4 damage); character additionally cursed with *unluck* (see below).

UNLUCK: A character cursed with *unluck* by Clobrek must roll 1d6 when engaging in a fight using any bladed weapon. On a roll of 1, the blade will sunder (magical weapons are allowed a save vs. spell). The curse persists until removed by a *remove curse* spell.

Coprolias *(petty god of spontaneous outbursts)*

Peter Regan
The Marg

SYMBOL:	A golden trumpet
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	180' (60')
ARMOR CLASS:	–2
HIT PTS. (HD):	80 hp (16 HD)
ATTACKS:	Special
DAMAGE:	Nil
SAVE:	C17
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	XII, XVI
XP:	5,100

Coprolias is the petty god of spontaneous outbursts. Specifically, expressions of a socially objectionable nature, or taboo words and phrases. He may *polymorph* at will into any form, man-sized or smaller. His true form resembles a small, one foot tall, imp-like creature. Coprolias can make himself invisible and virtually weightless, affording him the ability to move quickly and silently, and making him almost undetectable. He relishes sitting on an oblivious victim's shoulder, waiting for the best moment to create mischief.

Coprolias delights in attending coronations, royal weddings, religious services, trade negotiations—any event of importance or ceremony. Initially, he will identify a suitably placed victim, often a high-profile figure in the proceedings. Then he will begin to exert gentle pressure on the victim's psyche, seeding them with an impulse to make highly inappropriate remarks. Nurturing this seed of impropriety, he will build momentum through continued heinous suggestions, until the victim is surprised into making a verbal outburst so unconscionable, at the moment likely to cause the most offence, that there is no hope of ever salvaging the social aspect of the situation. Victims may resist but only if they make a successful Wisdom check every round. Two consecutive fails leave them unable to resist further. If a victim makes four consecutive Wisdom checks, Coprolias will select a new victim to torment.

Normally, victims of Coprolias's sport will face recriminations for their outbursts, but having had his fun, he will not wish to see them harmed. Anyone who moves to act against one of Coprolias' victims, will suddenly develop a series of uncontrollable, incapacitating, physical tics, which only subside once they no longer threaten Coprolias's subject.

If encountered in other circumstances, Coprolias may have a target deliver a spontaneous outburst directed at the individual likely to take the most offense (make Wisdom check to resist). Then, as a parting shot, he may leave the whole group with a blessing or curse depending on his mood. Blessed creatures are unaffected by *charm* and all other forms of mind control for 24 hours. Cursed creatures suffer from random ticks and outbursts for 24 hours, having a 15% chance per turn of suffering 1d6 such instances.

Coprolias Reaction Table

2	**Friendly:** *Blesses* 1d4 nearby targets.
3-5	**Indifferent:** *Blesses* 1d4 nearby targets if properly propitiated.
6-8	**Neutral:** Ignores nearby creatures.
9-11	**Unfriendly:** *Curses* 1d4 nearby targets if not properly propitiated.
12	**Hostile:** *Curses* 1d4 nearby targets.

RELATED ENTRIES: **S)** *Minced Oath.*

Corotus Thallian

(petty god of flying apes and other chimerical beasts)

Jonah & Paul Brinkmann
Eugene Jaworski

SYMBOL:	A gibbon with bat wings
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	4
HIT PTS. (HD):	50 hp (20 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (axe or bite or lightning)
DAMAGE:	1d12 or special
SAVE:	D12
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	V
XP:	4,000

Corotus Thallian appears as a large gorilla with dragon wings and puny, broken legs. He cannot walk; his only movement is flight. He was once a nature god (albeit a violent one), but has become horribly twisted, and a champion to perversions of nature everywhere. He never backs down from a fight, usually attacking with his huge battle axe.

Three times per day he can call down lightning from the skies, striking a single target for 4d6 damage (damage is halved with a successful save vs. spell). Furthermore, this strike arcs to anyone wearing metal armor within 10' of the target, doing 1d6 damage (no save). When pressed, he may also bite his opponents; this does 1d6 damage, and the victim must save vs. paralysis or be polymorphed into a strange beast (DM should roll at least twice on the encounter table of choice, and combine the results to find the new chimeric form). This effect may only be removed with *remove curse*.

As a holdover from his less savage days, Corotus Thallian can speak with all animals and plants. He is usually accompanied by an odd assortment of beasts, such as a pig/lizard, sheep/eagle or frog/chimp—and, of course, flying monkeys. He has a tendency to suck up to stronger beings (especially nature gods and demons).

Corotus Thallian Reaction Table

2	**Sycophantic:** Gives nearest PC a polymorph potion (in the form of a bite, no save) to please them.
3-4	**Neutral**
5-7	**Belligerent:** Attacks if not placated.
8-12	**Hostile:** Attacks immediately.

RELATED ENTRIES: **M)** *Okkin*, *Winged Monkey*.

Crom *(petty god of barbarians and steel)*

James Mishler
Paul Gallagher

SYMBOL:	A barbarian bastard sword point-up, superimposed on a tall, craggy mountain
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	180' (60')
ARMOR CLASS:	8, 4, 0, or -4
HIT PTS. (HD):	300 hp (30 HD)
ATTACKS:	3 (sword)
DAMAGE:	Special
SAVE:	F30
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	Special
XP:	26,500

In the beginning, the gods created men and women, and let them wander in a garden, lush and warm and beautiful. There they knew no pain, no suffering, always had enough to eat and drink, and knew not of war. Crom, who was not among the gods who created mankind, came upon them one day, for in those days he wandered. When he found these men and women, he thought perhaps the worms of the earth had grown arms and legs, for they were weak and worthless.

To show the other gods how wrong they were to create mankind thusly, Crom took the likeliest bunch and told them of the marvelous things he had seen in the world outside the garden,

and of the great things that a man might accomplish beyond mere existence if he had but the courage. He then gave these first true men blades, and told them that if they learned thereby the Riddle of Steel, they could join him in Valhalla, his great hall, where they would know true joy for all eternity. And thus the fathers and mothers of the Cimmerians left that accursed garden long ere it fell.

Since that day Crom has waited in Valhalla for those courageous few who have learned the Riddle of Steel. To those who plead to him in their weakness, he sends only curses and dooms. Thus our land of Cimmeria is a land of cold, grim men, for many fail their god, and know the greatness they could have if they but had the courage to seek the answer to the Riddle of Steel. And though Cimmerians who have failed him may wander Crom's cold, bleak hell for all eternity, at least they once knew life through struggle, while all other men have known but the death of cowardice since the day they were born.

Crom is not served by priests; he grants no spells, and provides no power to those who follow him. The spell-casting needs of the Cimmerians are served by an order of druids who at times seek to placate Crom with offerings and rituals, though he never answers their prayers or their curses. He is more likely to let his will be known through omens, such as the sighting of a black raven carrying a bloody branch, or a black wolf bearing a beating heart in its mouth, or a grim gray warrior standing amidst the fog upon a lonely, unassailable crag.

Cimmerians are a taciturn, grim people, appropriate to a grim god. Their cold, fog-shrouded lands, crags, forests, moors, and plains seem to leech the hope out of them and out of visitors. To merely survive in that grim, gray land is a daily struggle. They only know joy when they are in battle or otherwise struggling, seeking to show their courage and might and hoping to please their god. Those who displease him with their cowardice and weakness are sent curses or demons to further bedevil them. Those who please him are granted a place in his hall, Valhalla... or at least, so the legends say.

High upon his mountain, Sròn Càrn Crúaich, Crom is usually found sitting upon his grim, gray throne in his hall, Valhalla. Valhalla stands empty, or at least seems to, to any living mortal who finds it. Where they expect to see a great glittering hall warmed by fires and filled with warriors feasting upon groaning tables, they instead find an empty cold hall, filled with mists, the skulls and bones of men strewn at Crom's feet. If asked, Crom simply states that none living have yet been found worthy of seeing the joys of his hall. Only the honored dead may know its joys.

Crom takes the form of a man of grim countenance and mighty thews, bronze of skin, with coal-black shoulder-length hair and blazing-hot blue eyes. Crom usually measures 12' from head toe when seated upon his great throne, but can change his size from anything from man-sized to titan-sized at will. He always manifests in the size of his opponent, the better to make the battle a proper challenge. He usually only wears a girdle, a cave-bear loin cloth, and sandals; as such, he has an AC 8. If the occasion calls for it, he wears an iron helm with great dragon-etched bull horns, *Ríchíosa*, that reduces his AC to 4. Further, he can don a shirt of dragon scales, *Neardh*, that gives him an AC 0; should his enemy be even more potent, he carries a magical shield, *Mairfidh*, that further reduces his AC to -4.

He wields a heavy bastard sword, *Dúshlán the Challenger*. It has a magical bonus equal to that required to hit the target, and no more; i.e. no bonus for normal beings, as per a silver weapon for those needed silver weapons, up to a +5 bonus for gods and demons requiring such to be hit. His strength grants him a +10 bonus to hit. The base damage of the bastard sword varies depending on his height; if he is human height, it deals 1d10/2d6 base damage; if he is 12' tall, 2d10/4d6; 18' tall, 3d10/6d6; 24' tall, 4d10/8d6; and 30' tall, 5d10/10d6. It deals double damage against lawful and chaotic beings. After all other damage is rolled, add +10 due to his mighty strength. Crom can be harmed by normal weapons. He also possesses the abilities of a 30th level fighter, 15th level druid, and 15th level ranger.

Crom goes forth into the world to watch his people, the Cimmerians, and remind them of his presence, especially when they do not live in the shadow of Sròn Càrn Crúaich. When he goes forth he takes the form of a large black raven, a black dire wolf, or an old, grizzled, Cimmerian warrior. In any form, he is often lame, or bent, or otherwise weak-seeming. Thus, when his followers fail in their courage, he shows them success in spite of his infirmity, as the old raven defeats the young eagle; the lame wolf defeats the mountain lion; or the old one-handed warrior slays the Pictish raiders single-handedly. He does not save his people, no; he leaves them to their fate. But for the survivors, they have witnessed a feat of great courage and strength in the face of adversity, where those who seem weak can be victorious if they but have the courage.

Cthulhu *(mythos)*

Please see individual entries related to the Cthulhu mythos.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Bokrug, Chaugnar Faugn, Nug, Quachil Uttaus, Rhan-Tegoth, Yeb;* **M)** *Being of Ib, Formless Spawn, Guardian of Laam, Hound of Tindalos, Miri-Nigri, Voormi.*

Cunnian

(petty god of potential knowledge)

Mike "Carlson" Davis
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

SYMBOL:	A multi-hued icosahedron
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	120' (40') + *plane shift* at will
ARMOR CLASS:	0
HIT PTS. (HD):	135 (30 HD)
ATTACKS:	2
DAMAGE:	1d12/1d12
SAVE:	C17
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	12,000

For all the times Cunnian has been encountered, little is truly know of him (or her... or *it*—Cunnian seems to be above simple matters such as gender). What is known comes from communion with other gods:

- Cunnian, contrary to all encounters to date, is not a chaotic god, but rather a god for whom chaos is a natural consequence. In truth, Cunnian seems to have no knowledge of Chaos or Order, or at the least no concern with those concepts.
- Cunnian does not come from any realm familiar to the gods.
- Though most gods have encountered Cunnian, no two gods can agree on Cunnian's capabilities, powers or even appearance.

Scholars and clerics have numerous guesses as to who or what Cunnian is. Some hold that, by actions, Cunnian is in our realm seeking knowledge—to what end, they do not speculate. Others believe, based on powers reported, that Cunnian is not one god, but many deities, perhaps even a race of divine beings, each displaying distinct differences from the others.

The truth, unknown to all save Cunnian, is that she is a god from another universe, and has come to ours for the purpose of creating a universe of his own. To that end, Cunnian appears on the Material Plane regularly, observing the local conditions and then changing some aspect of it to see what results, seeking ever for the combination of traits that best appeal to her as the basis for his universe.

When encountered, Cunnian reacts in the following ways, based on his twelve aspects. Each aspect has two effects: one for the 'local area' (within 60' of Cunnian) and one for Cunnian alone. (Roll 1d12 three times; duplicate effects are cumulative—three rolls of "Void" grant Cunnian immunity to the 9 lowest spell levels, and magic effects are 1/8 strength within 180' of Cunnian.)

Roll	Aspect	Effect
1	Positive	+1 hp/HD; healing spells gain +1 die (1d6 becomes 2d6); Cunnian regenerates 5 hp/round.
2	Being	All forms of damage negated; healing spells gain +1 die (1d6 becomes 2d6); Cunnian regenerates 5 hp/round.
3	Light	Night as daylight; day becomes blinding—save vs. spell or blind for 1d12 turns; Cunnian's saves are +2.
4	Physical	Liquids to solids, gases to liquids—save vs. petrification or turn to stone; Cunnian's AC improves by 2.
5	Temporal	All magic aging effects doubled (or 1d6 years/spell level cast); Cunnian hp halved.
6	Creation	Magic effects doubled; Cunnian receives no save vs. 3 highest spell levels.
7	Negative	Energy drain—lose 1 level; healing spells reduced by 1/2; attacks vs. Cunnian gain +4 damage.
8	Non-Being	Save vs. death or *disintegrate*; Cunnian loses 5 hp/round.
9	Dark	Day becomes night, and night becomes total—all forms of vision negated; Cunnian's saves are -2.
10	Immaterial	Liquids to gases, and solids to liquid—save vs. petrification or become gaseous (as potion); attacks against Cunnian are at –3 damage.
11	Eternal	Aging effects negated; Cunnian's hp double.
12	Void	Magic effects reduced by half; Cunnian immune to 3 lowest spell levels.

Curdle

(petty goddess of blind milk maids)

Matthew W. Schmeer
Matthew Adams

SYMBOL:	A three-legged milking stool
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	30' (10')
ARMOR CLASS:	–1
HIT PTS. (HD):	47 hp (8 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (whip)
DAMAGE:	Special
SAVE:	F7
MORALE:	7
HOARD CLASS:	XXII
XP:	1,820

Curdle, the petty goddess of blind milk maids, appears as a young blind and mute girl wearing a purple skirt leading an emaciated cow which has open, dripping ulcers visible on its face and flanks. The girl is tragically beautiful, her eyeless sockets scarred and her face pock-marked with acne sores, her nostril hair in need of a trim, and her hair in desperate need of a de-burring. She calls the cow "Cowie" and they are a symbiotic pair.

Curdle and Cowie will appear only to those parties with pack animals among their ranks, and then only once per year will they appear on the Material Plane. The pair tend to appear at dusk near a forest's edge while travelers make camp. They will wander into camp as if having come over some nearby hillock, and the girl will produce a milking stool from beneath her skirts, sit down, and begin to milk the cow. She does not catch the milk in a pail, but allows the fluid that emerges to fall on the ground. The 'milk' is a thick, inky-black substance that writhes on the ground and smokes (but does not burst into flame).

Anyone touching this liquid as it twists on the ground will experience 2d6 of burning damage. Any character attempting to drink this 'milk' before it hits the ground must save vs. insanity*; failure means the character removes all armor and weapons and runs away screaming gibberish for 1d6 rounds (which might attract nearby monsters).

Should the character make a successful save while attempting to drink this liquid, the black milk of Curdle's cow will allow the character to go 1d8 days without rations and also allows them to heal at twice the normal rate during that time period.

Should Curdle and/or Cowie be attacked, they will first attempt to flee into the nearby open pasture in order to teleport back to

their plane of existence. If they are forced to attack, Curdle will attack as a standard order demon, using the inky black "milk" as a whip and her milk stool as a shield. Any successful hit with the whip does normal 1d6 damage plus 2d6 fire damage. Cowie will attack with a head-butt or rear-legged kick, doing 1d6 damage. Curdle and Cowie will take turns attacking.

Curdle is most pleased with an offering of a cup of real milk from a cow, goat, or horse, and there is a 30% chance she will kiss the eyes of any single adventurer who offers her such. Her kiss acts as a spell of *true seeing* that lasts for 1d6 weeks.

* *See* UNDERWORLD LORE *#1, p.14.*

RELATED ENTRIES: **M)** *Nipleteth*, *Tetskuize*.

Cuvoun

(petty god of all-natural stitchings)
TITLES: *Cuvoun le Clothier;*
The Green Tailor

Eric Potter
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

SYMBOL:	Unraveling thread spool
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	60' (20')
ARMOR CLASS:	5 (3 vs. NM-sized)
HIT PTS. (HD):	62 hp (9 HD)
ATTACKS:	2 (needles)
DAMAGE:	1d4+4/1d4+4
SAVE:	D10
MORALE:	8
HOARD CLASS:	XI×2
XP:	1,900

For many long years before this pompous gnome went into the petty-godding business, Cuvoun le Clothier was a highly admired tailor, sought after throughout all known realms for his innovative sewing abilities. He spent the latter part of his illustrious career as a dressmaker to certain unnamed royals of the court who preferred such private matters as their wardrobe tailoring requirements to remain private. And as he was simply the finest tailor in the land, well-known for his extreme discretion, many a goings-on were divulged to him during these intimate fitting sessions, these randy gossipers confidently assured that their couture secrets were safe with him. And they were. Cuvoun held his tongue on any-and-every occasion that arose in which it may have suited him not to.

The vintage work of Cuvoun le Clothier is instantly recognizable. He differs from any other tailor through his innovative use of all-natural materials. His threads are spun of animal body parts—fibrous sinew, dried catgut, and slender veins—which give a completely organic look and finish. His stitches are absolutely perfectly aligned, his embroidery is remarkably exquisite, his darning utterly flawless; each made possible through the surgical precision allowed by his personally crafted, razor sharp, rust-free needles, each lovingly made from bone, antlers, or ivory. Never has a tailor before or since been truly able to blend his work so well into the cloth as to make it practically disappear and anyone simply examining a blouse made by the gnome can only exclaim, "Cuvoun!"

While commonly disregarded by most gnomes of today, there is a small, secret sect that considers itself to be the true followers of Cuvoun. These devotees isolate themselves from other gnomes, fearing scorn and ridicule for adopting the fashions of sculpted hair and trimmed beard, both of which are styles extremely unknown among normal gnomes. These believers busy themselves sewing at all times, adopting his styles and trying to master the art of his perfect stitch. Many have set up small specialty shops in the major towns and settlements, where more forward-thinking patrons have an appreciation for the honed skills of their craft. These shops can be identified by the placards hung outside which depict the symbol of Cuvoun—an unraveling thread spool. Cuvoun himself remains elusive and there have been no acknowledged sightings in many a year.

Since leaving the fashion scene and joining the pantheon of the petty gods, Cuvoun has devoted all of his talents to the healing of the hapless injured. He now wanders the regions on a self-imposed sabbatical, lending aid where needed by applying his stitching prowess to lacerated flesh: skin abrasions, cuts, slices, slashings, slits, pierces, and punctures. However, his years of servitude to the echelon of privilege has left him a fierce judge of character and his intuition will dictate his aptitude and willingness to assist.

Few of his followers have been able to duplicate the authenticity of his craftsmanship, their threads not quite as fine and their fastenings not quite as snug. To that end, the miniature "Cuvoun Button" is highly sought after. They are fashioned from either the finest melds of gold or platinum and its circumference is etched with his name. Cuvoun may carry 1d4 of these rare fasteners in his sewing pouch.

Cuvoun Reaction Table

2	**Kindred Spirits:** Will repair the entire party's ripped clothing, including magic-user robes and various makes of leather armor, as well as torn sacks and bags. Additionally, will perform specific surgical first aid, stitching up shallow cuts and deeper wounds, healing 1d6+3 hp, and rendering all imperfections of cloth and skin invisible, all the while providing general juicy gossip, divulging 1d12 local rumors.
3-5	**Friendly:** Will execute minor garment repair, (e.g., lost buttons or torn leggings), as well as perform general first aid, stitching up shallow scrapes and cuts only, healing 1d4 hp.
6-8	**Indifferent:** Might be convinced to lend assistance for either minor garment repair or general first aid (dependent on highest Charisma in the group), but not both.
9-11	**Unfriendly:** Refuses assistance, but may possibly recommend a nearby seamstress or doctor as party's situation requires.
12	**Hostile:** Adamantly refuses any assistance of any nature, going so far as to taunt an adventuring party in need by threading his needle as he walks on his way.

DAVY JONES • DEAD GODLETS OF SUTO LORE • DEEKER • DEKARDINIS • DERRAL-ORTH • DETRIAX • DIGISKLEROS • DIIT'WENTII • D'IN'INJAHT • DINUD • DIPLODIAS • DIVINE WORM • DOGASFOS • DRASHEENG

Davy Jones

(petty god of drowned sailors and watery doom)

Jonathan Becker
Mark Allen

SYMBOL:	Locker
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	300' (10')
SWIM:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	0 [+2]
HIT PTS. (HD):	100 hp (20 HD)
ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE:	Drown
SAVE:	F20
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	XVII×10
XP:	4,300

Davy Jones appears to be a tall, lean, blue-skinned man with black, saucer-like eyes. The patron god of drowned sailors, he is worshipped by those who seek to avoid a watery fate at the bottom of the sea. While generally taciturn, he rarely pulls his lips back in a smile, revealing three rows of shark-like teeth. His touch can fill a creature's lungs with water (save vs. spell at –2 or drown; a successful save indicates a character is stunned for 1d4 rounds as he coughs and sputters). Davy can only be harmed by +2 or better magic weapons. He wanders the ocean floor and is sometimes found in undersea kingdoms discussing 'local events' with the rulers of the Deep. His treasure is the choicest loot from the wreckage of a thousand sunken ships, and the offerings tossed overboard by his worshippers.

Davy Jones Reaction Table

2	**Friendly:** Is extremely well-disposed. The character need never fear storm at sea, so long as they offer tribute with each voyage of their ship.
3-5	**Indifferent:** Is well disposed to the adventurers. May offer a useful piece of information.
6-8	**Neutral:** Bored with the adventurer. Will probably leave unless accosted.
9-11	**Unfriendly:** Smiles and demands tribute. Will summon 1d12 random aquatic monsters otherwise.
12	**Hostile:** Attacks the leader/speaker, showing the interloper his proper place in the natural order.

Dead Godlets of Suto Lore *(pantheon)*

Dead gods are trapped in the Astral Plane for eternity as non-corporeal phantoms with little-to-none of their former powers, but often possess long and detailed memories. They have no worshipers. Please see the individual entries related to the pantheon of the Dead Godlets of Suto Lore.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Ammon Thrax*, *Numathoth*, *Panathoth*.

Deeker *(petty god of petty revenge)*

Al Krombach
Christopher Letzelter

SYMBOL:	Red Spot
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
ARMOR CLASS:	0
HIT PTS. (HD):	44 hp (10 HD)
ATTACKS:	2 (fists) or bite
DAMAGE:	1d6/1d6 or 3d6
SAVE:	C10
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	Special

Deeker appears as a bald, chubby, little blue man with a disturbingly wide grin full of sharp teeth. While some who are wronged swear great oaths of vengeance, Deeker is the demigod who picks up the scraps—those who wish to get even in little ways, petty ways, deceitful ways—and sometimes even appears to try and goad those who would seek forgiveness of their enemies to pursue revenge. Those foolish enough to invoke the demigod or swear by Deeker's name are often marked with a red spot, usually on the hand, chest, brow, or back of the neck.

Deeker's reaction table should be used whenever a character swears petty revenge, or is tricked, betrayed, ambushed, ripped off, or otherwise wronged.

Deeker Reaction Table

Roll 1d6 (instead of 2d6).

1	Deeker appears in the characters dreams, urging him to pursue revenge now matter how petty. The dreams will evolve into nightmares of ever more troubling veracity until vengeance is fulfilled.
2	Deeker takes the form of a hireling or other NPC (often killing who he replaces) and urges the character to seek revenge.
3	Deeker appears to the character in his natural form, cajoling and berating the character into seeking revenge. He will reappear at inconvenient times until revenge is sought.
4	Deeker appears in his natural form and gives the character a sound beating, assuring him he will return to do so every week until the character "mans up" and seeks vengeance upon the person who wronged him.
5	Deeker appears in the form of a talking bluebird, providing assistance to the character in his day to day deeds, subtly weaving in suggestions to get back at that guy who wrong him.
6	Deeker appears periodically to mock the character to his associates and friends as a sniveling weakling until revenge is sought.

Deeker may be temporarily appeased through offerings of drink and feminine company. He is a jovial creature (when not obsessed with seeing his "subject" achieve revenge) and is fond of practical jokes, criminal mischief, and wild nights out on the town. He is alternately amused and enraged by the abuse of the less fortunate. It is rumored that to swear vengeance against Deeker himself is incredibly dangerous!

Deeker seems to be impossible to kill; many have tried, yet he invariably reappears a few days later looking none the worse for wear. It is possible he is under the protection of more powerful divine entity or is a more powerful deity in disguise, or just that petty revenge is such a popular goal among humanity that Deeker's demise is simply impossible.

His (uncommon) shrines are often festooned with grape vines, red poppies, and old knives.

Dekardinis *(petty god of delvers, adventurers and ten-foot poles)*

Tim Stephens
Eugene Jaworski

SYMBOL:	10' pole
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
ARMOR CLASS:	–2
HIT PTS. (HD):	77 hp (15 HD)
ATTACKS:	2 (10' pole)
DAMAGE:	1d12/1d12
SAVE:	F15
MORALE:	9
HOARD CLASS:	IX
XP:	5,000

Dekardinis is the deity of the ten-foot pole. He is called upon by delvers and explorers to find the deadly traps that threaten their safe passage in the underworld.

Dekardinis is believed to have traversed every underground labyrinth in this and every world. The god even acts on occasion (for the proper offering) as the Last Guide. In this role, he leads the souls of the departed out from their resting places through the twisting labyrinth of the afterlife, finding the traps set by demons and evil spirits to stop the deceased from reaching their final reward. Because of this, he knows the secrets to all such places (knowledge which he guards jealously).

Dekardinis appears as an old human man with a long gray beard. He is stoop-shouldered from eons of traveling the cramped confines of the world below, and walks with a shuffling gait. He wears a Phrygian cap, into which is set an ever burning candle. His clothes are shabby—a patchwork of worn and re-threaded rags. He bears no armor, and carries only his ten-foot pole and a tattered backpack full of adventuring equipment.

The deity of the ten-foot pole is a curmudgeonly, secretive sort who never appears above ground. He hates the natural sunlight, and will teleport away if exposed to sunshine.

If encountered, Dekardinis will size up petitioners in the following manner:

Dekardinis Reaction Table

2-4	**Satisfied:** Dekardinis bestows the ability to see all traps and secret doors for 1d20 rounds.
5-8	**Disappointed:** The deity tosses a piece of equipment (chosen at random by the DM from the standard, non weapon or armor equipment list in the rules of his choice) at the petitioner, muttering something about "being better prepared."
9-10	**Unimpressed:** Shrugging, Dekardinis *teleports* away.
11-12	**Disgusted:** Dekardinis *teleports* the unworthy subject to the above ground entrance of the dungeon in which he or she is delving.

Derral-Orth *(Derral-Orth: petty god of small lights; Derral: petty god of watchmen, guards, and adventurers on night watch; Orth: petty goddess of assassins, thieves and escaping slaves)*

AFFILIATIONS: *The Three Cowardly Gods of Yattle-Hoy*

Ash Law
Glen Hallstrom

SYMBOL:	A large circle set atop a smaller circle
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	0
HIT PTS. (HD):	60 hp (12 HD)
ATTACKS:	2
DAMAGE:	1d6/1d6
SAVE:	M19
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	XI, XVII
XP:	4,200

There are many gods who lay claim to being gods or goddesses of the sun or fire, but only one lays claim to the smaller lights—the flickering of candles in the dark, of guttering torches about to go out, of lanterns low on oil. Derral-Orth is the deity of glimmerings, and is invariably found hiding within the Tower of Distant Stars.

Derral-Orth, in his aspect of Derral, is a god of watchmen, guards, and those adventurers who stay awake in the night, peering into the gloom, hoping to spot monsters before they attack. Many an adventurer has whispered a prayer to Derral when alarmed upon hearing a bustle in the hedgerow, and prayed to him for just a little more light. In the aspect of Orth, the deity is the goddess patron of assassins, thieves, and escaping slaves. The goddess Orth is said to grant her followers the ability to move unseen past guards and watchers in the dark and gloom.

Derral-Orth's glimmer paladins (see the ***Minions*** section) bring the dual-gendered deity treasures from far and wide, gathering the wealth of nations to their god. In turn, Derral-Orth distributes a portion of those treasures to nearby cities and kingdoms in tribute payments to ensure that nobody lays claim to Yattle-Hoy, where the three cowardly gods of Yattle-Hoy reside. Some of the treasures (or so it is said) are sent to their sisterwife, the Eye of Vengalate, to curse and leave in easily-

robbed tombs. The Tower of Distant Stars itself is hidden in a vale of eternal twilight and gloom where the geography shifts and the exact location of the tower is uncertain.

If one honors Derral-Orth by giving 1,000 gp per level to one of the deity's paladins, there is a 1-in-4 chance that Derral-Orth will *bless* the supplicant with a boon based on the aspect of Derral-Orth to which they choose pay tribute. For those honoring Derral, a +1 bonus is granted on all perception rolls made in the gloom (e.g., find traps), until that character reaches the next level of experience. For those honoring Orth, they are granted the ability to Hide in Shadows as a first level thief (with thieves getting a one level bonus in this ability), until such time as the character reaches the next level of experience.

Derral-Orth Reaction Table

Modify by Charisma, plus a penalty of +1 for each obvious weapon the party possesses, with an additional penalty of +2 for each weapon which is unsheathed, in hand, or otherwise readied.

2	**Genial:** The god tells the characters where they can find treasure, but it will cost them one magic item if they find any there (Hoard Class XVI).
3-5	**Friendly:** The god tells the party where they can find treasure in a far off land, provided they leave 1,000 gp with it now (Hoard Class X).
6-8	**Interested:** The god quizzes the characters on current affairs and offers advice on where to find treasure, though the advice may not be accurate or current.
9-11	**Wary:** The god politely concludes any interactions as swiftly as possible.
9-11	**Terrified:** The god vanishes taking all its treasure and up to 1,000 gp of the party's loot with it.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Apar*, *Eye of Vengalate*, *Yattle-Hoy*; **M)** *Glimmer Paladin*.

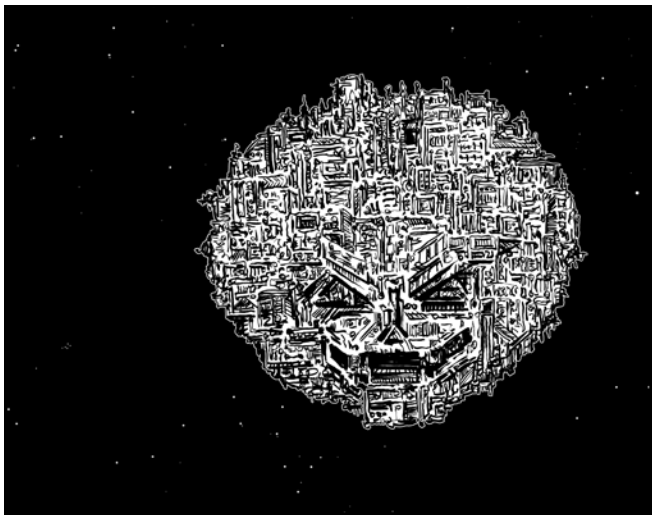
Detriax *(petty goddess of space junk and derelict hope)*

Jay Mac Bride
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

SYMBOL:	An angular, vampiric-looking skull
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	180' (60') at impulse speed
ARMOR CLASS:	0-9 (varies by surface area)
HIT PTS. (HD):	5,000 hp (1,000 HD)
ATTACKS:	Special (see below)
DAMAGE:	Special (see below)
SAVE:	F1,000
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	1,234,750

Detriax, the petty goddess of space junk and derelict hope, is a cosmic being that causes ships passing near her to fall derelict by way of cosmic mishap.

It's said that Detriax was once a vizier to a great space sultan, providing consul and strategy by way of her cosmic magic. When her highness' daughter was kidnapped by marauders he



threw Detriax out an airlock as punishment for failing to foresee the tragedy—but her magic preserved her spirit long enough for her to accumulate a secondary form out of floating debris. Swearing to do right by her former master, she began to salvage whatever flotsam and jetsam drew near her. Her physical form grew, as did her hunger and avarice. In time, she went mad in her search for the princess, never realizing that centuries had passed and the lost princess and her sultan father are now long dead. In her ravings, Detriax wavers between calm tones and an electronic squelch (little more than gibberish). She sees all who pass into her grasp are would-be conspirators against her beloved sultan, and therefore considers them hostile.

At the present time, Detriax is approximately 12 kilometers in diameter. She appears as a head without a body—demonic, metallic, and angry. Fanged, with vacant eyes that belie only her internal engines of cosmic energy, she is a horror to behold. As a "mechanical" sentience, Detriax is immune to *sleep*, *charm* and *hold* spells.

Any ship passing near Detriax will fall derelict by way of one of the following cosmic mishaps (roll 1d6):

1-2	**Engine failure:** All stop.
3-4	**Siren song:** Each PC must make save vs. paralysis or succumb to mind control for 1d6 rounds, whereby she compels these servants to sabotage their ship.
5	**Systems malfunction:** Shields will lower or weapons will malfunction during the ship's next hostile encounter.
6	**Incorrect sensor readings:** Sensor readings will identify allies as foes so as to initiate combat/ She will send her minions to collect the remains of the lost, the lonely, and the defeated. All space debris she encounters will be scanned, stored in her immense memory, and then processed as fuel. Power sources will then be affixed to her own energy supply and suckled until they expire.

Detriax can subsist on natural sources, but she relishes anything made by sentient life forms, thriving on their psionically-imbued presence. She is a collector of information and material forms. Her hunger is unrelenting. Detriax will also instigate battle whenever possible, in hopes that the resulting conflict will cause precious detritus to spill into the spaceways for her to consume.

GRAVITATIONAL GRASP: Detriax calls many an interstellar sailor to her "bay"—a gravitational well that she is able to manipulate, like using the unseen tentacles of a seaborne kraken. She can consume any matter, though larger, denser meals (asteroids, brown dwarf stars, etc.) take time. This can be a boon for those unlucky enough to fall in her grasp, making good on her distraction.

SONG OF DETRIAX: All those who encounter her must roll a save vs. fear or be driven mad with despair. All those who fail are fated to soil themselves as they are compelled to steer their ships toward her through a sort of psionic intimidation/torture. Only those who pray for mercy and strike her bargain for clemency (see "Serving Detriax" below) will survive. They must first convince her they have something worthwhile to trade. The song is effective for only 1d4 rounds, but by then she's sent her minions to either eliminate or permanently enslave her prey using cybernetic implants.

SWALLOW WHOLE: Detriax can swallow entire starships and most space-based platforms and outposts with a single gulp. Her internal furnace digests all. But not before she consumes all knowledge about her prey using her *penance scan*.

PENANCE SCAN: Through an onslaught of sensor scans, Detriax is able to "consume all data" of her prey, recording every physical aspect, biologic metric, and even psionic imprint to her main neurocore. She considers this interrogation necessary to fulfilling her purpose for finding and killing the marauders who wronged her mortal master (see below) and thereby no one has ever evaded her probe. In a turn of terrible fortune, the channel is often opened two ways—analogous to a feedback loop--and the victims will experience a wave of data overload that could render them insane if they aren't able to make a save vs. psychic calamity (a catastrophic attack on their sanity). Those that fail become her minions, their only hope of being restored is a complete brain work up at a local starbase with advanced medical and psychological services.

MINIONS: Detriax is served by her self-styled minions—the scrappers (scrap-bots and scrap-men) and space hornets.

SPACE FLEET: Detriax has amassed a personal armada of derelict ships with barebones systems (propulsion, weapons, and operated by remote communication, but no onboard life support). They are stripped down skeletal forms with minimal armor that function basically as large drones. The ships launch from her mouth if she determines a threat to her personal safety. Approximately 2d10 ships are ready to launch at any given time.

SERVING DETRIAX: Praying to Detriax will gain her favor only if something material is given up. To be spared from her judgement, the prey must fall under her service. It's not unheard of for Detriax to barter for information with her victims. She may let them go if she sees reason enough for them to continue as long as she's gaining important intelligence herself. She will reject any claim that the sultan is dead though, so penitent victims should avoid such falsehoods while she's taking audience.

All recorded encounters with Detriax—those with survivors—include reports that the victims were prostrate when deals were made. Impertinence of any kind will result in subjugation. Her goal is to continue building herself larger and more powerful through her space finds, in her quest to seek revenge on her long lost sultan.

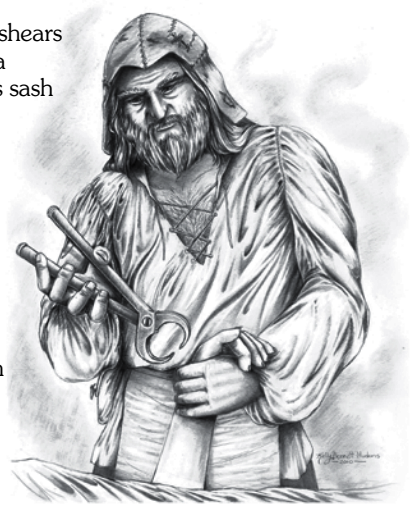
RELATED ENTRIES: **M)** *Scrappers, Space Hornets.*

Digiskleros *(petty god of postmortem grooming)*

TITLES: *Collector of Dead Men's Fingernails*

E.T. Smith
Kelly Bennett

SYMBOL:	A pair of grooming shears laid upon a mortician's sash
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	150' (50')
ARMOR CLASS:	9
HIT PTS. (HD):	45 hp (9 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (plus spells)
DAMAGE:	1d6 or by weapon or by spell
SAVE:	C9
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	VI
XP:	1,700



Just as the mighty warrior with his mystic sword in hand is a bulwark against ravenous chaos, so too is the humble, oft-neglected mortician. Cleaning and grooming the deceased isn't simply a formalized nicety. Shoddy postmortem attentions leave the way open for wrathful spirits and vengeful ghosts to reanimate the insulted corpse and indulge in bloody violence against the living. Thus, morticians and embalmers are a first line of defense against such incursions from the netherworld. For those serving in this quiet profession, Digiskleros is a mythic hero and inspiration.

Digiskleros appears as a modest albeit intent man wearing the gray cloak and red sash of an itinerant embalmer, his accoutrements sturdy but travel-worn and stylistically archaic. He traverses the world, going where his skills are needed. He is a orderly-minded quasi-deity, wanting mainly to do his job, do it well and avoid any complications. His attitude toward any adventurers he encounters depends entirely upon what degree of responsibility they've been showing toward the many corpses they've undoubtedly been leaving in their wake. If they have been arranging for at least perfunctory funeral rites for their victims, he will view them amicably and perhaps even seek their aid in certain matters. If however they've indiscriminately been leaving mangled forgotten bodies for him to clean up, Digiskleros will give them a stern lecture at best, and at worst attempt to end their adventuring career before it sows any more messy carnage.

Digiskleros avoids battle when possible, but fights as a 9th level cleric if matters come to blows, and can cast spells as per that class level. His usual spell selection will be: 1st level) *detect evil*, *cure light wounds* (×2), *protection from evil*; 2nd level) *bless*, *hold person* (×2), *resist fire*; 3rd level) *cure disease*, *dispel magic*, *remove curse*; 4th level) *detect lie*, *neutralize poison*; 5th level) *quest*.

Any treasure he is carrying are donations collected for the Guild of Itinerant Embalmers. He also has a sack filled with fingernail clippings, taken from cadavers whose circumstances of demise have rendered the clippings tainted with dark mystical associa-

tions, too dangerous to be disposed casually. The clippings are valueless except to the most vile of necromancers.

The *Silver Shears of Digiskleros* are a special tool attuned to their master's task, preternaturally quick and keen. With them, Digiskleros can fully groom a cadaver for burial in mere moments. If necessary, they can be used in combat. Against mortal foes, they are equivalent to a *short sword +1*. Against undead, the bearer may chose to forgo making a normal attack, and instead attempt to forcibly groom the animated corpse, thereby ending its unrest. When making such an attack, the bearer rolls "to hit" as normal. If successful, the target must save vs. death. If the save fails, the undead immediately loses its animating fury and is defeated. If the save passes, the undead suffers minimal damage (2 hp) from the attack.

If for some reason Digiskleros comes to a sudden end, the lack of his services will result in steady increase in undead afflicting the world (the DM should increase the chance for encounters with these sorts of monsters). This dire trend will grow worse until the *Silver Shears* are recovered and a new candidate is chosen to bear them. Such a candidate must be a cleric of at least 4th level who willingly accedes to forgo all worldly concerns in exchange for an endless life spent collecting dead men's fingernails.

Diit'Wentii *(petty god of minutiae)*

TITLES: *The Manifestation of Minutiae*

Legion
Darryl Gillingham

SYMBOL:	The shining icosahedron
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	10' to 200' (see below)
ARMOR CLASS:	9 to –10 (see below)
HIT PTS. (HD):	20×1d20 (see below)
ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE:	1d20
SAVE:	M20
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	XX
XP:	20,000

God is in the details. Mind you, so is the devil. The kind of rope one buys, the amount of rations one carries, the manner and bearing of hirelings—all things are important in the dank holes and hidden valleys of the wild. So adventurers would do well to pay homage to Diit'Wentii, The Manifestation of Minutiae.

In dire straights (and they'd better be dire), a devotee may call upon Diit'Wentii for succor. The destruction of an icosahedron holy symbol is demanded of the supplicant. This symbol must be of a gold piece value measured in powers of 20. A 20 gp icosahedron allows the roll of 1d20. On a 20, Diit'Wentii hears. Each power of 20 in gp value (i.e., 400 gp, 8,000 gp, 160,000 gp, etc.) increases the chance of the god noticing by one (e.g., the plea would be heard on 19 or 20 if a 400 gp symbol is sacrificed. But minutiae being what they are, this aid from on high can sometimes be of the "out of the frying pan" variety.

This deity often appears personally to over-awe mortals with its magnificence. It revels in the apprehension attendant upon the rattle and clatter of its coming.

Diit'Wentii can manifest anywhere and and any point in time through its power of *interstitial travel*. In so doing, it expands any space into which it steps to accommodate its full height. There will be visible warping as a chamber or cavern stretches to make room for the divine presence.

When first encountered, Diit'Wentii will be 20'. It is composed of 20 layers. The Movement speed of each layer is determined by rolling 1d20 and multiplying the result by 10' (movement per round). Each layer has an Armor Class determined by rolling 1d20, with a result of 1 indicating AC 9 and a roll of 20 being AC -10. Each layer has 1d20 hit points. Diit'Wentii attacks as a 20 HD monster. All of Diit'Wentii's ability scores are 20, and it saves as a 20th level magic-user.

Whenever a layer is defeated it disappears with a dramatic flourish (each different from the last; e.g., puffing of smoke, shedding like a snake's skin, turning to dust, shattering like glass, falling like a curtain, etc.) and a new layer one foot smaller is revealed. Diit'Wentii often changes form—and sometimes gender—with each layer (e.g., human male, orc hermaphrodite, asexual elf, female gnome, etc.).

Diit'Wentii believes itself to be the deity that decides if a magician's fingers were in precisely the right position to cast a given spell or if an alchemist's particular formula contained exactly the correct amount of mercury. Despite their philosophical differences, Diit'Wentii likes nothing more than a well-argued debate with Titivilus.

Some say the Shining Icosahedron is not simply Diit'Wentii's holy symbol, but is in reality an object of incalculable potency and the key to the god's power. Possession of the artifact is reputed to give one dominion over Diit'Wentii. No one living can attest to this however.

Diit'Wentii Reaction Table

Roll 1d20 (instead of 2d6). Apply the following as additional modifiers: Hit/Dmg/Door, AC, hp/level, additional languages, and saving throw modifiers, as well as standard reaction adjustment modifiers.

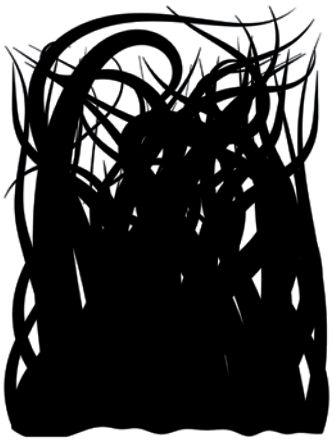
1	Of all the unmitigated gall! Strikes supplicant dead from on high.
1-2	Magically attacks supplicant's location from on high.
3-4	Appears; stands aloof for 1d20 rounds scrutinizing all and sundry; takes notes, then departs.
5-6	Appears; takes issue with supplicant's choice of, or pronunciation of, a random word or turn of phrase in his or her plea; feels it could have been said better.
7-8	Appears; demands a fully itemized written inventory of devotee's equipment, wealth and friends; ponders result.
9-10	Appears; presents supplicant with a pen and form ***D-2/0.r*** ("Request for Aid"), booms, "Press hard, you're making multiple copies."; ponders result.
11-12	Appears; teleports 1d20 random beings 1d20 miles in random directions, then departs.
13-14	Appears; asks supplicant if he or she is carrying a random item from the "Adventuring Gear" list; if yes, helps; if not, shakes head and departs.
15-16	Appears; attacks all present except supplicant, then departs.
17-18	Appears; attacks 1d20 of supplicant's enemies, then departs.
19-20	From on high, pulls, pauses or pushes supplicant out of the path of immediate harm.
20	Appears; grants aid equal to a *limited wish*, strictly limited to helping the supplicant out of his or her current predicament.

RELATED ENTRIES: **M)** *Knights of the Carmine Icosagram, Monitors*; **D)** *Books of the Crimson Icosagon*.

D'in'injaht *(petty goddess of raving, ranting & gibberish)*

Eric Potter
Jason Patterson

SYMBOL:	a tied tongue
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	45' (15')
ARMOR CLASS:	4
HIT PTS. (HD):	58 hp (10 HD)
ATTACKS:	10d30 voices
DAMAGE:	Special
SAVE:	M10
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	IV
XP:	1,000



D'in'injaht is the petty goddess of the ravings of lunatics, the rants of madmen, the gibberish of fools, the babbles from babes, and the jabbering of idle jaws. Her confusing cries often ring harmless to the casual ear, easily dismissed and even pitied, but unfortunately it is not only the afflicted who succumb to the sweet song of her cacophony.

Her followers fall into two separate categories, one of an innocent ilk and the other more sinister in nature—her "Confused" (the scramble-brained, the feebleminded, the dullards, the simpletons, the forgetful, the innocuous babes, the infirm) and her "Confusers" (the tongue-twisters, the double-talkers, the spin doctors.)

The hapless Confused among her followers are cursed to continuously hear her cacophonous call, and doomed to try to converse back with it. They unwittingly spread the gospel of D'in'injaht with each of their incomprehensible ramblings, familiarizing the world with her language and the sounds of her rapturous call. Any who encounter these helpless believers usually feel pity and revulsion, turning away and ignoring or distancing themselves as quickly as possible.

Conversely, her more diabolical prophets, the Confusers, have harnessed some of the bits of the essence of her language and will use it loudly to great effect often from pulpits, on street corners, in crowded places, and around quiet locales. These ranters and ravers may seem insane at first, but the longer one listens to their crazed messages and ideas, the greater the chance for D'in'injaht's hook to sink.

D'in'injaht is quite content to remain in her realm and use her followers to speak her mind. However, on the occasion of a summoning from her truly devoted, she will reveal herself in her physical form. D'in'injaht appears as a twisted mass of hundreds of pure black, tentacle-like, long, waving tongues, each capable of speaking in many different languages simultaneously. Persons experiencing D'in'injaht in all her voices will become disoriented and lost, incapable of their own thought. They will struggle to understand and make sense of D'in'injaht's speech but to no avail. A *comprehend languages* spell is useless, and will always fail against this petty goddess.

You will hear D'in'injaht approaching long before you see her. The first rumblings of her beckoning din will sound like the gentle babbling of a soft brook, but as she eases ever closer, the roar of her hundreds of tongues will fill the air with confusion. A saving throw vs. spell might allow any victims within earshot to scramble away before they become ensconced in her clangor; however, if unsuccessful, any reaction to D'in'injaht will last for 1d30 turns. She may utilize any of her dozens of tentacle-like tongues to coil around her targets, immobilizing them in order to flicker her devilish tongue into an ear to better whisper her sweet nothings.

Reaction to D'in'injaht

Modified by Intelligence.

2	**Lobotomized:** Will become a gibbering imbecile, unable to put two syllables together.
3-5	**Drunken Stupor:** Will have slurred, incomplete speech, unable to make sense of own thoughts.
6-8	**Tongue-tied:** Will put incorrect words together, will have trouble finding the right words.
9-11	**Jabberwocky:** Will speak in nonsensical speech patterns, will playfully invent syllables and combine phrases that are not normally juxtaposed.
12	**Balderdash:** Will deliberately mislead through double talk, will use phrasing that backpedals, misdirects, and confuses.

Dinud *(petty god of shields & shield-makers, and eggs, egg contents & egg-layers)*

TITLES: *Least God and Protector of Eggs, Master of Shells, Lord of Shields*

Sean Holland
Jeremy Duncan

SYMBOL:	An egg within an egg
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
ARMOR CLASS:	–3 [+3/+1; see below]
HIT PTS. (HD):	110 hp (20 HD)
ATTACKS:	2
DAMAGE:	1d8+6/1d8+6
SAVE:	F21
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	VIII, IX, XIV (×2)
XP:	5,250

Dinud appears as a tall pale man with a featureless, flawless egg for a head. His voice is deep and always echoes. He usually appears in ivory robes or, when prepared for war, in scale armor made from fragments of dragon eggs and a flawless egg-shaped shield. Shrines to him are usually found among shieldmakers, who seek his blessing to make better wares, and those races that reproduce using eggs (including dragons on occasion), who view him as a guardian of their children.

While wearing his scale armor, only weapons of +3 or better can pierce it; otherwise, a simple magic weapon of +1 is sufficient to damage Dinud. While carrying *Dinud's Shield* he may deflect two attacks per round of any sort, to any other target within range of the original attack. He prefers to let his enemies kill each other, but he can wield a +3 mace when pressed. His attacks ignore shields, and he can destroy any shield used against him, unless the wielder makes a save vs. death at -4—and then the shield is only safe until Dinud chooses to attempt to destroy it again.

Dinud's blessing makes any of the things in his portfolio safer; eggs only crack when it is time for them to hatch, shields turn blows without splintering, and so on. Most adventurers will be seeking his blessing for shields; he can give any shield a +1 bonus with an additional +1 against a specific threat (arrows, orcs, tigers, and so on).

His *curse* can simply destroy shields or make them into cursed ones, or make a person more fragile, causing them to take 1 additional point of damage whenever struck by a physical blow.

Dinud Reaction Table

Roll 2d10 (instead of 2d6) —the most 'egg-like' of dice. Anyone who has willfully destroyed eggs suffers +3 to this roll.

2-3	**Friendly:** *Blesses* 1d3 nearby targets.
4-10	**Indifferent:** *Blesses* 1d4 nearby targets if properly propitiated.
11-15	**Neutral:** Ignores nearby creatures.
16-19	**Unfriendly:** *Curses* 1d3 nearby targets if not properly propitiated.
20+	**Hostile:** *Curses* 1d4 nearby targets. Dinud will never be hostile to those carrying a shield or born from an egg, unless they have done something to offend him.

Diplodias *(petty god of crop rot and poor harvests)*

Dave Traube
Thomas Fitzgerald

SYMBOL:	Withered corn stalk
ALIGNMENT:	Chatoic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	–4
HIT PTS. (HD):	114 hp (18 HD)
ATTACKS:	6 (claws) + special
DAMAGE:	1d6/1d6/1d6/1d6/ 1d6/1d6 + poison
SAVE:	F20
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	X, XIX
XP:	11,000

Diplodias, the god of crop rot and poor harvests, is well known but seldom worshiped in agricultural regions. His presence is believed to be the result of poorly executed crop rituals and offerings. When such offerings are rejected by their principal deity, there is a 40% chance Diplodias will be attracted and bring pestilence to the crop.

He typically appears as a shambling mound of compost (ironic that a god of rot would appear as something so beneficial to the plants), with six arms and pale yellow eyes. In this form, a *cloud of putrid stink* radiates 50' in all directions from the creature. All those within the area of effect must save vs. poison at –2 or lose two points of Strength and Dexterity for 2d6 turns. The save must be made every other round that the subject remains inside the cloud. There is an 80% chance per round that all plants inside the cloud will wither and die in 1d4+1 days.

Diplodias may also choose to assume the form of whatever flora is within his slight. When confronted in combat, it is typical for the god to summon his giant slugs (see below) and then retreat to a nearby garden where he'll take the form of the plants and watch the combat unfold. While in plant form he may move as normal but has no ability to attack, nor does he emit the withering cloud.

In his natural form (compost), Diplodias can attack with each of his six arms for 1d6 points of damage per hit. But he typically prefers to summon 2d8 giant slugs (see below) to attack crops or fight in combat.

Giant Slug: #A: 2d8; AL:neutral (but always hostile); M:60' (20'); AC:5; HD:10; AT: 1 bite (1d8+poison; save vs. poison or be slowed per the reverse of the magic-user spell *haste*); ST:F8; ML:11; HC:NA; XP:3,000.

Divine Worm *(petty god of stillborn infants)*

TITLES: *Mother of the Stillborn, Mother of the Miscarried, Patron Mother of Miscarried and Stillborn Children*

Logan Knight
Rose Turner

SYMBOL:	A gold piece stamped with a newborn's face, eroded by tears
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	0' (0')
ARMOR CLASS:	9
HIT PTS. (HD):	by HD (1d20 HD)
ATTACKS:	Special
DAMAGE:	Special
SAVE:	F1-20 (by HD)
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	8,888 gp, d% will melt the moment they're taken into sunlight
XP:	2× amount of stillborns spilt from the Divine Worm's amniotic sac

The Divine Worm, Patron Mother of Miscarried and Stillborn Children, is invoked by grieving families, and worshipped by others for reasons that are their own. A coin is cast bearing an image of the child and melted in a boiling pot in offering to the Divine Worm, beseeching her to carry the child in the beyond.

Manifestations of the Divine Worm are sometimes found in fragrant caverns below sites of plague or infanticide. (Each manifestation has 1d20 HD, and an correlating number of hp). The Worm sits atop a gleaming pile of gold coins; swaying lichen and moss hangs from the cavern roof above it.

In form, the Worm's body is like that of a giant hairless and eyeless mole, lined with damp axolotl legs and a toadlike mouth. Pendulous breasts appear almost at random on its flanks and legs, and a swollen amniotic sac sprouts over its lower back and hindquarters; within the sac you can see neither flesh nor bone—it sinks forever. Floating calmly amidst the rotten amber fluid are more infants and foetuses than you can count.

The Worm never attacks, and never defends itself. It sits there with its mouth open, hundreds of infantile heads emerging and weeping in chorus even as you hack into its flesh—the sound is almost soothing. Every round you must save vs. spell or suckle from one of its breasts. The sac squelches and heaves as you drink its amber nectar. You age 1d6 years of life unlived (no save).

If the worm is killed, its sac will burst, spilling 253 stillborns per HD about your feet; there are so many more than you imagined.

Dogasfos

(petty god of drowning and the drowned)
TITLES: *Lord of the Drowned*

Igor Vinicius Sartorato
Ernesto Plasmo

SYMBOL:	A hand coming out of a whirlpool
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	5
HIT PTS. (HD):	65 hp (13 HD)
ATTACKS:	2 (fists) or special (drown)
DAMAGE:	1d6/1d6 or 2d8+5 plus special
SAVE:	T13
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	VII
XP:	2,500

Dogasfos, the Lord of the Drowned, is the fearful minor god of drowning and the drowned. In the water, he takes the form of a huge maelstrom littered and swirling with drowned bodies. When manifesting on land, Dogasfos presents himself as an old, wide-eyed sailor with a long black beard, dressed in tattered clothes, and always completely soaked. Normally, he will only appear on land during stormy nights; this occurrence is commonly interpreted as a sign of a flood which will take many victims.

In his maelstrom form, Dogasfos can wreck ships, drowning dozens of people in the process. Though not exactly venerated by sailors and fishermen, they will appease his wrath by throwing animals into rivers and seas, leaving them to drown. Pirates are the main followers of Dogasfos; they often seek his mercy during especially long trips, offering human sacrifices in excchange for his goodwill. It is imperative that sacrifices to Dogasfos die by drowning, for Dogasfos does not accept sacrifices which have died before they drowned (e.g., if the animal or victim is killed by a shark before drowning).

When a region has suffered many deaths by drowning (e.g., in times of flood), Dogasfos's priests (rare though they are) are called to perform a ritual drowning of a virgin maiden (known as 'Dogasfos's bride') to appease the god. These priests are also called sometimes to preside over trials involving drowning.

In his human form, if Dogasfos hits an opponent with both hands during the same round, Dogasfos has landed a successful choke-hold on the victim and will not let go; the victim must save vs. death each round (starting that round), or take 2d8+5 points of damage per failed save, until the victim dies (from loss of hp), drowns (in 1d4+1 rounds), or until Dogasfos is killed or otherwise dispatched.

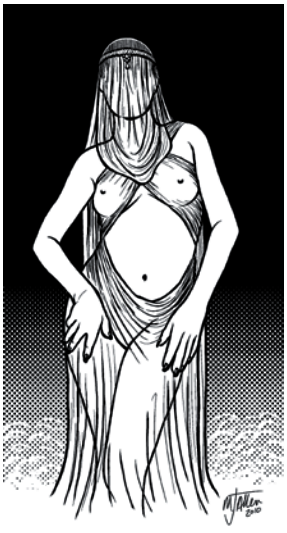
Dogasfos Reaction Table

2	**Friendly:** Reveals the location of a treasure that sunk with a drowned man.
3-5	**Indifferent:** Reveals the location of a treasure that sunk with a drowned man, if propitiated with an adequate sacrifice.
6-8	**Neutral:** Ignores nearby creatures.
9-11	**Unfriendly:** Requires a sacrifice in exchange for the lives of the entire party.
12	**Hostile:** Tries to kill all nearby creatures by drowning.

Drasheeng *(petty god of drunken misperception)*

TITLES: *Lady of the Blurry Veil*

Trey Causey
Mark Allen



SYMBOL:	Two eyes, superimposed but slightly offset
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	–4
HIT PTS. (HD):	100 hp (21 HD)
ATTACKS:	Special
DAMAGE:	Special
SAVE:	T21
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	IX, X, XVIII
XP:	7,000

Drasheeng, the Lady of the Blurry Veil, is the godling of misperception due to intoxication, and of deception which utilizes that misperception. She aids the aging harlot who relies on her client's drink-blurred eyes to enhance her beauty, the roguish youth plying the reluctant maid with wine, and the confidence man who supplies intoxicants to fog his mark's judgement.

Drasheeng usually appears as a human female whose voluptuous form is scarcely hidden by a near-diaphanous gown. She wears a veil which hides her features—a hideous and almost masculine face.. Those seeing her face unveiled are struck with *fear* as per the spell, unless they make a saving throw vs. death. If successful, they will merely experience queasiness and revulsion for 2 turns, suffering a –1 penalty on all "to hit" rolls for the duration.

When encountered, Drasheeng typically projects an aura of intense attractiveness which (on a failed save vs. spell) *charms* mortals (as the spell) within a radius of 30'. She can also, at will, cause a pleasantly intoxicating *confusion* (per the spell) in her opponents (on a failed save vs. spell). Drasheeng's caress and kiss are each able to cause *feeblemind* (as the spell, on failed save vs. spell). Despite these abilities, Drasheeng is not inclined to battle with mortals unless absolutely necessary, preferring to teleport away, then strike later at her would-be attackers when their guard is down.

Drasheeng will sometimes aid those who call upon her and offer a libation of expensive wine or liquor. Drasheeng's favor takes the form of a +2 bonus to related reaction rolls, provided the individual that the supplicant is attempting to influence is indulging in some sort of intoxicant.

Drasheeng Reaction Table

2	**Friendly:** *Blesses* an individual (as above).
3-5	**Indifferent:** *Blesses* an individual (as above) if properly propitiated.
6-8	**Neutral:** Ignores the individual.
9-11	**Unfriendly:** Will cause the individual to fall victim to deception when intoxicated within the next 2 weeks if not supplicated (as above).
12	**Hostile:** Individual will fall victim to a deception through intoxication within the next 2 weeks.

RELATED ENTRIES: **S)** *Ale Goggles.*

Elder Elemental

Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.
Christopher Conklin

Elder elementals are greater elementals who have grown in power as aeons pass and risen to petty godlike status. Their minimal sentience has likewise grown to self-awareness. While they typically began as creatures of neutral alignment, as they come into their own it is not unheard of for elder elementals to 'grow' into a different alignment (as they establish their presence as petty gods).

The Hit Dice of elder elementals generally range from 20 to 25. Those elementals with fewer than 20 HD rarely achieve the strength or sentience required to attain petty godlike status, and elementals with more than 25 HD will generally have achieved the status of full godhood.

An elder elemental's Armor Class, Damage, and Saving Throws are depenent upon their hit dice, as outlined below:

Hit Dice	**20**	**21**	**22**	**23**	**24**	**25**
ARMOR CLASS:	–4	–4	–5	–5	–6	–6
DAMAGE	4d8	4d8	5d8	5d8	6d8	6d8
SAVE:	F20	F21	F22	F23	F24	F25

Elder elementals will rarely come to consider themselves as gods of their own volition. Rather, their status as gods usually comes from a group who have chosen to worship the elemental and give the elemental the god-name by which it will be known.

As varied as those who choose to worship an elder elemental are, so too are the personalities of the elementals themselves—from calm to capricious to calculating to cruel.

It is suggested the DM create an individualized description for any elder elemental appearing as a petty god, including an individual name, a unique symbol, a specific alignment, and a personalized reaction table.

Elder Air Elemental

(as petty god of air, wind, breezes, deserts, etc.)

SYMBOL: Varies
ALIGNMENT: Varies (most often Neutral or Lawful)
MOVEMENT: 360' (120') flying
ARMOR CLASS: See above
HIT PTS. (HD): 20-25 HD
ATTACKS: Special
DAMAGE: See above
SAVE: See above
MORALE: 11
HOARD CLASS: XVI
XP: 3250, 5000, 5500, 6000, 6500, or 7000

The form of an elder air elemental can vary greatly, most often appearing as a (sometimes anthropomorphic) swirling vortex of wind or a "smoke-like" creature of some sort (e.g., a bird).

Elder air elementals generally attack in the form of a whirlwind (even if their standard form differs), approximately 2' tall and 1/2' wide per HD (e.g., a 24 HD elder air elemental would be 48' tall and 12' wide). Creatures with 4 and fewer HD must save vs. death or be swept away by the elemental, doing an amount of damage as determined by their HD. Airborne victims who fail their saving throw take an additional 1d8 damage. Creatures trapped in the whirlwind must make an additional save (vs. death) each round or remain caught in the whirlwind—there is no additional damage, but those creatures so caught cannot move except to go where the elemental carries them (a successful saving throw means they have escaped the whirlwind).

The elemental can eject any carried creatures whenever it wishes, depositing them wherever the whirlwind happens to be. Should the elder air elemental choose to return to the Elemental Plane of Air while creatures are being carried inside it, those creatures must save vs. death or be taken to the Elemental Plane of Air as well.

If the whirlwind's base touches the ground, it creates a swirling cloud of debris. This cloud is centered on the elemental and has a diameter equal to half the whirlwind's height. The cloud obscures all vision beyond 5 feet. There is a 10% chance that any spell cast in a debris cloud will fail.

Elder Earth Elemental

(as petty god of earth, soil, stone, mountains, etc.)

SYMBOL: Varies
ALIGNMENT: Varies (most often Neutral)
MOVEMENT: 60' (20') [sometimes 30' (10')]
BURROW: As normal movement
ARMOR CLASS: See above
HIT PTS. (HD): 20-25 HD
ATTACKS: Special
DAMAGE: See above
SAVE: See above
MORALE: 11
HOARD CLASS: XVI
XP: 3250, 5000, 5500, 6000, 6500, or 7000

When still, the form of an elder earth elemental will appear as a large hill or a great heap of stones. When an elder earth elemental lumbers into action, its appearance can vary—usually appearing as massive earthen or stony humanoid (1' tall per HD) with glowing gemstones for eyes. Bits of vegetation (and even small trees) can grow in the soil that makes up the parts of an elder earth elemental's body.

Elder earth elementals may be slow, but they are also relentless. They can move through stone, dirt, or almost any other sort of solid groud (except metal) with ease. Furthermore, no hole nor ripple nor any other signs of its presence are left behind when it burrows. Elder earth elementals cannot swim, however, and must either go through the ground under a body of water, or walk around it. Finally, if a *move earth* spell is cast on a area containing an elder earth elemental, it will be flung back 10' and (on a failed save vs. spell) be stunned for 1 round.

Elder earth elementals generally strike using their giant "fists", with opponents on the ground taking an additional 1d8 points of damage. By contrast, an elder earth elemental suffers a –4 penalty on all "to hit" and damage rolls versus airborne or waterborne opponents.

Elder Fire Elemental

(as petty god of fire, flames, burns, etc.)

SYMBOL:	Varies
ALIGNMENT:	Varies (most often Neutral or Chaotic)
MOVEMENT:	180' (60')
ARMOR CLASS:	See above
HIT PTS. (HD):	20-25 HD
ATTACKS:	Special
DAMAGE:	See above
SAVE:	See above
MORALE:	11
HOARD CLASS:	XVI
XP:	3250, 5000, 5500, 6000, 6500, or 7000

Like elder air elementals, the appearance of an elder fire elemental can vary greatly, but they most often manifest as coiling serpentine forms of smoke and fire, or shapes akin to humans, demons, and other monsters—a key goal of the fire elemental is usually terror. Fire elementals are characteristically cruel, delighting in frightening weaker beings and terrorizing any thing (or creature) they can set on fire.

An elder fire elemental cannot enter water (or any other body of nonflammable liquid). Therefore, unless an elder fire elemental is able jump or step over a body of water, it will be an impassable barrier (unless the liquid is covered with a flammable or combustible liquid like oil or kerosene). Generally, an elder fire elemental is able to step across a distance of water a number of feet equal to or less than its HD (e.g., a 25 HD fire elemental could cross a 25' barrier of water).

An elder fire elemental attacks as a swirling pillar of flame 1' tall and 1' in diameter per HD (e.g., a 25 HD elder fire elemental would be 25' tall and 25' across). They do an additional 1d8 damage to creatures with cold-based attacks.

Creatures which make a successful "to hit" roll against a fire elemental with non-magical weapons or unarmed attacks take fire damage as though hit by the elemental's attack (by HD). Furthermore, they must save. vs. breath or catch fire, taking 1d8 per round until extinguished.

Elder Water Elemental

(as petty god of water, lakes, rivers, streams, etc.)

SYMBOL:	Varies
ALIGNMENT:	Varies (most often Neutral)
MOVEMENT:	60' (20')
SWIM:	180' (60')
ARMOR CLASS:	See above
HIT PTS. (HD):	20-25 HD
ATTACKS:	Special
DAMAGE:	See above
SAVE:	See above
MORALE:	11
HOARD CLASS:	XVI
XP:	3250, 5000, 5500, 6000, 6500, or 7000

As with the other elder elementals, elder water elementals have their own unqiue forms. Generally, however, they appear as (slightly anthropomorphic) "wave-like" creatures with a face somewhat humanoid in appearance, and "arms" like smaller waves at their sides. They will also often appear in the form of an aquatic creature (e.g., an octopus, shark, or sea serpent) composed entirely of water.

Elder water elementals possess an extreme patience and an unrelenting tenacity. They will often hide, then drag opponents into the water so they gain the advantage. They are, however, unable to move more than 60' from water.

Elder water elementals attack as a great wave of water 1/2' tall and 2' wide per HD (e.g., a 24 HD elder water elemental would be 12' tall and 48' wide). An elder water elemental does an additional 1d8 points of damage to opponents in water.

RELATED ENTRIES: **S)** *Summon Elder Elemental.*

Ellsbeth *(petty goddess of damsels in distress)*

TITLES: *Our Lady of Timely Rescues,*
The Drama Queen

James Smith
Vindico Vindicatum

SYMBOL:	A frilly handkerchief or a hennin with attached veil
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	3 [+2]
HIT PTS. (HD):	80 hp (19 HD)
ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE:	1d4+3
SAVE:	M19
MORALE:	6
HOARD CLASS:	XXII
XP:	6,250

Known to those who would call upon her as Our Lady of Timely Rescues and to those who know her well as The Drama Queen, Ellsbeth is the petty goddess of damsels in distress.

She appears as a beautiful human female, lithe, fair of skin and hair, though occasionally she sports red tresses and light freckles. Her two front teeth are noticeably oversized. She will be dressed in a white or pink clingy dress and an 18" hennin, adorned with a veil. Her feet are unshod. She wears a silver ring shaped as a serpent (which doubles her 1st level spells), and an ornate, wooden hair stick, which is actually a *wand of paralyzation*.

Ellsbeth has the powers of a 19th level magic-user. As a spell-like ability, she may cast *charm monster* (save vs. spell at -4), 3× per day. She can only be hit by +2 or greater weapons. She may *shape change* at will into the form of any small woodland creature.

Many a fair lady, graced with a timely rescuer, has given credit to Ellsbeth after calling to the goddess in her hour of need. Little do they know that they usually have Ellsbeth to thank for their harrowing experience in the first place.

Ellsbeth loves being rescued; seeing her brave champion fight and emerge victorious, she smiles contentedly as he carries her off into the sunset. Or, almost as often, she wails dramatically upon witnessing his pitiful death. Much of her time is spent arranging and playing out these little dramas. She loves being the heroine, but she's also quite the voyeur and when in one of her more pensive moods will set up some unsuspecting victim to be endangered, making sure a would-be savior arrives just in time to deliver the lady, or die trying. She's always nearby, enjoying the spectacle (usually hiding in the form of a squirrel or rabbit) but never interfering in the actual combat, as she enjoys the tragic death of a hero almost as much as seeing him triumph.

Upon those occasions when the champion falls, Ellsbeth will usually have no trouble disentangling herself from the situation. If some poor mortal was playing the Damsel, the goddess may decide to blame the victim for her rescuer's failure and leave the poor lady to her fate. When Ellsbeth's chosen gallant is victorious, she will become quite irked if a romantic involvement doesn't ensue and may use magic to force the issue, or even punish any participants for not playing their parts correctly. She does, occasionally, answer a call for aid arising from a situation for which she wasn't responsible, so long as the tableau is close enough to her ideal to excite her imagination.

For those who've wondered why a dragon might demand a young maiden as tribute instead of cold hard cash, this is due to Ellsbeth bewitching the creature. A brave knight saving a fair maiden from the clutches of an evil dragon is the goddess' favorite sort of rescue, and one she will take great pains to arrange.

Ellsbeth rarely carries money upon her person, unless she's using funds to arrange her entertainments. She does maintain a lair, where she houses her accumulated riches.

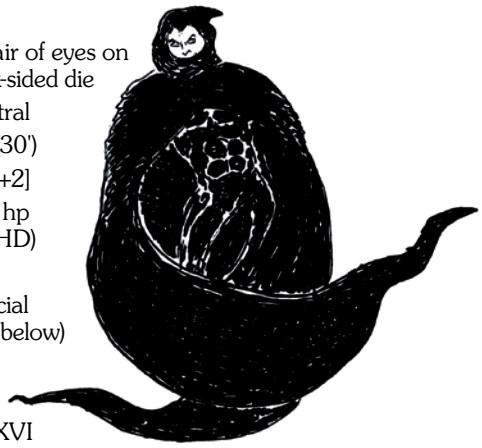
Ellsbeth Reaction Table

The GM should keep in mind Ellsbeth's nature. For instance such factors as the involvement of an actual knight, or a nearby dragon lair, will modify her reactions considerably.

2	**Friendly/Hostile:** Ellsbeth will be charming and helpful, but quickly losing interest save for those with a Charisma of 16 or higher. There is a 40% chance, 60% if their Charisma is 18+, that these latter will find themselves cast in her next 'production'. Afterwards, within a few days, males may find themselves abandoned, or the subject of a fatal attraction. Females may escape unscathed, unless they manage to offend Ellsbeth's sensibilities.
3-5	**Indifferent:** Unless there's a definite opportunity for drama or romance, the goddess will not bother herself further and will take her leave.
6-8	**Neutral:** She will ignore those present and go about her business.
9-11	**Unfriendly:** She may engage in some petty or spiteful insult, such as breaking up a pair of lovers or *polymorphing* someone into a dog.
12	**Hostile:** The goddess will spend 1d3 days, amusing herself by tormenting the subjects of her ire. Due to her highly mercurial nature, this may end rather mildly, gruesomely, or even with some version of Ellsbeth's favorite drama—one which might start out more twisted, than usual.

Eraisho *(petty god of protection from angry gamblers)*

Eric Wirsing
Eric Wirsing



SYMBOL:	A pair of eyes on a six-sided die
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
ARMOR CLASS:	–4 [+2]
HIT PTS. (HD):	144 hp (18 HD)
ATTACKS:	2
DAMAGE:	Special (see below)
SAVE:	T18
MORALE:	9
HOARD CLASS:	VI, XVI
XP:	9,250

Gambling is quite a dangerous occupation, and there are certain men in those professions who want to recoup their losses. A quick prayer to Eraisho can perhaps save those big winners who are in danger of being rolled in an alley.

Eraisho appears as almost part of the shadows, cloaked in what looks like the night. When he thrusts out his hands at those who would harm his worshipper, thick, ropy night-black tentacles come forth and wrap around the poor fools. A victim of these tentacles is afflicted as per a *darkness* spell. Against anyone who truly has the audacity to attack him he can also burrow the shadow stuff into their eyes, effectively blinding them (as blindess by *darkness* spell). He also has the power to turn *invisible* (as the spell). Finally, he is insubstantial, requiring a +2 or greater weapon to harm him.

E'rsae

(petty goddess of rumor and gossip)

Sean Wills
Zak Smith

SYMBOL:	A flaming ear or a gemstone within a pair of open lips
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	–1
HIT PTS. (HD):	82 hp (12 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (charm)
DAMAGE:	Special
SAVE:	M8
MORALE:	7 (will attempt to flee if fails check, *wind walking* as if a 20th Level Cleric)
HOARD CLASS:	XIV in her lair (tales differ as to its location, only E'rsae knows for sure)
XP:	2,000

E'rsae is the patron goddess of all who delight in the exchange and interpretation of rumors.

Her material form is as ephemeral as the half-truths and falsities she whispers with a rich honeyed tone. She appears as a youthful coquet in the morning, a hearty dame after noon and a cackling crone after dusk. The goddess can naturally tell *undectectable lies* (as per the reversed *detect lie* spell, but permanent).

If the characters have encountered E'rsae and gained a "smitten" reaction, they will find that invoking her name before investigating or spreading gossip results in the ability to *detect lies* or tell an *undetectable lie* as if a 5th level Cleric. This boon will work up to 1d6 times.

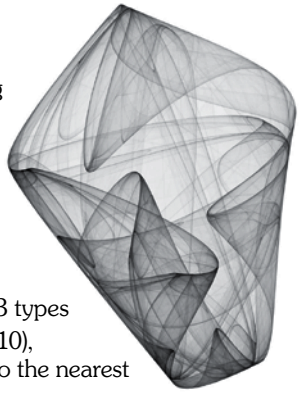
E'rsae Reaction Table

Modify by +/-1 dependent on character's initial approach to the goddess— courtesy and conversation matter to E'rsae.

2	**Smitten:** Will flirt with the highest Charisma character. If found entertaining by E'rsae (1-in-6 chance, plus any positive Charisma bonus) outlandish tales of the party's exploits will precede the party in their travels for 1d4 weeks.
3-5	**Friendly:** Will impart 1d4 hints concerning secrets or treasure within the locale.
6-8	**Neutral:** Will encourage gossip and tell the party 1d4 local rumors.
9-11	**Unfriendly:** Will spread a disparaging rumor about the party in the nearest town.
12	**Hostile:** Will spread 1d4 vile rumors about the party across the land.

Expiurge *(petty gods of chaos embound)*

Porky
OpenGL



SYMBOL:	A halo stretching over a horizon
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic*
MOVEMENT:	1d20×30' (/3)
ARMOR CLASS:	1d20-10
HIT PTS. (HD):	2d20 x 5 hp (2d20 HD)
ATTACKS:	1d6, of up to 1d3 types
DAMAGE:	Each type 1d(2d10), rounding down to the nearest available die size
SAVE:	M per HD
MORALE:	1d6+6
HOARD CLASS:	1dXX
XP:	12,000

Expiurge, or the Evershins Maltheon, is the petty gods of chaos embound. A linear distillation of the chaotic curving out past the rim of being, they is every form in one, a sequence of natures more numerous and perhaps more possible than the world can host. Whether a work of nature or the creation of some great power, none who now live seem able to say. The dead too are largely silent on the matter. Each form which Expiurge takes is never truly defeated, simply replaced by yet another link in the chain, another facet of the whole, all after all.

Roll 1d6 times on the following table, 1d30 for each column, reading left to right. The current facet:

1 abhors	1 1d6th-level spellcasting	1 bedpans
2 adores	2 backstabbing	2 bells
3 also hoards	3 blessed	3 clippings
4 blesses	4 blow-turning	4 cowlicks
5 commands	5 caustic	5 cracks
6 conspires with	6 combustible	6 decks
7 craves	7 constricting	7 delights
8 creates	8 cursed	8 draughts
9 curses	9 dancing	9 dripstone
10 destroys	10 discordant	10 ears
11 dreams of	11 diseased	11 flags
12 embodies	12 disembodied	12 flocks
13 fears	13 ethereal	13 herds
14 grows on	14 fecund	14 horrors
15 haunts	15 flaming	15 moles
16 hurls	16 freezing	16 mould
17 is becoming	17 gelatinous	17 nets
18 is emerging within	18 incomplete	18 notes
19 is fleeing	19 invisible	19 piles
20 is made from	20 limb-severing	20 pinheads
21 is vulnerable to	21 lost	21 pipes
22 lives in	22 magical	22 rations
23 manifests	23 magic-draining	23 rolls
24 mimics	24 paralysis-inducing	24 rust
25 pursues	25 parasitic	25 shingle
26 secretly guides	26 poisonous	26 skins
27 seeks	27 save-or-die	27 splinters
28 strikes with	28 soporific	28 sponges
29 travels upon	29 stray	29 swarms
30 wallows in	30 transplanar	30 worms

**And yet the scholars are divided. How can chaos be ordered thus? What infernal compromise does Expiurge represent?*

Eye of Vengalate

(petty goddess of non-lethal curses)
AFFILIATIONS: *The Three Cowardly Gods of Yattle-Hoy*

Ash Law
Glen Hallstrom

SYMBOL:	Two circles interlocked
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	300' (1000')
ARMOR CLASS:	6
HIT PTS. (HD):	56 hp (14 HD)
ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE:	5d4
SAVE:	M18
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	VII, X, XX
XP:	7,600

Wherever somebody puts on a *cursed girdle,* or finds a dubiously *hexed deck of cards*, there is the Eye of Vengalate. The goddess smiles upon those who have been *cursed*, considering them her people. Rumors that she has scattered cursed items far and wide are probably false, though she can certainly create cursed items.

The goddess herself appears as a beautiful human woman, but none have seen her in person, for she has hidden herself away in a secret room of her luxurious temple-palace. Those who visit the dwelling place of the Eye of Vengalate are greeted by bubbling fountains, courtyard gardens, grand feasting halls... and hundreds of identical priestesses who look exactly like their goddess.

The Eye of Vengalate can transform any willing humanoid creature into a facsimile of herself.

Jumping from body to body, the goddess can use any of her priestesses as puppets, and can see, speak, and hear through any or all of them. In this way, any who hunt her can never be sure if they have killed the goddess herself or merely one of her many duplicates.

Those who travel to the temple-palace in the hopes of having a curse lifted or aging reversed will have to meet the Eye of Vengalate's price to gain such favors—be transformed and serve as a priestess/handmaiden for a year and a day. Adventurers who pay the price and serve willingly may leave the temple, but will forevermore look like the Eye of Vengalate, and know that she might be seeing what they see, or at any moment might take over their body. In some villages of Yattle-Hoy, the streets throng with duplicates of the goddess.

The Eye of Vengalate has vast treasure vaults, and most of the treasure is cursed. She has been spending her treasure to build a stairway to the heavens. Her priestesses have inquired as to what purpose her stairway has—if *she* intends to ascend, or if it is for *another* to ascend, or if it is for someone (or something) to *descend*. On this subject, the goddess's words seem to have two meanings—and so far, nobody is able to get a clear answer. Every year the goddess sends the body of one of her priestesses to the top of the stairway and back again, scattering rose petals up and back, while pipers play and narcotic incense burns.

Eye of Vengalate Reaction Table

+1 bonus for each curse or cursed item possessed by party.

2	**Enamored:** Agrees to meet with the party face-to-face rather than speaking through a priestess/handmaiden. Offers the party treasure (Hoard class XVII) and a full removal of all curses if the party member with highest CHA (or who has been most interesting) agrees to become a priestess/handmaiden for a year (reversible only by a *wish* spell).
3-5	**Generous:** Extends her offer of curing any and all curses that the party has, provided one party member becomes a priestess/handmaiden for a year (reversible only by a *wish* spell).
6-11	**Bored:** Only extends her standard offer of curing any cursed party member, provided the cursed character becomes a priestess/handmaiden for a year (reversible only by a *wish* spell). Offers to each cursed party member; only one may accept.
12	**Offended:** Has her priestess/handmaidens throw the party out. If the party resists, she transforms the party into handmaidens (reversible only by a *wish* spell), and *teleports* them to some far off land.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Apar*, *Derral-Orth*, *Yattle-Hoy.*

FALLEN ONE • FATTU FERI • FELOREN • FIMTAKAR • FLISSIK • FLOOG • FLUXALLE • FUBAR

Fallen One

(petty god of fallen warriors and unsung heroes)
TITLES: *The Unsung; The Faceless Warrior*

Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

SYMBOL:	An unmarked grave stone
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	4
HIT PTS. (HD):	87 hp (15 hd)
ATTACKS:	1 (Unsung: ***+1 long sword***)
DAMAGE:	1d8+1 + special
SAVE:	F15
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	2,000

The Fallen One, the petty god of fallen warriors and unsung heroes, goes by many names—The Unsung and The Faceless Warrior among them. He roams the world's battlefields, often while the smokes of war still hang over them. There he gathers the spirits of the fallen warriors and unsung heroes of the battle, escorts them to his great banquet hall, and feasts with them before sending them on to their final destiny... to be forgotten by the histories of the mortal world.

Though many call him "The Faceless Warrior," in truth his face is ever-changing, constantly morphing from the face of one fallen warrior to another; as each warrior falls in battle, his face takes on their appearance, only to be replaced by the face of the next warrior that dies. Otherwise, he manifests as a tall, sturdy warrior wearing battle-worn chain armor and bearing an unpainted shield. His *+1 long sword* ("Unsung") is imbued with the memory of every fallen warrior that has died anonymously in battle. Whenever an opponent is struck by Unsung, they will see the memory of a fallen warrior's dying moment in battle, and must save vs. spell or be forced to disengage from combat with The Fallen One (as the spell *charm*); he will not attack any opponent so disengaged.

Once per day, The Fallen One is able to use a *mirror image* ability that creates 5d4 images of himself. Three times per day, he is able to summon 1d6 fallen warriors (appear as recently deceased fighters; fight and save as skeletons with chain mail, shields, and swords; cannot be turned in the presence of the Fallen One). Furthermore, The Fallen One is immune to *sleep*, *charm*, *hold*, and cold (as undead).

The Fallen One has no shrines or temples, save for mass graves filled with fallen warriors, and the battlefields where they met their fates. He has no priests dedicated to him, though he considers as his own those priests who roam the battlefields blessing the dead, unsung warriors of battles.

RELATED ENTRIES: **S)** *Animate Fallen Warrior.*

Fattu Feri *(petty goddess of corpse candles and messenger of the tribes of the bog*)*

TITLES: *Goddess of Corpse Candles*

Paul Ballard
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

SYMBOL:	Skull surrounded by a burning green flame
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	–2
HIT PTS. (HD):	90 hp (20 hd)
ATTACKS:	1 (ice touch) or 4 (*cold lights*)
DAMAGE:	3d6 or 4×1d10+1
SAVE:	M20
MORALE:	11
HOARD CLASS:	VI (special)
XP:	2,000

The Bog Maiden is one of the messengers of death for the tribes of the bog. She appears only at twilight. Most often, she arrives at the side of someone who is about to die and gives the victim a "send off" kiss before death arrives. However, she is sometimes

seen in the fogs that hang over corpse roads (those roads that reach out of remote villages and towns and extend toward their shared cemetaries and burial grounds). Fattu Feri is also the goddess of corpse candles, holding dominion over the mysterious lights that float inches above the ground along the corpse roads. These lights are said to be a warning that death can be imminent, but there are many who believe they are mischievous spirits attempting to lead travelers astray.

Fattu Feri appears as a beautiful woman wrapped in a glowing green cloak of fireflies and lightning bugs, and her eyes burn with the same luminous green intensity.

In combat, the Bog Maiden's icy touch does 3d6 on a successful "to hit" roll (does not affect undead or cold-immune creatures). Additionally, she can cast a number of *cold lights*; these glowing green spheres of light appear identical to corpse candles, hit without fail (as magic missiles), and each cause 1d10+1 points of damage (no saving throw).

Her treasure can be found scattered among the ruins of her small altars along the corpse roads. Shrouded in fog or swamp gas, the old coins will have a barely noticeable glow to them. The treasure can be handled by elves, dwarves, and other demi-human and humanoid beings, but it will crumble to dust as soon as a human touches it.

Fattu Feri Reaction Table

2	Will provide many lights to lead travelers safely along the roads.
3-5	Brooding; provides the barest amount of light.
6-8	Disinterested in the living.
9-11	Will try to mislead travelers, causing death.
12	Will attack the living.

Feloren *(petty god of misdirection and lost travelers)*

TITLES: *The-One-That-Is-Lost-But-Everywhere*

Jens Durke
Rom Brown

SYMBOL:	A broken compass rose without cardinal directions
ALIGNMENT:	Determine with 1d6 for each encounter: 1,2=Chaotic 3,4=Neutral 5,6=Lawful
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	–4
HIT PTS. (HD):	200 hp (30 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (anything he might get his hands on)
DAMAGE:	3d6 + special
SAVE:	M30
MORALE:	12 minus the result of the alignment roll
HOARD CLASS:	Rare maps, information (see text), 1d3 random minor lost artifacts
XP:	25,000

Feloren, Astrayed Patron of the Lost and The Idol of Misdirection is, ironically, a lost god, worshipped only by a very small congregate of dao cultists that describe him as The-One-That-Is-Lost-But-Everywhere. They apply a twisted logic to explain how he exists because he doesn't (or is that the other way around?)—the wrong path taken is a path nonetheless.

Finding Feloren is, paradoxically, taking a wrong turn—and being lost in a paradox, he is a lonely petty god indeed. Whenever someone is lost and a random encounter occurs, there is a 1-in-6 chance Feloren will be encountered. He appears as a harmless old hobo with a huge, wild beard and an adventurous assortment of clothes. He will seem lost too, for most of the time he is. His behavior may seem to some to be erratic, for Feloren maintains three different embodiments at an any given time (one for each of his three alignments). Depending on his alignment and a reaction roll, he will react as follows:

Feloren Reaction Table

Roll 1d6 (instead of 2d6) and add the result of his alignment roll.

2	**Misleading:** "Unaware" he is a god.
3	**Counterproductive:** "Unaware" he is a god.
4-5	**Spurning:** "Unaware" he is a god.
6-8	**Indifferent:** "Aware" he is a god.
9-10	**Reluctant:** "Aware" he is a god.
11	**Helpless:** "Aware" he is a god.
12	**Disoriented:** "Aware" he is a god.

In his "aware" state (reaction rolls of 9 and greater), he is able (and willing) to assist the lost persons, though his help may not be of much assistance—he is, after all, lost. In his "unaware" state (reaction rolls of 8 and lower), his confusion will get the better of him, and his actions will be counterproductive to aiding the PCs in becoming "un-lost" (though he may pretend he is indeed trying to be helpful—such is his flighty nature).

Giving Feloren gifts or presents may alter his reaction for the better. For example, misleading maps fill him with glee; each misleading detail (e.g., "Here Be Dragons!") may provide a +1 to his reaction. However, anything worthwhile that somebody is willing to lose (e.g., memories, close relatives, etc.) will go a long way toward enlisting the aid of Feloren.

Killing Feloren is possible, but very difficult. To do so requires uniting his three alignment-embodiments, but considering each of them is always lost, the chance of all three being in the same location at once is next to impossible. Even killing one of his embodiments is difficult. Spells cast at him have a 3-in-6 chance of "becoming lost" both from the spellcaster's mind... *and spellbook!* Additionally, anyone making a successful physical attack against him (ranged or melee) must save vs. spell or be teleported 1d6 miles in a random direction.

Feloren knows with 90% probability the whereabouts of anyone and anything lost. He might share the information, but he will not reveal himself as a god (if he knows at all). Depending on how he is treated, and if he knows he is a god, Feloren may choose to *bless* or *curse* those he meets. A *blessed* person will know the next 1d6 times what the right direction is (provided via hints from the DM). A cursed person, on the other hand, will unknowingly move 1d6 times in the wrong direction (e.g., the characters will say they are going in one direction, but the DM will move them in a different direction).

Fimtakar *(petty goddess of spices known & unknown, spice traders, and sea travelers)*

TITLES: *The Great Traderess*

Steven Bartok
Darcy Perry

SYMBOL:	A mortar & pestle set over three wavy parallel lines
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
ARMOR CLASS:	5
HIT PTS. (HD):	85 hp (18 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (throw)
DAMAGE:	See below
SAVE:	C18
MORALE:	6
HOARD CLASS:	See below
XP:	3,250

Fimtakar is the goddess of spices yet-to-be and spices long forgotten. She appears as a moderately attractive young woman wearing dirty, loose clothes of simple tailoring. Historically, it is said that she carries around two clay jugs, one in each hand—one that pours out spices yet-to-be, and the other which pours out spices forever forgotten by modern civilization.

Fimtakar is worshiped by spice traders and those who make their profession through sea or ocean travel (such as sailors). The religion surrounding her worship is somewhat organized. Worshipers are often called "Fikaros" (fih-CAR-oze), a title which can either be respectful or malicious, given the individual context in which it is used.

Fimtakar rewards followers that conduct frequent sacrifices of spices as well as frequent exploration for new spices. Sacrifices are always conducted by giving away spices to people, giving away the locations of spices to other merchants, using spices in recipes not known for them (for example, mixing a spice into a bread recipe that traditionally does not call for it) or even giving away the recipe for the creation of a spice (although this is somewhat rare as even fanatical followers are somewhat hesitant to give up something that valuable). Sailors are known to throw spices such as salt or pepper into the sea during their travels at least once per day. A lot of spice traders will throw cinnamon behind them periodically while traveling between cities (a common-enough practice that trade routes are sometimes called "Cinnamon Trails").

Worship of Fimtakar also takes the form of exploration. Worshipers have been known to take often irrational risks in exploring unknown or dimly known regions of the world, in search of new materials that can be used to make new spices or to seek new cultures that may use spices yet unheard of. Explorers often leave behind small bottles of spices in their explorations, superficially burying them in shallow holes as a sacrifice.

Fimtakar rewards worshipers in several ways. She may appear before an explorer, leading them to a tree or plant that can be made into a new spice. She may appear as a trader, selling a spice or recipe of a spice to a worshiper who may not realize that she is a god. She may even appear for her own carnal pleasures, as the mass majority of worshipers are men. One tale tells of a wealthy spice trader who filled a giant barrel with spice to be burned as a sacrifice, and from which the goddess climbed out completely bare. So awed and impressed was he with her appearance that he immediately decided instead to give all of the spice away to a nearby village. The myth has it that he ran down the streets of the village screaming in delight, cramming handfuls of spice into the hands of children and into any empty bowls that he could find.

Fimtakar can also punish worshipers as well. Those who excessively charge for spice or withhold spice from the masses may find all of their spice turned to sand as punishment. Spice traders may find their sources of spice ravaged by rats or turned to useless mounds of mud. Fimtakar may personally appear and blow toxic spices onto the worshiper, which (on a failed save vs. breath) cause physical injury (1d4+1) and *hallucinations* (3d4 turns, as per the spell). Despite her punishments, they are never severe enough to cause death, and she never punishes non-worshipers.

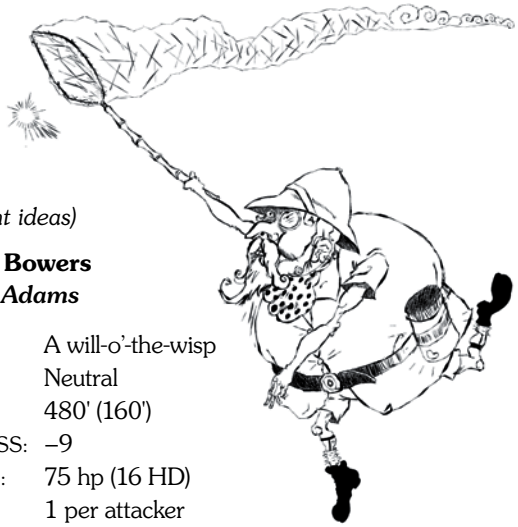
Fimtakar will greet worshipers who have been exceptional in their devotion. She will offer them a choice: she can either reveal an as-of-yet discovered spice to civilization, or create an entirely new spice yet to be discovered. Other worshipers may be turned into the spice of their choice or be prepared a meal with a forever-forgotten spice. Worshipers are never punished in the afterlife; they just are not dealt with by Fimtakar.

Amongst mortals, worshipers who pass away are always cremated to be reduced to ash. Those ashes are then usually mixed with a fairly expensive or rare spice that the worshiper was known to harvest or sell.

Flissik

(petty god of evanescent ideas)

Malcolm Bowers
Matthew Adams



SYMBOL:	A will-o'-the-wisp
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	480' (160')
ARMOR CLASS:	–9
HIT PTS. (HD):	75 hp (16 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 per attacker
DAMAGE:	Special
SAVE:	M19
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	I-IV
XP:	6,000

Flissik is the petty god of notions that disappear just as one grasps them. The brilliant idea that vanishes between conception and putting quill to parchment, the profound insight that slips away at the edge of sleep, the visionary train of thought interrupted by a visitor and lost—all are collected by Flissik. (So too are the less valuable remembrances of things one forgot to buy at market, anniversaries, etc.).

Flissik is usually only seen as a brief illumination that comes and goes, but he can be glimpsed from the corner of one's eye. He looks like a shortish, paunchy, but very quick man with beard, monocle, pith helmet, and butterfly net. The monocle lets him see 1 round into the future, the helmet is a *helm of telepathy* he can use without concentration, and he captures thoughts of interest with the net. A glowing jar at his belt stores captured bright ideas.

In combat, he always wins initiative. He will attempt to catch the thoughts of his attackers, erasing spells about to be cast from memory or otherwise making foes forget what they were about to do; those who fail to save vs. spell take no action that round. If somehow subdued or bargained with successfully (e.g. by a hasted adventurer), Flissik may restore, replace, or trade ideas, inspirations, spells, and solutions from his collection.

Flissik Reaction Table

2-4	**Helpful:** May be willing to help a party short of ideas.
5-9	**Harvesting as usual:** Takes a few ideas and goes.
10-12	**Harrowing:** Takes good ideas and spells from all and goes.

Floog

(petty god of lost things)

Malcolm Bowers
Jason Sholtis

SYMBOL:	A knot tied 'round a finger
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	90' (30') forward or backward
ARMOR CLASS:	2
HIT PTS. (HD):	90 hp (16 HD)
ATTACKS:	2 front, 2 back
DAMAGE:	1d8 each (regardless of weapon)
SAVE:	M18
MORALE:	11
HOARD CLASS:	VII, XIV (no pp)
XP:	4,200

Floog is sometimes invoked by adventurers under the mistaken impression that he is the god of major lost things like cities or treasures. In fact he is the god of small mundane things that inexplicably go missing like quills, buttons, corks, individual socks, minor heirlooms, and so on. (He is destined for greater recognition if car keys are ever invented.) He appears as two humans joined back to back, having four arms and four legs, and one head with two faces. He is never surprised. He has foresight (always wins initiative) and hindsight (once per turn can 'redo' a round or action that did not go well). Floog wears a *robe of many pockets*, from which he can produce small useful items at will, or retrieve any extant small item ever lost. Floog's *curse* causes people regularly to lose or misplace small items such as flints, rings, or spell components, and to always take ages to find things in pouches, packs, etc., for a year and a day.

Floog Reaction Table

+1 penalty for chaotics.

2	**Helpful:** If supplicated, produces lost minor item (e.g., key, clue, map, etc.).
3-4	**Considerate:** If supplicated, will provide exact location of item.
5-9	**Thoughtful:** If propitiated, will utter oracular clue to location of item.
10-11	**Distant:** Ignores everyone. If provoked, will *curse* party and depart.
12	**Thoughtful:** Ignores everyone. If provoked, will *curse* party and depart.

Fluxalle

(petty god of corroded cookware and brewing gone bad)

Michael Smith
Kelvin Green

SYMBOL:	A blackened frying pan behind a flagon of frothing mead
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
ARMOR CLASS:	–2 [+1]
HIT PTS. (HD):	63 hp (12 HD)
ATTACKS:	Special
DAMAGE:	Special
SAVE:	D12
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	IX, XV
XP:	7,600

Fluxalle, sometimes known as "Potrotter," is the god of corroded cookware and brewing gone bad. Favored by itinerate halfling tinkers and sellers of pots and pans, while despised by housewives and tavern keepers in whichever region he is currently active, he appears as a 4'-tall cadaverous halfling covered in rust, with green mold instead of hair. Fluxalle appears near isolated inns, taverns, and farm houses on moonless nights in his ethereal wagon pulled by two equally cadaverous mules. It is said that his extreme bitterness and desire to cause havoc in kitchens arises from his failure to actually attain status as a true god of brewing.

Fluxalle enters a location in ethereal form, taking material form for 1d6 hours while he causes all metalic cooking utensils and alchoholic beverages he can find to rust or spoil in 2d6 days. His actions never awaken sleeping persons, and others are only alerted to his presence on a 1 on 1d6. If detected and confronted, Fluxalle is never surprised, and unless attacked on sight will react per the table below. Fluxalle employs the following spell like abilities, usable at will: *charm monster*, *sleep*, *detect invisible*, *blink*, *ethereal form* (as *oil of etherealness*). If engaged in melee, he fights with a *dagger +2, corrosion* (a successful hit destroys metal objects, as per a rust monster), and he can only be struck by magic weapons. As a special attack, or if merely offended, Fluxalle may curse the metal posessions of 1 creature chosen at random to corrode and become useless (as per a rust

monster) in 2d6 days. If actually threatened with defeat, Fluxalle will vanish with his wagon to his home demi-plane for 2d12 months, only to reappear in a new locale afterwards. If defeated before he can escape, his wagon and mules (including his treasure plus 1d6 kegs of ordinary mead) will transform into totally normal versions of the same, waiting where he left them.

Fluxalle may, based on the reaction table below, be inclined to converse and possibly even bestow his special mead upon those who do not threaten him. Halflings recive a –1 modifier on the reaction roll, while dwarves (whom Fluxalle generally despises) take a +1 penalty. *Fluxalle's mead* is a thick and sickly sweat liquid with the following properties: halflings find it delicious, and when consumed it heals 1d6 hit points damage; humans find the flavor unremarkable, also enjoy 1d6 healing, but must save vs. poison or be stupefied (conscious, but unable to act in any way) for 1d6 hours; dwarves and elves find the substance utterly repulsive, but do not enjoy or suffer any other effects.

Fluxalle Reaction Table

Halflings -1; dwarves +1.

2	**Friendly:** Offers 1d6 doses of *Fluxalle's mead*.
3-5	**Indifferent:** Offers 1d6 doses of *Fluxalle's mead* if properly propitiated.
6-8	**Neutral:** Ignores nearby creatures.
9-11	**Unfriendly:** Hurls insults, *curses* the posessions of 1 creature, then escapes.
12	**Hostile:** Attacks with surprise on 1-3 on 1d6.

Frog Gods *(pantheon)*

Chris Tamm

Please see individual entries related to the Frog Gods pantheon.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Grandpa Toadflap*, *Johnny Hopper*, *Wart Mother,* **D)** *Goggles of the Frog Gods*.

Fubar

(petty god of magical mishap and adventure)

Darcy Perry
Rom Brown

SYMBOL:	A flaming, simple five-pointed star
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40') fly
ARMOR CLASS:	9
HIT PTS. (HD):	9 hp (3 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (bite) or special
DAMAGE:	1d4 or special
SAVE:	Always fails
MORALE:	9
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	350

Fubar is a somewhat reluctant minor god associated with death by magical mishap and misadventure. He was once a living, breathing magic-user of the third circle of power. A conjurer. Almost a theurgist. His career in the ars arcana ended abruptly when he cast a spell from an unidentified scroll in the heat of battle. The ratmen cultists had summoned a giant demon rat and the bloody tide was turning against his party of dungeon delvers. Faced with a deadly set of iridescent teeth and his own imminent death, Fubar drew forth a newly-found scroll from its case and read it hastily—as an act of desperation that resulted in a tremendous ball of flame engulfing the demonic rat, the remaining ratmen, and a few of his unfortunate companions. All were incinerated, including himself. The survivors recounted his astounding error of judgement at a tavern a few days later and the legend of Fubar was born. Legend became myth and myth became a small cabal of magic-users that cursed his name for the illrepute he brought upon their profession. Nowadays the story is told as a warning to apprentice wizards, lest they become Fubar.

Fubar still has no idea how he became a petty god, which irks him. He's also almost certain his name was Bundy. What upsets him even more is that before becoming a divine entity, he was firmly of the belief that gods were nothing more than religious mumbo jumbo to help the 'weak of mind' with their fear of the unknown. The fact that he appears as a smoking, disembodied floating skull with eerie glowing eye sockets annoys him no end. He will only turn up whenever and wherever a spell or saving throw versus a magical effect has failed miserably, proudly wearing his most prized possession: a burnt, pointy, wide-brimmed hat with a fiery five-pointed star emblazoned on it. Fubar can only be seen by magic-users (and their familiars), with whom he can 'speak' telepathically (as he has no vocal chords). On a favorable reaction roll, he can offer sagely advice of dubious merit, identify magic items (75% accuracy), or conjure a bronze cylinder containing a magic-user spell scroll (random, 1d3 level magic-user spell). However, should he deem the spell caster unworthy, Fubar will recount dreadful stories of doomed dungeon delvers and the dangers of eldritch magic.

Something weird always happens upon Fubar's arrival. Roll 1d6:

1 **Sagely Advice:** Fubar offers wisdom, garnered from his own experience (earned the hard way through his lack of wisdom). One question on any subject may be asked by the magic-user. Because Fubar is trying to improve his reputation, the answer given is often cryptic, though rarely accurate. Upon answering, he self-combusts and vanishes in a puff of smoke.

2 **Heavy Rain:** Hundreds and thousands of flaming rats fall from above; damage is 1d3 hit points per round unless cover is found; flammable items will combust; the downpour lasts 1d4 hours.

3 **Conjures Scroll:** Fubar disappears in a puff of smoke and a charred scroll case drops to the ground; within, unharmed, is a scroll (random 1d3 level magic-user spell).

4 **Soul Switch:** Each player hands their character sheet to the player on their left. Play on!

5 **Yellow Ruin.** Everything the magic-user is wearing turns to custard (no save). For rules lawyers, if it's on the character sheet, it's custard.

6 **Overly Familiar.** A ghostly owl haunts the magic-user, telling woeful tales for 2d6 days and nights, disturbing any chance of rest for the magic-user. When he finally departs in a fiery howl-hoot, the magic-user gains +1 Wisdom and a five-pointed star upon his forehead.

GADFIEL • GALDU AURKITU • GALISHMA • GILTHIGOET • GINNY MILK EYE • GLARIA • GLORFALL • GLYREA • GNUNNUG • GOD OF THE IRON URN • GOD ON THE MOUNTAIN • GOR NOCHRI & GAR NACHRI • GORGONMJOLK • GO'RUUSH • GRAND PLANAR GOD • GRANDPA TOADFLAP • GREMLYN • GROÍN • GRUGZARET • GYTTJAN

Gadfiel *(petty goddess of spells gone awry)*

Matt Fischer
Mark Allen (Gadfiel)
James V. West (feature)

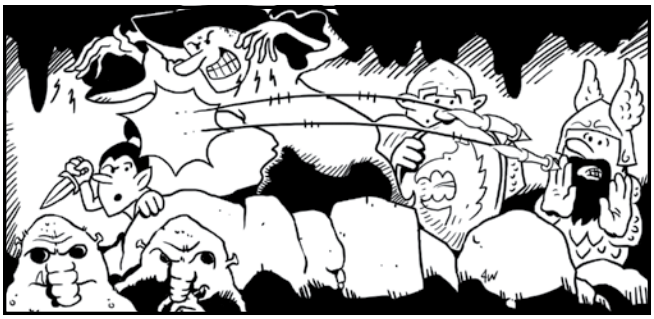
SYMBOL:	A prism
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	180' (60')
ARMOR CLASS:	3
HIT PTS. (HD):	38 hp (20 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (dagger)
DAMAGE:	1d4
SAVE:	M20
MORALE:	6
HOARD CLASS:	VIII, XIV
XP:	2,263

Gadfiel appears as a statuesque, gorgeous redheaded woman dressed in gauzy robes. To any whose eyes can pierce illusion, however, Gadfiel appears as an aging, slightly below average height redheaded man with a bald spot, weak chin, and thick mustache. Gadfiel's favors are fickle, though she often responds favorably to flattery.

Gadfiel has all the power of a 20th level magic-user. Spells used on or near her do not have the desired effect, instead producing a random effect of equal or lesser level (roll randomly for level, then for effect), possibly affecting the wrong target (all at the discretion of the DM.) Her spells work perfectly, of course.

Gadfiel Reaction Table

2	**Gadfiel attempts** to make out with the male in the party with the highest Charisma.
3-4	**Gadfiel tags along**, making lascivious comments or inviting PCs to dance, sing or otherwise cavort with her.
5-6	**Gadfiel helps** the party briefly with her spells.
7	**Gadfiel dances** and sings popular songs of a bygone era.
8-9	**Gadfiel *curses*** any spellcaster so his spells go awry for 1-3 days.
10-12	**Gadfiel leaves**, puts up spell defenses, then returns to attack the party or misleads them with illusions.



Galdu Aurkitu *(petty god of things lost and found)*

Anthony Ragan
Scott Faulkner

SYMBOL:	Keys on a ring; a single sock
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	180' (60')
ARMOR CLASS:	–3
HIT PTS. (HD):	90 hp (19 HD)
ATTACKS:	Special
DAMAGE:	Special
SAVE:	T20
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	VIII, XVII
XP:	10,000

Galdu Aurkitu is the petty god of all things mislaid and unexpectedly found. A relative of the gods of good and bad luck, Galdu Aurkitu appears in one of three forms: an elderly, forgetful man; a young woman with three walnut shells and a pea; and a helpful lad. When encountered, each represents an aspect of Galdu Aurkitu's role: forgetting where one put something; being sure something set aside was there just a moment ago; and suddenly finding in an unexpected place something thought lost.

Galdu Aurkitu is often invoked by those looking for a mislaid object, from something as minor as the house keys to something as important as a secret treaty. He (or she) can be a capricious god. If a person annoys the god (or one of the god's divine friends), Galdu Aurkitu will cause a needed item not to be where it was supposed to be, even though it was just put there a moment ago. The idea is not to cause harm, but to annoy and inconvenience the victim. On the other hand, Galdu Aurkitu can take pity on those who have lost something dear to them, such as the son who was sure he lost an heirloom ring, or the poor widow frantic because she can't find the rent money. The item will be found in the least likely place to look, and it is still up to the searcher to find it. Whether causing an item to be lost or found, Galdu Aurkitu takes great pleasure in mortals' reactions and may well be nearby, watching.

In combat, Galdu Aurkitu attacks by 'mislaying' opponents' weapons and magic items (e.g., a fighter will reach for a sword, only it's not there—he must have left it back in camp; the wizard will reach for a scroll, only to discover it is not where it is supposed to be). In each case, the item will be in the hand of Galdu Aurkitu, who will then put it to best use. The petty god can use this power once per round.

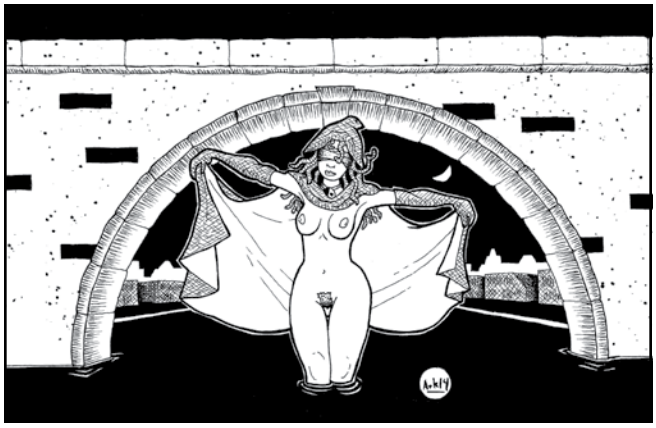
When truly angry, Galdu Aurkitu can *curse* a mortal, ensuring that, once in the next 24 hours, an item will be missing when most needed. If Galdu Aurkitu particularly likes a mortal and decides to *bless* him or her, then something treasured and thought long-lost will be unexpectedly found and returned to them sometime in the next week, or perhaps opponents in combat will mislay a weapon or magic item. This latter blessing lasts for only 24 hours, however, and, like the curse, only happens once.

Galdu Aurkitu Reaction Table

Modifed by Intelligence instead of Charisma.

2	**Friendly:** *Blesses* 1d4 nearby targets.
3-5	**Indifferent:** *Blesses* 1d4 nearby targets. if properly propitiated.
6-8	**Neutral:** Ignores nearby creatures.
9-11	**Unfriendly:** *Curses* 1d4 nearby targets if not properly propitiated.
12	**Hostile:** *Curses* 1d4 nearby targets.

RELATED ENTRIES: **S)** *Lose.*



Galishma *(petty goddess of darkness under bridges and the disposing of bodies)*

Ben Djarum
Studio Arkhein

SYMBOL:	The left half of a skull
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	180' (60')
ARMOR CLASS:	0
HIT PTS. (HD):	90 hp (20 HD)
ATTACKS:	Special
DAMAGE:	Smothering or drowning
SAVE:	M20
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	Special (see below)
XP:	15,000

Assassins and murderers pray for Galishma's blessing when they are in need of disposing of their lifeless victims. The killer will carve a symbol of Galishma into the victim's head, or place a talisman in the mouth, before the body is buried or sunk into a body of water. This guarantees that Galishma will hide the bodies in her vaults in the deep waters.

Galishma appears in her corporeal form as a young woman wearing a black cowl, with a veil over her eyes. Long black gloves cover her long slender fingers and forearms. Under her hood, Galishma's hair is a mass of writhing black tentacles. Beneath her gloves, the hands and fingers are also a long slithering mass of tentacles.

Galishma's tentacles can grasp anyone within a 60' radius. She can drown a victim in any body of water, no matter how shallow. She can also use her tentacles to smother or choke a victim as well. Those struck by Galishma's tentacles must save vs. paralysis each round or be killed in four rounds.

Galishma favors the chaotic, especially assassins and rogues. Some assassin guilds will build secret shrines to Galishma. Her followers place offerings of skulls, funereal incense, and small cakes made of blood, urine and ashes under bridges and near lakes and rivers.

A famous homily of Galishma tells of a woman who murdered her unfaithful lover. The man was very wealthy and held in great regard, but he was cruel and abusive to the woman. The woman cried beside the ocean and Galishma took the body away, never to be found. The woman was never suspected and in fact won great favor from her people. In reponse to this story, some women preserve a space in their family shrines for Galishma.

Other stories tell of Galishma giving presents of mystical curved daggers to her followers. The daggers contained a special poison that could instantly kill any living creature with so much as a gentle poke (+1d10 to hit and save vs. poison or die). Very few of these are said to be in existance, and only the highest priestesses and priests are known to carry them.

To summon Galishma, one must tie themselves to two freshly slain innocent corpses (meaning they have never been convicted of a crime in their homeland) and drown themselves in a dark river on a moonless night. Galishma will then revive the summoner on the shore.

Galishma can also, at will, cast *polymorph self*, *breathe underwater*, *teleport*, *limited wish*, *power word kill*, and *invisibility*.

Galishma's vault is in its own watery dimension—an impossibly huge hall filled with bodies slowly decomposing in the salty depths. Also, her treasure vault is filled with thousands of year's worth of armor, treasure, and weaponry. One can only gain access to the vault by Galishma's invitation.

Gar Nachri *(twin petty god of gossip, rumor, unfounded hearsay and baseless speculation)*

See the entry for *Gor Nochri & Gar Nachri* in this section.

Gilthigoet

(petty god of magical and forgotten pools)

R.J. Thompson
Kevin Chevernet

SYMBOL:	A bronze coin picturing a river flowing from a pool
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	60' (20')
SWIM:	180' (60')
ARMOR CLASS:	–3
HIT PTS. (HD):	106 hp (16 HD)
ATTACKS:	3 (2 clawed hands + 1 tentacle)
DAMAGE:	1d6+4/1d6+4/1d8
SAVE:	E10
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	XVII
XP:	4,200

Petty god of magical and forgotten pools, Gilthigoet began his career as a true god. Once upon a time Gilthigoet was the elven god of sacred lakes and pools. In the long forgotten time before man, when the other planes were closer to the prime material, Gilthigoet enjoyed a devout following. The elven kings would make sacrifices to him in the form of ornate treasures and powerful weapons in exchange for his abundant blessings upon their lakes, wells, and springs. That time is long past and few but the most ancient of sages remember this god. With a lack of followers the god has fallen from grace and has been left only with the charge as guardian of magical and forgotten pools, fitting for a forgotten god. This has left the god in a damaged state, remembering his former glory, but unable to reclaim it.

Gilthigoet appears (from the waist up) as a gaunt, pale elf, with ears longer than those of a common elf. His eyes are dark, as is his hair. From the waist down, instead of legs, grows a single black tentacle, which the petty god uses to both swim and attack. This fallen deity can be found in and around magical and long forgotten pools, indeed he may *teleport* to any such pool that he knows of by simply swimming into any pool and willing himself into another. Unfortunately, his petty godhood and physiology prevent him from leaving the vicinity of such places. If he is encountered, Gilthigoet may be indifferent to the party. However, if elves are present, Gilthigoet has a 50% chance of becoming depressed and 50% chance of becoming enraged and attacking the elves for their race's 'betrayal' in his abandonment. In any case Gilthigoet may be placated by making an offering in one of his pools. If he is placated (moreover, if placated by elves) Gilthigoet may be moved 50% (75% for elves) into helping a group using any of his abilities. Gilthigoet casts spells as a cleric of the 16th level.

In combat Gilthigoet will use any spells available to him. He also attacks with his webbed and clawed hands (each doing 1d6+4 damage) as well as his tentacle (doing 1d8). If Gilthigoet's tentacle strikes, he deals 1d8 damage and his target must save vs. paralysis or become grappled. Each round a target remains wrapped in in the tentacle, the petty god can squeeze for 2d8+4 damage. An additional saving throw can be attempted each successive round the target remains entangled, in order to escape the tentacle. The treasure that Gilthigoet keeps in any given pool should be rolled before he is encountered there; he will have access to and can use any magic items usable by clerics and fighters.

Ginny Milk Eye

(petty goddess of termagants and viragos)

Vindico Vindicatum
Danny Perdue

SYMBOL:	A white marble, pearl or gem
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
FLY:	240' (80') in kettle
ARMOR CLASS:	–1
HIT PTS. (HD):	65 hp (15 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (see below)
DAMAGE:	2d6+2
SAVE:	M18
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	d1000+100 copper coins
XP:	11,000

Ginny Milk Eye is a gleeful hag with a local folk hat, tattered dress, stripey stockings, and big long boots. She rides her kettle through they sky, knocking over chimneys of selfish people or defecating down chimneys into the cauldrons of mean people. She will also steal their clogs, or simply fill them with excrement. Ginny also throws dung at foul-mouthed trouble-makers from out of town. She is adept at swooping in to attack without being seen (surprises on a 1-3 outdoors when flying ambush).

If her victims fight back, are defended, or take out their frustration on innocents, she attacks. Each of her attacks (a rolling pin, a pair of shears, or a thrown clog), do 2d6+2 points of damage, with each causing an additional special effect: her rolling pin will additionally stun a foe for 1d4 rounds on a failed save vs. paralysis; her shears will additionally cause wounds that result in a blood loss of 1 hp per round (cumulative) until magically healed; her clogs additionally cause their target (on a failed save vs. paralysis) to temporarily lose 1d4 Intelligence points, with the lost points being regained at rate of one point per day. If a victim is knocked to zero Intelligence, the victim will forget to breathe and die (no save).

Vindictive old women (not necessarily witches, even if they have a few too many cats), call upon her when selfish persons have brought suffering, or when trouble-makers come into town and harm locals. They write the names of the evil-doers on leaves (simply referring to them as "the strangers" is good enough for Ginny), and burn the leaves in their fireplace with some hog whiskers and a hedgehog quill. Village women meet yearly (on the occasion of a local festival) and send Ginny to bother the one person they deem the most selfish villager of the year.

Glaria

(petty goddess of time's lawful inevitability)

TITLES: *She Who Watches the Sands, The Faceless Bride of Time, The Goddess of the Lonely, the Lost, and Lunatics*
AFFILIATIONS: *The Mearra*

Eric Fabiaschi
Scott Faulkner

SYMBOL:	A broken hour glass
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	150' (50')
ARMOR CLASS:	2
HIT PTS. (HD):	75 hp (15 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (fists or lightning bolt)
DAMAGE:	6d6 or 8d6
SAVE:	F15
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	XVII + 3,000 gp
XP:	3,300

Glaria is the goddess of the lawful inevitability of time itself. She is the eternal moment of the final tick of time. She moves from the fullness of one moment to the next, watching between the seconds of the Prime Plane for the opportunities which lie there. It is she who interferes with the events of lives, causes the swing of Law to happen, and forces final outcomes. Glaria is the wife of Merramorina and mother of the Family of Inevitability. She has been know to have affairs with comely mortals of particular genius (e.g., artists, lovers and madmen). It is one of these affairs that produced her bastard son Sertitti.

This giantess is permanently of middle age. She wears a gown of draped black velvet, about which float a host of small jewels and tiny stars (which move with her). In contrast to her pale white skin, her eyes are black spheres of swirling space and time.

Glaria loathes the undead, because it is she who guides creatures toward their inevitable deaths. The undead, however, make a mockery of these deeds by to returning to 'life.' In turn, Glaria is the bane of the undead, and seeks to destroy them whenever she can. For this reason, Glaria is commonly worshipped by small communities plagued by scourges of undead. As the goddess of the lonely, the lost, and lunatics, she may choose to exacerbate such situations by showing mortals the streams of insanity which flow through time and space, placing them (on a failed saving throw vs. spell) into a permanent catatonia (removable through the spell *remove curse*). She is able to use this ability three times per day.

In combat, Glaria may strike with her fists for 6d6 damage, or with a lightening bolt of pure Law (180' long and 10' wide) that does 3d8 on a successful "to hit" roll. She may use one of these lightning bolts every three rounds. Additionally, she is able to gate in any of her children (one child per attempt) during any given round, with a 75% chance of success.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Arvirive*, *Avirgiri*, *The Mearra*, *Merramorina*, *Micicara*, *Nardrea*, *Ruslivia*, *Sertetti*, *Termarr*, *Tsrura*.

Glorfall *(petty god of academic arguments)*

Blair Fitzpatrick & Johnstone Metzger
Thomas Fitzgerald

SYMBOL:	A large tome wrapped in chains
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	2
HIT PTS. (HD):	90 hp (20 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (tome)
DAMAGE:	(1d10+5) + Intelligence & memory loss
SAVE:	C20
MORALE:	11
HOARD CLASS:	Nil
XP:	4,250

Glorfall, the petty god of academic arguments, appears as a tall, powerfully built scholar with a wildly unkempt salt-and-pepper beard, a huge mouth, and rotten teeth. Glorfall dwells in an ivory tower that exists simultaneously in both Krangath, the icy layer of Gehenna, and also floating freely in Acheron.

Glorfall bears a gargantuan tome, bound shut with heavy clasps and affixed to a heavy chain. The other end of this chain is locked around Glorfall's left wrist. Glorfall wields this tome in battle, being able to throw it up to 30 feet and than immediately pull it back. Any struck by the tome must save vs. spell or lose 1 point of Intelligence and a handful of memories. The tome acts as a +5 weapon.

He may shout, with the effect of a *horn of blasting*, five times per day. As it is insufferably hard to do well under Glorfall's gaze, those who are subject to his baleful glare must save vs. spell or suffer a –2 penalty on attacks against Glorfall (for the duration of the encounter).

Any former students of a university, college, academy or the like, who finds themselves in Glorfall's prescence must make a save vs. paralysis or be struck awed, dumbfounded, and unable to take any action while Glorfall speaks. Any command he makes, however, will be immediately obeyed.

Any current professors (or equivalent, but not including honorary professors) who find themselves in Glorfall's prescence must also make save vs. paralysis or they will be commanded by Glorfall to retract their prior academic work and spend the rest of their careers arguing an opposing thesis; or, if they have previously reversed their academic position, arguing an entirely new thesis that rejects all previously held positions.

Glorfall is primarily worshipped in the ivy-covered, ebon halls of Glorfallen University. At the centre of campus is a 30'-tall bronze and iron statue of Glorfall orating, with giant rubies for eyes. Attempts to steal the rubies, the statue, or any part of the statue, will result in Glorfall being summoned in 2d6 minutes. Glorfallen University only accepts light-skinned males as students, professors, or other professional staff.

Prayers to Glorfall must be systematically argued by a tenured professor of a legitimate, respected academic institution, and the orator must sound like they know what they are talking about. While Glorfallen University has restrictive policies, Glorfall accepts prayers from tenured professors of all persuasions, provided that their academic institution is legitimate.

A tenured professor who prays to Glorfall once a week for a whole semester will receeve 2d20×1.7 (round down) additional undergraduate students the following semester, and 1d6 additional applications from prospective graduate students.

Professors that have practiced regular supplications to Glorfall receive a +1 to all rolls for attacks, damage, and saving throws while defending a thesis in battle.

Glorfall Reaction Table

2	**Friendly:** Lectures those present at great length. All present benefit from a 25% reduction in time required for all research for the next three months.
3-5	**Indifferent:** Disappears.
6-8	**Neutral:** Pontificates to academics but ignores non-scholarly types.
9-11	**Unfriendly:** Strikes one being with his tome and departs.
12	**Hostile:** Attacks.

Glyrea *(petty goddess of serpents, venom, and poisons)*

TITLES: *The Giantess; The Gorgon; Glyrea of the Forked Tongue*
CULT: *Society of the Serpent*

Josh Graboff
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

SYMBOL:	An asp
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	180' (60')
ARMOR CLASS:	2
HIT PTS. (HD):	90 hp (20 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (fists) plus 1d12 (serpents)
DAMAGE:	1d12 (fists) plus 1d8+poison (serpents)
SAVE:	Immune to all magic and poisons, otherwise saves as F20
MORALE:	12 (never fails)
HOARD CLASS:	XVII, XVIII
XP:	20,000

Glyrea is one of the Archaoi, the gigantine gods from before the coming of the Aelio. Her worship spread to the south men after they settled in Rhøn and she became a common goddess during the First Empire. However, in the modern age she is publicly denounced (though her worship is not proscribed). Privately, many important political figures make offerings to her in the hopes that she will 'remove' their rivals. Her temples are small affairs, and her priesthood is reviled. She is strongly associated with the stain of necromancy and assassination, and is called the Giantess, the Gorgon, and Glyrea of the Forked Tongue.

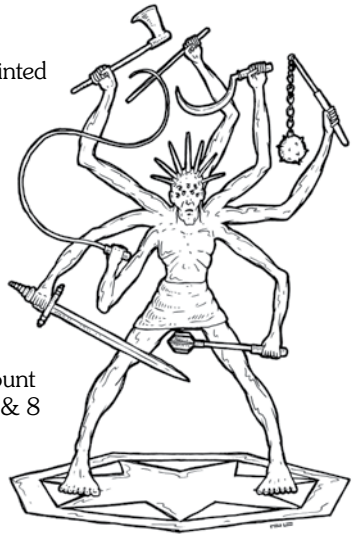
Offerings to her can be made anywhere, though it is proper to her worship to make them at a shrine. These can include the regular bevy of slaughtered animals, but also offerings of one's own precious blood to bind a pact with Glyrea are not uncommon. There are few members of her inner cult among the people of the north, but those who are are certainly not to be trusted.

She appears as an alluring woman of gigantic stature and flashing eyes, often wearing a toga or a robe. Beneath her clothing, however, wind hundreds of serpents of various types, all of them deadly. In combat, 1d12 of these at any given time can position themselves to strike (save vs. poison or die).

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Insitor, Sernis;* **C)** *Society of the Serpent.*

Gnunnug *(petty god of the number seven)*

Gavin Norman
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.



SYMBOL:	A seven-pointed star atop a rainbow
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	–7 [+2]
HIT PTS. (HD):	77 hp (17 HD)
ATTACKS:	7
DAMAGE:	1d7 each (roll 1d8; count results of 7 & 8 as a 7)
SAVE:	M17
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	XVIII, crystal rod (see below)
XP:	6,250

Gnunnug is the petty god of the number seven, known only to students of numerology and geometry. He is associated with the seven days of the week and the colors of the rainbow, and appears as a tall, lithe humanoid, with seven arms, seven eyes, and seven rainbow hued horns projecting from his brow in a crown-like formation. His skin is completely smooth, and glows faintly with iridescent colors.

In combat the petty god is extremely agile and makes a whirlwind of attacks with the seven weapons he carries (all dealing the same damage)—a whip, a sickle, a mace, a flail, an axe, a sword, and a crystal rod. He can only be struck by magical weapons with a +2 or greater enchantment. Additionally Gnunnug has the following spell-like abilities (wielded through his crystal rod) which he can use at will: *mirror image* (projects 7 images), *feeblemind*, and *prismatic sphere*. *Gnunnug's rod* is fabled to also have other powers relating to the colors of the rainbow.

Gnunnug is engaged in an eternal meditation on the numerical derivatives of his number, and, when encountered, is always deep in thought. He resents any intrusion to his task, except for the offering of sets of seven items, which he gladly receives, irrespective of their material worth. A suitable offering grants a –2 bonus to the reaction roll. The petty god also reacts favorably to groups of seven characters, granting a –2 bonus to the reaction roll.

Gnunnug Reaction Table

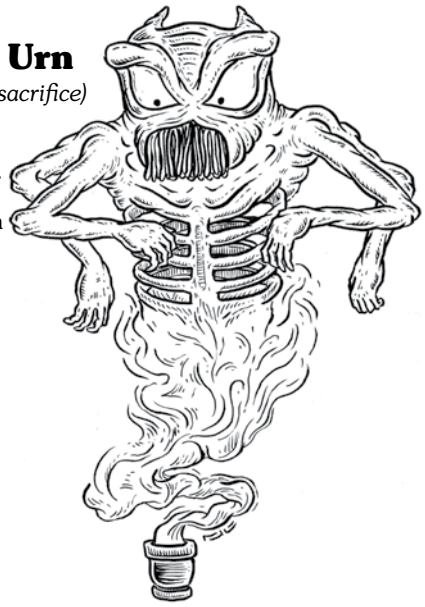
Use Intelligence instead of Charisma for modifier.

2	**Friendly:** Will answer a single question relating to his domain of influence.
3-5	**Indifferent:** Will answer a single question relating to his domain of influence, if deemed a matter of importance.
6-8	**Neutral:** Ignores nearby creatures and returns to meditation.
9-11	**Unfriendly:** Attempts to discourage further intrusion by use of the powers of his rod.
12	**Hostile:** Attacks intruders.

God of the Iron Urn

(petty god of madness and sacrifice)

Geoffrey McKinney
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.



SYMBOL:	A black urn
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	180' (60')
ARMOR CLASS:	5 [+1]
HIT PTS. (HD):	84 hp (15 HD)
ATTACKS:	4 (claws)
DAMAGE:	See below
SAVE:	F15
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	3,300

Scattered upon countless worlds are stoppered, featureless iron urns (about 1' tall). If one of these iron urns is unstoppered, a green gas will flow out and solidify into the God of the Iron Urn—a horrid four-armed entity with a bare ribcage and cilia in place of a mouth under its bulging eyes.

The God of the Iron Urn takes 1 round to fully issue from its urn. During this round it cannot attack, but it can be attacked. Only enchanted weapons, magic, or high-tech weaponry (such as laser blasts) can harm it. The god can never travel farther than 100' from its urn. Each time it comes forth from the urn, the DM should re-roll its hit point total using 15d4, 15d6, 15d8, 15d10, or 15d12 (equal chance of each). Each of its claws does 1d4, 1d6, 1d8, 1d10, or 1d12 points of damage, randomly determined each round. (If he so wishes, the DM can rule that the God of the Iron Urn always has 68 hit points, and always does 1d8 damage per attack.)

If the God of the Iron Urn strikes an opponent with at least two claws in a single round, the god pulls him to the contact poison on its cilia (save vs. poison or die).

The God of the Iron Urn will slay those who release it unless they give the entity worship and live human (or demi-human) sacrifice. When a sacrifice is made, the god (without actually touching the sacrifice) takes 1 round to consume it. The sacrifice desiccates to a skeleton covered with dry skin. The sacrifice's blood appears on the god's ribcage, and it twitches in ecstasy as the sacrifice writhes in pain. During this round the god cannot attack. It takes 2 rounds to consume a fertile human female virgin.

Each human sacrifice grants the supplicant a 25% (non-cumulative) chance of a boon. Adjust the chance according to the following table:

Sacrifice is...	Bonus
female	+5%
virgin	+5%
halfling	–5%
half-elf	–7%
elf	–10%
dwarf or gnome	–15%
half-orc	–20%
per point of Charisma over 12	+1%
per point of Charisma under 9	–1%

The boon consists of the one-time ability to transform oneself into a black pudding, gray ooze, green slime, or ochre jelly (equal chance of each). Transformed persons retain their intelligence and psionic powers, but nothing else. Possessions do not transform. If not careful, one's new form might destroy its own possessions, such as an armored character transforming himself into green slime. The transformation lasts 24 hours, no more and no less. A character can receive this boon an unlimited number of times, and can even accumulate multiple boons through multiple sacrifices.

The God of the Iron Urn can issue from its urn no more than once every 4 hours. It can stay out of the urn for only 1 hour at a time, though each sacrifice restarts the hour.

God on the Mountain

(petty patron god of the city of Shazid Mon)*

Mike "Carlson" Davis
Vindico Vindicatum

SYMBOL:	Silhouette of a mountain surmounted by a halo
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	Varies
ARMOR CLASS:	Varies
HIT PTS. (HD):	Varies (at least 10 HD)
ATTACKS:	Varies
DAMAGE:	Varies
SAVE:	Varies
MORALE:	9
HOARD CLASS:	XV (temple), XVI (personal)
XP:	Varies

The God on the Mountain is the patron god of the city of Shazid Mon. Protector of the city, the god is never encountered outside the temple complex atop Mount Shazid, nor seen by any other than the highest members of 'his' priesthood. It is said that so long as the god resides in his temple, no harm shall befall the city.

What is unknown to the laity and even the clergy outside the main temple complex is that the God on the Mountain is a fraud perpetrated by the founder of the city, a charismatic con artist; in truth, there have been a succession of "gods" on the mountain, each a skilled adventurer who has usurped the position from the prior "god." In total, there have been twenty-seven gods residing on Mount Shazid, each bringing their own special blend of charisma and chicanery (thus the god's variable stats). The god has, at various times, been male and female; human and non-human; a warrior, a wizard, a priest, a con artist, a butcher, and various other occupations.

The fact that there is no actual god on the mountain does not, however, mean that the priesthood of the God on the Mountain is without power—far from it. The people of Shazid Mon have great faith in their god, that he will protect and empower their city. Many are called to the clergy, and on strength of faith alone are able to perform miracles as well as the followers of true gods.

God on the Mountain Reaction Table

2 **Friendly:** Treats those approaching as trusted confidants, even (possibly) to the point of revealing the truth of the God on the Mountain in private audience. Will provide almost any assistance.

3-4 **Indifferent:** Calm and somewhat relaxed; allows an extended 'public' audience, and will provide reasonable assistance.

5-6 **Neutral:** Allows a (very) short audience with those approaching. May provide limited assistance.

7-9 **Unfriendly:** Wary, but willing to listen. Still, silently gathers a cleric (level 1d4+4) and 1d4 fighters (level 1d4).

10-12 **Hostile:** Assumes he is being approached by usurpers and will lead an attack of 1-2 clerics (level 1d4+4) and 1d6 fighters (level 1d4).

Gor Nochri and Gar Nachri

(twin petty gods of gossip, rumor, unfounded hearsay, and baseless speculation)

TITLES: *T'tel and T'tall; Old Tittle and Old Tattle*

David Haraldson
Kent Miller

SYMBOL:	Two starlings (region's most prevalent type)
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful *and* Chaotic (see below)
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	9 [+1]
HIT PTS. (HD):	99 hp (20 HD) each
ATTACKS:	As manifested entity + special (charm, curse)
DAMAGE:	As manifested entity + special
SAVE:	T20
MORALE:	6 (+1 per 10 cult initiates present, up to maximum morale of 10)
HOARD CLASS:	III + IV in combination
XP:	5,250 each

The twin godlings of gossip and rumor are among the oldest known to the world's peoples—for, as often noted, whenever two people congregate, they will talk about a third. These gods can be found on the edge of any place where people gather, whispering conspicuously. Their appearance is not fixed but appropriate to the location in which they manifest; when they do appear, they traditionally do so as members of the same peer group.

One delights in causing mayhem through spreading untruths, the other gossips as a way of enforcing social mores—publicizing socially unacceptable behavior. One is aligned with Chaos, the other with Law. Of the two, nobody is sure which is which.

Annually, at one of the largest public gatherings in the realm, the godlings hold court for devotees in the Great Murmuration. The meeting to which the Murmuration attaches itself may be either religious or secular; the precise time and location is made known to worshippers through divinely inspired rumor up to one month in advance. During this festival, celebrants swap tittle tattle with each other and may also petition the godlings for new gossip, in exchange for alcoholic libations (the better to loosen lips) and their own rumors. Oddly enough, the congregation passes entirely unnoticed by authorities, even though it frequently takes place in broad daylight.

It is possible that a party of adventurers (or individual adventurers) might seek out Gor Nochri and Gar Nachri, in order to discover information about places, groups, or individuals. Whether the godlings are somehow summoned or found at the Great Murmuration, the characters should roll on the reaction table.

Gor Nochri and Gar Nachri Reaction Table

Apply the single largest Wisdom bonus of the petitioning group as a penalty, and vice versa.

-1 per gallon of beer or pint of wine offered (-2 if fine quality or higher).

-1 per two pieces of gossip offered about a subject; one must be true and one must be false but believable.

-2 if initiated into the cult.

2 **Benevolent:** Will pass on two true rumors and two false but believable rumors (that, however, provide some insight) about the subject.

3-5 **Well-disposed:** Will pass on one true and one false but believable rumor about the subject.

6-8 **Indifferent:** Will share one piece of random tittle-tattle unrelated to the topic at hand.

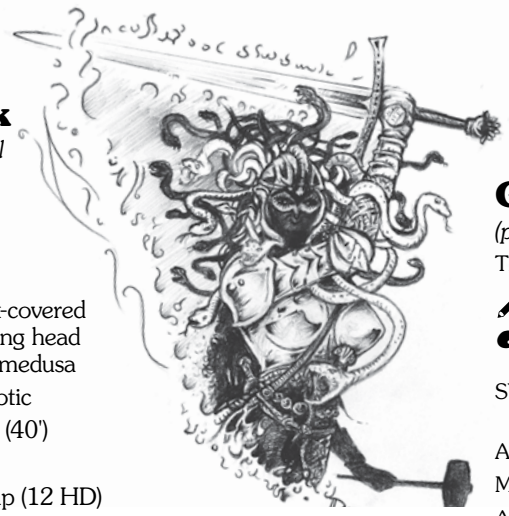
9-10 **Mildly Irritated:** Will ignore the petitioner, preferring to talk to another.

11-12 **Angered:** As irritated but will also *curse* petitioners (see below).

Additional Reaction Notes

- Unless petitioners are cult initiates, there is a cumulative +1 penalty per previous request for information to the reaction roll.
- If cursed by the godlings, petitioners will find that they are now the subject of unflattering gossip which has a percentage chance:
  - equal to the victim's level ×10 of being known by anyone of their professions within level ×10 miles radius.
  - equal to the victim's level ×5 of being known to people outside their professions within level ×5 miles radius.
  - equal to the victim's level of being known in society's highest echelons.
- The curse can only be removed by a cleric or priest of a level higher than the character(s) or by undertaking a public performance of contrition.

- People possessed of any common sense are less likely to trust information from known cult initiates. (Worshippers wear necklaces with one of the godlings' symbols both as signs of devotion and as wards against malicious gossip about themselves. When making a reaction roll, the reacting individual applies his/ her Wisdom modifiers directly to the result, in addition to other modifiers. Double bonuses/ penalties if the modifier would already be in effect.)
- If attacked, the godlings will be defended by the nearest 1d6+1 NPCs (all *charmed*) and make their escape into the crowds (count as thieves' Hide-in-Shadows ability of appropriate level), fighting only as a last resort.



Gôrgônmjôlk

(petty goddess of steel and metallurgy)

Jonas Mustonen
Darcy Perry

SYMBOL:	Soot-covered smiling head of a medusa
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	–3
HIT PTS. (HD):	50 hp (12 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (sword)
DAMAGE:	1d8 + 4d6 (fire) + special
SAVE:	F12
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	5d50 steel weapons
XP:	2,000

Every northern barbarian woman believes that menfolk are lazy, that patriarchs spend their days sitting on the throne and dodging real work, and that behind every great god is a goddess. Out of frustration for gender roles (e.g., that a blacksmith's work is suitable only to men) came the divine spark that brought this goddess of steel into being.

Northern barbarians (who believe the secret of steel working to be holy) have a very grim, duty-obsessed matriarchal deity—Gôrgônmjôlk. This goddess of steel-hardening appears as a medusa covered by layers of soot and ash, accumulated during her millenia of working the forge. As her face is obscured by layer upon layer of this residue, looking upon her does not turn anyone to stone.

Gôrgônmjôlk wields a +2 flaming sword of extreme sharpness known as *Mjôlkblad* ("Milkblade"). In the goddess's hand, this sword glows white-hot and, on a successful "to hit" roll, does 1d8+2 standard damage plus 4d6 of fire damage. Furthermore, on a natural "to hit" roll of 19 or 20, the sword will lop off the head its victim, killing instantaneously (no saving throw). Gôrgônmjôlk has been known to lend Mjôlkblad to female fighters of chaotic alignment, but in the hands of anyone other than Gôrgônmjôlk, the sword operates as a standard *+2 sword* (doing only 1d8+2, with no fire damage nor chance of decapitating a victim).

Gôrgônmjôlk Reaction Table

2-4	Whispers hoarsely the secret of steel. Anyone listening has a 1% chance per Intelligence point above 12 to learn the secret of making a vorpal sword. Any necessary materials must be acquired separately (3d6×1,000 gp). There is 75% chance each day that secret will be forgotten, regardless of any attempt to preserve the knowledge (e.g., if written down, the writing will appear as gibberish). The secret is impossible to pass to another person,
5-10	Demands tribute in the form of 1d6 days worth of toiling in her forge. Offenders willing to pay this tribute will be teleported to her home realm. Make a new reaction roll at end of each service period,
11-12	Angry, she will threaten to start lopping off heads if worshipful prostration, begging, and ululation does not begin immediately (a promise she will gladly make good on).

Go'Ruush

(petty ogre god of intelligence and subterfuge)
TITLES: *The Ogre Sympathizer*

Mike Lizardi & Christopher Conklin
Christopher Conklin

SYMBOL:	An open book in front of two crossed daggers
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	–5
HIT PTS. (HD):	100 hp (19 HD)
ATTACKS:	2 (daggers)
DAMAGE:	1d6+6 plus poison ×2
SAVE:	T19
MORALE:	8
HOARD CLASS:	See below
XP:	6,000

Go'Ruush appears as short, skinny ogre dressed in a fine black tunic. Go'Ruush does not appear to be armed (though he is in fact carrying two cunningly hidden *daggers of venom +5*; unlimited doses of poison). Though he lacks an impressive physique, he possesses a very shrewd mind. The act of speaking to Go'Ruush is in itself a gamble, as his voice constantly acts as a *suggestion* spell (save vs. spell at –6 every for each round spent in conversation).

Machinations within machinations; plans within plans; the subtle lie is deadlier than the cudgel—these are the trappings of Go'Ruush the Ogre Sympathizer. Go'Ruush strives to awaken intelligence and cunning in the ogre race. Go'Ruush feels that these attributes, coupled with the legendary physical strength of the ogre race, will make them invincible.

Most ogre tribes have a basic, savage and evil inherent culture. Their lives revolve around constant infighting, crushing weaker creatures and taking what they want by force, and serving powerful, evil masters as shock troops. Go'Ruush has studied history, however, and he has seen that at least one of the 'higher' races (men) share a similar barbaric tradition. So, he bides his time, acting where he sees fit in order to push the ogre race towards their eventual ascendance.

Go'Ruush only makes his existence known to those ogres he deems worthy and smart enough to convey his teachings. As such, his name remains unknown to most scholars. Those few who have learned of him have become greatly unnerved—for a smarter ogre race would certainly spell doom for the realms.

Aside from his *daggers of venom +5*, Go'Ruush also wears *gauntlets of ogre power*, as well as a *circlet of persuasion* upon his head. His fine black tunic functions as a *cloak of displacement*, a *robe of eyes*, a *robe of blending*, and a *robe of useful items*.

Go'Ruush's followers erect no shrines and his name is never written down. After all, the less the enemies of ogrekind know of him and his plans, the easier they are to victimize.

The rare ogre cleric of Go'Ruush may cast *commune* and *suggestion* 3×/day. They also may *read languages*, *read magic* and *message* at will. It is rumored that a high priest of the god is capable of casting *speak with dead* at will. Clerics of Go'Ruush may be enlightened, but their followers still have a penchant for smashing first and not asking questions.

Grand Planar God

(guardians of the gateways and byways of the planes)

Eric Fabiaschi
Eric Campbell

SYMBOL:	Varies
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	600' (200')
ARMOR CLASS:	8
HIT PTS. (HD):	100 hp (20 HD)
ATTACKS:	3
DAMAGE:	1d10 (planar cosmic blast), 1d4 (tendril attack), 1d8 (ocular blast)
SAVE:	M20
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	7,000gp worth of artifacts
XP:	3,500

The Grand Planar Gods stand within the vales of the Outer Darkness, allowing travelers to pass through the gateways and byways of the planes. They are the guardians at the threshold for all other Mythos entities. They ensure that none enter the forbidden places where life is still developing. They are said to be related to the gods of the Earth—those beings of the Dreamlands who echo of formerly great gods and spirits. Others are highly evolved alien beings who have risen from the ranks of the local time space continuum.

These beings project multi-dimensional echoes of themselves throughout the unreality of planar space, allowing them to appear to be many places at once. These beings are called upon to divine the destinations for hyperspace travel and dimensional routes through interstellar distance.

They are masters of life, death, and unreality. The three unholy faces they wear are able to allow them to see what can be unseen. Nothing hides from their gazes. These beings are highly evolved entities of Cosmic Planar energies. Many lost and forgotten races sacrifice valuable technologies and relics to them for their favor.

Should any be so foolish to attack them, they will respond with a 1d10 planar cosmic blast, then a 1d4 tendril attack, and finally an anti-magic/psychic ocular blast that does 1d8 of damage (and *dispels magic*, per the spell).

Grand Planar Gods may also use an attack called the "*grand dismissal*." This invocation separates the target being from the local space-time continuum, separating their soul from the silvery cord. The being must save vs. death or be permanently struck from the Cosmic Wheel of Life. Any being destroyed in this manner has no hope of resurrection.

Grand Planar Gods may also use an ability called "*the grand recall*." This allows the Grand Planar God to call upon any being, and that being's alternative world doppelgangers, for the purpose of information or interrogation. This is often done when there is a disturbance upon the planes.

Grand Planar Gods may *teleport without error* anywhere within the oververse, and are able to move 1d10 beings with them.

These beings may be found in thousands across the myriad of scattered worlds. They gather together for a Grand Conclave every thirty thousand years.

Grand Planar Gods will also possess the ability to: cast spells as a cleric (same level as their HD), use psionics as a mystic* (the same level as their HD), and *commune* with their gods (1×/day, as the spell).

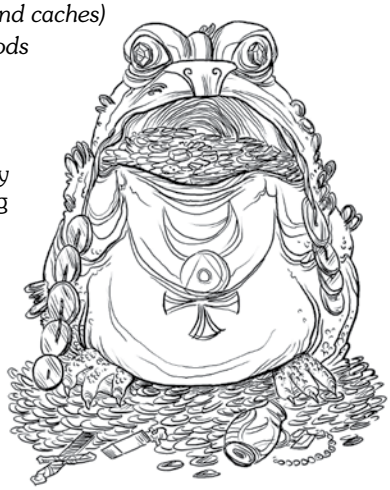
RELATED ENTRIES: **S)** *Call Grand Planar God.*

* *See BASIC PSIONICS HANDBOOK.*

Grandpa Toadflap

(petty frog god of stashes and caches)
AFFILIATIONS: *The Frog Gods*

Chris Tamm
Eleanor Ferron



SYMBOL:	A fat warty toad sitting on a coin
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
JUMP:	60' (any time in round)
SWIM:	180' (60')
BURROW:	45' (15')
ARMOR CLASS:	–4
HIT PTS. (HD):	82 hp (18 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (bite) plus special
DAMAGE:	2d8+4 plus grip body part, plus chance to swallow (3d6/round) and/or hold (1d6+2 per hand) during same round
SAVE:	F18
MORALE:	8
HOARD CLASS:	d1000+100 copper coins, d100 silver, d20 gold
XP:	4,250

Grandpa Toadflap is a testy, grumpy, incredibly ancient toad the size of an ox. He loves coins and treasure, and revels in sitting on his celestial stash pile, which is hidden in the depths of a dawn-age sunken palace. He lairs in pits, and will never hesitate to attack those coming near his sacred pit should he, even for a moment, think they want his loot.

Grandpa Toadflap is a very capable swimmer and moderate burrower, but he is also able to burrow backwards. Furthermore, he may jump up to 60' during a single round. He cannot be surprised; he, however, surprises on 1-3 (on 1d6) if hidden under dirt or water.

If Grandpa Toadflap makes a successful "to hit" roll with his bite, he gets an additional "to hit" roll during the same round. If the second "to hit" roll succeeds, he swallows the victim whole, doing 3d6 per round until the victim (or Grandpa Toadflap) dies. Should his swallow attempt fail, he is still allowed two more "to hit" rolls (1 for each hand). Each successful "to hit" roll with a hand does 1d6+2 in grappling damage. Should both of his hand attack "to hit" rolls succeed, the victim may not move or attack until Grandpa Toadflap releases his grip, and Grandpa Toadflap's bite attack will automatically succeed against that victim during the following round, with a +5 bonus on the successive swallowing "to hit" roll.

Grandpa Toadflap may be called to our time by an earnest commoner. The commoner must collect a stash of coins and up to 40 pounds of worms in a pit, then sob and weep for the attention of the god. After a mighty night's frog chorus, Grandpa Toadflap may come right away, but may also choose to lurk in the pit for a few weeks before making himself known. Villagers may use him to stump troublesome monsters or enemies by placing the pit on a path near animal stalls. Grandpa will happily eat his HD in beings then take his new hoard home.

Grandpa Toadflap may grant the wisdom of the primordial ones who remember proto-historic secrets of early creation. He is crotchety and may wander off topic. Best feed him so he doesn't get hungry watching twitching, tempting, pink-meat-people. Swamp folk, old misers, farmers, and poor and desperate people call upon him. If insincere persons summon him (seeking only his treasure), those people will be placed under a *curse* (no saving throw) which compels (and enables) them to vomit 4 pounds of toad spawn in a nice damp spot every day for life (removable by *remove curse*).

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Johnny Hopper*, *Wart Mother*, **A)** *Goggles of the Frog Gods.*

Gremlyn (Murphee)

(petty god of mechanical failure)

Christopher Ziegler
Glen Hallstrom

SYMBOL:	A cracked gear
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
ARMOR CLASS:	–6
HIT PTS. (HD):	75 hp (18 HD)
ATTACKS:	Special
DAMAGE:	Special
SAVE:	T20
MORALE:	2
HOARD CLASS:	I, II, IX
XP:	13,000

Spend an evening with an engineer, architect or sapper, and you may eventually hear grumblings about Gremlyn, the imp of mechanical mischief. The origins of Gremlyn are unclear, but he has been around since the simplest mechanical devices were constructed by the ancients. Gremlyn appears in two forms: his primary appearance is as a shoddy dressed unkempt imp, with a bearded face and spindly limbs. Alternatively, when he wishes to appear among humans or demi-humans, Gremlyn can adopt the persona of Murphee, a dusty mustachioed tinkerer adorned by tools of unknown function. Murphee will attempt to repair or "tune-up" mechanical instruments, only to have them break down in repeated and increasingly spectacular fashion. Gremlyn is not a malicious deity, but rather he simply enjoys watching devices fail catastrophically.

In the presence of Gremlyn, mechanical items and even simple tools will undergo failure on a roll of 3 out of 6; gears will crack, bowstrings will snap, axles will break. If allowed to work on a device, the mechanism will invariably fail at some point in the future, to be decided by the referee. Gremlyn has no ability to affect magical devices unless the item has some physical mechanism. In these cases, failure of the device does not permanently break the item or cause it to lose charges; rather the malfunction is temporary (a gear slips, a hinge sticks, etc) and the player must take one round to fix the item before it can be used again.

When attacked, Gremlyn does not fight back but instead will attempt to flee the melee. Those persons who attack Gremlyn, however, are highly likely to experience a personal item failure of some kind (a belt strap breaking, a shoelace tangling, etc)

that will cause the attacker to slip and fall, taking 1-6 points of damage. Attackers must roll ½ of their Dexterity or less (rounding down) to make a successful attack without stumbling prior to making their "to hit" roll. After three rounds of melee, Gremlyn will *teleport* from the scene to a distant location..

Very occasionally over centuries, Gremlyn attracts a follower as his cleric, to whom he grants unusual spells designed to induce mechanical failures (e.g., *greater wardrobe malfunction*, *spontaneous corrosion*, *axle's bane*, and *instrumental discord*). Being a cleric of Gremlyn can be lucrative, as many rulers will pay handsomely for you to leave their territories, or request that you make a visit to their adversaries..

Gremlyn Reaction Table

2-4	Appears before party but does not take an interest and departs immediately.
5-8	Follows party secretly for a period of time until a mechanical device fails.
9-10	Appears as Murphee, who generously offers to take a look and repair any mechanical devices.
11-12	Takes an unusual interest with the party, either following them secretly for several days, or offering to travel with the party.

Groín *(petty god of The Battered Dwarf tavern*)*

Kevin Brennan
Kelvin Green

SYMBOL:	Dwarven adventurer carrying foaming mug
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	60' (20')
ARMOR CLASS:	4
HIT PTS. (HD):	31 hp (7 HD)
ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE:	1d8
SAVE:	D7
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	XII
XP:	440

Groín is the petty god of *The Battered Dwarf*, a tavern in the old part of town frequented by adventurers. He is called upon by the patrons of the tavern, often in jest, to protect them from the ravages of alcohol, award them luck in games of chance and skill, and for almost anything else they may wish when within the walls of the tavern. It has become customary for regulars to only call upon Groín for help when within the walls of the tavern.

Groín will occasionally manifest to the patrons, most commonly during his high holy days (major sporting events, New Year's, and the like), but most assume he is just a dwarf who has a sense of humor and is willing to go along with the gag. When he manifests, Groín appears as an ordinary dwarven adventurer who has been in a number of recent fights. Outside of combat, he will always be carrying a foaming mug of stout.

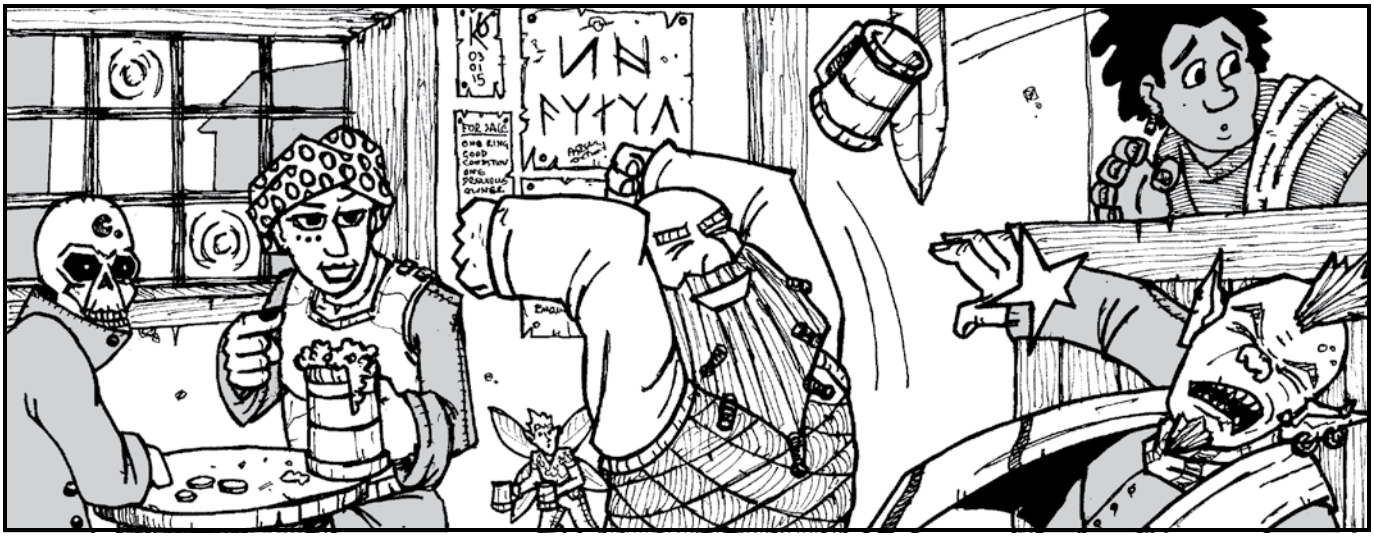
Since *The Battered Dwarf* is a tavern for adventurers, Groín hears an incredible number of rumors about dungeons in the area, and will pass them on to regulars down on their luck when he manifests, although the rumor may be years or even decades old.

The bartender at *The Dwarf* can call on Groín to *bless* or *curse* patrons, and will typically do so a few times a night. If Groín is attacked while the tavern is occupied, the tavern patrons are likely to assist in his defence.

Groín Reaction Table

-1/+1 if bartender calls for blessing/curse; -2 for regulars; –1 for good tippers; +2 for difficult customers; +4 for those who have stiffed the owners on a meal.

2	**Friendly:** No hangover no matter how much beer is drunk that night; +2 bonus for all rolls involving games of chance or skill within the tavern.
3-5	**Indifferent:** No hangover the next morning.
6-8	**Neutral:** Ignores patron; no effect.
9-11	**Unfriendly:** Double-strength-hangover the next morning.
12	**Hostile:** All food tastes rotten; all beer is skunky; –2 penalty for all rolls involving games of chance or skill within the tavern.



Grugzaret *(petty god of subterranean darkness)*

TITLES: *Grugzaret the Snuffer*

David Wellington
Ryan Browning

SYMBOL:	Candle snuffer
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	60' (20') with light; 480' (160') in total darkness
ARMOR CLASS:	0
HIT PTS. (HD):	75 hp (16 HD)
ATTACKS:	2
DAMAGE:	1d12/ 3d6 (breath)
SAVE:	F16
MORALE:	Special
HOARD CLASS:	Special
XP:	2,500

Few are the worshippers of the Snuffer, but many the prayers offered to him. Grugzaret is a god of subterranean darkness, and he despises those who pollute his perfect gloom by striking lights where they are not wanted. Though it is commonly held to be a pointless superstition, many adventurers speak a scrap of nonsense rhyme as they light their torches or lanterns: "'Ware damp/Snuffer fly/burn true/where shadows lie." This prayer is rarely heeded, though, for the Snuffer has no desire to be placated, only to extinguish lights wherever he encounters them.

In combat the Snuffer attacks with a huge brass candle snuffer, or with a damp and icy breath weapon. Opponents may save vs. breath to avoid damage from the Snuffer's breath attack, but it will automatically extinguish any flame (natural or magical) in its path. Grugzaret will never need to check morale in dark conditions, but if he can somehow be lured into daylight (or any very bright light) he will flee at once, as even the presence of light weakens and pains him. Woe betide the adventurer who seeks to drive him away with light spells, however, for he will thereafter follow the trespasser around, waiting for the most disadvantageous time to leave them suddenly and unexpectedly in the dark.

The Snuffer is believed to live at the bottom of an deep and utterly lightless well at the bottom of a long-forgotten cavern. He takes the form of an albino goblin of larger than average size and with enormous blank eyes. He wears a crown of unlit candle stubs, the wax of which has run down his forehead and temples. There is a legend that if someone could somehow light these candles he would die on the spot. He has infravision to 120', and is immune to all cold and water-based attacks.

Grugzaret Reaction Table

2	**Extremely favorable:** Will poke out supplicant's eyes, to spare them the pain of ever seeing light again!
3-5	**Favorable disposition:** Will aid supplicant against light-bearing foes.
6-8	**Taunts** with riddles and impossible demands
9-11	**Sound rebuff:** Will attack if supplicant does not immediately flee.
12	**Attacks** without provocation.

Gyttjan *(petty god of peat and mire)*

TITLES: *Gyttjan the Decayed*

Paul Ballard
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

SYMBOL:	Dried rotting leaf writhing with worms
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	180' (60')
ARMOR CLASS:	5
HIT PTS. (HD):	96 hp (22 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (staff or touch)
DAMAGE:	See below
SAVE:	M22
MORALE:	9
HOARD CLASS:	XII, XVI
XP:	10,000

Gyttjan the Decayed, the god of peat and mire, is called upon to bring about demise and to decay the dead. He manifests as a seven foot human covered in dried mud and leaves which are littered with ticks and maggots. He wears boar tusks tied to the sides of his face, and a rotting stench lingers wherever he goes.

While his staff does 1d8+2 (from a Strength bonus), a successful attack with either his hand or staff causes metal to corrode, skin and wood to rot, and stone to crack, in a slow process which takes 4 combat rounds (no saving throw). A *cure disease* spell will stop the rotting of skin or wood, but any damage taken (3d6 hp per turn) must be healed separately.

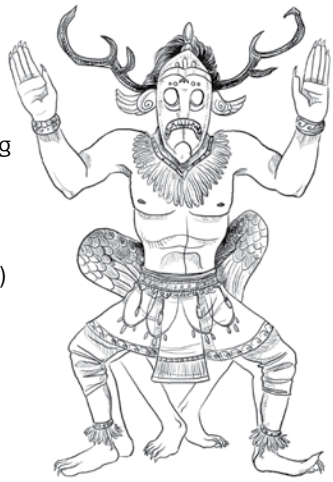
Gyttjan Reaction Table

2	**Beneficial:** Offers to rot/destroy something.
3-5	**Disinterested:** Offers to rot/destroy something if properly propitiated.
6-8	**Brooding:** Keeps to himself.
9-11	**Unfriendly:** Threatens to rot/destroy something (will choose something if something is not offered).
12	**Hostile:** Attacks the living.

HAIAH • HARBORDORIM • HEKA-KUP • HEOLSTOR • HEXADRON • HLINJASSA • HLO-HLO • HODDYPEAK • HYMENPHALIA • HWEEGARL

Haiah *(petty god of "judicious retreat")*

Dan Harms
Eleanor Ferron (Haiah)
James V. West (feature)



SYMBOL:	A man running
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	360' (120')
ARMOR CLASS:	–3
HIT PTS. (HD):	92 hp (20 HD)
ATTACKS:	None
DAMAGE:	None
SAVE:	T17
MORALE:	2
HOARD CLASS:	XIII, XV
XP:	3,250

Haiah appears as an imposing, muscular giant with a deep, booming voice. If anyone in range attacks him, he responds by running away as quickly as possible. He has the ability to *teleport* at will, which he will use if cornered.

Haiah is referred to as the god of 'judicious retreat,' out of politeness, though he is actually the patron of panicked flight. If a character calls upon Haiah as he or she begins to run from an encounter, the DM should assign a bonus of +1% to +20% to rolls to evade pursuers. These rolls should be based on role-playing and actions taken, with dropped items, impassioned howls of fear, running into objects or people, running in the wrong direction, or tripping over one's feet for a moment, providing bonuses to the roll. (The exact percentile is always at the discretion of the DM.)

Any time Haiah is called upon, there is a 50% chance that some negative consequence ensues—treasure being left behind, other monsters' attention being attracted, etc.

Haiah is particularly fond of kobolds, due to their cowardly ways. If an individual who has killed a kobold on the current expedition calls upon him, any pursuit attempts automatically succeed.

Harbordorim *(divine imposter)*

TITLES: *Herald of (a Dead God)*

Tim Huntley
Adam Huntley

SYMBOL:	Whatever pleases those who recognize him
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	0
HIT PTS. (HD):	66 hp (15 HD)
ATTACKS:	Special
DAMAGE:	Special
SAVE:	T16
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	2,400

In the distant past, Harbordorim was the herald of one of two non-petty gods. Which two, not even Harbordorim can now recall. For generations and generations the two non-petty gods set their efforts and followers against each other, with Harbordorim faithfully acting as his divine liege's servant, messenger, and confidant. Unfortunately for Harbordorim his lord eventually lost the battle, falling prey to his nemesis as his followers were either converted or killed. Harbordorim fled, seeking safety in solitude; without lord or purpose, he sunk deeper into self-pity and depression. Now Harbordorim is a servant without a master, a petty god craving and searching for his niche yet too paranoid of being discovered by his former lord's enemies to do so openly.

As a one-time divine herald, Harbordorim has the unique ability to determine if a person or group of people is in need. Upon finding such a situation, Harbordorim reveals himself and assumes a false identity as the petty god of whatever is needed at the moment. He will continue in this guise until, unable to truly fulfill his new followers' needs, suspicions arise surrounding his divine authority. Before he is discovered to be a complete fraud, however, Harbordorim flees, leaving his new flock to their own devices once again.

Harbordorim is not a combatant. If attacked, Harbordorim will invoke his *divine majesty* ability (which causes all of those around him to become awestruck at his presence and unable to act) and flee. This ability automatically affects all creatures with fewer hit dice than his own; beings with equal or greater hit dice are allowed a save vs. spell to ignore the effect.

Harbordorim Reaction Table

2-9	**Friendly:** Attempts to determine need and adopt divine identity.
10-11	**Neutral:** Ignores nearby creatures and attempts to leave.
12	**Hostile:** Uses *divine majesty* ability to secure departure.

Heka-Kup *(petty god of hiccups)*

Brian Rae
Courtney Campbell

SYMBOL:	See below
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	–2
HIT PTS. (HD):	66 hp (16 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (claws) and 1 special
DAMAGE:	2d6 and *steal breath* or *curse*
SAVE:	T16
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	X (no gp or pp)
XP:	10,000

Heka-Kup stands as one of the most vile, hated, and downright petty of the petty gods. A blue, goblin-like creature, he dances his way through remote villages each night, casting the *curse of hiccups* where and when he may.

Heka-Cup especially likes to torment nervous bride-grooms on the night before their weddings, and often seeks out powerful bishops and future kings on the eve of a coronation—all the better to blight the ceremonies with his presence. Fortunately, the attentions of Heka-Kup can be warded by presenting him with a set of cold keys or by standing on one's head at first sign of his approach. Better still, Heka-Kup cannot enter any home or building that has the house keys positioned by the door. As a result, many homes, churches and palaces have at the very least a small nail by the doorpost where the master keys may be hung when the family is at home.

Regardless of his constant giggling, Heka-Kup is quite stealthy. Should he pursue a party in this manner, he will go unnoticed 99% of the time.

During any given combat round, Heka-Kup may attack with his claws (doing 2d6 on a successful "to hit" roll), and use his *steal breath* or his *curse* ability.

Heka-Kup's *steal breath* may be used automatically against any target creature within his line of sight. On a failed save vs. breath, the victim loses 1d6 Constitution points per round until the victim's Constitution reaches 0 (causing death), Heka-Kup attempts to use his *steal breath* ability against another target (which shifts the *steal breath* ability to that new target), or a *dispel magic* spell is cast on the victim. Once any of these conditions is met, the character will regain 1d6 Constitution points per round (until reaching their normal maximum). Beings affected by this *steal breath* ability may not speak nor cast spells, and additionally suffer –4 and +4 penalties on "to hit" rolls and AC (respectively) due to panic.

Heka-Kup may *curse* any character in his line of sight with constant hiccups (on a failed save vs. breath), causing –1 "to hit" and damage penalties, as well as a +1 AC penalty, for a duration of 4d6 turns. Additionally, spellcasters suffering from these hiccups will be unable to cast spells while so affected. The curse may be removed by using *bless* or *dispel magic*.

Heka-Kup will automatically flee if presented with a set of cold keys or if an intelligent being stands on its head.

His symbol is the upper body of a blue-faced goblin clutching with both hands at his own throat, set on a field of black.

Heka-Kup Reaction Table

Heka-Kup is a mercurial creature, his reaction roll is determined purely by chance. It is not modified by any statistic.

2 **Is that a key I see before me?** Heka-Kup mistakes a small object (such as a pendant hanging around a character's neck) for a cold key, and flees in panic. If possible, he will browbeat the first group of monsters he encounters into tracking down the party and killing whichever character he believes to be one of those "cursed key-bearers."

3-5 **Speak up dear, I can't quite hear you!** Heka-Kup decides to make no effort at stealth and instead capers around the party cackling like a lunatic. He will make no attempt to attack the party with his claws or *steal breath* attack (even laughing-off attacks which cause him damage) until he has successfully *cursed* every member of the party. He will then depart, cackling even more wildly, as swiftly and mysteriously as he came.

6-8 **I do so like to toy with my food.** Heka-Kup will utilize his stealth abilities to follow the party at a close distance, giggling quietly to himself as he follows the party. During any ensuing combat encounter, he will begin by cursing with hiccups those party members he believes to be spellcasters, attempting to foil their chances of casting spells against him. Once all apparent spellcasters in the party have been dealt with in this manner, he will randomly pick one of them to afflict with his *steal breath* power. Once combat ends, or his chosen victim is dead, Heka-Kup will grow bored and depart, looking for other toys to play with. If discovered, he will fight with his full capabilities, holding nothing back, until he has killed at least one character with his *steal breath* ability. He will then depart.

9-11 **Oh, you look tasty. I'll swallow your breath!** Heka-Kup fancies a snack—and a random player character is invited for dinner. Forgoing all subtlety, Heka-Kup immediately hides in shadows and attempts to kill a random character with his *steal breath* ability. If discovered and attacked, he will fly into a rage and fight with all his strength and power until his chosen foe is slain, whereupon he will pick up the corpse and attempt to flee.

12 **Sooooo hungry!** As with 9-11 above, except that Heka-Kup will continue to stalk the group until every last member (PC, mule, henchman or hireling) is dead. Once he has killed a character with his *steal breath* ability, he will flee, only to return 1d4 hours later after having consumed the body and soul of the fallen character.

Heolstor

(petty god of the breath of dying men)

Jeremy Holley
Oxide JCHart

SYMBOL:	Three white spirals arrayed in a triangle
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	–5
HIT PTS. (HD):	72 hp (20 HD)
ATTACKS:	2 (weapon/weapon) or 1 (breath)
DAMAGE:	2d6+3/2d6+3 or special
SAVE:	F20
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	XIII, XVI
XP:	9,500

Heolstor is the petty god of dying men's breath. As the collector of the final breath of life, few call upon Heolstor willingly during life. Those desperate and mortally wounded will beg for his mercy in the hope that he will not take what is, in truth, rightfully his.

Heolstor is an impressive figure that appears to the dying arrayed in warlord's garb with sword in hand. With this sword he severs the breath of the dying from their corpse, freeing their souls from their corporeal bodies.

In combat, Heolstor strikes with his *+3 dark blade* (making 2 attacks per round, and doing 2d6+3 per successful "to hit" roll), or he may use his *breath of the dying* attack. This breath takes the form of an ink-colored cone of smoke 30' long and 10' wide at its terminus. Any caught within the cone must save vs. breath or lose 1d4 Constitution. Any target that has its Constitution reduced to 0 by this attack will die. Those who die will return as wraiths in 2d6 days. Those who survive the attack will recover 1 point of Constitution per day of rest.

Heolstor has the ability to cure all types of damage and ills, including all diseases, blindness, lycanthropy, mummy rot and *curses*, unless the affliction was caused by a greater deity. Heolster will, however, rarely choose to use these abilities.

Occasionally, the living will stumble upon Heolstor as he travels to his next prize. Such persons will initially be ignored. If Heolstor is hindered in any way, he will turn his full attention to those hindering him. If the hindering person is hostile, Heolstor will immediately become hostile (as below). However, if the hindrance takes a friendlier bent toward Heolstor, roll on the table below.

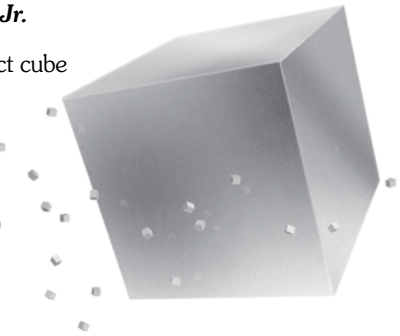
Heolstor Reaction Table

2-3	**Friendly:** Cures 1d6 targets of all damage and other ills, including all diseases, blindness, lycanthropy, mummy rot and curses; removal of curses and magical disease will not work if the affliction was caused by a greater deity.
4-5	**Indifferent:** As friendly above if properly propitiated (he is particularly fond of gems and strong spirits).
6-8	**Neutral:** Acknowledge whoever distracted him; will answer questions but will not stop moving towards his destination.
9-11	**Unfriendly:** Will *teleport* 1d4 targets to a distance of 2d10×100'. This teleportation will always be without error and will not harm the targets. If targets return, Heolstor will be hostile.
12	**Hostile:** Attacks. Remains hostile as long as he remains hindered.

Hexadron *(petty god of cubes)*

TITLES: *The Divine Cube*

Colin Chapman
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.



SYMBOL:	A perfect cube
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	0' (0')
ARMOR CLASS:	–5 [+1]
HIT PTS. (HD):	108 hp (24 HD)
ATTACKS:	None
DAMAGE:	None
SAVE:	F24
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	14,400 (120^3)

Hexadron is a distant deity, The Divine Cube, an entity bound with concepts of mathematics, the holy expression of the number 6, and all things of regular six-sided form such as boxes and dice. Alien in outlook, it cares for little beyond the promotion and expression of its perfect form in the mortal realms, though some esoteric scholars and craftsmen pray to the Divine Cube for mathematical insight or aid in bringing appropriate forms into creation.

Residing in a strange home plane, Hexadron is a silver cube, each edge 36 feet in length, suspended exactly 216 feet up in a uniform gray sky, turning endlessly over a landscape of interlocking hexahedrons; rectangular prisms, pentagonal pyramids, and cubes. Each mirror-like face is said to be a gateway to another bizarre plane of precision and mathematical form.

Hexadron does not itself attack interlopers, but instead is protected by a swarm of Cubic Drones (see ***Minions, Knights & Servitors*** section), entities of similarly perfect form that fly forth from the landscape to defend The Divine Cube should it be attacked or if a strong source of Chaos threatens in some way to contaminate its home plane. Hexadron is, however, also able to protect itself personally, for it boasts the innate powers of a *cube of force*, albeit one that refreshes its 36 charges every six hours rather than once per day. Indeed, some sages postulate that *cubes of force*, and some strange six-sided stones of varied hue known to orbit those who bind them, have their origins on Hexadron's plane.

Hexadron may only be affected by magic and magical weapons, and is immune to *sleep*, *charm*, and *hold* spells as well as poisons and gases.

RELATED ENTRIES: **M)** *Cubic Drone.*

Hlinjassa *(petty god of broken dreams, fleeting nightmares, and lucid dreaming)*

TITLES: *Deity of Many Faces; God of Broken Dreams, Fleeting Nightmares and Lucid Dreaming*

Simon Forster
Garrisonjames

SYMBOL:	A pocketful of sand, or a tiny hourglass of silver sand
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	Randomly determined every round: 3d6×10 feet per round (×30' per turn)
ARMOR CLASS:	Randomly determined every round: 1d8
HIT PTS. (HD):	62 hp (14 HD)
ATTACKS:	Randomly determined every round: 1d6 attacks (various appendages)
DAMAGE:	1d6 per attack (plus special)
SAVE:	M14
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	II, III
XP:	3,800

Hlinjassa is a constantly shifting god(dess) that solely inhabits the dreams of those rudely awoken, those who slip into deep dreams for a few seconds as they nod off, and those whose daydreams swiftly change into nightmares, waking them with sudden shock. It often has multiple faces, various limbs and tentacles that warp in and out of its turbulent form. Its worshippers take drugs to slip in and out of consciousness, experiencing fleeting dreams that break into fragments of pseudo-reality upon waking, granting the worshippers visions and portents of the future, the past, or events taking place in the present. Mostly these are vague, but sometimes they are meaningful and true.

The God(dess) of Many Faces can only be confronted and fought in these fragmented and brief dreams, and is an insubstantial deity that is harmed only by magic. It can force dreamers back into the real world by force-of-will, requiring the dreamer to save vs. spell to remain in the dream. It can also cast the following spells, one per round, at will, as a 14th level magic-user: *confusion*, *dispel magic*, *feeblemind*, *phantasmal force*, and *polymorph other*.

Hlinjassa Reaction Table

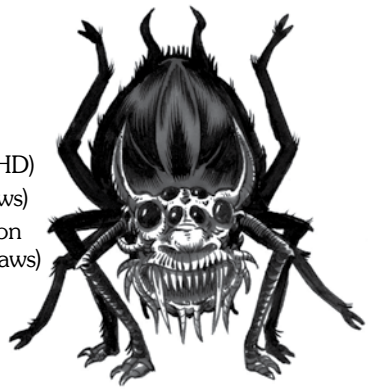
2-3	**Friendly:** Touches the minds of all present, allowing them to *commune* with the god(dess).
4-5	**Indifferent:** Watches and waits to see what happens, with a 1-in-6 chance of inflicting visions on a random character, granting them the equivalent of a *divination* spell.
6-8	**Neutral:** Ignores the dreamer, passing by and leaving the scent of orange blossom behind it.
9-11	**Unfriendly:** Attempts to send the dreamers back to reality. If resisted, may attack.
12	**Hostile:** Lashes out with limbs and spells, sending anyone who can harm it back to reality by its force of will.

RELATED ENTRIES: **M)** *Sandman*.

Hlo-hlo *(petty spider god and protector of the Dead Man's Diamond)*

Keith Sloan
Jason Sholtis

SYMBOL:	Spider
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
ARMOR CLASS:	–3
HIT PTS. (HD):	121 hp (23 HD)
ATTACKS:	3 (bite, 2 claws)
DAMAGE:	2d10 + poison (bite); d10 (claws)
SAVE:	F19
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	XII
XP:	12,000



Hlo-hlo is a cruel god in spider form, a hunter who slays even other gods for sport. Some say he wears the halos of those he slays from golden hooks on his hunting belt. His chief temple is Moung-ga-ling in the city of Moung, where a huge diamond called Dead Man's Diamond rests on the lap of Hlo-hlo's

idol. This diamond has often been stolen, including once by the legendary thief Thangobrind the Jeweler, but always seems to make its way back to its temple. Indeed, many believe that Hlo-hlo wishes it thus, as those that steal his diamond swiftly become his prey. Within 24 hours of the diamond being taken, Hlo-hlo will enter into his idol and begin to hunt the thief for his sport. He never wavers or falters in his hunting, and none have ever escaped him.

Hlo-hlo can detect the distance and direction of the diamond at all times, regardless of any magical protection to hide it. He is fast and tireless, and will pursue his prey until he can catch and kill them. Hlo-hlo delights in battle and will laugh incessantly as he torments and kills his prey. In melee, he strikes with two foreclaws and his great fangs which drip a virulent poison (save vs. poison at -3). In addition, he can *detect invisibility* at will, can climb even the smoothest vertical surfaces, can cast *web* at will, and casts spells as a 9th level magic-user. Hlo-hlo can only be struck by magic weapons and is immune to *fear*, *charm*, and *hold* spells, as well as poison.

Hoddypeak

(petty god of fools, simpletons, and village idiots)

Keith Sloan
Glen Hallstrom

SYMBOL:	Hand held out in warning
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	180' (60')
ARMOR CLASS:	–3
HIT PTS. (HD):	88 hp (19 HD)
ATTACKS:	Special
DAMAGE:	Special
SAVE:	F16
MORALE:	11
HOARD CLASS:	XI
XP:	8,000

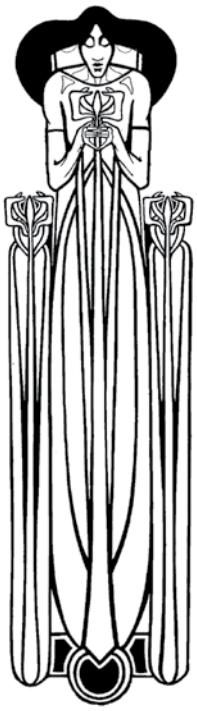
Hoddypeak is the god of fools, simpletons, and village idiots. He has the unenviable task of ensuring that such moronic souls are protected from their own stupidity. To this end, he is constantly busy helping simpletons avoid walking into open pits, poking themselves in the eye with sharp objects, putting their hands in open flame, and so forth. It is a thankless task, as none of those he helps are intelligent enough to understand what he does for them. Many gods look down on him as well, feeling that the stupid should be punished, not coddled. But Hoddypeak feels his duty strongly, and perseveres despite the difficulties. He only assists fools—his brother Yemeles protects drunkards, and his sister Pollycockle is tasked with protecting children—both are far more popular than he. The god has no enemies; neither does he have any friends to speak of.

Hoddypeak disdains combat, and will flee if attacked, the exception being if those he is seeking to help misunderstand and attack him. In that case, he will simply slap them a little to knock a modicum of sense into them (rather than seek to harm them, which would contradict his primary purpose). He is able to *fly*, *teleport without error*, and can generate a variety of forces and illusions that he uses to protect and turn aside his charges from doing foolish things. His primary defense is a permanent sort of *invisibility* that prevents anyone with an Intelligence of greater than 5 from ever seeing him; those with 5 or less Intelligence can see him, though he is somewhat blurry and indistinct, and seeing his precise appearance is difficult. For those that can see him, he appears as a man in his mid-fifties, always with an expression of weariness and resignation. He is able to alter his appearance at will, but usually can't be bothered to do so, as those that see him are too stupid to care.

Hymenphalia

(petty god of hermaphroditic fertility)
AFFILIATIONS: *The Jale God*

Matthew W. Schmeer
Francis & Margaret MacDonald



SYMBOL:	An apple blossom encircled by a string of pearls *or* two snails engaged in copulation
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	0
HIT PTS. (HD):	60 hp (10 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (spear or bastard sword)
DAMAGE:	1d8 or 2d8
SAVE:	C12
MORALE:	2
HOARD CLASS:	VI
XP:	3,100

Hymenphalia, once the reigning godling of the third sex, is now a bitter husk, banished from the world by the curse of a rival petty goddess and rendered sterile by the lack of worshipers for thousands of years.

Once, the cult of Hymenphalia had temples in every trading town, major port, and city-state. The major cities of most empires in the realms were host to the annual Spring Rites wherein the three sexes gathered in the fields to copulate in orgiastic ecstasy and ensure the harvest. The three genders lived in harmony, protected by the various gods of the six carnal loves.

Then Pherosathoola, Petty Goddess of Sexual Fear, gained in power and Hymenphalia's worshipers began to die. Rumors that succubi and incubi were the children of hermaphrodites spread amongst the populations. Whispers of the evils of the intersex were spread among men and women, and hermaphrodites were banished, persecuted, tortured, murdered. Hermaphrodites born to women were killed at birth, and women who bore such children were themselves sometimes killed. The third gender nearly disappeared through this genocide, Pherosathoola growing stronger all the while.

Of the gods of the six carnal loves, only three still have influence, and two of those are weak but regaining power. Hymenphalia is not one of them.

Hymenphalia is a peaceful godling yet longs for Pherosathoola's destruction. The Jale God favors this godling with boons from time to time. By his decree one out of every 5,000 souls borne to earth is a hermaphrodite, but as Pherosathoola's powers are so great, intersex who survive birth must live in hiding, blending into a world that is blind to their suffering.

Hymenphalia is weak and has limited powers. Hermaphrodites may seek a *blessing* which will grant a +3 to all melee attacks, but the spell's effect will not last longer than a week at most. Those who build a small shrine in Hymenphalia's honor will earn the favor of the Jale God and be rewarded in some way by one his aspects. Those adventurers whom Hymenphalia encounters that have persecuted hermaphrodites (or worse) will be *cursed* instead; the Jale God does not generally interfere when this occurs.

Hymenphalia will attack only if there is no other option, wielding a large spear (1d8) or a double-edged bastard sword (2d8).

Hymenphalia Reaction Table

Roll 1d4 (instead of 2d6).

1 **Friendly:** Will grant a *blessing*.
2 **Indifferent:** Will ignore the party.
3 **Morose:** Will openly weep and seek solace from the Jale God.
4 **Enraged:** Will *curse* the party.

RELATED ENTRIES: Please see the *Jale God* entry in this section for a complete listing of entries related to the Jale God.

Hweegarl *(petty god of hitching posts)*

James Mishler
Jennell Jaquays

SYMBOL:	A hitching post, a fist with a thumb sticking out
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	120' (40') or 240' (80') as centaur
ARMOR CLASS:	–5 [+1]
HIT PTS. (HD):	78 hp (13 HD)
ATTACKS:	2 hooves/ 1 great-club
DAMAGE:	2d4/2d4/ 1d10+2
SAVE:	C13
MORALE:	11
HOARD CLASS:	Special
XP:	7,000

Hweegarl is the god of hitching posts. He grew out of the ancient centaur word for "stay," which early heroes used when they hitched their horses to posts. The hopes of the heroes that their steeds would be there to hie them back to civilization eventually took form as Hweegarl. Today he also has the secondary portfolio of being a patron of those looking for a ride elsewhere, known as "hitch-hikers" as they meet others at hitching posts hoping to bum a ride. The tradition of holding out a thumb to ask for a ride comes from the rider pointing his thumb back at the wagon/rear of the horse to silently say, "get on."

Hweegarl takes on one of two forms. The first is that of a scruffy bum (usually human, though sometimes otherwise), complete with bindle, who hangs out at hitching posts looking for a ride. He does this as he seeks to wander from post to post, making sure that the hitching posts are well-tended and of solid construction. He rides with any who are willing, chastising those who seek to enslave or otherwise abuse this simple hitch-hiker. In his wrathful form he takes the shape of a large centaur, and his bindle transforms into a *+2 great club*. He is immune to weapons of less than +1 magical enchantment, and can cast spells as a 13th level cleric. He can also summon 1d10×10 horses, 2d10 centaurs, or 2d4 camels each once per day; these creatures fight to the death for him or can perform any other action desired by him for up to 24 hours.

Though he does not keep treasure himself, in his wide wanderings he know of many lost, buried, and hidden treasures. He rewards goodly folk who treat him, hitch-hikers, and steeds well with a hand drawn treasure map to a random treasure; it might be in the next county over, or maybe on a far-away island. The better the treasure, the further the trip.

He is appeased by construction of strong, sturdy hitching posts, strategic placement of watering troughs, and fair and generous treatment of steeds and hitch-hikers. Those who displease him by molesting a hitch-hiker or bringing grief to a steed suffer his curse. His lesser *curse* is that any steed the accursed ties up, or is tied-up for him, shall ever be freed and flee at the first opportunity. His more potent *curse* is to place upon the forehead of the accursed an inverted form of his symbol; all steeds and hitch-hikers automatically feel the negative presence of this and flee from the accursed or attack him as is their way. No matter what methods are used (magical enchantment, for example), no steed will ever allow the accursed to ride their back or ride in a vehicle they might draw.

Hweegarl Reaction Table

Roll 1d6 (instead of 2d6).

1 **Hungry:** "Spare some stew or bread for a hungry wanderer, friend?" Those who have the least and provide the most might be blessed with a willing, gentle steed or even a war-horse. Those who mistreat him are given back ten-fold, often run over and trampled by a herd of horses in addition to be cursed.
2 **Wrathful:** Someone hurt a hitch-hiker? A horse? A camel? Maybe a riding elephant? Anyway, Hweegarl's pissed and looking for revenge. He offers a treasure map for help in getting those he currently hates.
3 **Mellow:** "Hey man, I need to get to Gold's Gulch. Mind if I ride in the back of your wagon? I'll share my pipeweed. Its good stuff, man."
4 **Sympathetic:** He's got a tear in his eye. Someone has done something very nice (maybe it was the adventurers), and is going to get rewarded or someone who has done nice things in the past now needs help—help which the adventurers can provide; he can be generous.
5 **Drunk:** "You know, tha'sh shome real powerful hwiskee they got there. Whee!" A friendly if dangerous drunk, he can get the adventurers into no end of trouble, though it usually turns out just fine in the end.
6 **Prophetic:** On rare occasions he gets a glimpse of the future, or a possible future. Roll a die—low is a good thing, high is a bad thing. Whether he uses this information to help or hinder the party depends on how they react to him.

INSITOR • IRACAECUS • IXOMANT

Insitor *(petty god of serpents)*

TITLES: *Lord of Knowledge; Master of Learning*
CULT: *Society of the Serpent*

Josh Graboff
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

SYMBOL:	A serpent
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	150' (50')
ARMOR CLASS:	–3
HIT PTS. (HD):	100 hp (20 HD)
ATTACKS:	2 (fists) or 1 (*serpent staff*)
DAMAGE:	1d8/1d8 (fists) or 1d6+3 and save vs. paralysis or be *held* as spell (*serpent staff*)
SAVE:	Magically immune to all but elder magic; otherwise saves as F20
MORALE:	11
HOARD CLASS:	XV, XVI, XVII
XP:	75,000

Insitor is the child of Glyrea, the Lord of Knowledge and Master of Learning. Unlike the much more popular Quilian Knowais, Insitor is not concerned with scholarship or the spread of information. He works in close concert with Sernis often, but tends to keep clear of his mother, who he finds overbearing and hateful.

Insitor most commonly appears as a pale blue-skinned man of cloud giant stock wearing a long toga and carrying a staff with a brazen or copper serpent wound about it.

There are generally side shrines in Quilian foundations dedicated to Insitor, and he is far from the purely self-centered Sernis in temperament. His temples are small affairs, and his priests generally do not have the divine spark that grants clerics access to magic.

Insitor may also replicate the effects of any spell, from any source. He is limited to exercising a number of spell levels per day; generally if he is within ground sanctified to his name, he may utilize 60 spell levels per day. Anywhere else, he will be reduced to 40 spell levels per day.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Glyrea, Sernis;* **C)** *Society of the Serpent.*

Iracaecus *(petty god of flaming fury and blind rage)*

TITLES: *The Flaming Fury*

Johnathan Bingham
Johnathan Bingham

SYMBOL:	A face twisted in rage with sightless eyes wreathed in flame
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
ARMOR CLASS:	–4 [+1]
HIT PTS. (HD):	81 hp (20 HD)
ATTACKS:	2 fists/ 1 special
DAMAGE:	1d12/1d12/ special
SAVE:	F20
MORALE:	11
HOARD CLASS:	IX
XP:	8,250

Appearing as a filthy, bearded, blind man with his features contorted in rage, writhing in a fit of anger, wreathed in flames and streaming obscenities. Iracaecus is attracted to those of a wrathful nature.

Appearing to those who are acting in anger; Iracaecus envelops the subject in his flame. The target must succeed in a save vs. spell or be subject to the effects of Iracaecus' wrathful embrace. Once so affected, the target becomes unreasoningly enraged. All AC bonuses the target possesses are negated and attack values are at a –1 "to hit." The affected subject will screech in inarticulate rage, stumble about blindly and attack the nearest target indiscriminately (with a +2 to damage due to being enraged). The fit of fury will continue for 1d8 rounds until *dispelled* (as if *charm* cast by 20th level caster).

When attacking, Iracaecus will whirl around, lashing out with his fists (*+2 weapons* dealing 1d12 damage). In addition, Iracaecus' irate ranting will affect targets in a 15' radius as if affected by a *symbol of stunning* unless a save vs. breath is made.

Iracaecus is immune to *sleep*, *charm*, *slow* and *hold* spells, as well as all fire attacks (normal and magical). He takes only half damage from acid and electrical attacks, but full damage from cold-based attacks. Iracaecus is only affected by magic weapons (+1 or greater enchantment) and regenerates 4 hp per round.

Iracaecus Reaction Table

2-3	**Neutral:** Is blinded by his own rage and does not acknowledge others unless they try to inhibit him in some fashion. Those within his radius are still subject to the *stunning* effect of his raving.
4-8	**Unfriendly:** Will envelop subject in his flame, and continue on in his wrathful ramblings.
9-12	**Hostile:** Will attack nearest creature within his range.

Ixomant

(petty god of the dark and fear of the dark)
TITLES: *The Living Darkness*

Sándor Gebei
Rom Brown

SYMBOL:	A black circle
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	180' (60')
ARMOR CLASS:	0 [+1]
HIT PTS. (HD):	58 hp (11 HD)
ATTACKS:	8 (tendrils of shadow)
DAMAGE:	1 pt. Strength drain per tendril
SAVE:	E11
MORALE:	11 (5 when confronted with rainbows or other colorful objects)
HOARD CLASS:	XVI
XP:	4,400

Ixomant dwells in the deepest of caves and the darkest of dungeons. Even if unseen, his presence can be experienced as the feeling of a nightly breeze chilling to the bone, a lurking amorphous shadow, or simply the overwhelming fear of the dark, for it is he.

Ixomant radiates *fear* to a distance of 360'. All those in that area must save vs. fear; those who fail will either run away (1-4 on 1d6) or simply stand, virtually paralysed for 1d6+2 rounds (5-6 on 1d6). In his close proximity (30'), mundane light sources instantly go out, and even magical ones slowly fade away (1d6 + spell level rounds).

Ixomant appears as blackness made into the form of a hovering human in robes. Instead of arms, however, he has eight tendrils of materialized darkness, the merest touch of which drains 1 point of Strength (no save), ultimately turning mortals into obedient shadows (as monster) if Ixomant reduces them to a Strength of 0. He also has the ability of warping space around himself, so that he can *virtually teleport* from shadow to shadow. His otherworldly body can only be harmed by magic weapons and spells (although he is quite resistant to cold-based damage).

It is said that to earn his favor, his followers must blind themselves with their own hands. Despite the painful act's necessity, Ixomant by no means lacks fanatical minions. As a result, scholars claim that Ixomant himself is also blind.

Ixomant Reaction Table

In addition to Charisma, treat each light source as a +1 penalty.

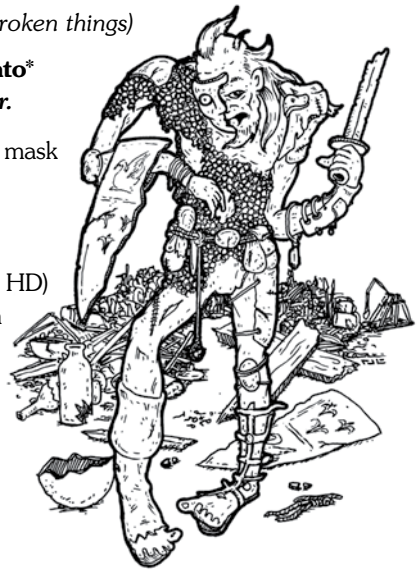
2	*Blesses* the party (recipients act as if under *haste* for 6 turns while in shadows), and provides some useful information.
3-5	Offers a quest to undermine either Grugzaret, Thuf, or some other god of light.
6-8	Orders the party to leave the area, but can be bargained with.
9-10	*Summons* 1d12 shadows (monster) and leaves.
12	*Curses* the party (save vs. spell or *blinded* permanently) and attacks.

SHRINE OF IXOMANT: A typical shrine of Ixomant is a mediocre chamber with a stone altar in the middle, in whose every side a circle is carved. Over the altar, a black globe hovers, upon which a priest of Ixomant has cast *continual darkness*. The walls are hollow, and up to a dozen shadows (monster) dwell on the other side, tormented by their current existence, haunted by memories of their former lives. The shrine is also home to half a dozen blind fanatics who live their lives in complete darkness, taking care of the place and often luring surface dwellers to their doom.

JABIM • JAIDEN • JALE GOD • JESSRA • JEXVENNA • JHILLENNETH • JOHNNY HOPPER • JÖÖGENGELD • JUS'ENUF

Jabim *(petty god of broken things)*

Igor Vinicius Sartorato*
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.



SYMBOL:	A broken mask
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	60' (20')
ARMOR CLASS:	4
HIT PTS. (HD):	68 hp 15 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (broken weapon or tool)
DAMAGE:	1d8
SAVE:	F15
MORALE:	5
HOARD CLASS:	XV
XP:	5,000

Jabim, the petty god of broken things, is a strange figure indeed. He appears as a hunchbacked, deformed humanoid, with body members of different sizes, and fractured bones that have healed incorrectly. His crooked head is hidden by a broken mask, and his clothing is torn and frayed. He wears shattered pieces of armor and pieces of broken objects dangle from his body. Additionally, he commonly wields a broken weapon or bent tool.

Despite his somewhat daunting appearance, Jabim is a kindly god. He suffers whenever something is broken and goes unrepaired and is cast away, forever lost. He is the guardian of broken things and laments each of those things we cast aside—a lamentation that persists until someone mends the broken thing, or until the world ends (should it go unrepaired).

The Lord of Broken Things frequents those places where abandoned things find themselves (e.g., on junk piles at the outskirts of town, or on the banks of rivers, watching as forgotten things drift along the surface of the water). Jabim has a great appreciation for those who know how to fix things (professional or otherwise), and despises those who pursue destruction, or those too lazy to have things repaired, disposing of them instead.

Unfortunately, Jabim is unable to mend those things which he finds. However, should someone displease him, he often chooses to break things those people hold dear. Jabim is capable of bestowing a *curse* which causes all tools used by such offenders (including armors and weapons, magic or otherwise) to have a 50% chance of breaking. This curse lasts until the offender learns to fix things rather than abandon them.

If any treasure is found with him there will never be coins; it will always be bits of precious metal, damaged magical items, broken jewelry and flawed gemstones.

Jabim Reaction Table

Use Dexterity instead of Charisma for Modifier.

2-3 **Friendly:** Reveals the location of a powerful and/or valuable broken object (may be more than one fragment).

4-5 **Indifferent:** Gives some minor broken treasure, or information about something broken, if the character repairs an object guarded by him.

6-8 **Neutral:** Laments with the character about things left behind.

9-11 **Unfriendly:** Challenges the character to fix something broken, or suffer his *curse*.

12 **Hostile:** Remembers something that was broken and cast away by the character, and bestows a *curse* upon the PC.

** Based on an original concept by Lord Dunsany.*

Jaiden *(petty goddess of jade and jade carvers)*

TITLES: *The Jade Goddess; The Jaid Goddess*

Richard LeBlanc, Jr.
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

SYMBOL:	A jade crown
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	150' (50')
ARMOR CLASS:	5
HIT PTS. (HD):	48 hp (10 HD)
ATTACKS:	4 (jade daggers +1)
DAMAGE:	1d4+1 × 4
SAVE:	M10
MORALE:	7
HOARD CLASS:	1,000 jade items; total value = 5d6×1,000gp
XP:	2,300

Jaid (alternately The Jade God or Jaid God) is the petty goddess of jade and the patron of jade carvers. The skin of this 8'-tall, 4-armed humanoid female appears as highly polished deep green jade. During combat, Jaid may attack up to 4 separate targets at once with her 4 *jade daggers +1*. In addition to the +1 "to hit" bonus of the daggers, her first attack for each round strikes with an additional +3 "to hit" bonus, her second with an additional +2 "to hit" bonus, and her third with an additional +1 "to hit" bonus. Jaid may also cure ailments of the loins and kidneys at will.

Jaiden Reaction Table

Use Dexterity instead of Charisma for Modifier.

2 **Friendly:** Gives 1d6 pcs. of carved jade (worth 1d10×100 gp each) or *cures* loin/kidney ailment.

3-5 **Indifferent:** Gives 1d6 pcs. of carved jade (worth 1d10×100 gp each) or *cures* loin/kidney ailment, if properly propitiated.

6-8 **Neutral:** Offers 1d6 jade items at standard cost.

9-11 **Unfriendly:** Offers 1d6 jade items at 200% cost.

12 **Hostile:** Offers 1 jade item at 500% cost.

RELATED ENTRIES: **S)** *Locate Jade.*

Jale God *(petty god of delusion and dissolution)*

TITLES: *The Dancer*

Greg Gorgonmilk
Paul Gallagher

SYMBOL:	[Redacted]
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	N/A (stationary)
ARMOR CLASS:	0
HIT PTS. (HD):	95 hp (20 HD)
ATTACKS:	Special
DAMAGE:	Special
SAVE:	M20
MORALE:	12 (never fails)
HOARD CLASS:	XVII
XP:	4,250

In the underworld realm called Öthengeline, in a cathedral of fossilized agony, gibbers an abhorrent god-thing of the deepest jale* tones, draped insolently across a chair of non-Euclidean proportions. A circlet of dreary light adorns the air just above the thing's cracked and weathered countenance. Dreams manifestated as a fluid medium drip honey-like through its braincap's fissures and pool in the cavity of its uncoiled navel.

Lo! it is the Jale God. Avert your gaze.

The God's eyes are mocking mirrors reflecting the sixth essence of all who approach it. This is a secret and sacrosanct knowledge that often proves too painful to bear. Characters must save vs. insanity** or find that their minds have been displaced by the dawning realization of their hexessence. Failing the save, each round thereafter, affected characters have a 1-in-6 chance of forcing their consciousness into any unoccupied form nearby (randomly determined by the DM).

The Jale God is sometimes euphemistically named the Dancer in deference to the spastic and twitching shambles of its bony lower body, ominous motions that gently tug at one's sanity and reason and threaten the collapse of ordered thought in its presence (37% chance each turn).

Its pitch-like jism flows in a constant, greasy stream from the proud horn betwixt its ruined legs. The Jale God has seeded the creation of many strange sons and daughters. All of its line may be distinguished by an ulcerous mark, though this blemish is only distinguishable through the use of *detect magic* or similar augury.

It is said that the lilting of the Jale God's crooked pipe is poisonous to the very air. Those who hear may find that their bodies have been profaned or twisted in some way. Those who listen will be of two minds ever after—one joining the music of the pipe, the other fleeing from it forever into the darkness where thoughts cannot reach. When encountered, the Jale God is 33% likely to be playing at its pipe.

Its true name has been forgotten, or has yet to be spoken—esotericists differ on the exact details. Some even speculate that it is not a god at all—only an old dream that has managed through sheer will-power to hold its threadbare existence together across unspeakable gulfs of anguish and fever-dreams.

• • • • • • • • •

The Jale God's countless representations are reflections of its baleful countenance, cast from each of the facets of its eldritch seeing-stone, the *or-Klune*. The following aspects are examples of possible Jale God manifestations. The referee is encouraged to imagine a form unique to his/her campaign world.

The Averted Onlooker (p.14)
The Lady of Cauldrons (p.87)
The Lady of Rains (p.89)
Lord Greensayne (p.95)
Nyctalops (p.126)
Thwizeviblyz (p.170)
Verthish (p.183)
The Yellow King (p.196)

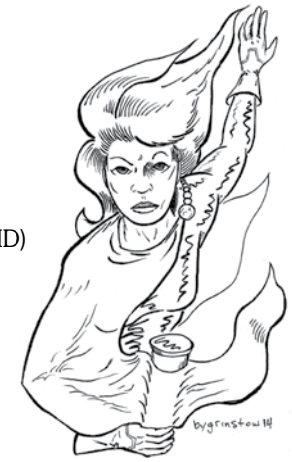
* *"Just as blue is delicate and mysterious, yellow clear and unsubtle, and red sanguine and passionate, so he felt ulfire to be wild and painful [and] jale [to be] dreamlike, feverish, and voluptuous." – David Lindsay,* ***A Voyage to Arcturus*** *(1920)*

** *See* UNDERWORLD LORE *#1, p.14.*

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Atanuwé, Averted Onlooker, Hymenphalia, Lady of Cauldrons, Lady of Rains, Lord Greensayne, Nyctalops, Tallemaja, Thwizeviblyz, Verthish, Yellow King*; **M)** *Atacorn, Bat-faced Strokechucker, Gray Messenger, Ggiyy, Mooks of Verthish, Mouthless Tongue, Sybevmry & Creqvg'n, Tetskuize, Twee Philosophers, Wälläkatüntün*; **D)** *Balanced Quarterstaff, Dagger of Fairness, Eidelons, Eldoon Namar, Stone Heads of Jergen Groot; Unicorn Horns;* **S)** *Curse of the Jale God.*

Jessra *(petty goddess of truces, armistices, and parleys)*

Malcolm Bowers
bygrinstow



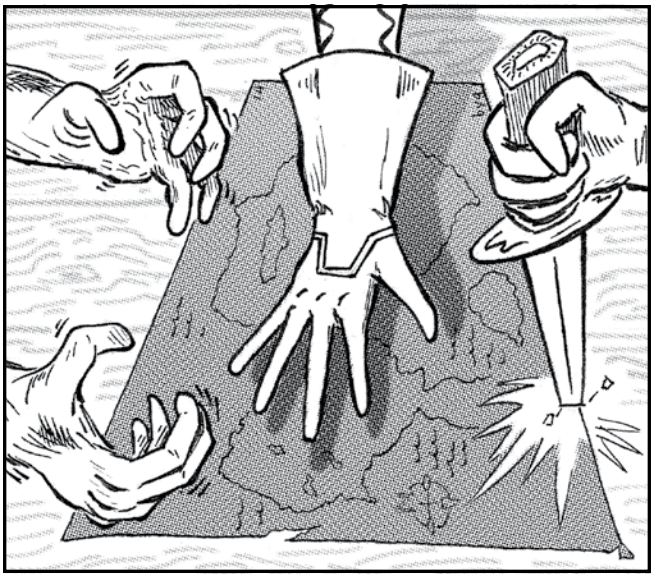
SYMBOL:	A white flag
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	2
HIT PTS. (HD):	90 hp (18 HD)
ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE:	2d8+8
SAVE:	F18
MORALE:	11
HOARD CLASS:	XIV
XP:	5,250

Jessra is the petty goddess of truces, armistices, and parleys. She presides in spirit over any such breaks in combat under her symbol. In the event of treacherous attacks during a parley, she is 60% likely (90% if invoked by name) to punish the offenders. This results in the truce-breaking side being at –1 on attack rolls and saves and automatically losing initiative for the remainder of the battle. The honorable (rather than less dishonorable) side gains an equal and opposite bonus.

Jessra appears as a stern, keen-eyed, golden-haired warrior maid wearing gleaming silver chainmail and a white cloak. She wields a quarterstaff that acts as a *luck blade,* doing double damage in her hands. Anyone who attacks her suffers the same penalties as truce-breakers.

Jessra Reaction Table

2	**Amused:** Lord, what fools these mortals be!
3-5	**Interested:** Wants to know the party's views or experiences.
6-8	**Judicious:** Will apply her keen mind to any situation.
9-11	**Preoccupied:** Has much to oversee, and resents intrusion.
12	**Abrupt:** Has no time for talk, and will attack if hindered.



Jexvenna

(petty goddess of the spoilage of rations)
TITLES: *Jexvenna the Despoiler*

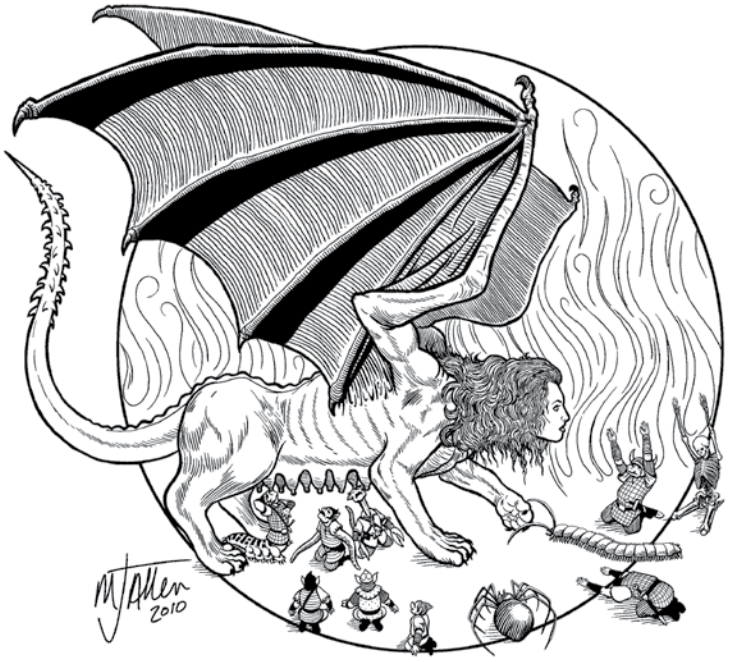
Dennis Laffey
Rom Brown

SYMBOL:	A black weevil
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	150' (50')
ARMOR CLASS:	4
HIT PTS. (HD):	75 hp (10 HD)
ATTACKS:	2 claws/ 1 bite
DAMAGE:	1d8/1d8/ 2d6
SAVE:	C10
MORALE:	9
HOARD CLASS:	XIX
XP:	4,600

Jexvenna the Despoiler is the demon-goddess of hard-tack weevils, hard cheese mold, and the desalination and rehydration of jerky. She presides over the spoilage of tack and other preserved foods, ensuring that despite their long shelf-lives, Entropy always wins in the end. She appears as a large greenish-purple, partially humanoid fungus with insectile wings and several claw-tipped tentacles dangling from the bottom of the fungal stalk. All iron rations, and other preserved foods such as jams or pickled vegetables, spoil within 60' of Jexvenna's presence. Non-preserved foods and water are unaffected. Those eating foods ruined by the Despoiler must save vs. poison or suffer from food poisoning, suffering a –2 penalty to attacks, saves and checks for 24 hours, and running the risk of violent retching during periods of excitement. Anyone suffering Jexvenna's food poisoning must make a save vs. poison at the beginning of each combat encounter or be unable to act for 1d4 rounds due to vomiting. Jexvenna may cast clerical spells of levels 1-to-5 at will.

Jexvenna is worshipped by small isolated, suspicious halfling communities of vegan, raw-foodist homebodies, who sacrifice travelers apprehended carrying iron rations into their closed communities. They offer up the travelers and their rations in great bonfires during the new moon, then feast on fresh-picked vegetables and the raw meat of any pack animals used by the travelers. Certain debased elven families have also been found worshiping the demon-goddess.

Jexvenna never answers when her followers call upon her, but she is 1% likely to appear any time an adventurer in the wilderness or a dungeon makes a comment stating how much they actually enjoy eating iron rations (or similar comments). Unless all iron rations and other preserved foods are immediately offered up to her, she attacks until her opponents are dead or her morale fails.



Jhillenneth *(petty goddess of miraculous horrors)*

TITLES: *Goddess of Sustenance; Mother of Horrors*

Matt Fischer
Mark Allen

SYMBOL:	A headless bust having 6 breasts
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	As monster form taken
ARMOR CLASS:	As monster form taken
HIT PTS. (HD):	As monster form taken
ATTACKS:	As monster form taken
DAMAGE:	As monster form taken
SAVE:	C13
MORALE:	8
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	As monster form taken +1,000

Ever encounter a room whose occupant was too large to have entered via the door? Or perhaps a lone orc just sitting in a 10'×10' room, armored, standing and poised to attack as soon as the door was opened? A gelatinous cube or cloaker waiting in a closet? Humanoids living in a sealed tomb, unopened for dozens of years? Or how about an entire tribe of intelligent creatures who sit patiently in their rooms, attacking only when adventurers enter their domain? How do they sustain themselves? These miraculous occurrences are the sign of the favor of Jhillenneth, monsters' "Goddess of Sustenance" (known to civilized folk as the "Mother of Horrors").

When she manifests, she does so as a monster of some sort (often a female-headed manticore) with many breasts (for suckling her "children".) She has the power to magically nourish her "children" (any monster the DM deems appropriate, even PCs who commit monstrous actions). She also has the power to magically interbreed monster species as well as to, herself, birth new horrors upon the world.

Jhillenneth Reaction Table

2-3	Jhillenneth attacks the party, calling her "children" (nearby monsters) to her aid.
4-5	Jhillenneth whips nearby monsters into a frenzy (by withholding her sustaining nourishment until they become crazed with hunger).
6	Jhillenneth converses with the party, asking them to punish (harm or slay) certain of her children (nearby monsters) who have offended her, and attacks if the party denies her this courtesy.
7	Jhillenneth converses with the party, asking them to refrain from harming certain of her children (nearby monsters), and attacks if the party denies her this courtesy.
8-9	Jhillenneth protects the party from her "children," magically sating nearby monsters' hunger.
10-11	Jhillenneth magically sates the hunger of all nearby monsters, as well as the adventurers.
12	Jhillenneth seeks to mate with, or mate one of her "children" (nearby monsters) with, a member of the party; the offspring of course being some sort of monster or abomination; as usual, she attacks if the party denies her this courtesy.

Jodj *(twin god, petty god of vandals)*

See the entry for *Chelk & Jodj* in this section.

Jonny Hopper

(petty frog god of revelry and frog-kissing)
AFFILIATIONS: *The Frog Gods*

Chris Tamm
Jennell Jaquays

SYMBOL:	A frog head smiling, winking and wearing a fancy hat
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	240' (80')
JUMP:	80' (any time in round)
SWIM:	360' (120')
ARMOR CLASS:	–1
HIT PTS. (HD):	65 hp (16 HD)
ATTACKS:	2 (sword cane)
DAMAGE:	3d6 (as stick) or 2d6+4 (as fencing sword)
SAVE:	C24
MORALE:	7
HOARD CLASS:	d100+100 gp coin purse
XP:	11,000

Johnny Hopper is a wily frog dandy, a lover, musician, adventurer and trickster. He is well dressed, and covets the fancy things and treats which belong to his betters. He plays nearly every instrument, and sings offensive songs in joyful tones. He often woos princesses from shadows or tells them he is a cursed prince. He sometimes steals a *polymorphing scroll* to turn ladies into frog folk. He has unfortunately left many slightly froggy children in many lands among the rich.

He has the abilities of a 16th level thief. He prefers to snatch-and-grab and steal kisses rather than fight, but is a skilled warrior. Commoners sing songs of Johnny, and swear to never eat or harm frogs or toads unless in self defense (but atonement is required for the sin). Johnny lampoons the rich, takes their shiny things, steals the virtue of ladies. The common folk get a laugh out of this, and Johnny gets his fun.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Grandpa Toadflap*, *Wart Mother*, **D)** *Goggles of the Frog Gods.*

Jöögengeld

(petty god of mockery, sarcasm and schadenfreude)
TITLES: *The Mocker; The Mocking God;*
He Who Laughs at Your Expense

Adam Dickstein
Adam Dickstein

SYMBOL:	A combined comedy and tragedy mask of disturbed visage
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	150' (50')
ARMOR CLASS:	–6
HIT PTS. (HD):	75 hp (15 HD)
ATTACKS:	Special
DAMAGE:	Special
SAVE:	M15
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	XII, XVI
XP:	11,000

Known as The Mocker, The Mocking God and sometimes "He Who Laughs At Your Expense," Jöögengeld is a minor deity whose sole purpose appears to be making fun of others. He is, or more appropriately was, a god of humor. Worshipped only by those jesters and playwrights who appreciate his comical and expertly barbed quips, Jöögengeld fell out of favor as more and more of those who followed his brand of wit came before the axes of royalty that were not amused.

Nowadays, Jöögengeld is best described as the petty god of sarcasm and laughing at the misfortune of others. His favorite activity is to mock heroes and villains with very high opinions of themselves. On occasion Jöögengeld appears to adventurers in dire peril and makes fun of them in ways both humorous and spiteful. Some adventurers, especially those without much power or chance of survival, will call upon his guidance to help them mock their obviously more powerful enemies during battle. This amuses Jöögengeld to no end and he will sometimes aid such scrappy underdogs.

Though incredibly fast, quick minded and agile, Jöögengeld almost never engages in personal combat, preferring to use one of his peculiar divine powers against an opponent. Jöögengeld can make a *gaze* attack that causes his enemy to either cry like a little child or laugh uncontrollably, rendering them helpless and unable to do anything else for 1d8+1 rounds. To try and resist, characters must save vs. paralysis at -2. If the victim manages to save, they will still suffer from minor tearing or 'the giggles' (depending on Jöögengeld's intent). He can only use this attack once on any given individual.

If forced to go into battle, Jöögengeld will often wield a common, nearby object as a weapon, such as a candlestick, a rolling pin or some other simple tool. In his hands it functions as a *+4 magical weapon* that does 4d6 damage. Jöögengeld enjoys teasing his opponent by saying they are so weak that he can defeat them with the item instead of needing a real weapon.

Jöögengeld Reaction Table

2	**Friendly:** *Blesses* 1d4 sarcastic characters or *curses* 1d4 pompous blowhards.
3-5	**Indifferent:** Mocks everyone equally.
6-8	**Neutral:** Ignores everyone and yawns from boredom.
9-11	**Unfriendly:** *Curses* 1d4 nearby targets if no one is making him laugh.
12	**Hostile:** *Curses* 2d4 nearby targets if no one is making him laugh (for double normal duration).

Jus'enuf *(petty god of small favors)*

TITLES: *Friend of Yearning; Foe of Want*

Stephen Bartok

Jus'enuf is the petty god of small favors. The god is without form and does not appear physically. Believers contend, though, that the god provides appropriate aural clues (such as giggling, laughing, crying, sneezing) to indicate that a favor has been granted (for example, a particularly tough carpenter's nail might miraculously be pounded in on the next hit by a believer, followed by an audible, "Whew!" from the god that only the believer can hear).

There is no 'religion' surrounding Jus'enuf—no symbols, no titles or other form of organized worship. Believers of Jus'enuf have no title to them.

Curiously, believers in Jus'enuf repeatedly chant a short rhyme, though, when requesting the assistance from the god. The rhyme varies greatly from region to region, profession to profession and even gender, age and race. However, the one rhyme that practically all believers know is as follows:

> "Jus'enuf, I pray to thee,
> Please fulfill my humble need.
> Friend of Yearning, Foe of Want,
> Grant my wish and I will stop."

Jus'enuf is not a malicious god. With no form and very little contact with the Material Plane, Jus'enuf can only retaliate by simply not fulfilling a wish or, on very rare occasions, scream, shout, or otherwise distract an individual for a very brief moment with some other such audible noise.

Believers contend that Jus'enuf favors the elderly and the poor, physical laborers—granting them *wishes* over other demographics. These beliefs, of course, can never be verified, but these people show more faith in the god than others.

KAHLADAHT • KAKANUAWANA • KALANTOS • KALDRABIKKIA • KARGA SAVASHA • KHALDRANATH • KHORISSA • KILOOLOOGUNG • KING SHROOM • KING UNDER THE MOUNTAIN • KRYTHYLE • KWUNNDLE • KYPSELUS

Kahladaht *(petty god of undeath)*

TITLES: *Kahladaht the Once Deified*

R.J. Thompson
Todd McGowan

SYMBOL:	A skull with a sword behind it and a rose held in its mouth
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	0
HIT PTS. (HD):	110 hp (19 HD)
ATTACKS:	3 or charge or spells
DAMAGE:	1d8+5/ 1d8+5/ 1d8+5
SAVE:	F19
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	XV + special
XP:	7,250

Kahladaht the Once Deified was once a great knight in the service of a god of law and virtue. During a crusade in a foreign land Kahladaht was tricked by a necromancer into slaying the avatar of his own god during an execution. Upon realizing what he had done the knight wandered into the desert. There he dwelt for forty days attempting to repent for his sin. In the end his god was unforgiving. Kahladaht, lost, now thought only of revenge. He sought the necromancer out, but in his fragile state of mind was seduced by the necromancer's honeyed words. Kahladaht served the necromancer until he was slain in battle, after which he was brought back as a powerful undead being to serve his new master for eternity. Kahladaht, however, grew ambitious and struck his master down, claiming his keep and undead legion for himself. The undead knight spent years studying the forces of necromancy and cults related to the dread practice. In doing so he discovered some of the secrets of immortality, and indeed divinity. From a demon prince, he learned a secret which allowed him to siphon some level of power from the goddess of death. He had secretly stolen enough power to nearly become a true god, but the followers who flocked to him upon acquiring such power also attracted the unwanted attention of adventurers and would-be heroes. One of these bands was able to perform a ritual in an ancient palace known as "Where Angels Fear to Tread." It alerted the goddess of death to Kahladaht's scheme and he was stopped. Some of his power was taken from him at this time and he was left a broken and petty god, always ambitious and seeking more power.

Kahladaht is now a lesser god of undeath. He appears a an enormous man, a full 6'-7" tall, wearing mail made from the bones of his previous foes, and a horned helm carved from the skull of a demon. This armor protects as if it were *+3 plate mail*, weighing as little as a suit of chain. He bears a copper bastard sword with a hilt of bone named "*Life Drinker*." *Life Drinker* is a *+3 bastard* sword with the ability to drain ½ hp for each hp that *Life Drinker* deals to a living creature. When *Life Drinker* has accumulated 30 hp in this way, it converts the hp to negative energy which it then disperses in a 30' radius around itself healing all undead in the radius equal portions of the 30 hp. The Once Deified has the ability to create 20 HD of undead per week. All non-intelligent undead that are created this way are under his command at all times. He can also *command undead* that he encounters by making a successful turn attempt as a cleric of the 10th level. Clerics attempting to turn any of Kahladaht's undead in his presence suffer a –5 penalty to such rolls. In addition Kahladaht casts spells as a 10th level cleric.

In combat, Kahladaht will allow any undead in his vicinity to attack first waiting to close with his opponents until they are softened up, all the while casting spells to enhance himself. He will initiate combat by charging the relentlessly utilizing all three of his attacks with *Life Drinker* to harm his opponents and heal himself and his minions. Despite being a lesser divinity, for all purposes Kahladaht counts as an undead creature with all that entails (e.g., immune to *sleep*, *charm*, *hold*).

Kakanuawana *(petty god of yam destitution)*

TITLES: *The Yam-Bereft; The Hungry Planter; He Whose Barn Stands Empty*

Ezra Claverie
Jennell Jaquays

SYMBOL:	A basket in which a spider has built a web, but which is otherwise empty
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
ARMOR CLASS:	9 [+1]
HIT PTS. (HD):	80 hp (20 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (yam-digging stick)
DAMAGE:	3d6 + special
SAVE:	C20
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	I
XP:	3,250

Kakanuawana—the Yam-Bereft, the Hungry Planter, He Whose Barn Stands Empty—was once the greatest farmer among the gods, his yams renowned for their size. However, Kakanuawana lacked the guile of his neighbors, who envied his harvests. Various godlings and tricksters cheated him, stole his seed-yams, and sabotaged his planting-mounds. His wives abandoned him and returned to their fathers' farms, leaving Kakanuawana lonely and bitter.

Kakanuawana sometimes appears to those who sacrifice the last of their provisions in his name. He appears as a sturdy, pot-bellied man dressed in a lava-lava skirt and sandals, and carrying a yam-digging stick.

Should anyone prove foolish enough to attack Kakanuawana, he will retaliate with his yam-digging stick, which inflicts 3d6 damage. Anyone he strikes must save vs. spell or suffer the *curse of the hungry planter*, unable to keep down any food or drink with caloric value for the next 4d6 days. (The DM should determine the effects of this fast.) Once Kakanuawana has bestowed his *curse* on one foe, he returns to his own plane. Only magical weapons can harm him.

If those propitiating him have offered their last meal in his name, the referee should roll on the table below to determine Kakanuawana's response.

Kakanuawana Reaction Table

If one or more supplicants...
...has stolen in the past year: -2
…sacrifices yams: +1
…has been the victim of a theft in the past year: +1

Roll 1d6 (instead of 2d6).

1	Kakanuawana seizes the nearest supplicant, opens the person's mouth, and places a seed-yam on the person's tongue. It immediately sends roots throughout the victim's alimentary tract, and a yam-plant rises from the victim's mouth. Kakanuawana then vanishes, leaving the victim unable to move without assistance. A cleric can remove this *curse*, which allows the victim to pull out the roots (a painful and disgusting process). Manually removing the plant without first lifting the *curse* costs the victim 3d6 Constitution, which he or she can recover at the rate of one pt. per day through bed rest. Anyone reduced to zero Constitution by this removal dies from the ordeal.
2-3	Kakanuawana continues and deepens the supplicants' hunger. The next place that they go in search of food has experienced a mysterious famine: a farmhouse's larder contains only crumbs; a tavern's stew-pot inexplicably emptied between the cook's stirrings; a snare that should have contained a grouse holds only blood and feathers.
4	Kakanuawana gives a two-pound yam, which feeds one adult for one day.
5	Kakanuawana gives a five-pound yam, which feeds five adults for one day.
6	Kakanuawana gives a fifty-pound yam, which feeds 20 adults for one day.
over 6	**Harvest Feast:** Kakanuawana instantly transports the faithful to his house, where he offers them a feast, heavy on yam dishes but including roast goat, fish-ball soup, deep-fried locusts, and abundant wine. Eeryone partaking recovers from any wounds or diseases and gains a +4 on all saving throws for the next 24 hours. When they finish, Kakanuawana returns them to their world.

Kalantos *(petty god of axe executions)*

Craig Schwarze
Eric Wirsing (Kalantos)
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr. (feature)

SYMBOL:	Axe
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	150' (50')
ARMOR CLASS:	2
HIT PTS. (HD):	66 hp (10 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (axe)
DAMAGE:	4d8
SAVE:	F10
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	3.900

Kalantos is a tall, hooded figure with faintly glowing eyes barely visible in the depths of his hood. Those coming into his presence for the first time must save vs. death or flee in terror. He usually spends nights in those large cities which practice execution by the axe. The night before an execution, he will find the headsman's axe and then sharpen and bless its blade. He has been known to stand watch outside the door of those headsmen who are especially unpopular, and are in danger of violence against them.

Kalantos has also been known to hunt those who have escaped prison to avoid the axe. He will track down such fugitives without rest, finally approaching them only when they are alone. He will be accompanied by four-to-six zombies, who will restrain the fugitive while Kalantos completes the execution. In other situations, Kalantos will flee rather than fight if he is threatened.

Kalantos Reaction Table

2-10	**Flees.**
11-12	**Ignores PCs.**

Kaldrabikkia

(frigid petty goddess of violence)

Dungeon of Sketch
Dungeon of Sketch

SYMBOL:	A red, spear-shaped rune
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	240' (80')
ARMOR CLASS:	–3
HIT PTS. (HD):	122 hp (20 HD)
ATTACKS:	3 (Bludsoltinngyr)
DAMAGE:	1d6+4
SAVE:	M16
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	XVI
XP:	6,250

Kaldrabikkia is a dark, brutal goddess of ice that haunts the northern lands. She is worshiped by a rag-tag hoard of barbarians, bandits and evil humanoids. Kaldrabikkia leads her faithful in brutal raids against any unsuspecting settlement, so she may revel in the bloodshed.

A strange, unnatural snow storm precedes each raid. Discord, hallucinations, and mass hysteria spread among the victim population. At the height of chaos, Kaldrabikkia unleashes her hoard. The victims have little chance for survival.

Well into the slaughter, the goddess will manifest. She appears as a pallid, seven-foot-tall woman of exceptional beauty and cruelty. Her eyes are an inhuman pale blue color. Kaldrabikkia's hair is waist-length and platinum blonde. She is dressed in clothing which is nothing more than blood-soaked rags.

In combat, Kaldrabikkia is cold, calculating, and frighteningly fast. When she plunges her wicked spear into her victims, it drains their life energy and she feeds from it. The goddess also wreaks havoc with her terrible ice magic. Kaldrabikkia and her faithful fight until none are left alive, then depart quickly.

Potential victims of Kaldrabikkia's wrath try in vain to appease her, but to no avail. Stronger kingdoms have made attempts to seek out and eliminate the goddess and her followers, never to return or worse—coming back as raiders in Kaldrabikkia's hoard.

BLUDSOLTINNGYR, THE SPEAR OF KALDRABIKKIA: This is a *+3 spear*. On a natural roll of 18 or higher, all damage done to the target is transferred to the wielder. If these bonus hit points raise the wielder's hit points beyond their normal total, they will only last until the end of combat.

SPELL-LIKE ABILITIES: Kaldrabikkia uses the following abilities as a caster of 20th level: ***manipulative powers*** – *phantasmal force* (1×/day), *mass charm* (1×/day), *confusion* (at will), *charm person* (at will), *charm monster* (at will), *cause fear* (at will); ***destructive powers*** – *ball of ice* (as fireball spell, but cold/frost damage; 2×/day), *cloud of frost* (as incendiary cloud, but cold/frost damage; 2×/day), *wall of fire* (2×/day), *magic missile* (3×/day); *striking* (at will; the Goddess uses this power on herself and her followers), *earthquake* (1×/day); *symbol* (3×/day). Kaldrabikkia also has the ability to *fly* (as per the spell) at will.

Karga Savasha

(petty god of death birds and tengu warriors)

Robert Morris
Jennell Jaquays

SYMBOL:	White crow
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
FLY:	240' (80')
ARMOR CLASS:	–2 [+3]
HIT PTS. (HD):	100 hp (16 HD)
ATTACKS:	2 or special
DAMAGE:	2d6/2d6 or special
SAVE:	F16
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	XV
XP:	6,000

Karga Savasha appears as an 8'-tall tengu warrior. His feathers are bone white except for his tail feathers and crest. These are both bone white striped with black. He typically wears a simple weapon harness that holds his javelins and is decorated with tokens, trophies, and fetishes taken from exceptional enemies.

In battle he wields barbed javelins which he may throw up to 360'. Each javelin acts as a *+3 weapon* and causes 2-12 points of damage on a successful hit. He may throw two such javelins during a single round.

Three times per day, he may mark a target for death by calling the target's name aloud. When he does so, his next javelin targeting that character is +4 to hit. If the target is hit, the target must save vs. death at –4 or die. If the victim survives, he or she takes 4d6 points of damage. When Karga Savasha uses this attack, he may not throw a second javelin during that round.

Karga Savasha may make an ear-rending screech every third round. Enemies hearing the screech must save vs. spell at –2 or be stunned for 1-6 rounds.

Karga Savasha may only be harmed by +3 or better weapons. He is immune to *sleep*, *charm*, *hold*, *death magic*, and *energy* or *level drain*. He cannot be harmed by any special attacks from undead (e.g., a vampire's gaze, mummy rot, a lich's chill touch, etc.).

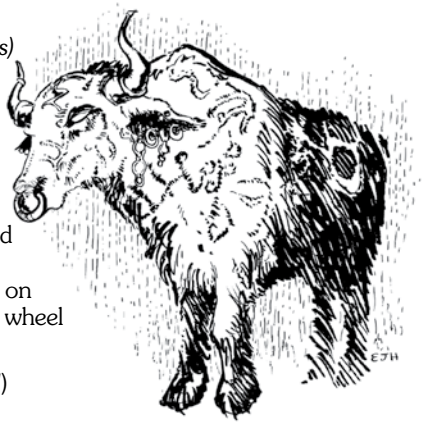
Karga Savasha is always accompanied by flocks of ravens, crows, and other predatory birds. He may call these birds to swarm an enemy. Calling the swarm replaces his normal attacks for that round. He may call up to two swarms at a time. A character attacked by the swarm loses all Dexterity bonuses to armor class and is at –4 to hit while being swarmed. The swarm may attack up to two characters simultaneously, provided both characters are within 5' of each other.

BIRD SWARM: AL:neutral; M:180' (60'); AC:2; HD:5; AT:5 (1d6/1d6/1d6/1d6/1d6); ST:F5; ML:10. For each 8 hp damage inflicted against the swarm it loses one hit die and one attack. For each two hit dice lost in this fashion, reduce the swarm's morale by 1 (e.g., a swarm that has taken 17 hit points of damage would have only three attacks as a 3 HD monster, and would only have a morale rating of 8).

Khaldranath

(petty god of draft animals)
TITLES: *The Ox Lord*

William Maranto & Jim Brewer
Edward Heil



SYMBOL:	Ox's head superimposed on a wagon wheel
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	180' (60')
ARMOR CLASS:	–4
HIT PTS. (HD):	108 hp (20 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (gore) plus possible trample
DAMAGE:	3d6+3 (gore), 2d8 (trample)
SAVE:	F20
MORALE:	9
HOARD CLASS:	XV, XX
XP:	9,000

Khaldranath, the Ox Lord, is the god of draft animals. Teamsters, farmers, and caravan masters all call upon the Ox Lord to help ensure that their beasts continue to pull their burdens. Signs of his favor include increased speed or strength of draft animals, and the smell of newly mown hay. His displeasure is often manifested by broken harnesses, broken cart wheels, or the persistent smell of manure.

Khaldranath is seen as a huge, heavily muscled ox with various tattoos and brands scattered about his body. He has a heavy iron ring in his nose and many golden baubles in his ears. His eyes simultaneously have a look of ennui and channeled rage. The horns of Khaldranath are a dusky orange.

Clerics of the Ox Lord are called upon to *bless* caravans and are frequently summoned when a prized animal has taken ill. More militant priests are known to demand alms for Khaldranath; those who do not open their purses are said to invite hardship and misery into their lives. The most militant priests are known to inflict Khaldranath's wrath upon the stingy, even going so far as to sabotage wagons wheels, cut harnesses and empty feedbags when no one is watching.

Should a mortal be so unlucky as to face him in combat, Khaldranath is known to charge his opponents relentlessly, only stopping to reverse his tide of horns and hooves.. Anyone struck by the Ox Lord's gore attack must save vs. paralysis or fall to the ground and be subject to his trample attack.

Khaldranath Reaction Table

2	**Friendly:** 1d6 nearby draft animals blessed with increased speed, strength, or stamina,
3-5	**Indifferent:** 1d6 nearby draft animals blessed with increased speed, strength, or stamina, if properly propitiated.
6-8	**Neutral:** Ignores nearby creatures.
9-11	**Unfriendly:** 1d6 nearby draft animals become slowed or obstinate, if not properly propitiated.
12	**Hostile:** 1d4 nearby draft animals are freed from their tracings and run off.

Khorissa

(petty goddess of ghouls)
TITLES: *The Ghoul Queen*

Greg Johnston
Zach Jaquays

SYMBOL:	A gnawed bone
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
TUNNEL:	90' (30')
ARMOR CLASS:	0
HIT PTS. (HD):	100 hp (12 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 bite/2 claws
DAMAGE:	2d6/ 2×1d10+ paralysis
SAVE:	C12
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	XVIII
XP:	3,600

Khorissa's natural form is that of an emaciated woman of almost skeletal countenance, greenish skin stretched tight over her bony frame and with sagging, pendulous breasts. Despite her appearance, she has supernatural strength which allows her to rend flesh with her long dirty, blood-stained fingernails and crack bones with her teeth. She is covered with dirt, stinks of decay, and is accompanied by a swarm of flies. This stench is similar to a ghast's but is –4 on any save vs. poison to resist. The swarm of flies act to distract anyone wishing to attack the Ghoul Queen by imposing a –5 "to hit" penalty.

She may shape-change to appear as a beautiful, if pale-skinned, human female with long, dark hair. She usually takes this more pleasing form to get close to her prey before striking. In this form, she does not have her stench ability or the swarm of flies. It takes her 1 round to change between either form.

Khorissa is usually hungry and always seeking a meal in the form of any nearby dead corpses or live prey. She does not like the taste of elves and will refuse to eat their corpses. She is worshiped by ghouls and ghasts. Khorissa can be encountered stalking graveyards or other subterranean places with an ample supply of dead bodies on which to feast. There is a 15% chance that any PCs attacking ghouls in their warren will attract the attention of Khorissa and she will appear.

Khaldranath Reaction Table

+4 if recently attacked/killed ghouls or ghasts

2	**Friendly:** Will cast 1 necromantic spell for the party if that will help them.
3-5	**Indifferent:** Allows PCs to leave unharmed and may answer 1 or 2 questions about the dungeon or graveyard they are in.
6-8	**Neutral:** Ignores nearby creatures.
9-11	**Unfriendly:** Attacks any nearby creatures unless appeased. Appeasement is usually an offering of a live victim.
12	**Hostile:** Attacks any nearby creatures. Summons additional 2d6 ghouls.

Kilooloogung *(petty god of arising smoke)*

TITLES: *The Lord of Arising Smoke*

Igor Vinicius Sartorato*
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

SYMBOL:	A silhouette of smoke with its 'arms' upward
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
FLY:	240' (80')
ARMOR CLASS:	0 [+1]
HIT PTS. (HD):	107 hp (20 HD)
ATTACKS:	Special
DAMAGE:	Special
SAVE:	C20
MORALE:	9
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	10,250

Kilooloogung, the Lord of Arising Smoke, resides in the fireplaces and hearths of homes, in the braziers of temples, and in the large fires of festivals. He appears as a face in the columns of smoke that ascend into the sky. His work is to take the smoke from fires in the hearth and send it skyward, as a sign to the great gods that he is doing his job.

It is customary to seek the blessings of this god in the construction of chimneys by burning incense in his honor, so that the smoke may exit and be carried to the sky. It is believed that if he gets angry, the smoke will not rise, and will stay inside houses and close to the ground, suffocating the occupants.

Kilooloogung is also considered a divine messenger. Many people pray to him, asking that he carry their prayers (along with the smoke of the incense they burn) to the heavens, so that the greater gods may hear. Kilooloogung is pleased when men pray in this way, and sends his servant smoke to the heavens, so that the gods may know that the people pray.

Kilooloogung is a benevolent god and rarely enters into combat. However, if he does, he can be a very dangerous opponent. As a creature of smoke, Kilooloogung is almost intangible (requiring a +1 or better weapon "to hit"), and can spread smoke throughout an environment, obscuring vision. He does not perform physical attacks. However, each round a creature remains in a smoke-filled area they receive 3d6 points of damage due to suffocation and intoxication (a successful save vs. breath each round will halve the damage).

Kilooloogung Reaction Table

2	**Friendly:** Gives preference to any character prayers. Clerics burning incense in his presence (regardless of deity) have a 50% chance of doubled spell effects for 2d6 turns.
3-5	**Indifferent:** Will send a special request to the gods if properly propitiated.
6-8	**Neutral:** Ignores nearby creatures.
9-11	**Unfriendly:** The smoke around the PCs does not rise and fills a 100 sq. ft. area.
12	**Hostile:** Does not carry any character prayers to the gods. All clerical spells have a 50% chance of failure for 3d6 turns.

** Based on an original concept by Lord Dunsany.*

King Shroom

(petty god of the mushroom kingdom)

TITLES: *Cannibal Godspawn of Mushrooms; Devourer General of the Lizardwars; Patron of Shroomeaters*

Jens Durke
Steve Zieser

SYMBOL:	Different from cult to cult (mushroom circles being very popular)
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	Special
ARMOR CLASS:	0 [+1]
HIT PTS. (HD):	23 to 184 hp (23 HD, roll anew for every spawn)
ATTACKS:	Special
DAMAGE:	Special
SAVE:	M23
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	IV, VII, XXII
XP:	23,000

King Shroom, Cannibal Godspawn of Mushrooms, Devourer General of the Lizardwars, and Patron of Shroomeaters, is a lesser god of the mushroom kingdom, worshipped by those that seek enlightenment by digesting mushrooms with psychedelic properties. Wherever these fungi grow (1-in-8 chance per region), there will be a cult worshipping him (roll 1d10; 1-2=in public; 3-4=accepted, but hidden; 5-6=hunted by the law; 7-8=hunted by a church; 9-10=involved in sinister witchcraft; even and uneven numbers being respectively human or non-human communities). There is, of course, a strong and alien connection between fungi and magic, only known by those wizards adept in The Way of the Shroom.

No sober intelligence is able to grasp the cryptic reasoning for him appearing, the bizarre interacting with his surroundings or why the mushroom kingdom is at war with all lizards (yes, that includes dragons). It is rare to encounter him by accident. Given the fact that fungi are nearly everywhere, some scholars concluded that Lord Shroom is very informed and very aware of what's happening in the World (75%), but his interpretation of this knowledge is very distorted at best. Everytime something mushroom-related is part of the game (ingame or at the table, mushrooms mentioned in a module, mushrooms on a pizza, the ranger doing a wilderness survival check, all counts, even if it's not deliberate), there is a 1-in-8 chance that King Shroom will be interested enough to get involved.

If a group of adventurers gets his attention, he will keep his distance for a while and observe. Signs of him being around are mushroom circles in the area, rumors of mushroom poisoning or even stoned cultists engaging the group with cryptic messages ("He is seeing you!"). His timing for appearing is always inconvenient, but the surroundings decide if encountering him will be a pleasant or an unpleasant "trip" (with no connection to his intentions, of course). So he will be seen as a humanoid mushroom of sorts, but how he manifests to the observer totally depends on the entire experience. How he communicates may be read from the result of the Reaction Table.

King Shroom Reaction Table

Roll 2d8 (instead of 2d6).

2	Altering reality, blessing characters (psychic tranfer of language).
3-5	On a mission (speaking in a high pitched voice).
6-8	Offering knowledge (psychic transfer of images).
9-12	Offering an experience (psychic transfer of feelings).
13-15	Needs something done (speaking in a dark, deep voice).
16	Stoned, *blessing* turns *curse* (talking gibberish for all but those under the influence of shrooms or his aura).

King Shroom has no legs, so he won't walk. But he is able to use *dimension door* at will within a fungus network and *teleport* at will in between fungi networks (spawning in a mushroom circle every time). He casts spells like a 23rd level magic-user, with the spell effects always mirroring fungus behaviour. He emanates a *psychedelic aura* 30' around him (save vs. spell to avoid the effects of a *feeblemind* spell; interaction with King Shroom remains possible under the influence of the aura and wears off after 1d4 turns). He will fight back if threatened, but only using his spells. Lizards he will attack on sight. Only magic weapons may harm him.

Destroying him will release his spores and he will respawn 1d6 days later. It is the way of the mushroom. Killing him is quite difficult, trapping him might be the best way to achieve that. His blessing is a random spell in the mind of the blessed, to use one time at will. His *curse* is a fungal infection that makes it impossible to process any other food but mushrooms, slimes and molds, transforming the host into a mushroom after (Constitution) months. King Shroom eats mushrooms for the various effects they might have, and he is quite fond of fermented beverages.

Giant crickets sing his song.

RELATED ENTRIES: **M)** *Fruggar.*

King Under the Mountain

(petty god of the downtrodden and oppressed)

Evan Van Elkins
Luigi Castellani

SYMBOL:	A crown placed over the hilt of a sword
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	–4
HIT PTS. (HD):	89 hp (18 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (weapon)
DAMAGE:	As weapon +3 (+6 vs. chaotic)
SAVE:	F18
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	XII, XXII
XP:	10,000

The King Under the Mountain is the god of the oppressed and the downtrodden. They pray to him for deliverance from political malefactors. When he appears, it is always as a ghostly figure in the finest of contemporary armors, most often as a middle aged man with a wise face.

He may cause any who look upon him to save vs. spell; if they fail, they are compelled to join his crusade against the local tyrant. Chaotic creatures are not ever susceptible to this, though they are likely to become the victims of mob violence. This is not an automatic ability, and the King can choose to suppress it if necessary. He wields the sword *Caliburnus*, which is a *+3 bane weapon* against chaotic creatures and characters. The King Under the Mountain can only be hurt by spells and swords of chaotic alignment. Lawful magical weapons will refuse to strike him. All chaotic characters and creatures who see him must make a morale save.

After leading the dissidents and gaining victory against whatever regime provoked his wrath, he disappears and allows the remaining rabble to sort things out for themselves.

King Under the Mountain Reaction Table

Use Wisdom as modifier instead of Charisma.

2	**Friendly:** Will ask characters to join his crusade. If they refuse he will look crestfallen and continue on his way.
3-5	**Indifferent:** Will neither ask characters to join his crusade or force them to with his power.
6-8	**Neutral:** Ignores nearby targets. If someone attempts to communicate with him he impresses them into service immediately.
9-11	**Unfriendly:** Impresses all present into service. Attempts to kill any chaotic targets nearby.
12	**Hostile:** Simply attempts to kill present targets.

Krythyle

(petty goddess of snares and foot traps)

TITLES: *Mistress of the Wounded Foot*

Wayne Rossi
Joel Priddy

SYMBOL:	Two jagged blades
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
ARMOR CLASS:	4
HIT PTS. (HD):	61 hp (12 HD)
ATTACKS:	Special
DAMAGE:	1d6 + immobilization
SAVE:	F12
MORALE:	8
HOARD CLASS:	XVII
XP:	4,500

Krythyle, the Mistress of the Wounded Foot, is the petty goddess of snares and foot traps. She appears as a lovely woman in forest garb, with flowing red hair, but her feet are badly hobbled, as if she has only recently extracted herself from a trap. Approaching her in the wild there is a 4-in-6 chance that characters will step into a snare that she has set.

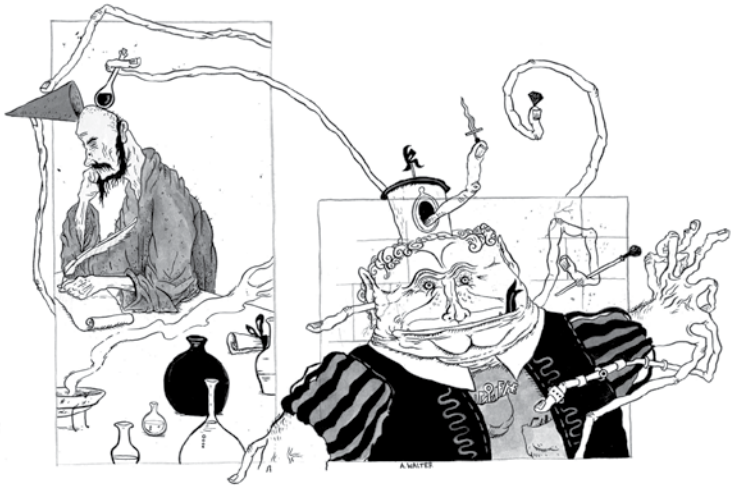
When Krythyle attacks, she can cause foot traps to come out of the ground at unsuspecting foes. These are made of sharp metal and immobilize a character for 1d6 rounds. When freed, a character whose foot was caught in the trap has their movement rate cut in half until the wounds are fully healed. There is a 5% chance that the traps are rusty and will cause disease, which must be cured magically. If attacked by a sufficiently powerful character, she will attempt to lasso their throat with a snare, causing 1d4 points of damage per turn; additionally each turn the character must roll under their Constitution on 1d20 or pass out.

Krythyle is fond of hunter types, who get a –3 bonus to their reaction rolls on the chart below. For other character types, she will often view them as prey to be hunted. Her slow movement functions as a decoy, since the path between any character and Krythyle will be littered with danger.

Krythyle Reaction Table

Use Wisdom as modifier instead of Charisma. Hunter types get –3 bonus.

2-3	**Friendly:** Gives one of her traps as gift (opponents only have a 20% chance of noticing it, if looking actively for traps; no chance if not looking).
4-7	**Indifferent:** Disappears, leaving foot trap in her wake.
8-10	**Unfriendly:** Attempts use of snare trap on character(s).
11-12	**Hostile:** Immediate attack using foot trap.



Kwunndle

(petty god of misplaced objects)

Andrew Branstad
Andrew Walter

SYMBOL:	A dozen wavy vertical lines (represent the reaching fingers of Kwunndle)
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
ARMOR CLASS:	2
HIT PTS. (HD):	50 hp (12 HD)
ATTACKS:	2 (hands)
DAMAGE:	1d6/1d6
SAVE:	T12
MORALE:	8
HOARD CLASS:	XVII
XP:	2,800

Obsessive Kwunndle is the god of misplaced items. His beady eyes can peer out of the corners of far-away rooms, where he snatches unattended objects with his impossibly long fingers. Kwunndle cannot take whatever he wants; only things that have slipped from their owners' conscious thoughts are his for the taking. Kwunndle appears as a squat blue humanoid with countless unnaturally long and bendable fingers. However, he is completely invisible when looked at directly and must be viewed out of the corner of the eye to be seen (which is reflected in his Armor Class).

Kwunndle is naturally cowardly and avoids contact with others. He is very covetous, however, and his greed will sometime drive him to seek out mortals to barter for their possessions. More often, others come to Kwunndle and try to convince him to return some precious lost trinket. In any case, the god will only accept lost or stolen goods in exchange for his acquired 'treasures.'

Kwunndle possesses the abilities of a 13th level thief. When forced to fight, he strikes from the shadows and uses his *near-invisibly* to flee if things go against him. He attacks with his long, pliable fingers, wrenching and choking his enemies. If Kwunndle hits with both attacks in a round, he can automatically strangle his opponent for 2d6 additional damage. This damage is ongoing unless Kwunndle releases his grip or the target breaks free (via a Strength check at -2).

Kwunndle Reaction Table

** Modify based on possessions as as follows...*
Character is obviously impoverished +2;
Character is conservatively dressed +1; Average gear +0;
Well-dressed or moderately adorned -1;
Heavily adorned in jewelry, gear, or fine clothes -2.

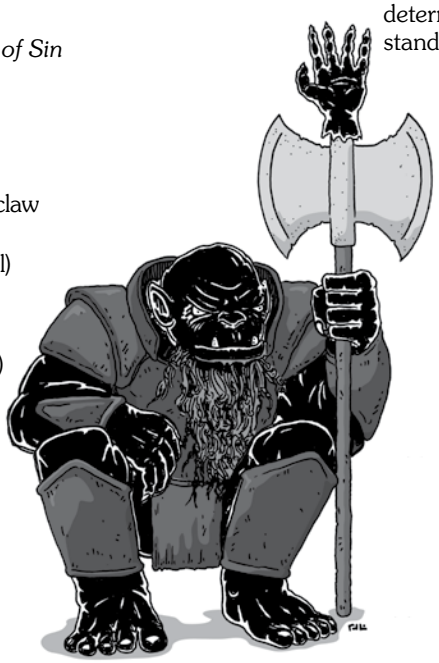
2-3	**Very Interested:** Attempts to bargain for one of the characters' possessions.
4-6	**Interested:** Attempts to steal one of the characters' possessions.
7-9	**Neutral:** Ignores nearby creatures.
10-11	**Unfriendly:** Hides in shadows from nearby creatures.
12	**Unfriendly:** Hides in shadows and possibly attacks.

Kypselus

(petty god of deals, bargains, and creeping corruptions)
TITLES: *The Black Hand; The Lord of Deals; The Lord of Sin*

Josh Graboff
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

SYMBOL:	A blackened hand or orcish claw
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic (keeps deals as if lawful)
MOVEMENT:	60' (20')
ARMOR CLASS:	–3
HIT PTS. (HD):	115 hp (25 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (touch or axe)
DAMAGE:	2d10 + special (touch) or 3d8+3 (axe)
SAVE:	F25
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	1 each of VIII through XXII
XP:	16,000



Kypselus, also known as the Black Hand, the Lord of Deals, and the Lord of Sin, is said to be the son of Ulagos the Potter and Nyxos Husband-Eater. As one of his natural children, Kypselus is imbued with much of his father's strength, godly blood running in his horrible black veins.

The Lord of Sin is a master of deals, bargains, and creeping corruptions. He represents both physical decay and moral collapse. Few men and demihumans are foolish enough to follow him or seek his favor, though he has many faithful amongst goblin-kin, ogres, and trolls.

He reslishes swamps, sinkholes, and corpses (though not of elves, which are resistant to his touch). Kypselus walks amongst the ranks of the dead to encourage them to decay, touching them with his long nails and breeding rot. Ghouls and ghasts are supposedly creatures of his own hideous design and are considered particularly sacred. These undead traditionally serve his priests and are used as temple-servants and warriors by his ranks.

In appearance, Kypselus resembles a squatting orc with jet black skin and a grotesquely knotted beard extending from his chin. He is frequently depicted wearing a suit of smoke-black plate armor.

In combat, Kypselus is a formidable foe indeed—his very touch can cause boils, welts, weals, and skin lacerations. When he strikes with an open palm, his subject must immediately save vs. poison or become subject to some horrific wasting disease (specific type at DM's discretion) in addition to sustaining 2d10 points of damage from the contact.

Meetings with Kypselus, however, are generally not martial. He appears to those who worship him fervently, make the proper sacrifices, and stand on sacred ground—an eikon is usually necessary to draw him forth, and good relations with his priesthood never hurts.

Kypselus is able to cast *wish* and *geas* at will. Any *wish* granted will always be accompanied by some sort of contractual rider or ironic turn of fortune. Generally, he only uses *geas* for the spell's target to fulfill the conditions of a deal or contract.

When he appears, the Lord of Deals will be in one of five states, determined by the current affairs of the world, his temple's standing, etc. Alternately, roll on the Reaction Table below:

Kypselus Reaction Table

Roll 1d6 (instead of 2d6).

1	**Gleeful:** Kypselus arrives in great spirits. He offers wine to drink (should anyone be so foolish as to partake in it, he is immediately struck with a geas to complete some task Kypselus demands) and showers the PCs with praise. He will grant a single *wish* to his summoner as well as a *wish* to whoever else asks for it. O course, he will certainly attach several riders to this, asking for much in return. The deals will be sweeter when he is happier (perhaps you simply bargain away the color of your hair for a point of Strength, or perhaps he grants you lycanthropy).
2	**Maudlin:** Kypselus laments the current state of the world and upon appearing immediately begins a soliloquy on his waning power. He will give a potent magic item to the person who summoned him in return for a service to his temple—of course, a *geas* is laid on the PC who agrees to this to ensure he fulfills his end of the bargain.
3-4	**Cunning:** His normal self, Kypselus will arrive in a sly and crafty mood. He offers unpoisoned wine but tainted food which will cause whoever eats of it to sicken over the following three weeks and die unless they do a service for him. He will offer a single *wish* in return for some great boon or trade.
5	**Angry:** An angry Kypselus is one best avoided. Upon appearing, he immediately begins berating his summoner. After several rounds of this, he simply attacks! If the PC can withstand his onslaught for 1d4+1 rounds, Kypselus becomes calm again and offers a *wish* in return.
6	**No One Home, Try Again:** The prayers misfire, accidentally drawing one of his servant pit fiends to the Material Plane. PCs are advised to immediately begin apologizing and explain what they want. The disposition of the fiend at the discretion of the DM.

LACTA LACRIMA • LADY OF CAULDRONS • LADY OF LOST ANGLES • LADY OF RAINS • LADY OF TASKS FORGOTTEN • LITTLE LIGHTS • LLEWEL • LOBON • LOE-HANN • LORD BARLEYCORN • LORD DOWNALL • LORD GREENSAYNE • LORD OF MEDIOCRE PLOTS • LUMAGOG • LURIEL

Lacta Lacrima (Lacrimosa)

(petty goddess of pointless regret and remorse)

Duncan Young
Eleanor Ferron

SYMBOL:	A vial of white liquid, carried on a chain
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	–2
HIT PTS. (HD):	90 hp (20 HD)
ATTACKS:	Special
DAMAGE:	Special
SAVE:	C20
MORALE:	7
HOARD CLASS:	IX, X
XP:	7,250

Most often appearing as a strikingly beautiful creature (of varying race depending on the situation) whose features are wracked with pain and loss, Lacta Lacrima is the petty god of pointless regret and wasteful remorse. She is called upon whenever someone is dwelling on past mistakes, unable to focus on the matter in hand whilst mired in self-pity.

Her clergy is a small, secretive organisation, including many cleric-thieves, who spread regret through subterfuge and spying to uncover dark secrets in the pasts of all, from prominent public figures to lowly farmers and barmaids. Mistakenly seen by some as a seeker of truth in this regard, Lacta Lacrima cares little for the nature of the regret, only that others worship her by joining her in their self-pitying remorse without closure.

Dangerously temperamental, Lacta Lacrima is prone to rash actions—for over what else can she spend time in morose regret afterwards? Fortunately, her thoughtless actions are as likely to inadvertently help through divulging others secrets, as they are to actually harm an individual. She carries a vial of milky liquid about her neck, the *Phial of Penitence* sometimes carried as an aspergillum, and can spray this as an attack over an area of up to 20' diameter, up to 5 times a day. Those caught within the spray, must spend the rest of the day or night wallowing in self-pity, as they relive their mistakes (no save). Any attempt to take an action requires a save vs. spell each round in order to shake off the lethargy. On occasion, Lacta Lacrima is known to give her most morosely faithful an extract of this liquid to use themselves.

Kypselus Reaction Table

Modify by Charisma or Wisdom (based on roleplaying). Roll 1d6 (instead of 2d6).

1 **Helpful:** Grants advice or insight into problem or regret in character's past, or may grant the character a dose from her vial for their own use (see above).

2-5 **Neutral:** Ignores any and all attempts to communicate.

6 **Neutral:** Blames character for a randomly determined problem. May cause the character to be affected as by the *Phial of Penitence* described above.

Lady of Cauldrons

(petty goddess of cooking, food preparation, and flavor; aspect of the Jale God)

TITLES: *The Kitchen Witch, The Pot Watcher*
AFFILIATIONS: *The Jale God*

Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

SYMBOL:	A crossed cleaver & spoon set over a boiling cauldron
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
ARMOR CLASS:	9 [+1]
HIT PTS. (HD):	45 hp (12 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (flesh hook, cleaver, knife, or spoon)
DAMAGE:	1d4+special, 1d4+1+special, 1d4+poison, or special
SAVE:	M12
MORALE:	8
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	3,500

The Lady of Cauldrons is one of many forms of the Jale God (qv).

The Lady of Cauldrons is the petty goddess of cooking and food preparation, and is an aspect of the Jale God. She appears as a hunched elderley woman with three eyes, for one of them is always on the pot. Around her waist hang a variety of untensils, including a flesh hook (a multi-pronged tool used for removing boiled meat from a cauldron), a cleaver, and a spoon. She will also have 1d6 knives of varying sizes.

She enters the house through the steam of pots or the fires beneath them. From the grandest castle kitchen to the humblest hearth, no cook calls her stranger, for they know her power to make any meal delicious. They also know her wrath should she drop in for a visit and find no food left aside for her, for the consequences will be dire. She considers even the most bland and tasteless offood offerings to be better than no offering at all.

The Lady of Cauldrons is non-confrontational. She will normally arrive in the dead of night. For those leaving offerings, she improves the flavor and extends the life of their foods. Should she find no food offering, she will cast a *rotting* spell that immediately spoils all foodstuffs within a radius of 180' (no saving throw). Anyone who eats the rotten food must save vs. poison; those failing the saving throw will die in 1d6 hours. Those making the saving throw will suffer debilitating dysentery for 3d6 days. Each day during that period, the afflicted person must save vs. death or die.

Should the lady be confronted directly (e.g., it is not uncommon for the folk of the house to hear noises in their kitchen during the night, and enter to find her), she will attack with one of the utensils from her waist. Her flesh hook does 1d4 on a successful "to hit" roll and (on a failed save vs. spell) stuns the victim for 2d6 turns. Her *+1 cleaver* does 1d4+1 on a successful "to hit" roll and on a natural roll of 20 will sever an appendage (as vorpal weapon). The miscellaneous knives she carries act as *+1 throwing daggers* which are always poisoned with the dust of exotic spices (save vs. poison or die). Finally, her spoon is a normal one. However, any spoon wielded by The Lady of Cauldrons acts a focus for a variety of magical powers (all as a 12th level spellcaster, and all at will), including: *knock*, *obscuring steam* (as *obscuring mist*), *polymorph food* (as polymorph object, but works only on food, and changes only the qualities of the food, including substance, taste, etc.), and *spice of choking* (as *dust of choking* magic item).

Lady of Cauldrons Reaction Table

2	**Friendly:** Improves the flavor and extends the life of the party's rations (if properly propitiated).
3-5	**Indifferent:** Improves the flavor and extends the life of one PC's rations (if properly propitiated).
6-8	**Neutral:** Asks for a gift of food or threatens to make the party's rations bland and tasteless (10% chance each PC will find them inedible).
9-11	**Unfriendly:** Asks for a gift of food or threatens to spoil the party's rations (as *rotting* spell above).
12	**Hostile:** Spoils party's rations (as *rotting* spell above) and attacks.

RELATED ENTRIES: Please see the *Jale God* entry in this section for a complete listing of entries related to the Jale God.

Lady of Lost Angles

(petty goddess of mathematical errors)

Nathan Cohen
Johnathan Bingham

SYMBOL:	Five-point tesseract star
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	–8
HIT PTS. (HD):	100 hp (20 HD)
ATTACKS:	None
DAMAGE:	None
SAVE:	M25
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	15,500

The Lady of Lost Angles is the nemesis of mathematicians, architects, engineers, cartographers, astronomers, dungeon explorers, tourists, and home-owners. She is the reason why the numbers don't add up.

Those whose lives have anything to do with geometry, distance, or space, at any given moment may suffer her mischief. Her name is only whispered in academic circles though. To admit the existence of the Lady of Lost Angles would be a serious social blunder, sure to ruin the reputation of the individual who muttered her name.

Her collection bowls can be found at random building corners and at the end of alleys around major cities. The bowls funnel into the corner of the building that they are connected to. Her name is invoked only for the purposes of protection. The Lady of Lost Angles demands the blood of those who seek her guardianship. Theologians aren't sure why a geometric goddess wouldn't prefer something closer to her divine associations, like mathematical proofs. It is believed that she requires blood to keep her body lubricated.

Sometimes corners of buildings (usually on the inside) and roads have shrines dedicated to the Lady. Her shrines are intricate garishly-colored geometric mosaics no more than a meter in diameter. They aren't ever associated with her collection bowls.

She appears in three different forms, all of which are sublimely beautiful and terrifying. The first is an ever-shifting funnel of prismatic crystalline planes. The second is the crystalline facsimile of a curvaceous woman that has so many minuscule surfaces it almost looks like its skin is smooth flesh, almost. The third is a black swan that only appears in dreams as a herald of doom.

The Lady of Lost Angles never attacks anybody directly. She antagonizes targets by adding or subtracting spaces (such as hallways, alleys, rooms, stairwells, and pit traps) to structures that her targets inhabit.

Lady of Rains

(petty goddess of political corruption & indiscretion; aspect of the Jale God)

TITLES: *The Kingdom Breaker*
AFFILIATIONS: *The Jale God*

Grant Stone
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

SYMBOL:	A coin broken in two pieces
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	180' (60')
ARMOR CLASS:	0
HIT PTS. (HD):	80 hp (20 HD)
ATTACKS:	Special
DAMAGE:	Special
SAVE:	M20
MORALE:	9
HOARD CLASS:	1 each of VIII through XXII
XP:	5,000

The Lady of Rains is one of many forms of the Jale God (qv).

The Lady of Rains (also known as The Kingdom Breaker) is an aspect of The Jale God. She is most commonly found in wealthy and populous cities, newly admitted to the circles of the rich and powerful. To those with great wealth or social status, she appears as a woman (or man) of remarkable beauty. When she arrives in a city, the doors of high society are immediately thrown open to her. She finds herself invited to discreet private soirees. She will be seen sitting next to prominent businessmen or politicians at important social events. Her remarkable beauty will be remarked upon so often it may seem to be the only topic of conversation.

The Lady travels in a discreet, yet obviously expensive, black carriage with smoked windows, pulled by four jet black horses. She often wears long dresses of red or yellow; when in public she is never without a chiffon veil in the same color as her dress.

No more than a week after her first appearance, she will take a lover, often more than one. She seeks out the men and women with the greatest political power: high-ranking clergy, admirals and generals, chiefs of guilds, kings or emperors. These people will of course find her completely irresistible. It is not unknown for a merchant or lord mayor to immediately throw his spouse and children out in the street upon taking up with the Lady of Rains. While she enjoys such small dramas, she prefers affairs that are, initially at least, discreet. In either case, she is immediately taken into her target's confidences. Within days her opinion is being sought about significant business, political or military decisions. Many thousands of wars have been initiated by the nodding of her head.

Before the month is out, the Lady's plans will have come to fruition. Scions of noble houses will fight openly in the street; Traders will burn the warehouses of their rivals; generals will turn their armies against their own leaders; the navies of nearby and allied nations will be sunk in their ports. And all the while, as the realm is ruined, the upper reaches of society are lost in a haze of balls and pageants and spectacle, interrupted only by the occasional assassination.

When she leaves the city, the Lady of Rains may leave her carriage and lift her veil. The lower classes, those with ragged clothes and grime-stained faces, will see her true face: the ancient skin, the weeping eyes, the double row of teeth, licked by the grasping tentacle that serves as her tongue. Her mere presence in the poorer parts of the city will spark riots, fires and widespread panic. As the kingdom falls, so does the city.

Several days after the Lady of Rains has departed, a few nobles, if any are still living, will walk through the smoking ruins of their lives. Their cries of loss will join those of the dying and bereaved.

And in some other place, a black carriage passes through the gates of another great city.

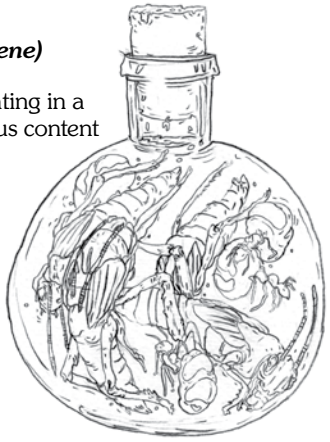
SPELL-LIKE ABILITIES: The Lady of Rains uses the following abilities as a caster of 20th level: *phantasmal force* (3×/day), *mass charm* (1×/day), *charm person* (at will), *cause fear* (at will), *limited wish* (1×/day).

RELATED ENTRIES: Please see the *Jale God* entry in this section for a complete listing of entries related to the Jale God.

Lady of Tasks Forgotten

(petty goddess of forgotten tasks)

Logan Knight
Rose Turner (symbol)
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr. (scene)



SYMBOL:	Dying ants floating in a bottle of dubious content
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	9
HIT PTS. (HD):	16 hp (2 HD)
ATTACKS:	Special
DAMAGE:	Special
SAVE:	M20
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	See below
XP:	1,000 (546,000 if you're the one to kill her)

You settle in and try to block out the din of the tavern, contemplating your next step, weighing the options.

A tankard slides beneath your nose, the frothing ale spills slightly onto your hand.

There's nothing extraordinary about the waifish woman who put it there, she's pale and without a curve, or is she terribly obese under that dress? You're too preoccupied to really notice.

She smiles pleasantly but emptily, "You look worried about something, burdened, why don't you tell me what's bothering you so much."

And you do.

You tell her everything, every twist every turn, you tell her everything there is to know about what you're trying to achieve. And

you do feel better for it. You feel fantastic, purged and light, and someone has left a full tankard of ale here on the table for you. Wait, what is this place?

The Lady of Tasks Forgotten can be called on by those who have lost their way, those that feel there was something important they were meant to do but can no longer recall. The elixir they prepare probably shouldn't be consumed under normal circumstances—distilled liquor and locusts flavored with datura, poured into a flask with live winter ants, already kept in the flask for days and belly-deep in secreted poison. If they survive drinking this concoction they will remember the task without fail, but it is rarely their own, and they will never understand that it never was. The Lady has many things to remember.

You could likely kill the Lady quite easily if you desired, but how would you know her?

If you find a way to summon and bind her, her flesh softly broils and churns, melting in places while expanding in others, forming impossible beauty then rotting like a bed sore. She looks on you with such sympathy, you have so many troubles.

Every round that you are near her in this state you will forget something, save vs. spell for it to be something unimportant.

Use the table below for important things or pick something the character will really miss.

I'm sure I'm forgetting something.

Roll 2d6.

2	You forget why you're here, who you are, who these people are, what this thing floating in front of you is, you want to go home, you don't know where it is; you'll only find out if you kill her.
3-5	Correct use of your weapon eludes you, –4 to hit with melee/ranged weapons depending on what you were using from now on.
6-8	You lose all memory of a random companion; everyone else seems to know them; she must have done something to their minds; you should kill this imposter before they can do any harm.
9-11	You can no longer speak in a common tongue; you understand it when others speak it, but you're oblivious to the fact that you're replying to them in another language entirely.
12	You lose all memory of the flora and fauna of the world you live in; everything is strange or terrifying; the first time you see a swamp will be interesting.

She has no gold to steal, no relics, and whoever kills her will absorb every task she still held, convinced beyond question that the tasks are their own, crippled by overwhelming responsibility.

Little Lights

(petty god of small lights in underground places)

David Haraldson
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

SYMBOL:	Four small flames against a black field
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	300' (100'); may not move more than a 40' distance from a light source while in the Prime Plane
ARMOR CLASS:	5 (magical weapons required "to hit," but takes damage as burning oil)
HIT PTS. (HD):	46 hp (10 HD)
ATTACKS:	Special
DAMAGE:	Special
SAVE:	M10
MORALE:	10 (minus dungeon level, plus reaction modifiers)
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	3,800

While not officially sanctioned by Imperial authorities, devotion to Little Lights plays an important role in mining communities. During the annual Festival of the Little Lights, mining villagers and townsfolk leave votive candles outside their houses and along the streets to honor the godling in his daily work and his search for his lost older brother, Thuf (with whom he hopes to be reconciled). Worshippers believe Little Lights inhabits and protects all living flames carried underground. Miners will assign one of their work-party to tend the lights they bring with them. To ensure that Little Lights feels at home, their iron lanterns often take the form of elaborate houses with large windows.

The god is benevolent but needy, initially brave but quick to frighten, and he requires constant attention and reassurance. Traditional "Lighting Songs" exist to entertain and encourage the deity but he especially appreciates new ones (-2 reaction bonus) and offerings of oil, tinder, and tiny toys made of either wood or sackcloth stuffed with sawdust. Without such enticement, he becomes more timid as he and his bearers descend further into the depths of the Earth (the minor deity's morale suffers a cumulative –1 penalty for each dungeon level descended after the second).

Some devotees claim they can see him dancing among the flames they carry; a very few that they have seen him appear at moments of great peril underground, in order to bestow blessings (or even curses on enemies). Outside the flames, he manifests as a small, grubby pre-adolescent boy with ragged clothes and equally ragged haircut, reflections of tiny flames in his eyes.

Little Lights Reaction Table

-1 per non-magical light source carried by dedicated light-bearers (i.e., persons for whom this is the only assigned role in the group).

-1 per high quality component used in the summoning or propitiation ritual.

-1, if summoning song includes new elements.

-2, if summoning song is entirely new.

-1 per laymember or initiate present.

+2 per (visible) magical source of illumination that the party carries.

+1 if anyone in the party has uttered an oath against Little Lights or their fire-starting tools while attempting to make any flame that day.

2	**Friendly:** *Blesses* 1d6+3 nearby targets.
3-5	**Indifferent:** *Blesses* 1-2 nearby targets if properly propitiated.
6-8	**Neutral:** Ignores nearby creatures.
9-11	**Unfriendly:** *Curses* 1d4 nearby targets if not properly propitiated.
12	**Hostile:** *Curses* 1d8 nearby targets.

BLESS: Any light source carried by the blessing's recipient will have its life extended by 25% for one day; non-magical light sources cannot be blown out by unexpected non-magic gusts of air but will only flicker.

CURSE: All lights (non-magical and magical) within 90' are instantly extinguished, causing confusion as per an attack by normal bats; it takes 1d6 rounds to relight the original light; 1d3 rounds to light a new torch or other source. Lights carried by the victim will more quickly, lasting only 75% of their expected duration.

Should anyone attempt to attack Little Lights, he can employ the following special attacks, before fleeing:

Extinguish lights: causing confusion (as per an attack by normal bats), plus *darkness*.

Flare: Magical lights flare, causing temporary blindness in viewers if they fail a save vs. spell ("magic will be magic"). Flames explode as small *fireball* spell (they catch a previously undetected gas pocket; does 3d6 damage).

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Thuf.*

Llewel *(petty god of bent nails)*

David Haraldson
Andrew Shields

SYMBOL:	A wooden cap with nails jammed into it
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	1
HIT PTS. (HD):	120 hp (14 HD)
ATTACKS:	10 (nails)
DAMAGE:	1 pt. + poison (per nail)
SAVE:	F14
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	560 gold bent nails (1 gp each), 300 silver bent nails (1 sp each)
XP:	2,800

Llewel is a tall, tan man with short rust-red hair. He is dressed in forman's work clothes. At each hip is two bags of bent nails. He is friendly and helpful and knows a lot about wooden construction, but he is very easily provoked. His mood is that of a happy construction worker who will without warning lose his temper as if he suddenly jammed his finger with a hammer. He lashes out by throwing 10 rusted nails from his bags that hit unerringly and do 1 point of damage each. If lashing out at more than one person, the nails are distributed randomly, but never exceed ten per round. Anyone hit by one of the rusted bent nails must save vs. poison for each nail or die.

Lobon *(petty god of youthful ambition and naïve hope)*

Chris Wellings
Eric Quigley

SYMBOL:	A spear wound 'round with ivy
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
ARMOR CLASS:	0
HIT PTS. (HD):	85 hp (15 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (spear +3)
DAMAGE:	1d6+3 + charm
SAVE:	F15
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	X, XI (gems/ jewelry only)
XP:	2,400

A blond, noble youth surrounded by the smell of incense, Lobon is the god of youthful ambition and naïve hope. His followers are all young men and women who have unrealistic or unattainable goals, which Lobon encourages, seeing this as a natural part of the human condition. He also accepts that as his followers grow older and disillusioned, they will leave his service and scorn him. This too, he accepts with equanimity.

Lobon's magic spear acts as a *charm person* or *charm mammal* spell on those it strikes.

Lobon Reaction Table

2-5	**Friendly:** Lobon is eager to discuss the character's hopes and dreams and will gift them with wine and food.
6-9	**Indifferent/Uninterested:** Lobon acts much like one would expect a spoilt, noble youth.
10	**Neutral:** Lobon is curt and to the point.
11	**Unfriendly:** How last season.
12	**Hostile:** With a sigh at the character's gaucheness, Lobon attacks and encourages his followers to mob the character.

Loe-Hann *(petty goddess of recidivism, licentiousness, addiction, and uncontrolled urges)*

Johnathan Bingham
Johnathan Bingham

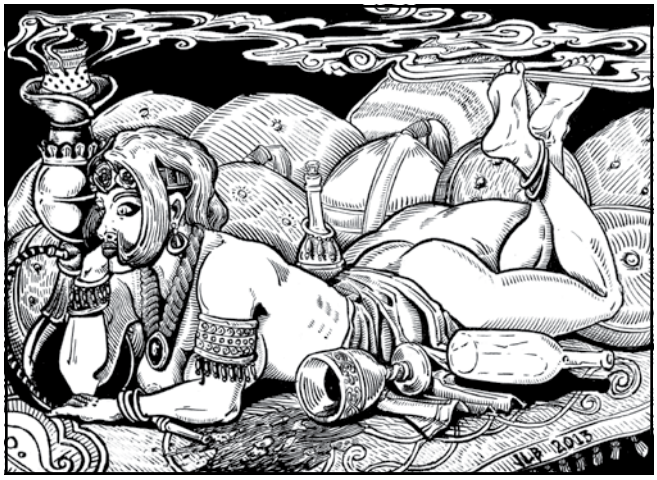
SYMBOL:	The hand of a young maiden and an old crone forming the shape of a heart, *or* a golden hookah pipe
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
FLY:	300' (100')
ARMOR CLASS:	0 (-5) [+1]
HIT PTS. (HD):	76 hp (19 HD)
ATTACKS:	Special
DAMAGE:	Special
SAVE:	M19
MORALE:	5
HOARD CLASS:	XV
XP:	8,250

Temptation into vice, the seductiveness to fulfill an uncontrolled urge of a licentious nature, the allure of addiction; these are the province of Loe-Hann. Tempting those of weak character, Loe-Hann revels in the lewd, crude, and socially unacceptable. Urging her thralls into an orgy of unrestrained passion without thought to consequence, Loe-Hann wrecks homes, brings low the mighty, and abandons those enslaved by her capricious charms.

Loe-Hann seduces her victims by engendering wild urges to abandon virtue and descend into vice. Those targeted must save vs. spell or be *charmed* (as if cast by a 25th level magic user) into committing an act of vice. Further, those that have previously succumbed to Loe-Hann *charms* are at a –1 to save for each successive successful ensnarement by the goddess (negated by *remove curse*).

Loe-Hann casts spells as a 19th level magic-user (except for her *charm* ability as noted above). She can only be struck by magic weapons of a +1 or greater enchantment. She is immune to all *charms/hold/sleep* and only takes half damage from electricity/cold/fire. Ultimately a coward at heart, Loe-Hann will flee if pressed into attack by dissipating into a cloud of foul greenish vapor (AC:-5; Move:300'(100'), able to seep through cracks/ small openings).

Loe-Hann is usually in possession of a golden, jewel encrusted water pipe (or hookah). With the hookah, Loe-Hann can create any of the following magical effects three times per day: *hold person*, *charm person*, and/or *sleep*. Twice per day, she can use the water pipe to cast any of the following: *hallucinatory*



terrain and/or *feeblemind*. Once per day, the water pipe can cast one of the following: *geas*, *irresistible dance*, *mind blank* or *mass charm*.

To those ensorcelled by her charms, Loe-Hann appears as a tempting seductress adorned in glittering jewels and alluring attire. She is fond of tempting pillars of society into corruption; the more virtuous/famous/powerful the person, the more tenaciously Loe-Hann will pursue them. Once she has succeeded in ruining the lives of her victims, she appears as a cadaverous crone with a malicious smile, and she will abandon her thralls to their fate.

In the ancient texts, this goddess goes by the name Atra.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Atra.*

Lord Barleycorn *(petty god of harvest*)*

TITLES: *The Scarecrow King*

Roger S. G. Sorolla*
Michael Cote

SYMBOL:	A doll of straw bound around animal bones
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40') clad; 180' (60') unclad
BURROW:	60' (20')
ARMOR CLASS:	–3 (clad) or –1 (unclad)
HIT PTS. (HD):	75 hp (15 HD)
ATTACKS:	2 (claws)
DAMAGE:	2d10/2d10
SAVE:	C15
MORALE:	9
HOARD CLASS:	XIX
XP:	5,000

Lord Barleycorn, the Scarecrow King, reigns over the harvest in a benighted and remote district. The center of his area of worship is a town blessed with abnormally high and huge fields of grain, the stalks towering some ten feet in the summertime. Labyrinthine paths are stamped through the grain by the Barleycorn faithful. For it is at the center of the largest and richest field, full two mile square, that Lord Barleycorn dwells, in a spacious clearing at the center of a strange design of interlocking rings pressed down into the crop itself.

To confuse intruders, his votaries have filled the maze leading to his abode with dead ends, pitfalls, traps, and bloodthirsting animated scarecrows of straw and bone in the image of the Rattler of the Ears himself. Also, the former foes of the grain, now grown accustomed under Barleycorn's tutelage to a diet of meat and blood, prowl through and above the stalks—hordes of ravenous rats and flocks of sharp-beaked crows.

In the clearing the farmers have erected a great hooded effigy ten feet tall, made of bound straw from the felled stalks, the ears of grain still attached dangling. Around and upon the effigy, blood is soaked. Crow-pecked skulls and rat-gnawed bones are strewn about from the sacrifice of animals, and under its feet votive treasure is buried. In a frenzied Midsummer Night ritual the terrible godling claims a human sacrifice, which brings him forth bodily into the effigy. Thereafter he lives in material form, a giant bound within the great scarecrow, until he departs after the harvest. Vicious amber eyes peer forth from its face. Scything claws dangle from its arms.

Clad in straw, Lord Barleycorn is slow but better protected. Those who use fire against him will find he takes but half damage from it, and as his straw effigy burns, he takes 2d6 damage (halved) per round but deals 2d6 additional fire damage with each sweep of his claws. In times of threat to the fields he shucks the effigy and walks among the stalks, all angles and knobs, like a great glistening green stick-insect. He may burrow if in grave danger, but if he retreats completely under the ground, he will not come forth again until the next Midsummer Night. His spells are those of a 15th level evil high priest (or alternately a druid of like level, at DM's discretion).

** With apologies to Stephen King and Anthony Shaffer.*

Lord Downall *(petty god of drains and floods)*

TITLES: *Lord of Drains and Floods*

Joel Sparks
Mark Allen

SYMBOL:	Forked spiral
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
SWIM:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	9 (special: immune to all weapons and most magic; see below)
HIT PTS. (HD):	108 hp (18 HD)
ATTACKS:	Special
DAMAGE:	Special
SAVE:	C18
MORALE:	11
HOARD CLASS:	VI, VII, XIV
XP:	12,250

To Lord Downall's worshippers, trash floating by is a holy thing; overflowing gutters instill religious ecstasy; every drain is a "Mouth of Downall." Drainage ditches in the countryside, sewer inlets in town, rainpipes from rooftops, and huge floods that sweep everything away: all these are holy to Downall. Standing puddles, latrine pits, and other stagnant places are anathema. Downall worshippers run into the streets during storms, tipping over rain barrels to free the captive water. At times they sabotage dams and reservoirs. Authorities therefore persecute the Downall cult, although areas where the populace accepts him tend to be free from plumbing issues. "All things flow to Lord Downall," insist his worshippers, often folk with unbearable memories who pray to Downall to wash their pasts away. His clerics get the magic-user spell *amnesia* as a first level spell. Downall is in eternal conflict with the various rat gods over dominion of the sewers, and his worshippers kill rats whenever possible. In high rituals, they sacrifice giant rats, ratmen, and wererats, floating their bodies downstream.

Great sacrifices and vast floods can cause Downall to manifest as a giant sucking whirlpool, foamy with vile residues and studded with flotsam. On dry ground, filthy water rushes in from all directions to flood the area to a depth of 1d4+2 feet for up to a hundred feet in every direction. Anyone within the flood suffers the impact of debris caught up in the swirling current. Every round, the flotsam attacks as a 2 HD monster, inflicting 1d20 hp, with a high roll indicating a larger, harder, or faster-moving object.

The 20'-wide whirlpool itself issues a wretched miasma, requiring all within 60' to save vs. poison or become nauseated (–2 to hit and damage until 3d6 rounds after leaving the area). Lord Downall's whirlpool moves to engulf his foes, attacking every target in the vortex each round. If he hits, the foe is knocked off his feet and forced under the water. The victim immediately suffers 2d8 damage from battering and begins to asphyxiate. Each round thereafter, Lord Downall makes his attack before the victim can act, and armor does not protect. If Downall hits, the character takes 1d8 damage, remains underwater, and loses 1 point of Constitution. If Downall misses, the character can attempt to regain his feet by rolling his Strength or less on 1d20, +4 for each level of encumbrance. Should the character's hp or Constitution reach 0, he drowns and is swept away to another plane of existence with all his gear.

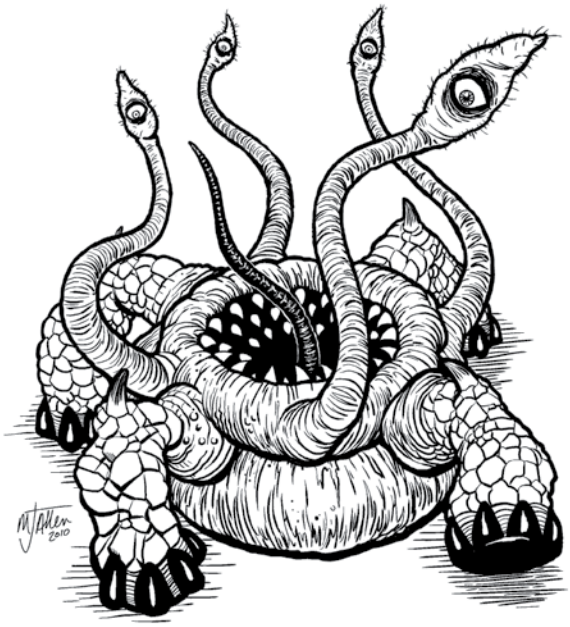
Downall is immune to weapons and most magic, but takes normal damage from fire and ice spells. Spells that control weather and winds can slow his whirlpool's movement. *Lower water* or *purify water* inflicts 1 hp per caster level. Against a *part water* or *reverse gravity* spell, Downall must save v. spells or be dispersed, vanishing in a giant wet pop. *Transform mud to rock* inflicts 5d6 damage, but anyone currently held underwater by Downall must save vs. spell or become entombed in stone.

Anyone surviving an encounter with Lord Downall contracts a nasty disease—the character loses 1 point of Constitution, does not benefit from natural healing, and suffers +1 reactions due to a vile smell that will not wash off. After one month, effects end, and the character can save vs. poison to recover the lost Constitution. If he fails, the loss is permanent. Lord Downall sometimes responds to fervent prayers from those in one of his channels (e.g., those lying in a gutter, swept up in a flood, etc.). If a PC sincerely invokes Downall in one of these situations, roll on the following table:

Lord Downall Reaction Table

Modifed by reverse of Charisma modifier (e.g., –2 becomes +2). The uglier the better!

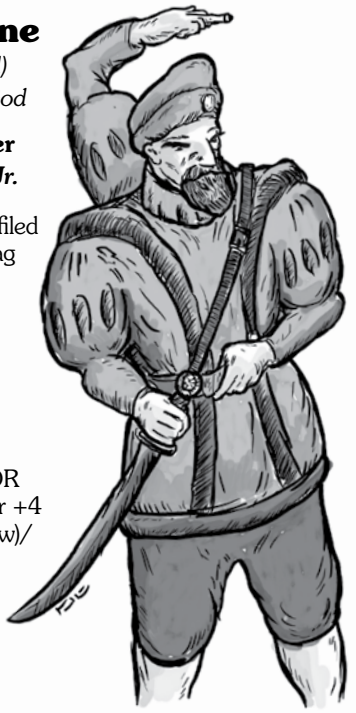
<2	The next time the character's head is below water for more than one round, he is immediately affected by a *water breathing* spell lasting one day.
2	As above, with *water breathing* lasting one turn.
3-5	The character is purged of all disease and poison, and gets +4 on his next save vs. either.
6-8	The character is purged of all disease and poison, and all his loose possessions are washed away, irretrievably gone to Lord Downall (at discretion of DM as to which possessions are secure enough to remain).
9-11	The character's loose possessions wash away as above, along with all the color in his hair and skin.
12	As 9–11, plus the character loses all memory of the last 24 hours, including any memorized spells.
13+	As 12, but the character loses all memory; he can still speak his native tongue, but is illiterate; a *heal* or *wish* restores most knowledge, but nothing about Downall or his cult.



Lord Greensayne

(an aspect of the Jale God)
AFFILIATIONS: *The Jale God*

✎ **Matthew W. Schmeer**
✒ ***Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.***



SYMBOL:	A blood-filed moneybag
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	60' (20')
ARMOR CLASS:	–3
HIT PTS. (HD):	55 hp (9 HD)
ATTACKS:	2
DAMAGE:	1d6+2 OR 1d6+2 or +4 (see below)/ 1d4+2
SAVE:	C12
MORALE:	6
HOARD CLASS:	VII
XP:	5,600

Not a petty god in his own right and ostensibly the fifth son of a fifth son of a seventh son of a seventh son, Lord Filchard Pettybane Humbert Albin Adolphus Greensayne is regarded as a generous albeit minor noble in the court of the Cerisian Empire, where he serves as an economic advisor to the Emperor. Knowledgeable in all trade goods that move through the empire, he has made a name for himself by exposing complicated import/export tax evasion schemes of rich merchants, middling nobles, and other enemies of the court; thus, he has many enemies seeking his demise. No one has ever discovered Greensayne's network of spies and stoolies and so no one knows exactly how Greensayne comes by his intimate knowledge of hidden trade routes, back room money laundries, and hives of economic inequity.

Greensayne's position at court is a front; he is a priest of the Cerisian Empire's branch of the Cult of the Jale God, whose bloodcurdling induction ceremonies, insanity-inducing sacrificial rites, fetish-laden orgiastic festivals, byzantine organizational structure, and scrumptious cocktail recipes are detailed elsewhere in this tome. As a member of the cult's council of priests for over twenty years, Greensayne has selected, seduced, preened, and inducted members of polite society into its membership. He has taken great care to select those nobles and prosperous merchants whose political and financial connections enhance the power and reach of the cult, so much so that it is rumored that Lord Greensayne controls the Cerisian Empire from his whisperings in the Emperor's ear.

Several years ago, Greensayne came into possession of the *Eidolons of Fear and Hate* (see ***Divine Items***). He often wielded both during lavish ceremonies in the catacombs beneath the Empire's capital city. Due to the stones' corrosive influence, he developed an incurable fear and hatred of dwarves and often demands their removal and/or execution. He is carrying out a quiet pogrom against the dwarven clans of Cerise to drive them from their ancestral homes beneath the Fogthrum and Harthstrop Mountains, sending initiates and novices in the Cult to wage his secret war.

The *Eidolons* warped his body as well: he now has a hideous, fully articulated third arm with a three-fingered hand growing from the middle of his back, the middle finger of which contains a fully-functioning eyeball impervious to irritation. This arm is functional during combat and gives him an additional attack. Additionally, the eyeball acts as an *orb of true seeing*. Greensayne has taken to hiding this arm while at court or on official business by wearing richly woven robes and other loose-fitting clothing. (Alas, the *Eidolons* were stolen from Greensayne by his former bride, Tallemaja, and their whereabouts are currently unknown.)

Greensayne currently possesses the *Eldoon Namar* (see ***Divine Items***), which he extracted from the cargo hold of the Townsend Hawk, a sleek smuggling ship attempting to make the Lessek Route in under twelve days to avoid the inter-empire fortnight tax. Greensayne dispatched the crew via sacrificial rites and now uses the ship for his own travels. Greensayne is unaware the Townsend Hawk's true owner is Ur-mu "the Bastard" Ab'rkada, a powerful lich and adherent to the Cult of Ywehbobbobhewy, Lord of Waters, King of Mirrors, Patriarch of the Most Profound. Ab'rkada is searching for his missing crew and ship. Greensayne now suffers from a permanent case of *telepathic noise* due to his use of the *Eldoon Namar*.

Greensayne plays things close to the vest, constantly putting the interests of the cult first, himself second, and the empire third. He awaits the sixth coming of the Jale God and the opening of the Age of Slith which will follow. On multiple occasions, the Jale God has inhabited Greensayne's flesh to prepare His arrival. There is a 10% chance the Jale God is doing such when the party encounters Greensayne; the observant party will recognize the Jale God's presence through His habit of washing his hands in spiced goat blood before meals.

Greensayne wields a *short sword +2*, *a dagger +2*, and a *mace of dwarf smiting* (+2; +4 against dwarves); the dagger is usually used by his mutant hand. Greensayne will parley or flee before attacking, but he will defend himself fiercely and deftly if pressed. If at court or at home, he will call 2d20 cultists to his aid if attacked; if in temple, he can summon 6d20 cultists, 1d20 lesser demons, 1d12 greater demons, with a 30% chance of successfully beseeching the Jale God himself to manifest if Greensayne feels his life is in imminent danger.

Lord Greensayne Reaction Table

Note: if dwarves are in the party, he will immediately demand the dwarves be dispatched or turned over to him before dealing with the rest of the party.

2-4	**Friendly:** Will gladly do what he can for the party if the party is willing to do a little favor for him.
5-7	**Indifferent:** Will answer questions, but not really willing to go out of his way to help.
8-10	**Scheming:** Will attempt to use the party to do his bidding in exchange for as little as a reward as he can get away with.
11-12	**Coercive:** Will trick and/or threaten the party to do his bidding; will willingly imprison or sell PCs into slavery if they refuse.

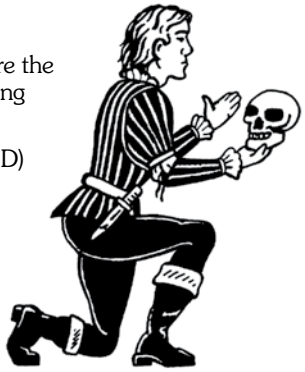
RELATED ENTRIES: Please see the *Jale God* entry in this section for a complete listing of entries related to the Jale God.

Lord of Mediocre Plots

(petty god of hackneyed stories and unoriginal tales)

Nathan Cohen
Vindico Vindicatum

SYMBOL:	Four runes in a language that no one knows, but that everyone implicitly understands to translate as comedy, romance, tragedy, and satire
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	As the creature the Lord is imitating
ARMOR CLASS:	–8
HIT PTS. (HD):	100 hp (20 HD)
ATTACKS:	None
DAMAGE:	None
SAVE:	M25
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	15,000



The Lord of Mediocre Plots is the bane of bards, skalds, storytellers, writers, playwrights, actors, and adventurers. He's a natural disaster of the human experience.

Not everyone is capable of spinning a great yarn, and the Lord makes sure of that. He manipulates people like puppets to make sure there is a never-ending supply of mediocre middlebrow stories in which the fair maiden is saved from the dragon, the tyrannical wizard is brought to justice by the country boy turned knight, and the star-crossed lovers prove that love conquers all. His manipulations are vulgar, forceful, and uncharacteristic of his victims. Victims must make a save vs. spell at –5 or fall under the Lord's influence (as *charm person* spell) for one week.

Actors and theater-folk are a superstitious lot. Though no one wants to admit his existence, they do in subtle, hushed, and harsh tones. Shrines dedicated to The Lord of Mediocre Plots can be found tucked away in theater districts and road-side inns across the land. The shrines are nothing special. They could be easily looked over if one doesn't know what they're looking for. The Lord of Mediocre Plots' shrines are a simple rudely grinning actor's mask strung up by red ribbon to some long forgotten corner of the building.

His name is invoked for protective purposes only, because his presence is never a blessing. The Lord accepts offerings in the form of the sweat of consternation, particularly from struggling bards on the verge of greatness and current victims. The ritual involves taking a rag, wiping one's brow with it, and then squeezing it out over the mask, letting the sweat drip into the eyes and the mouth of the mask.

The Lord of Mediocre Plots is particularly annoying to adventurers as he removes challenge and interest for the sake of popularity. The conspiracies that they unravel or schemes that they construct fall into the abyss of the boring and predictable. Once a plan is predictable, it is ultimately preventable.

The Lord of Mediocre Plots takes on many forms as they are needed to propel the story forward, though somewhere in the immediate vicinity the grinning actor's mask can be found.

Lubella *(petty goddess of transformation)*

TITLES: *Lubella the Transformative*

Vance Atkins
Joel Priddy

SYMBOL:	Winged cocoon
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	3 (hit only by magic weapons
HIT PTS. (HD):	47 hp (8 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (knout) + special
DAMAGE:	1d4+1 (+1hp/turn bleeding damage)
SAVE:	C9
MORALE:	5
HOARD CLASS:	XIV
XP:	1.060

Lubella resides as the god of transformation. Worshipers petition her to assist in the commencement of new endeavors, or to smooth the way during significant or difficult transitions. Because of this, many adolescents find need to seek her out, causing her to be derisively referred to as the god of the awkward teen years. Androgynous, she either appears as a human of indistinct gender, or alternates between a stubbly boy and an awkward girl, depending on the moment or the angle of the viewer.

She is a sympathetic god, sensitive to those in transformation or growth. However, she also recognizes that she will have few lifetime adherents, and often feels abandoned when a worshiper's change is complete. Since this worship is typically short-lived and specific to a period or event, she may feel slighted at not receiving due thanks.

When bored, Lubella may also appear spontaneously at a crossroads or along a tortuous path as an adolescent beggar. Tossing a coin or two and saying a few kind words may be sufficient for her to point out the preferred route before disappearing. Insulting or ignoring her will cause her to give incorrect directions if asked. More egregious insults will result in her casting confusion upon the disrespectful individual(s) (see below).

Lubella will typically flee from aggression or combat. If pressed, she will let loose a blood-curdling scream to cover her retreat. Creatures within a 30'×10' cone before her must save vs. breath or be stunned for 2d4 rounds (-4 to hit, movement at half normal). If she does have to engage in combat, she will strike out with a barbed knout that she keeps tied around her waist.

Lubella Reaction Table

2	**Totally psyched:** Blesses endeavor.
3-5	**Shrugs, generally agreeable:** Points out best course or action or direction.
6-8	**Neutral:** Bored, rolls eyes; did you just ask her to come all this way to help with that? Decides to hang out a bit to see what happens.
9-11	**Insulted:** Leaves in huff; insulting individual made awkward, prone to inappropriate outbursts for 1 day.
12	**Incensed:** Confusion/transition impeded or prolonged, perhaps even cursed.

Lumagog *(petty god of itching, festering wounds)*

TITLES: *The Scab-Monger; Lord of the Dreadful Itch; He Who Won't Let It Alone*

Garrisonjames
Josephe Vandel

SYMBOL:	A filthy, scabrous scratching finger
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
ARMOR CLASS:	5
HIT PTS. (HD):	70 hp (18 HD)
ATTACKS:	2 (special)
DAMAGE:	1d4/special
SAVE:	C12
MORALE:	11
HOARD CLASS:	X, XI
XP:	4,250

Lumagog presents himself as a ragged beggar, his filthy skin criss-crossed with scores of scratches and small wounds that crawl across his flesh of their own volition, creating an elaborate, blasphemous pattern of overlapping scabs. It is not good to linger overlong in the unfortunate presence of this petty god.

His cracked, cackling voice robs those who hear it of their rest for the next 1d4 nights (save vs. spell to cut duration in half), during which time the victims cannot regain hit points normally. Should he be forced to defend himself, Lumagog will attack by scratching with his dirty, talon-like nails that are the equivalent of *+2 weapons* in terms of who or what they can hit. Wounds inflicted by Lumagog's nails tend to fester if not magically healed and it is possible they may also become infected*.

Thoroughly disagreeable and disreputable, Lumagog is sought out only by those who are seeking after dangerous knowledge or blasphemous secrets most others have either forgotten or never knew to begin with. Ancient and bitter in his unrelenting immortality, Lumagog is rumored to know many things best not mentioned, things that inevitably become the focus of other people's obsessions, quests or missions. It is said that Lumagog knows many obscure, disreputable spells no other god would willingly teach to a mortal, let alone barter for a small boon. But even though he is a lonely, wretched being, Lumagog makes everyone pay dearly for anything he might let them have.

UNIQUE SPELLS KNOWN TO LUMAGOG: *animate scabs*, *fester*, *bloodcurdle*, *skincrawl*, and *drastic itch*.

Lumagog Reaction Table

Use Intelligence as modifier instead of Charisma.

2-4 **Neutral:** Ignores others as he mutters brokenly to himself in preparation to leave for someplace less crowded.

5-10 **Unfriendly:** Annoyed at being interrupted in mid-grumble, everyone within 120' must save vs. spell or begin to itch for the next 1d4 hours It isn't damaging, just persistent and very uncomfortable.

11-12 **Hostile:** Lumagog teleports away after casting *cause light wounds* on the closest victim.

** See* UNDERWORLD LORE *#2, pp.24-43; or infection details at DM's discretion.*

Luriel

(petty goddess of temptresses and cosmetics)

Malcolm Bowers
Arthur Pyle

SYMBOL:	A painted smile
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	9
HIT PTS. (HD):	50 hp (12 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (scratch or stab)
DAMAGE:	d4 or sleep
SAVE:	C18
MORALE:	8
HOARD CLASS:	IX, XIV
XP:	5,200

The petty goddess Luriel appears as a dark-haired, dark-eyed, sultry woman so curvaceously attractive that no male can harm her. She prefers to wear clinging silk dresses in deep red, deep purple, or black, cut to reveal enticing glimpses of creamy skin. She is the patroness of temptresses, seductresses, painted Jezebels, and slinky vamps. One smouldering kiss from her scarlet lips can ignite passion in any male (make a save to keep a clear head), or equally well ignite combustibles, if she wishes. She can bestow on a supplicant the ability to use one similar seductive kiss. With a wave of her hand she can cause sweltering heat in an area, making those there languid and disinclined to any violent action (save to make an effort); any who wear armor or heavy clothing are effectively slowed. Her *hair-pin dagger* causes magical sleep (on a failed save vs. spell).

She can retreat to her personal extradimensional boudoir in one round, either to escape attack or to get to know a new friend willing to accompany her. Any such fellow will be returned somewhere 2d12 hours later, dazed but happy, with his Constitution score halved (regained at 1 point per day).

Luriel Reaction Table

2 **Pleasant:** Charming to talk to; has make-up tips for the girls.

3-5 **Flirtatious:** Lightly weaves a bright, beguiling web of words.

6-8 **Amorous:** Very seductive, but all in the best possible taste.

9-11 **Languorous:** "Too much effort, darling. Peel me a grape."

12 **Jealous:** Brooks no rival; "That man is mine."

MACHUK • MAGPIE PRINCESS • MAGRUNDI • MAHARB'AAL • MALADMIN • MAL-LAM • MALNOR • MAN IN THE MOON • MANGUAÇA • MANIDONO • MAR NOD • MEARRA • MEER-SMAH • MEIFER • MEPHASSUROS • MERRAMORINA • MESPILUS • MICICARA • MICO • MIXMALIX • MOEN HEPNIR • MOOREALETH • MORBIPHALLUGUS • MOSHT AL BLOPP • MOSLAMMIN • MOSS-WORN GOAT, THE • MYSTICAL MARTAN

Machuk *(petty god of crafting and artifice)*

TITLES: *Machuk the Smith; The Trickster*

Tom Kilian
Tom Kilian

SYMBOL:	An anvil with a grinning face
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	300' (100')
ARMOR CLASS:	–4
HIT PTS. (HD):	96 hp (22 HD)
ATTACKS:	5
DAMAGE:	Special
SAVE:	T22
MORALE:	9
HOARD CLASS:	VIII, IX, XV
XP:	7,750

Machuk the Smith, known to his brother gods as the Trickster, is the First Chief of Papa'loku'u and the son of mighty Taroa. Machuk played no part in the original creation, but he made all of the crafts which keep his people alive. He is patron of the cookfire and campfire, fishing, and artifice. In addition, Machuk forged many gifts (some benevolent, some less so) for his siblings, including the Mask of Opaweh Sunfaced and the Hinged Shell of Ootonu the Storm Turtle. Machuk appears as a short, masked, man of heroic proportions garbed in a loincloth and sandals.

While Machuk prefers to play tricks on his enemies rather than fight, he can be a terrible opponent when roused. His tattoos, gifts from Wa-Agh of the Inks, are magical and create distracting illusions as he fights (all attacks suffer a 20% chance to miss). He wields the *First Sword*, a weapon of such perfect lethality that its creation gave birth to a new godling. The *First Sword* cannot help but slay, for such is its nature. Frightened of his creation, Machuk placed the blade into an enchanted sleep. In this state, each strike results in an automatic critical hit (see ***First Sword Damage Table*** below). When the sword slays its first target, or when Machuk falls below half of his hp, the sword briefly wakes. From then on, roll 1d8 and consult the following table to determine the results of each hit. (The DM is encouraged to create suitably grievous effects for these results.)

Player characters should find the *First Sword* impossible and dangerous to wield unless they can prove their worth to the sword (details at discretion of DM).

Machuk is impressed by cleverness and ingenuity. If friendly towards the characters, he may administer to their equipment while they sleep, causing it to function at the pinnacle of its performance, although the enchantment will lay dormant until the item is needed to perform some great deed. Ropes hold when they should break, boots keep their footing in the worst conditions, etc. If Machuk is indifferent. he may ignore the characters, lead them into perilous but potentially rewarding situations, or sing insulting songs about them while invisible as the mood takes him. If insulted or in a vindictive mood, the god may stalk the characters invisibly until he can trip them up in the most disastrous and entertaining way possible.

***First Sword* Damage Table** (Roll 1d8)

1	The sword is still sleepy (resolve as an ordinary critical hit).
2	The sword is merciful, merely inflicting severe bleeding.
3	The sword severs 1d4 fingers.
4	The sword cuts off an ear or puts out an eye.
5	The sword removes a hand or a foot.
6	The sword severs an arm or leg.
7	The sword strikes an internal organ.
8	The sword decapitates its target, killing instantly.

Magpie Princess

(petty goddess of magpies and pregnant mothers)

TITLES: *Maggie; Mags*

James Murphy
Ryan Browning

SYMBOL:	A golden ring
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
FLY:	300' (100')
ARMOR CLASS:	0
HIT PTS. (HD):	54 hp (9 HD)
ATTACKS:	2
DAMAGE:	By weapon or 1-3/1-3
SAVE:	T9
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	VI, but convert half of coinage into jewelry, much of which will be costume
XP:	3,800

The Magpie Princess (who usually introduces herself as "Mags" or "Maggie") appears as a tall, striking woman with pale skin, long wild black hair, and dark eyes, though she can turn into a large magpie at will. She'll be wearing tattered and thread-bare examples of last year's fashions (primarily, if not entirely, in black) and far too much jewelry. Beyond the usual wealth of her Hoard Class, she will also always have at least one randomly selected magical ring (75% of the time) or other piece of enchanted jewelry (25%) on her person. She may also have any number of empty potion bottles, spent wands, or other enchantable but no longer functioning magical items in her possession, which she keeps because "they are pretty."

Stand-up, face-to-face fights are not her style, but she'll fight viciously if cornered. She has the skills and abilities of a 9th level thief, and casts spells as a 9th level magic-user, and can

also *bestow curse* (as per the reverse of the 3rd level *remove curse* cleric spell) once per day. She may summon a flock of 2d12 magpies once per day, who do no damage in combat, but for every two birds assaulting an individual, their target suffers a –1 on all dice rolls and cannot cast spells. The flock has an AC of 4; every point of damage done to it removes one bird from the flock. They will fight to the death for their princess, but once banished or slain, there's a 25% chance one of their victims will have lost a small item chosen at random.

Nobody but magpies worship the Magpie Princess, but it is said she can bless pregnant mothers and pick the gender of their offspring. Where she's known to roam, the father or son of a pregnant woman will climb a tall tree and tie a trinket to the highest branch they can reach as an offering to the Magpie Princess; coins or unadorned jewelry are requests for a boy, while gemstones, either alone or set in jewelry, requests a girl.

Magpie Princess Reaction Table

2-3	She is fascinated. She will follow the party for 2d4 days, either in human or bird form. During this time this time, she will actively aid them when it won't put herself at serious risk and, if approached politely, may even travel with the party for at time. When she leaves, there's a 10% chance that she will steal some random shiny object from a randomly chosen member of the party.
4-6	She is intrigued. She will seek to make conversation, and, if treated politely, she will gift the party with a treasure map or the location of a nearby treasure. There's also also a 10% chance that she will steal some random shiny from the PC with the lowest Charisma.
7	If treated with politeness, she will respond in kind; if treated with disdain, she'll bestow *curse* on the most offensive person; otherwise, she's happy to ignore and be ignored.
8-10	She ignores the party unless they force themselves into her attentions. Roll again, but this time adjust the roll by the worst Charisma in the group.
11-12	She considers their presence an intrusion, and she bestows a *curse* (as per the spell) on one random member.

Magrundi *(petty goddess of guano and trogloditic vermin)*

John Turcotte
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

SYMBOL:	A bat within a brown ring
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	3 [+1; see below]
HIT PTS. (HD):	40 hp (8 HD)
ATTACKS:	Special
DAMAGE:	Special
SAVE:	C10
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	4,060

Magrundi is the petty goddess of guano and trogloditic vermin; creeping cave life is dear to her. Guano harvesters make offerings to her to ensure that the guano continues to flow. Care is taken not to disturb cave pools and the blind fish and isopods she shepherds. She prefers that baskets of fruit be placed inside cave openings, to attract flies for her precious bats.

Magrundi is sometimes beseeched by adventurers. Although she is interested in little beyond her purview, she is knowledgeable of cave systems and of resident monsters that are upsetting her charges. She will only seldom directly intercede; she is mindful that adventurers are as disruptive, if not moreso, than monsters. Only a great upheaval in a cavern ecosystem would warrant her divine intervention.

Magrundi dislikes light and finds any illumination greater than torchlight displeasing. She can extinguish normal fires at will. Magrundi can manifest if she must, coalescing a body out of guano, or even out of bats or skittering cave insects. She appears as a shortish naked feminine figure with glittering black eyes and dank tangled hair long enough to touch the cave floor. All manifestations are accompanied by a powerful stench.

If forced into combat, her opponents find that her body is unaffected by normal weapons; they pass through her without harm. Magic weapons inflict only 1 point of damage per "plus" of the weapon (except for *flaming swords*, which inflict full damage), Strength and other modifiers do not increase any damage inflicted. Spells affect her normally, as does fire. Her form cannot be harmed by paralyzation, poison, polymorph or death magic; she similarly disregards *hold* and *charm* spells. She is unaffected by darkness, even of the magical variety. Direct sunlight, however, will *dispel* her. Upon reaching 0 hit points, her form disperses and she cannot again materialize for 24 hours. If forced to engage in a physical contest, she will engulf an opponent (requiring a successful "to hit" roll to do so); this has the effect of inflicting 2 hit points of damage every round (if her form is comprised of cave life), until she chooses to relent (no further attack rolls required), or it causes suffocation (if her form is comprised of guano), causing ignominious death within 1-4 rounds. She can always summon 10-100 bats or center an underground *insect plague* (comprised of cave crickets, centipedes and other vermin) on herself, but is loath to put her creatures in harm's way.

Those who curry her favor, however, will be rewarded with a small, seemingly normal, brown bat which will escort them throughout the cave complex (or perhaps a similarly-colored cave crayfish, if the party is spelunking in an underground water system). The bat (or cave crayfish) is actually animated guano and, as such, is as immune to physical harm as she is (and subject to spells and fire). Upon reaching the destination, the guano creature will return to its inert form. It is left to the PCs bargain for a guide out of the caverns.

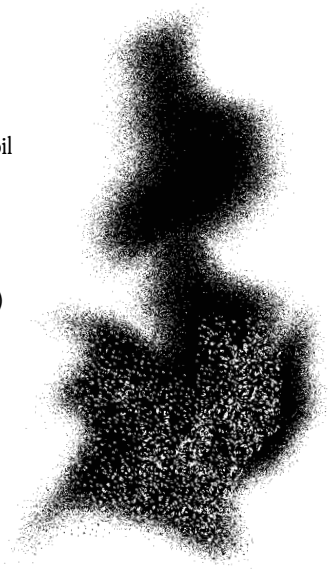
Should a PC especially curry her favor, she may reward him or her with a *kiss*. This places a special mark on the character, and no cave animal (including giant varieties) will attack him or her (although they will defend themselves normally if the protected PC attacks them first). Alas, the brown lip prints are permanent, as is the odor imparted.

Maharb'aal

(petty god of remorse and guilt)

TITLES: *The One Who Buzzes in the Dark; The Ten Thousand Faces*

Nicolas Senac
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.



SYMBOL:	A dilated pupil
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	Immune to all weapons (incl. magical)
HIT PTS. (HD):	100 hp (25 HD)
ATTACKS:	Special
DAMAGE:	Special
SAVE:	See below
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	XVI
XP:	10,000

Far beneath the surface, in the depths of the earth, in the midst of scorching miasmic vapors, hums a huge swarm of flies. Here is the realm of Maharb'aal—The One Who Buzzes in the Dark. This semi-conscious entity is the hive mind of the insect cloud, and only pays attention in the swarm's apathy to remorse from above. He feeds on these thoughts of harming themselves—thoughts of guilt which are a pleasant balm for his demented and incomprehensive mind. Unfortunately, it sometimes happens that Maharb'aal is not satiated. It then releases a pestilential breath from its underground caverns to stride the land and provide for its wicked wants. This cloud of flies, haloed in an atmosphere of decay, prowls in search of innocent humans. The flies of the swarm are not normal—they have the faces of the previous victims (although they retain the faceted eyes of flies).

Few are those who try to worship such an abomination; these fools are, in fact, the first targets of the little grateful monstrosity.

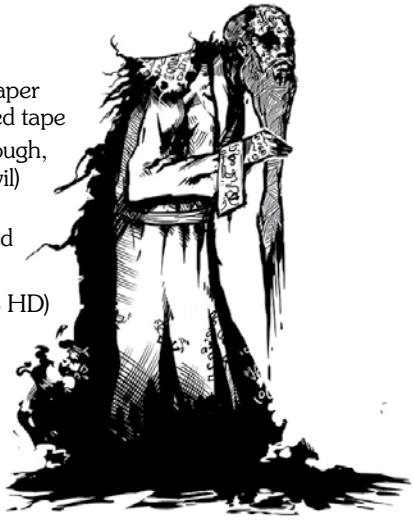
The swarm attacks unfortunates who cross his path, surrounding them, as if they were swallowed by the cloud of flies. The ever-changing creature takes various forms, but all disturbing for the viewer (a gaping maw, a crabbed hand). Once the victim is thus surrounded (after a successful hit—one hit per opponent per round), the victim must make a saving throw vs. spell every round to avoid becoming deeply melancholic and subject to ruminating thoughts so dark that he or she no longer pays attention to their surroundings, allowing the flies to penetrate the victim's body through mouth and nose, slowly suffocating (death occurs three rounds later). The swarm can surround one person per ten of its remaining hit points (at the beginning, the swarm can surround ten people). Once a victim is killed, the body disintegrates into numerous flies that strengthen the ranks of the swarm.

The swarm is immune to all weapons (including those of a magical nature) as well as most magic. Only lawful clerical spells or an *excorcism* can affect it (with the swarm making all saves as a 25th level magic-user).

Maladmin

(petty god of bureaucracy)

Malcolm Bowers
Eric Quigley



SYMBOL:	Sheaf of paper tied with red tape
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful (though, ineffably evil)
MOVEMENT:	30' (10') at top speed
ARMOR CLASS:	6
HIT PTS. (HD):	112 hp (18 HD)
ATTACKS:	Special
DAMAGE:	Special
SAVE:	T18
MORALE:	9
HOARD CLASS:	VIII x d6
XP:	7,250

Maladmin, God of Bureaucracy, may be the pettiest god of all, covering as he does officialdom, inflated titles, paper-shuffling, pointless rules, and procedural delay. He appears as a stooped, gray-skinned man with ink-stained fingers, in a dusty robe. Close up, his skin looks like paper overwritten with fine print. He can create complex regulations, lists, and forms at will (which *confuse* any who try to make sense of them).

He has no physical attacks, and takes double damage from fire. Any hits on him raise such a cloud of dust that attackers must save or cough and sneeze while in 10 feet radius (-2 on all rolls). He can once per round spray forth voluminous red tape from his sleeves with the effects of a *slow* spell. A second such barrage paralyses those already slowed (as *hold monster*), and a third puts those already held into *temporal stasis*. Victims can be carefully cut free with a magical blade by someone not already entangled, this taking d6/2d6/3d6 turns for the primary/duplicate/triplicate effects.

Once per day, Maladmin can cast a special triple-duration *maze* spell affecting an entire party. Victims wander in a labyrinth where goblin-like servants of the god (d12 3 HD mini-avatars; cause paper cuts for 1d3 each) try to force them to fill out a series of tedious forms for mundane or absurd things. (If players choose to fill forms rather than fight, the DM should invent details and dialogue to torment them.)

Typically, personalities infuriating the god or for his uncivil servants should roll on the table below as each is encountered.

Maladmin Bureaucratic Personality Table

Roll unmodified 1d12 (Charisma has no effect).

1	Annoyingly inept	7	Ominously bleak
2	Blandly evasive	8	Patronisingly dismissive
3	Grindingly dogmatic	9	Snidely sarcastic
4	Huffily officious	10	Soporifically verbose
5	Insufferably pompous	11	Stolidly inert
6	Irritatingly earnest	12	Whinily obsequious

Mal-laM

(petty god of right angles, regular shapes, and symmetric patterns)
TITLES: *The Fearful Symmetry*
AFFILIATIONS: *The Jale God*

Sándor Gebei
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

SYMBOL:	Three concentric circles in the colors of red, green, and blue
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	60' (20')
ARMOR CLASS:	0
HIT PTS. (HD):	66 hp (13 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (psychic strike) or 3 (tentacles)
DAMAGE:	Special or 1d8+special ×3
SAVE:	M13
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	XIV
XP:	3,300

Although the thought of perfection in geometry amazes people, when it becomes a reality, they are terrified of it; that fear is Mal-laM, who gains his powers from the right angles, regular shapes, and symmetrical patterns of nature and our creations as well.

Mal-laM communicates through reflecting surfaces or the most perfect works of art. He is aware of everything happening around such objects as if he had cast *clairvoyance* and *clairaudience*, unless they are covered with something (in case of mirrors) or turned intentionally imperfect (may be considered vandalism in civilised areas). Furthermore, he is capable of casting *suggestion* thrice per day and *quest* once per day via similar means.

Mal-laM appears like an amorphous blob of molten mirror; anyone looking at him must make a save vs. insanity* or develop a random disorder, since mortals cannot bear the sight of true perfection. Rays of any kind are completely innefective against Mal-laM (25% chance they are reflected back at the caster/shooter) and he is immune to polymorph effects, as well.

The Fearful Symmetry is capable of unleashing a powerful psychic strike that affects everyone in a 50' radius, forcing them to save vs. spell or become *confused* (as the spell). Mal-laM can also form tentacles, appearing as lithe Ionic columns, that deal 1d8 points of damage and entangle their targets, unless they make a successful save vs. breath.

Not much is known about Mal-laM's doctrine or followers. Some believe he is an incarnation of the Jale God, while others claim he is a jelly who swallowed a weak godling and thus earned his apotheosis. He seems to be interested in acquiring ancient objects of art, magical mirrors, lens, and devices facilitating interstellar travel.

Reaction Table

Use Intelligence instead of Charisma.

2	**Hostile:** Attacks the party, trying to weaken them. Later, devises an intricate plan to get rid of them.
3-5	**Unfriendly:** Interrogates the party, torturing them if necessary.
6-8	**Neutral:** Sends the party on a mission using *quest/suggestion*.
9-11	**Indifferent:** Offers help if the characters prove themselves worthy.
12	**Friendly:** Provides information and promises more in exchange for a favor.

* *See* UNDERWORLD LORE *#1, p.14.*

RELATED ENTRIES: Please see the *Jale God* entry in this section for a complete listing of entries related to the Jale God.

Malnor *(petty god of military discipline)*

TITLES: *The Scourged Flank*

Thomas Martin
Eugene Jaworski

SYMBOL:	Crossed club and multi-tailed whip
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	180' (60')
ARMOR CLASS:	0
HIT PTS. (HD):	125 hp (21 HD)
ATTACKS:	2-8 (see below)
DAMAGE:	2d10+special (club)/ 1d6+special (whip)
SAVE:	F21
MORALE:	Special
HOARD CLASS:	Special
XP:	7,000

Malnor, The Scourged Flank, the god of military discipline, is often invoked by those who command unruly soldiers and often by those who are about to be punished for breaking military rules and law.

Items that are precious to those beseeching his assistance are burned by fire as the invoker requests Malnor's aid in having a firmer hand in the control of their troops or a speedy, even if still painful, punishment.

Malnor has been known to manifest avatars of himself on battlefields where all discipline has broken down and a bloodbath has ensued. The avatar then proceeds to whip, slay and punish his way through the armies until he has reached their leaders and punished them for their lack of leadership and control.

When manifesting in physical form, Malnor appears as a large 7-8' bare chested muscular man wearing a kilt of golden scales encrusted with rubies. His chest and back are criss-crossed with many scars from a whip. He carries in his hands the symbols of his godhood: Paidein, the massive club which knocks down men; and Calinth, the many headed whip that punishes men.

In combat, Malnor will attack with both his club and whip. When the club is used to attack, it can attack up to two people within melee distance, those hit take 2d10 damage and must make a save vs. paralysis or be knocked to the ground. When the whip is used to attack, the whip will reach out and attack 1d6 enemies that are within 60' of Malnor. Each hit will force the enemy to save vs. poison or take a –1 to all attack/skill rolls. This effect can stack up to a –5 penalty, and continues until a *cure poison* spell is cast upon the enemy.

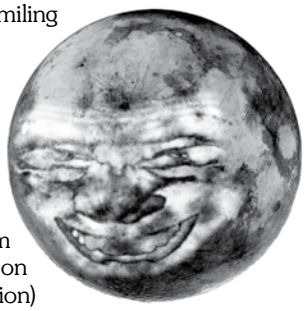
Malnor never has to roll for morale; he will always fight with strict and cool discipline to the death.

If Malnor is killed in combat, his body, clothing and weapons will melt away into nothingness, leaving behind a pile valuable objects (e.g., art, gems, jewelery, etc.) worth 1,000-2,000 gp. These will be objects that have been sacrificed to him, often having a story of their own (for these are the types of sacrifices Malnor prefers).

Man in the Moon

(petty god of voyeurism and aloof observation)

Barry Blatt
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.



SYMBOL:	Anthopomorphised crescent moon, smiling
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	Special
ARMOR CLASS:	Varies
HIT PTS. (HD):	Varies, max. = 75 hp (21 HD)
ATTACKS:	Special
DAMAGE:	Special (bites from 1 to 3d10, based on size of manifestation)
SAVE:	F16
MORALE:	8
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	7,000

The Man in the Moon manifests in any inanimate object that reminds the viewer of a face. His most famous image is the "man in the moon" itself, but he can appear anywhere a distracted or daydreaming person sees the vague semblance of two eyes and a mouth—a tree with an oddly shaped bole, a keyhole plate with two screws, the entire face of a cliff with a cave and two boulders, and so on. He cannot appear in iron or steel objects. He only appears where people can see him; at any time an object goes observed, is seen from the wrong angle, or is seen only by unimaginative animals, he is not there.

He is mainly worshiped by witches and hedge magicians who gain much useful advice from him about what is transpiring anywhere he has a face. He can be disbelieved and effectively dismissed by a strong-willed observer (roll Wisdom –6 or below on a d20 to disbelieve/dismiss him); however, everyone who is in sight of the image must make the disbelief roll. If the DM decides there is a potential face near the PCs, each individual has a 1-in-10 chance of noticing the face and summoning the god's presence (+1 if Intellignece is above 15; +1 if Wisdom is below 6; +1 if he has been encountered by the PC before; +1 if someone nearby has pointed at him or mentioned where he is; +1 if the viewer is a halfling, as he appears in many halfling folk tales).

Encountering him is always a bit of a shock at first. One does not usually expect the back of a chair to suddenly look up at you and say, "Hello!" as you sit down, though when he manifests in natural objects he might be mistaken for an elemental or fay. He cannot be summoned into objects which have been deliberately carved with faces or with any rough semblance of a face. The appearance of the face must be accidental.

Man in the Moon Reaction Table

Roll 2d6. Add +1d6 if a person tries to disbelieve in him.

2	**Very friendly:** He will inquire what a person's business is, and how he can help.
3-4	**Friendly:** He will say hello, and maybe wink or whistle, and if someone addresses him, he will act as 2 above.

5-6 **Indifferent:** He winks, whistles, or makes a rude noise, then goes still again—waiting to see what the observer will do. He adores silly jokes like this. If a person speaks to him, he will be sarcastic and accuse the observer of being crazy before admitting who he is.

7-8 **Neutral:** Sticks his tongue out at the observer (the tongue is made of whatever the object is—brass, wood, dirt, etc.), and makes an insulting joke or remark; if attacked, he will retaliate for a while (at an effective morale of 6) then de-manifest.

9-10 **Annoyed:** He is in a bad mood for some reason, and the last he wants is some ignorant mortal yokel summoning him into the folds of a discarded boot or whatever. He will be loudly abusive, then accuse the observer of being utterly insane. If the person reacts negatively, he will demand to be fed gold or he will attack or, even worse, haunt a person's nightmares.

11-12 **Quite annoyed:** He will holler loudly to any nearby monsters, sing rude songs, imitate a person's voice, and generally be irritating. He will fight, and if the object in which he is manifested is destroyed, he will appear in the next appropriate object (in which the person can see a face), then renew his attack. He can only be bought off with gold or a large amount of food.

13-14 **Very annoyed with knobs on:** After an initial assault, he will play a long game—scaring the living daylights out of victims, and distracting targets by momentarily manifesting in all sorts of nooks and crannies, while he glares at them and mutters madly under his breath. He will keep this up for a very long time, until the frazzled victims are jumping every time they see a polished wood grain table with knotholes, a damp stain in the ceiling, a leaf with holes in it, etc. He can only be bought off by a living sacrifice, which he will ask be fed to him by having it taken to a cave or building where he can manifest then swallow it whole.

15+ **Incandescent:** As 13-14 above, but he will use his best power—breathing fire, which does 1d6 to 6d6 damage (depending on the size of flame he can create) as well as causing flammable items to ignite. Each time he uses this power, he loses 1d6 hp. Should a victim place two pewter plates on the mantle piece above a great hall's fireplace, they might just have signed their own death warrant.

Fighting the Man in the Moon is not easy—he can de-manifest in a split second, change the object he inhabits at the drop of a hat, inhabit horribly hard things like granite (AC of -9), and take over massive objects like whole buildings or even landscapes. If the moon is in the sky, you will never catch him, and find him laughing at you every time you look up.

Each object he inhabits will have its own hp. For example, should he inhabit an old boot, he might have 5 hp, and AC of 8, and do 1 point of damage; should the boot be destroyed, the Man in the Moon will lose 5 of his total 75 hp, but be forced to manifest in some other object. Should he manifest in some larger object (like a barn), the object will likely have more than 75 hp. However, should 75 or more points of damage be done to the object (while the Man in the Moon is still manifested in it), he will die (which is why it highly likely he will withdraw from such an object before that point is reached (leaving the PCs the job of explaining to the farmer why they have been hacking madly with battle axes at the doors and window shutters of his barn).

The Man in the Moon can use the following spell-like powers: *light* or *darkness* 3×/day, *charm person* 1 ×/day, *curse* or *bless* 3 ×/day, *hold portal* 1 ×/day, *knock* 1 ×/day, *hold person* 1 ×/day, *confusion* 1 ×/day.

If you make friends with him, he can be very useful. He will watch your house for you and scare intruders; it is common for old halfling ladies to leave crumbs of cake in front of brass plates as a bribe for this service.

Witches, wizards (and the odd druid) who bribe him may learn the art of watching for his faces: roll Intellignece or Wisdom (whichever is higher) or under on a d100. They also may learn the charm for calling him—*summon Man in the Moon* (a 1st level spell for clerics and magic-users). He can then be used as a spy, though his information is not always reliable, and he may not be able to see anything useful at all to the caster. He is always, however, a good source of advice, and may give hints on the best course of action for many circumstances.

Experts disagree as to what the Man in the Moon is, and whether he really exists at all. He says he is a god, though often claims to be merely the product of the observer's diseased imagination, exhibiting characteristics of a demon, a faerie creature, a *ventriloquism* spell gone wrong, and even an elemental. Magic designed to dismiss these classes of beings may work on the Man in the Moon (at the DM's discretion).

Manguaça

(petty goddess of alchoholic stupor)
TITLES: *Lady of the Drunks*

Igor Vinicius Sartorato
Brian Walker

SYMBOL:	A branch of barley, a grapevine leaf, and a piece of sugar cane
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	7
HIT PTS. (HD):	47 hp (10 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (slap)
DAMAGE:	1d4
SAVE:	T10
MORALE:	7
HOARD CLASS:	II, IX
XP:	2,400

Manguaça, Lady of the Drunks, is the petty goddess of alcoholic stupor. She usually manifests in crowded taverns and festivals where there is a lot of drinking. Her appearance and behavior, however, depend on the state of intoxication of her interlocutor.

To those who are sober, Manguaça appears as an ugly woman, who is completely obnoxious and annoying, and of hostile disposition. However, to drunkards, Manguaça presents herself as as the most beautiful of women—sweet and pleasant, and of friendly disposition. Manguaça usually only manifests herself to

men. By comparison, it is more common that her servant St. Biritus appears to women.

Sometimes she will approach someone who is sober and ask him to buy her a drink. If the individual refuses, she will *curse* him; the next time he drinks, he will wake overwhelmed by nausea and plagued with a massive hangover, soon after discovering that he has committed some immensely-vexing act, with no memory of the event.

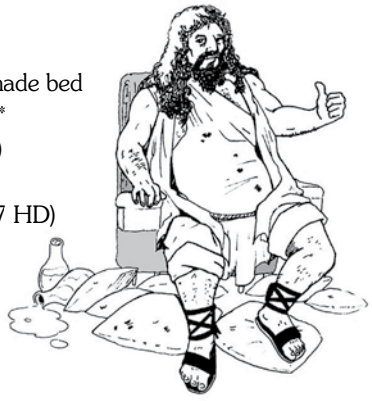
It is also common for Manguaça to manifest to someone really drunk and *bless* him with a kiss. Someone blessed in this way will manifest a type of "drunkard's luck" that protects him from accidents and problems (e.g., people will ignore offensive acts by the drunkard, the drunkard won't be hurt in falls, and the drunkard able to escape from accidents in an unbelievable manner).

RELATED ENTRIES: **M)** *Saint Biritus.*

Manidono

(petty god of slackers, half-assed effort, and loose change)

Erin Palette
Adam Dickstein



SYMBOL:	An unmade bed
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic*
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
ARMOR CLASS:	9
HIT PTS. (HD):	21 hp (7 HD)
ATTACKS:	Special
DAMAGE:	Special
SAVE:	F7
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	V
XP:	1 (Seriously, you guys just whacked a stoner and you want a reward?)

Created by the halfhearted, momentary worship of people who desperately desire for only a few moments that their current problem goes away. Manidono is the petty god of slackers, half-assed effort, and loose change. He has no organized priesthood, no formal temples, and no official holy days, because those things would take dedication, foresight, and effort, all of which are anathema to Manidono. He is called upon only in moments of duress (and at no other time) by people too lazy to do any real work who expect a quick and effortless miracle. If Manidono can be bothered to answer the prayer of a supplicant (25% chance), it usually manifests in the form of a handful of pocket change: 3d6 copper and 1d6-3 silver pieces. However, if the supplicant is truly lucky (rolling a 100 on percentile dice) then Manido's curiosity has been aroused and he will bless his follower according to the Reaction Table below.

Manidono Reaction Table

Grab the closest die or dice at hand and roll. Just because the table has 100 entries doesn't mean you should roll percentile dice; sometimes Manidono just doesn't care enough to roll more than a 6-sider, you know? Just chill, dude.

1	Dude, that's a major bummer! Manidono is bummed on your behalf. Everyone must succeed at a morale check or do nothing except sit around and be bummed out for 1d6 rounds.
2-3	Wait, what? Everyone in the vicinity loses a round as they figure out what just happened.
4-5	Here, have 1 hit point. It tastes like nachos.
6-7	So, like, stuff? A random piece of equipment worth no more than 50 gp appears in your possession.
8-9	Aw, man, that sucks. Take a do-over and roll again.
10-11	That thing you don't like, stop doing it. Restart the round from the beginning.
16-18	The spirit of half-assed effort fills the area. Everyone takes a –2 penalty to all rolls.
19-20	OK, like, everyone needs to just chill. Combat ends and everyone is returned to maximum hit points. Diplomacy is possible but everyone has the munchies.
21-99	Manidono has nothing better to do and appears next to his supplicant to "hang out for a bit." (See below.)
100	Manidono delivers you from your current dilemma by inviting you to hang out on his couch for a while. You disappear from wherever you are, reappearing 1d10 turns later. All of your wounds are healed, but you have aged 2d10 years.

Adventurers who end up summoning Manidono must now deal with the presence of a slovenly, bored godling who shuffles along behind them. He does not help the party in any way ("I'm just here to hang out, dude, I'm not on the clock"), but still consumes party resources such as food, water, bed space, etc. He will try to cooperate with the party's actions such as being stealthy or trying to appear inconspicuous, but will do so in such a half-assed manner that it might as well be failure.

Manidono never attacks, as that would be too much work. If attacked, he half-assedly defends himself (mostly by holding up his arm and saying "Ow! Quit it, dude!"), and forces another roll on the reaction table. If the party persists in combat, Manidono disappears in a huff after taking more than half his hit points in damage, and forever after they will carry the *Curse of Manidono*—which will be really awesomely painful when he gets around to making it.

Manidono always appears as a large, unkempt man with stringy hair, stained clothes, and a strange odor about him.

** Chaotic in the sense of entropic. It's a very lazy form of chaos.*

RELATED ENTRIES: **D)** *Half-Assed Relics of Manidono.*

Mar Nod

(petty god of rare and seemingly random fortune and misfortune during combat)

James Patterson
Steve Zieser

SYMBOL:	Two crossed swords, one breaking the other
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	Special
HIT PTS. (HD):	150 hp (20 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (spear +1)
DAMAGE:	1d6+1
SAVE:	F20
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	XXI
XP:	10,000

Mar Nod, the Unexpected, is the petty god of rare and seemingly random fortune and misfortune during combat. Though both cursed and praised when a melee battle takes an unexpected turn, Mar Nod is incited too infrequently to garner a true following. He travels the multiverse looking for worthy opponents and may be summoned (1%) whenever a natural 1 or 20 is rolled during combat. Mar Nod appears as a warrior appropriate to the given circumstances but wields an obscure bladed weapon with an unusually long handle. This unique weapon is never subject to a critical fumbles and scores a critical hit on rolls 18-20.

Mar Nod Reaction Table

Roll 1d20 (instead of 2d6).

1	*Curses* the summoner: when rolling "to hit," roll two dice and take the worst value; when rolling for damage, roll the value twice and take the better. This curse stays in effect until cured with a *remove curse* or similar.
2-19	Mar Nod does nothing but observe the battle with a bemused look on his face
20	*Blesses* the summoner: when rolling "to hit," roll two dice and take the better value; when rolling for damage, roll the value twice and take the worst. This blessing stays in effect until cured with a *remove curse* or similar.

Attacking this divine being is a terrible mistake although Mar Nod will engage with gusto. Every attack against him has a 50% of missing and all misses are treated as critical fumbles. Any hit has a 10% chance of being a critical hit. Any critical hit against Mar Nod heals him instead. After 1d6 turns he will grow bored and simply disappear.

Sample Critical Fumble Chart (1d12)

1	**Sign of weakness:** All nearby opponents will target you on their next turn.
2	**Bad swing:** Save vs. paralysis or drop weapon.
3	**Swing wide:** If there is adjacent friend or foe, roll "to hit" vs. that target.
4	**Ruined:** Mundane weapons are destroyed and no longer usable; magic weapons lose their enchantment until the end of the next turn (subject to an optional saving throw at DM's discretion).
5	**Disoriented:** May not act during next round.
6	**Pulled a muscle:** Lose 1d3 points of Strength until rested at least 8 hours.
7	**Broken:** Weapon is –1 to damage until repaired.
8	**Easy to predict:** –2 "to hit" on next attack versus the same opponent.
9	**Strained something:** Lose 1d3 points of Dexterity until able to rest at least 8 hours.
10	**Bent:** Weapon is –1 to hit until repaired.
11	**Misdirection:** Attacker hits themself; roll normally for damage.
12	**Off balance:** Opponent gains +2 "to hit" bonus during next round.

Sample Critical Hit Chart (1d12)

1	**Stunning display of prowess:** Forced morale check (or, morale is not used, all opponents will avoid you if possible).
2	**Disorientating hit:** Opponent's AC is 2 worse on following round.
3	**Powerful swing:** Roll "to hit" for an additional adjacent enemy (if there is one).
4	**Solid hit:** Additional 1d6 damage.
5	**Deep wound:** Opponent continues to take 1 point of damage each turn until healed.
6	**Trick shot:** Opponent loses next action.
7	**Brutal hit:** Double damage.
8	**Crushing blow:** Opponent must save vs. paralysis or fall prone.
9	**Fierce hit:** Roll twice for damage (adding them).
10	**Staggering blow:** All attacks vs. this opponent during next round gain +2 "to hit" bonus.
11	**Mighty swing:** Opponent is forced back 5'.
12	**Precision attack:** Opponent must save vs. death or die.

Mearra *(petty gods of the inevitability of time; pantheon)*
TITLES: *The Family of the Clever; The Keepers of the Sands of Inevitability; The Stop Watch Gods; The Second Hand Gods*

Eric Fabiaschi
Scott Faulkner

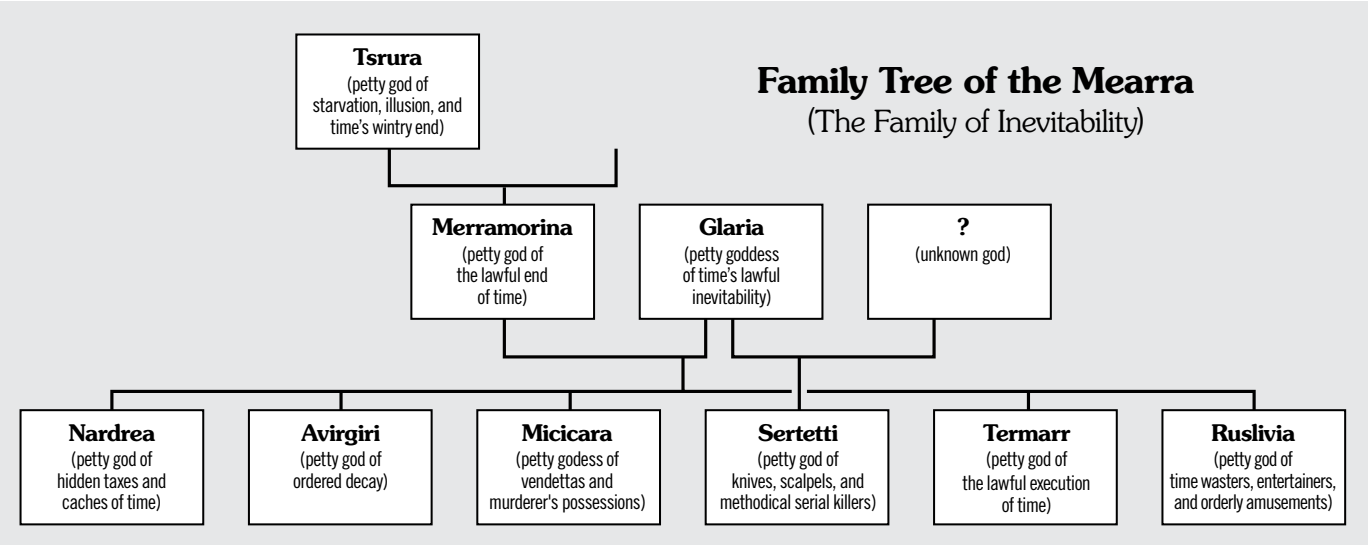
The Mearra are known by many names across the planes—among others, they are known as The Family of the Clever, The Keepers of the Sands of Inevitability, The Stop Watch Gods, and The Second Hand Gods. They are those entrusted with overseeing time, whose presence is as sure as the truth that each and every moment dies its own death, and that the forces of time have no choice but to steal away every hour, minute, and second. Sometimes they tarry a bit too long, and find themselves involved in the affairs of mankind. Though many have felt their presence, there are few who know of their existence. There are even fewer who choose to worship these gods, for their laws can seem unkind. The Mearra are, however, simply carrying out the necessary tasks and duties which have befallen them.

Although the Mearra tend to appear similar to various giants (e.g., cloud and storm giants), as a whole they are much larger than most giants (being closer in size to titans). All of the Mearra are able to travel at will between the Prime, Ethereal and Astral Planes.

NOTE REGARDING MEARRA ALIGNMENT: While, as a whole the Mearra are gods of Law (and of lawful alignment in most respects), individual alignments have been given to each of the Mearra so that the DM will better understand their personalities for the purposes of game play.

Pictured above, left-to-right, The Mearra are: Ruslivia, Nardrea, Termarr, Glaria, Merramorina, Tsrura, Micicara, Avirgiri, Sertetti, and Arvirive.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Arvirive, Avigiri, Glaria, Merramorina, Micicara, Nardrea, Ruslivia, Sertetti, Termarr, Tsrura.*



Meer-Smah *(petty god of flatulence prevention)*

Eric Wirsing
Eric Wirsing

SYMBOL:	Dark clouds
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
ARMOR CLASS:	–3
HIT PTS. (HD):	133 hp (16 HD)
ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE:	See below
SAVE:	MU16
MORALE:	9
HOARD CLASS:	VII, XVI
XP:	3,300

On the whole, it seems as if the nobility have it made. They dine in magnificent palaces, attend sumptuous feasts, and really never have to worry about starvation. But all this luxury brings attendant problems of its own—namely, flatulence. Whether attending an arranged marriage or signing an important treaty of non-interference, the sonorous notes of flatulence would bring an inappropriate tone to the proceedings. In polite company, it is an unpardonable offense. A potential suitor might well find his bride-to-be revulsed, and the concomitant vapors can sicken even the hardiest of souls.

On a tiny altar, a piece of artichoke or cabbage is burnt in sacrifice, while supplications are voiced to Meer-Smah. His has the power to cure dyspepsia and related gastric disorders. He rarely appears in person, as he can heal from his pocket dimension. Should anyone find his unearthly home, he is generally quite genial if the guests are friendly, even inviting them to partake of a fantastic feast. Should anyone be foolish enough to attack him, he farts out a huge, green, sickening cloud, the equivalent of a *prismatic sphere* spell of the 7th order. The blindness caused by the cloud is a result of the excessive tears due to the stench. He can move this cloud at will. Should he be in extreme danger despite all this, he takes the form of a green, soupy fog and floats away.

Meifer *(petty goddess of streetlamp lighters*)*

Thorbjørn Steen
Eugene Jaworski

SYMBOL:	A lantern surrounded by a glow
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	0
HIT PTS. (HD):	25 hp (6 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (staff)
DAMAGE:	1d6 + 2d6 fire
SAVE:	F6
MORALE:	7
HOARD CLASS:	VI
XP:	1,320

Meifer is the petty deity of street-lamp lighters, worshiped only in the port town of Klarat. There she wanders the streets at night, clad in the traditional brown robe of the street-lamp lighters and carrying a street-lamp lighter's staff—a stout oaken staff with a lantern mounted on the top.

She is worshiped by street-lamp lighters, but also receives the occasional prayer from those venturing through the city at night, hoping that her light will reveal any cutthroats or footpads that might be hiding in the shadows.

If forced into battle, she wields her street-lamp lighter's staff which explodes in bursts of fire when hitting. In addition she has the following spell-like abilities usable at will: *continual light*, *cure blindness*, *cure light wounds*, *light*, *protection from evil*, *remove fear*, and *sanctuary*. (A small percentage of the street-lamp lighters also know one or more of these spells). She can also *sense* (as a *clairvoyance* spell), *light*, or *snuff* any torch, lantern, lamp, *light* spell, or other small light source within the city at will.

The below table assumes that the characters have not recognized Meifer for being a goddess. If they have, treat rolls of "Indifferent" or "Neutral" as "Friendly."

Meifer Reaction Table

2	**Friendly:** Heals the characters, and leads them safely to one location of their choosing within the city.
3-5	**Indifferent:** Leads the characters safely to one location of their choosing within the city.
6-8	**Neutral:** The characters will find all streets on their way to be adequately lit and generally safe.
9-11	**Unfriendly:** The characters will find that the streets they visit have a tendency to be ill lit. A heightened risk of robbery attempts follows.
12	**Hostile:** Not only are the streets ill lit, but the characters' own light sources have a tendency to flutter out at the worst of times.

Mephassuros

(petty god of mislaid and unanswered prayers)
TITLES: *Collector of Lost Prayers*

J.P. Glutting
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

SYMBOL:	A silver conch filled with stars
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	–3
HIT PTS. (HD):	90 hp (20 HD)
ATTACKS:	Special
DAMAGE:	Special
SAVE:	F20
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	10,000

Mephassuros is a collector of prayers that have gone astray, either because they have been made to false gods, have been rejected by real gods, or have simply been malformed or inap-

propriately constructed. Mephassuros collects these lost 'items' in a large, rambling archive as insubstantial as smoke, which drifts on the Astral Plane, and is so innocuous that it is nearly undetectable to travelers. His collection is a curiosity shop of the fruitless, petty desires or desperate hopes of humanity. Walking through his home, a visitor is surrounded by the whispers of the penitent: imploring, cajoling, exhorting.

Sometimes he responds randomly when a lost entreaty reaches him, with some apparently meaningful sign (a faint glow, a feeling of hope, a soft puff of wind—see ***Reaction Table***). In practical terms, however, his signs do nothing. If encountered, he is pleasant enough, and is open to a brief conversation. He will not engage in combat or accompany anyone anywhere.

Mephassuros rarely travels, but when he does he carries his personal relic, a large conch shell, with him. He may allow others to listen to it, and they will hear the faint, unanswered prayers of a lost loved-one. While this may provide important information, the listener must make a save vs. petrification or have their Wisdom reduced to 4 for 1-3 days.

If threatened, Mephassuros will *teleport* away. His conch gets lost more often than seems reasonable, and retrieving it is one of the few reasons he will stray from his comfortable archive.

Mephassuros's existence is known only to a very few collectors of metaphysical minutiae, and his worshipers are even fewer. Some scholars believe that Mephassuros was a 'dead god' with a penchant for collection and archiving, and naturally grew into his current role. Others say that the conch itself is the divine entity, and Mephassuros is but a servant, or a manifestation it projects.

Mephassuros Reaction Table

Responses to Lost Prayers...

2	A faint light in the vague form of a face appears, and fades away.
3	A soft breeze passes through the area.
4-10	Nothing happens.
11	A faint chime sounds nearby.
12	The supplicant feels a vague sense of hope and renewed determination.

Merramorina

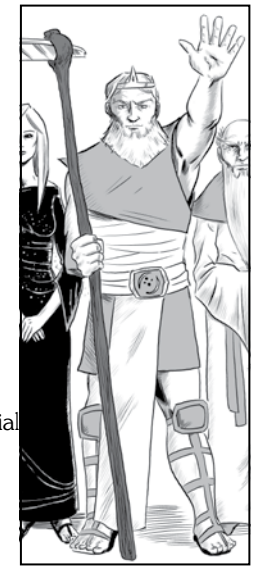
(petty god of the lawful end of time)

TITLES: *The Old Razor, The Time Ender, The Father of the Inevitable*

AFFILIATIONS: *The Mearra*

Eric Fabiaschi

Scott Faulkner



SYMBOL:	A broken circle with four dots in the center
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful (Neutral)*
MOVEMENT:	150' (50')
ARMOR CLASS:	2
HIT PTS. (HD):	75 hp (15 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (fists or staff)
DAMAGE:	8d6 or 1d4+special
SAVE:	F15
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	XVIII + 5,000gp
XP:	3,300

As the petty god of the lawful end of time, it is Merramorina who is charged with overseeing the dying moments of time, as the final grains of sand drip to the bottom of the hourglass. It is also he who assures that the illlusions that supersede reality are disposed of lawfully. He is the son of Tsrura, the husband of Glaria, and the father of Nardrea, Avirgiri, Micicara, Termarr, and Ruslivia. Though, in truth, Sertetti is the product of an indiscretion on the part of Merramorina's wife Glaria, this is unknown to all but Glaria, so Merramorina treats Sertetti no different than any of his siblings.

Merramorina normally goes unseen (able to become invisible at will in all planes), even when he tarries too long before departing. However, the eyes of the keenest wizards and most innocent children have an aptitude for spotting such things. Merramorina appears similar to an ancient storm giant bearing a massive staff edged with a razor-like blade. In the past, this has led to more than one awkward moment for Merramorina. His wisdom is sardonic and his humor of the gallows, so those who have had conversations with him rarely choose to speak of them.

Those creatures foolhardy enough to attack Merramorina will find themselves facing his formidable attacks—his gigantic fists and a bladed staff. He may strike with his fists for 8d6 points of damage. While a crack from his huge bladed-staff may only do 1d4 points of damage, it will also age its victim by 1d20 years upon each successful strike (on a failed save vs. death).

Merramorina collects the reflections of the great treasures, pieces of art, and artifacts that catch his eye. Ultimately, these things become lost to time and history, as they are collected and displayed in his galleries for his family's pleasure. It is believed he also uses these galleries to woo those human lasses that catch his fancy, for there are rumors that he is not a faithful husband. It is told that the planes are filled with his progeny. Vengeful fathers and suitors have been known to try to find and end him. They too are displayed within the galleries of Merramorina.

In addition to the standard planar travel afforded to the Mearra, Merramorina is able to travel at will between the Prime Plane

and all of it's alternate dimensions (e.g., those with histories that differ from the timeline of any given campaign world).

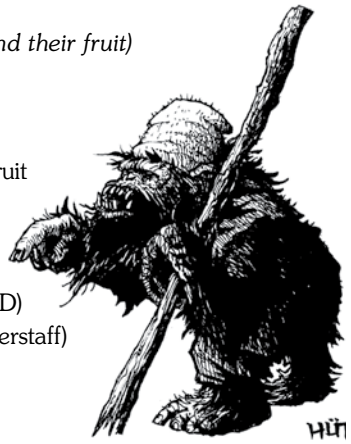
RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Arvirive, Avirgiri, Glaria, the Mearra, Micicara, Nardrea, Ruslivia, Sertetti, Termarr, Tsrura.*

** Please see the entry in this section for the Mearra for information regarding their alignment.*

Mespilus

(petty god of medlar trees and their fruit)

Chris Wellings
Chris Hüth



SYMBOL:	A medlar fruit
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	1
HIT PTS. (HD):	26 hp (6 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (+2 quarterstaff)
DAMAGE:	1d6+2
SAVE:	T6
MORALE:	9
HOARD CLASS:	VII
XP:	570

Mespilus has the appearance of a somewhat surly chimpanzee (albeit one that walks upright) dressed in the manner of a farmer. His sole distinguishing feature (bar his being an ape) is his large hat, which somehow combines the attributes of a fez and a beret of muddy brown hue. Mespilus is inordinately proud of his hat.

This petty god is worshipped by those who gather, ferment (in a process known as bletting) and consume the fruit of the medlar tree. Mespilus finds adventurers tiresome, usually rebuffing them with "I deal with med-LARS, not medd-LERS". If he can be convinced that the task the party is undertaking will benefit his trees or his worshipers, he may part with some medlars or medlar jelly (see below).

If drawn into combat, Mespilus will fight to defend himself with his *+2 quarterstaff* and his medlars as bullets for his sling, before trying to escape under cover of his flatulence (as per the spell *stinking cloud*). If slain, he will reform in a medlar grove 1d6 days later, irritated and less inclined than ever to share his medlars.

Mespilus Reaction Table

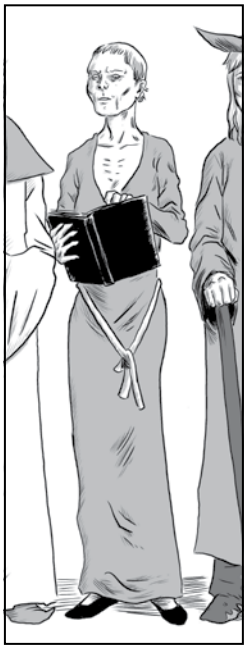
Modified by Wisdom, rather than Charisma.
(Mespilus values good honest sense, over flashy talkers.)

2	**Friendly:** Unbletted medlars function as *+1 sling bullets*, medlar jelly functions as *potion of healing.*
3-8	**Indifferent/Uninterested:** If asked, will give the party non-magical jelly and medlars (bletted).
9-10	**Neutral/Uncertain**
11	**Unfriendly:** Rather than attacking, he gifts the party with unbletted medlars, telling them they are delicious, without letting on they are actually foul.
12	**Hostile**

Micicara

(petty godess of vendettas and murderers' possessions)
TITLES: *The Bleeding Mistress Of The Gallows*
AFFILIATIONS: *The Mearra*

Eric Fabiaschi
Scott Faulkner



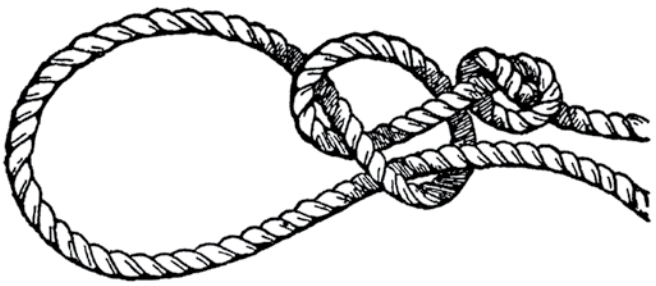
SYMBOL:	An empty gallows
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	150' (50')
ARMOR CLASS:	2
HIT PTS. (HD):	70 hp (14 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (fist) or special
DAMAGE:	6d6 or special
SAVE:	F14
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	XVII + 5,000gp
XP:	3,300

Micicara, petty godess of vendettas and murderers' possessions, is most often called upon as a convicted murderer ascends to the last step of the gallows to meet his doom. She is present in the last moments of the execution, and the moments after as the dead man's last worldly possessions are given to his kin. Time is the final witness, and she is there, watching from the shadows, listening to the thankful prayers of the victims' families. Her corpse-like face watches silently and cuts the final strings of life as the will of the law is carried out. Her hands wring with glee as the last moments fade from the murderer and she catches the last bits of his life as the soul escapes to its final reward or punishment.

Executioners, bounty hunters, lawyers, and clerics all cast their silent thanks upon her as the pages of her book are turned. There are those, however, who would prefer to keep her from her rounds, and avoid learning of her final truths, for no being may survive if she reads the end of their life's story out loud. Such interlopers are dealt with swiftly as the claws of her bony hands strike! Should she finish reading a person's story, they must save vs. death as the final sounds escape her corpse-like lips or die in 1d4 rounds. She will not tarry for long as all as there are always more in need of her services.

As she turns the pages in her great Book of the Law, the final reflections of the past (artifacts, weapons, and possessions of all types) are collected for display in her gallery.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Arvirive, Avirgiri, Glaria, the Mearra, Merramorina, Nardrea, Ruslivia, Sertetti, Termarr, Tsrura.*



Vindico Vindicatum

Mico

(petty god of burning oil)
TITLES: *He Who Blocks the Path;*
He Who Smells of Burning Hair

Jim Pacek
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

SYMBOL:	A broken bottle wreathed in flame
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	–4
HIT PTS. (HD):	90 hp (15 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (gaze) or 2 (balls of fire or flaming claws)
DAMAGE:	3d6+special or 2d6/2d6 or 1d6+1d6 (claw/flame) ×2
SAVE:	F15
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	IX, XVI
XP:	11,000

Mico, He Who Blocks the Path or He Who Smells of Burning Hair, is the petty god of burning oil. When adventurers find themselves backed into a corner or facing desperate odds, Mico is called upon to make their aim true and their flasks fragile. He is a slumped over humanoid, burned and scarred, smelling of burnt hair; his hands and head are wreathed in pale orange flame and his eyes twinkle with a maniacal menace.

Mico is able cast an *enflaming gaze* upon any creature within sight; that creature must save vs. spell or take 3d6 fire damage plus 1d6 for each flask of oil carried upon his or her person (which ignite on the failed saving throw). Because Mico can sense the presence of any type of oil within range of sight (functions as a sort of *x-ray vision*), he will often use this gaze attack on the target with the most oil in their backpack.

In combat, Mico attacks by hurling balls of flame formed in the palms of his claw-like hands. He attacks in this manner twice per round (one per hand). Targets are automatically hit (no "to hit" roll required) for 2d6 damage per ball of fire (or half damage with a successful save vs. breath at -3). If engaged in melee, Mico attacks with both claws which each do 1d6 claw damage plus 1d6 flame damage (no saving throw) upon successful "to hit" rolls.

Three times per day, Mico is able to summon 1d6 hell hounds to assist him in combat or to cover his retreat.

Mico can also grant boons to those he favors, including immunity to fire, accuracy with thrown objects, restoration of burns and scars, and the transformation of oil into "atrox", an extremely potent and dangerous flammable fluid (which does triple the normal damage of flaming oil).

Mico Reaction Table

Instead of Charisma, modify by the average number of flasks of oil held by the party members.

2	Grants different boon to each member of the party.
3	Grants boon to 1d3 members of the party.
4-5	Grants a boon to the party member with the most oil flasks on their person, or a party member with burn scars or recent burn damage.
6-8	Reacts in a favorable manner. Identifies himself and if given a tribute will reward one party member with a boon.
9-10	Identifies himself and expects appropriate treatment; if treated poorly, may attack or merely disappear.
11	Demands tribute in the form of magic or gold; if not assuaged, attacks ferociously.
12	Attacks immediately, focusing his attacks on spell-casters or those that have oil in their backpacks.

Mixmalix *(petty god of pranks and pratfalls)*

Malcolm Bowers
Scott Faulkner

SYMBOL:	Banana skin
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	150' (50')
ARMOR CLASS:	9 (special)
HIT PTS. (HD):	75 hp (12 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (stick) + special (prank)
DAMAGE:	2d6 (non-lethal) + special
SAVE:	T12 + special (see below)
MORALE:	8
HOARD CLASS:	I-V, IX
XP:	4,400

Mixmalix appears as a swarthy, monkey-like man, some of whose clothing is particolored. He can perform minor chaotic pranks at will, 1 per round: make any 10x10 foot surface slippery, make belts undo, pants fall down, helms drop over eyes, clasps unbuckle, clothes tear, wineskins spray about, swords stick in sheaths, etc. In combat, he also strikes with a leather-wrapped knobbly stick, knocking foes down on their backsides for d3 rounds (they keep slipping as they rise). Damage is 75% temporary and mischief non-lethal, except socially. Those who attack him fumble unless they roll a natural 20: weapons are dropped, attackers trip up, hit walls, etc. Spells or device effects likewise (19-in-20) bounce off with random amusing or punning results: sleep might turn the caster to a sheep or create a mug of cocoa, say, or any area affect spell might cause a caster-centred rain of frogs, fish, feathers, banana skins, rabbit droppings, or itching powder.

Mixmalix will usually (75%) play tricks if met: magically gluing someone to a seat or creating tadpoles in his beer, turning hair purple, etc. He tends to be pleased if this causes hearty laughter, spiteful if not (he is a very petty god). He can 'rub off' some of his aura on parties: the next 1d3 important encounters (social or combat) will be marked by party grace (everything done well) or clumsiness: wine spilled, minor chaotic effects as above.

Mixmalix Reaction Table

Roll 1d8 (instead of 2d6);
Modify +/- d2 for victim reaction.

1-2 **Pleased:** Graces victim and friends.
3-6 **Ho-hum:** Goes on his way.
7-8 **Irritated:** Disgraces victim and friends.

Moen Hepnir

(petty god of the peaks, pinnacles and summits of mountains & glaciers)
TITLES: *Dweller in the High Places; Lord of the High Places*

Johnathan Bingham
Johnathan Bingham

SYMBOL:	Stone axe with a head carved in the shape of a beast's face
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	–1
HIT PTS. (HD):	124 hp (21 HD)
ATTACKS:	2 fists or 1 grapple/crush or 1 avalanche or 1 weapon (*+3 stone great axe*)
DAMAGE:	1d10/1d10 (fists) or 2d12 (grapple/crush) or 8d6 (avalanche) or 3d6+3 (Bek Moda Hei)
SAVE:	F20
MORALE:	11
HOARD CLASS:	XXI
XP:	8,250

Silent as a cloud shadow drifting over the peaks, suddenly given the bone crushing physicality of an avalanche with the furor of a mountain storm; this is Moen Hepnir, the Dweller in the High Places. Moen Hepnir is rarely seen but his cries are often reported by travelers in high mountain passes. It is believed that those that fail to pay him tribute are subject to being victims of falls from great heights or crushed by avalanche. For this reason, many pay him obeisance, even if he is not worshiped outright and has no formal temples or churches.

Moen Hepnir wanders the high peaks and is constantly on the move through the high passes and crevasses. He is sometimes reported by mountaineers and mountain guides as reveling in the fierce storms that embrace the high peaks, banging his great axe in time with the thunderclaps. Moen Hepnir is reclusive and there few accounts of any who have encountered him and survived to tell the tale.

Moen Hepnir passes amongst the glacial ice and deep snows of the tallest mountains without leaving a trace of his passing. He therefore can surprise on a 1-7 on a 1d8. He is often silent, but does possess a ferocious roar that echoes the mountain gales. Those within a 20' range must save vs. petrification or be deafened for 1d12 turns.

Moen Hepnir can attack by using his enormous fists, by grappling and crushing his victims, by causing an avalanche, or with his great stone axe *Bek Moda Hei*. When causing and avalanche (8d6 damage), Moen Hepnir will savagely charge in amongst the tumult to further savage his opponent with his fists or with Bek Moda Hei.

Moen Hepnir is immune from cold attacks and takes half damage from electricity. Acid and fire attacks do full damage.

Moen Hepnir's symbol and weapon is Bek Moda Hei (Great Crushing Axe). *Bek Moda Hei* is a *+3 stone great axe* that deals 3d6 points of damage. Three times per day, Moen Hepnir can use the axe to cause a booming thunder clap that will cause victims within 50' to save vs. paralyzation or be affected as if by a *symbol of stunning*. Also, the axe can be used to *teleport* (as per the spell) three times per day. Further, the axe enables Moen Hepnir to regenerate 1d4 hp per round. *Bek Moda Hei* can only be wielded by those possessing a Strength equivalent to a cloud giant.

Moen Hepnir appears as a monstrous, bipedal, bestial, anthropoid covered in matted white fur. He wears beads and bones braided into his fur and has great bronze bracers on his forearms. He stands 15' tall, with his massive arms dragging the ground much like an ape.

Moorealeth

(petty god of lost chapters)

Patrick Stuart
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

SYMBOL:	A broken circle
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	9
HIT PTS. (HD):	Random (d20 HD; reroll every encounter; he forgets how divine he is)
ATTACKS:	1 (touch)
DAMAGE:	1d6 + special
SAVE:	F1-20 (by HD)
MORALE:	Random (roll 2d6 before each encounter;
HOARD CLASS:	See below
XP:	1,500 or 0 (if anyone doesn't remember at the end why they were fighting, then they don't get any)

Some books are so long, and so boring, that almost no-one finished them.

During the reading of a an important but very long and turgid book, the mind of the reader will abruptly enter an unaware fugue-state. It is at this moment that the god of lost chapters makes his appearance.

Say half-way through Das Kapital or the Bible, your head begins to nod, your eyes are open but in fact you are mildly unconscious. The God of Lost chapters will fill your mind with the memory of the chapter you should have read. After a few moments you wake up again. You never realise you passed out. You have the memory of reading the book and the book is in your hands so your must have read it. You continue.

But he never ever gets it exactly right.

This god is the reason people who spend their lives reading very long books always disagree about the exact meaning of what they have read. They remember reading different things. His powers are mild, almost non-existent, but he has probably started a few wars. And a few crusades.

Moorealeth looks like a distracted, bearded man wearing tattered gray robes. He knows everything but can never relate it correctly. He is unaware of this. He is eager to help anyone who passes by. His assistance is always slightly wrong. If you ask him where the Goblin City is he will give your the wrong place, or the wrong spelling. Or tell you it is a city of Gnolls, or say that the name "Goblin City" is based on a misspelling of an ancient tribal term and actually it's a mountain, or an oasis. Or he will get it exactly right but transpose the co-ordinates so you end up on the wrong side of the globe, exactly opposite the goblin city. Or he will send you to "Roblin City."

Moorealeth attacks as a normal man with bare hands. But if he touches you (on successful "to hit" roll), you don't know why you're there (no save). Twice and you don't know who he is (no save). Three times and you don't know who you are (no save). The effects may only be negated by the spell *remove curse*.

If a PC ever tries to hit Moorealeth and misses, they forget why they were trying to hit him in the first place. Another member of the party within earshot must spend one round explaining to them why they are fighting and what is going on. If everyone forgets, and there is no-one to remind them then the encounter is over. Moorealth also forgets.

Moorealeth's hoard consist of nothing but books—expensive, valuable beautiful books of spells and strange knowledge, all slightly wrong. None of them work. You could probably prise the gems off the front or sell them for the dragonskin bindings. If you try to sell them to anyone who knows what they are doing, they are going to read them. Wait a while. Read them again. And get very pissed off.

Morbiphallugus

(petty god of venereal afflictions and sexual disfunction)
TITLES: *The Vile Spreader; The King of Crabs; The Dread Crotch Creature*†

Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

SYMBOL:	A deteriorating combination of the alchemical symbols for man and woman
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	240' (80')
ARMOR CLASS:	4
HIT PTS. (HD):	120 hp (20 HD)
ATTACKS:	6 (2 claws + 4 touches)
DAMAGE:	1d8/1d8/0/0/0/0 + disease
SAVE:	F20
MORALE:	11
HOARD CLASS:	Special
XP:	4,250

The domains of the petty god Morbiphallugus include all of diseases, afflictions and deformities which plague the sexual organs, all dysfunction and difficulty associated with sexually-related activity (including those things as diverse as kissing and castration), and all related issues (e.g, syphilitic blindness, sterility, burning sensations, itching fits, unsightly sores, and vaginal discharge). His appearance is as off-putting as the ailments he celebrates. His lower torso appears as enlarged scrotum containing a octet of testicles, swathed in a milky-white slime. His serpentine upper torso features 6 arms, four of each have human hands, and 2 of which feature crab-like claws. His draconian face and narrow eyes are offset by his drooling mouth, and his rank, musky scent precedes him (to a distance of 60').

No one consciously chooses to worship Morbiphallugus. They, instead, often find themselves begging for his mercy when indiscretion and imprudence get the better of them, and they fall prey to the conditions over which he lords. Furthermore, he prefers the term "anointed" to "infected," for he thinks the symptoms his converts bear as the badges of honor that they wear. To this end, Morbiphallugus is known to frequent the back-alleys and brothels of the world, seeking unwitting servants to spread the seeds of his labor. Morbiphallugus's touch alone is enough to anoint unintended disciples. On any successful touch (including claws; "to hit" required at DM's discretion), the victim of Morbiphallugus must save vs. paralysis or become infected (until cured by the spell *remove disease*). Once an infection has been determined, roll 3d8 on the following table to determine which symptoms are presented:

Morbiphallugus Disease Symptom Table

** Indicates symptom will remain even after disease is removed, unless symptom is cured separately.*

3	**Paralysis*** (removed by *cure light wounds*).
4-5	**Blindness*** (removed by *cure blindness*).
6-8	**Deafness*** (removed by *cure light wounds*).
9-12	**Genital Discomfort:** Requires afflicted creature to sit/rest 1 turn per 5 turns of travel.
13-15	**Poor Muscle Coordination:** +1 AC penalty and on –1 "to hit" rolls (removed by *cure light wounds*).
16-17	**Numbness*:** +2 AC penalty and on –2 "to hit" rolls (removed by *cure light wounds*).
18	**Dementia*** (removed by *remove curse*).

It is rumored that Morbiphallugus collects the testicles from the corpses of his victims (both those that died in direct combat, and those that passed from the long-term effects of sexually-related diseases), and displays them in a gallery located deep inside the long, slimy tunnel he calls home.

Morbiphallugus Reaction Table

2	**Friendly:** Attempt to 'seduce' the PCs; if advances are refused, re-roll on this table.
3-5	**Indifferent:** Suggests the PCs visit one of his "anointed disciples" so that he or she may give the PCs his or her "blessing."
6-8	**Neutral:** Inquires as to the party's sexual preferences and predilections.
9-11	**Unfriendly:** Slowly moves up to the PCs in the least threatening way possible, and attempts to touch as many of them as possible at one time.
12	**Hostile:** Attacks nearby targets.

† This term is used colloquially by those who fear, dread, or suffer the presence of Morbiphallugus.

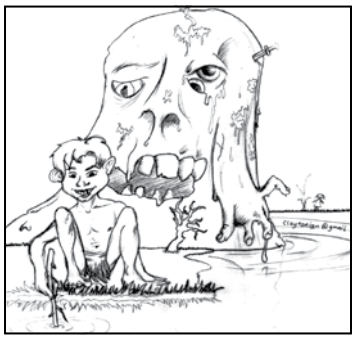
RELATED ENTRIES: **M)** *Divine Louse Crab*; **S)** *Touch of Morbiphallugus.*

Mosht Al Blopp

(petty god of fetid pools)

Charles Turnitsa
Claytonian J.P.

SYMBOL:	Turtle head dripping with slime
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	–7
HIT PTS. (HD):	120 hp (27 HD)
ATTACKS:	Special
DAMAGE:	Special
SAVE:	F25
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	XVII (see below)
XP:	10,000



Know this, oh traveler, that Mosht Al Blopp is the petty god of fetid pools. Those who are unlearned in the glories and unparalleled wonders to be found in the bottom of a dank, fetid, rancid pool can never understand the frenetic bliss enjoyed by Mosht Al Blopp as he splashes about in his great pool, Blopp Harr—the Celestial Slime. The pool occupies a sacred and special place in the Chaotic realm of The Forgotten Ones, but it is not uncommon for Mosht Al Blopp to travel from his beloved and comfortable, mud- and slime-coated home pool to our own world.

Whenever a fetid pool is disturbed—usually by those who are ignorant of the proper obeisances that need to be made to Mosht Al Blopp—there is a small chance that the god will be summoned from his splashing place, and will come to the physical world in order to punish the heretics.

If he appears (and he will, oh traveler, he will) Mosht Al Blopp comes as a great hulking figure, covered in green pond muck. He wields no apparent weapon, nor does he have to. He is the protector of the Celestial Slime, the guardian of the great pool—bringer of pain and retribution to those who dare to violate a rancid and fetid pool in the improper manner. In combat, Mosht Al Blopp can unleash his holy fury on his foes (he can strike directly twice in combat, with two great slimy fists, each doing 2d10 of damage if they strike), but he would rather summon his holy servants from the realm of the Forgotten Ones.

In order to bring assistance, Mosht Al Blopp will stand in a ready pose, and, with his great slimy protuberances, he will split open the apron of muck that drapes below his bulbous waistline (dare not laugh, traveler, for although he appears stout, Mosht Al Blopp is a great and terrible deity). Once open, the servants of the god of fetid pools will appear. There will be 1d4 servants appearing each round, for 1d4 rounds. If Mosht Al Blopp is in particular dire straights he may repeat his call for servants once per hour, but surely the foes of the god of fetid pools would certainly collapse in terror by that point.

In order to spread the bliss and joys of fetid pool muck, when Mosht Al Blopp visits our world, he will often exude fetid pond muck. The muck will spread out from Mosht Al Blopp in a thick covering of the ground, 20' radius the first round

he decides to exude. After that it grows another 5' radius (all directions) per round if the great mucky one stands still. Should he decide to move, he will exude another puddle of muck at his new location. The muck stays moist unnaturally for hours and hours after it is exuded, even in the driest of environments. This muck will slow all who move through the region to a speed of 20' per round.

Mosht Al Blopp can teleport from one fetic pool to another pool withint he same plane. If he is within 20' (or standing in) a fetid pool, he can have 1d4 giant leeches (see the rulebook for giant leech statistics) spring from the pool and attack a foe (the summoned leeches will soar through the air out to 60' from the pool). This can be done once per fetid pool.

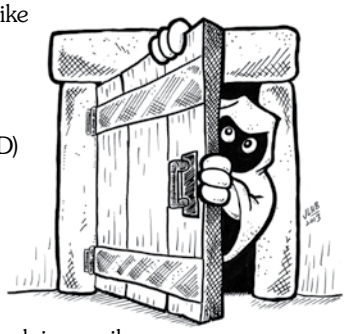
RELATED ENTRIES: **M)** *Servant of Mosht Al Blopp.*

Moslammin

(petty god of the shutting and closing of doors)
TITLES: *Closer of Doors*

Joshua Burnett
Joshua Burnett

SYMBOL:	A wooden door, closed & held by an iron spike
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	–5
HIT PTS. (HD):	86 hp (20 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (slam)
DAMAGE:	3d6 (×2 with backstab)
SAVE:	T20
MORALE:	9
HOARD CLASS:	100 masterwork iron spikes
XP:	6,250



Aside from all the monsters, traps, mad wizards, and cursed artifacts that an adventuring party must face, the most persistent threat in any dungeon is the closed door. Deep in the bowels of the dungeon, doors rarely function properly. They warp, swell, and stick, becoming nigh-unbudgeable obstacles that only the brawniest of barbarians or fittest of fighters can hope to shove open. Worst yet, dungeon doors have a nasty habit of shutting and sticking once more after the adventurers' backs are turned.

The Acolytes of Sealed Temple in the Valley of Passages attribute this uncanny behavior to Moslammin, Closer of Doors, a petty god. Open doors, cleared passages, and accessible rooms are anathema to Moslammin. As it is written in the wood-bound tomes of his (few) clerics, "How might a man prove his worth, if he can enter any sanctum with ease? Better it is that his every step be dogged with adversity, no matter how small." Moslammin closes doors not to pester, they say, but to test mankind's patience and thus make us immune to petty irritations.

Moslammin's avatar appears as a hunched and hooded figure who creeps silently through dark and damp dungeon corridors, closing and holding shut any door he passes. If he encounters an adventuring party he deems worthy of his "blessings," he will follow them silently and invisibly throughout an entire dungeon, closing and sealing any open doors they may leave in their wake.

Moslammin has all the skills and abilities of a level 20 thief, except the Pick Locks skill. He may also cast at will *invisibility*, *silence 15' radius*, and *wizard lock* as a 20th level magic-user.

Moss-Worn Goat *(petty god of sterility)*

TITLES: *Bearer of Sterility*

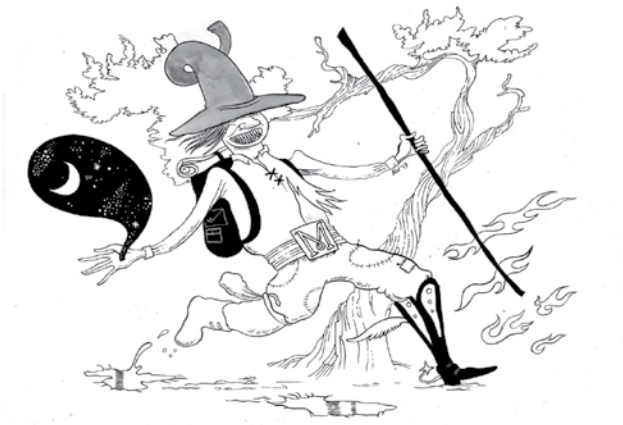
Logan Knight
Logan Knight

SYMBOL:	A carven wood phallus, left to grow moss and fungus
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	5
HIT PTS. (HD):	46 hp (7 HD)
ATTACKS:	N/A
DAMAGE:	N/A
SAVE:	M22
MORALE:	9
HOARD CLASS:	(depends on how long you keep him around)
XP:	4,000

The Moss-Worn Goat can be called upon to dry up the seed of men seeking it or those whom they wish to inflict it upon. Offerings of gold are left in the damp parts of the woods with a phallus carved from a discarded branch, hidden by rotting hollow logs. Some desire temporary affliction, but unless they save vs. spell they are permanently sterilized.

The Goat himself will be found in a dark hovel of a cavern, sweating amidst lichen and mounded monoliths of dirt, sprawled on the floor, moaning mournfully in a reverberating howl. Below the huge malformed head and horns of a goat his body is human, and the whole time you watch him he never stops masturbating, shuddering intermittently with spasms that force enormous single golden sperm to spurt from his cock onto an already squirming pile, creaking like bending metal.

If you attack him he doesn't know how to defend himself, he doesn't understand, and he doesn't stop masturbating. Eventually he will try to flee, leaving a golden trail of creaking sperm as he stumbles away.



Mystical Martan

(petty god of pranksters and jerks; trickster)
TITLES: *Patron of Pranksters and Jerks*

Tony A. Rowe
Andrew Walter

SYMBOL:	Conical, yellow hat with a short brim
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
FLY:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	2
HIT PTS. (HD):	133 hp (18 HD
ATTACKS:	2 or spell
DAMAGE:	1d6/1d6 or by spell
SAVE:	MU18
MORALE:	8
HOARD CLASS:	2×XVI and 1d4 cursed magic items
XP:	6,250

Mystical Martan is a master of pranks and tricks. He wanders the land, using his magic powers to teach unwelcome life lessons to any "do-gooders" and would-be heroes he encounters. He enjoys summoning woodland creatures to him, then using his polymorph powers to turn their bodies inside out or change them into random objects. Martan spreads chaos and torment wherever he goes.

He appears as a grinning, green-skinned human traveler, wearing yellow clothing with a tall hat, torn shirt, trousers and a mismatched pair of boots. He carries a knapsack with a bedroll on his back and has a small bag of possessions strapped to his leg.

Martan's unassuming form gives no hint to the great magical powers he possesses. In addition to all spells and abilities of an 18th level magic-user, he may *fly* and cast *dimension door*, *polymorph self*, *polymorph others* and *pyrotechnics* at will. He does not care for physical combat, preferring to use his magic powers to defend himself or flee.

Martan is often encountered in disguise as a homeless beggar wrapped in a tattered blanket to obscure his identity. He begs for food from anyone he meets. After a party decides to give him food or not, Martan casts off his disguise in a flurry of pyrotechnics and reveals his true identity.

Mystical Martan Reaction Table

Add 1 if party gives Martan any food;
Add 1 if any party member is Lawful.

2-4	**Friendly:** Gives the party a gift of a random, useful magic item. The DM should choose a significant drawback for the magic item that is discovered the first time it is used.
5-6	**Mischievous:** Puts a minor curse on the party; for example, he may transform the party's water supplies into magical hair which, when drunk, causes the imbiber's own hair to fall out.
7-9	**Educational:** Teaches one of the party members a mystical life lesson by *polymorphing* them into a strange form of the referee's devising (such as a monster or an oversized body part). This form has new powers (for example, resistance to certain types of damage or the ability to vomit lava) as well as new restrictions. Martan returns the victim to their original form only after they guess what the "lesson" was (for example, "don't be nice to jerks").
10-11	**Hostile:** Attacks the party by animating their own shadows (treat as shadow monsters with HD equal to the party's average level).
12+	**Big Jerk:** Teaches the party a mystical life lesson with a major *curse*; for example, he may fuse the party members to each other by their hands. He will remove the *curse* if they guess the meaning of the "lesson," as above.

After the encounter, Martan flies into the air and disappears through a dimension door in a flurry of pyrotechnics, spelling a rude message in the sky.

Mystical Martan is actually a denizen from another world, a utopian society of law and order. He spread chaos through the society until his four older brothers overpowered him. They exiled him to this world hundreds of years ago, hoping he would learn compassion and stop being such a jerk. Soon, his brothers will come to return Martan to their home world to stand trial for his crimes. Martan will attempt to use his polymorph powers to trade forms with some unsuspecting victim (probably a player character) so his brothers capture the victim instead of him.

Even though he is a constant traveler, Mystical Martan has a lair hidden deep in the woods. This decrepit, low, wooden structure is littered with debris and surrounded by poison oak (to which Martan is immune). A secret door conceals a staircase to a basement level: the storage area for Martan's haphazard collection of magic items, otherworldly artifacts and tiny monsters trapped in glass bottles.

NAARAGIGA • NANEFESTERAD • NANNY BINX • NARDREA • NAUGHT • NAZARASH • NEBIUS • NECO • NEUB • NEUPH • NHUCYY • NOCTON ZYTHON • NOX • NUG • NUMATHOTH • NWEE • NYCTALOPS

Naaragiga *(petty goddess of jellies and molds)*

Todd Roe
Mark Allen

SYMBOL:	An iridescent disk
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral (possibly Chaotic)
MOVEMENT:	0' (0')
ARMOR CLASS:	9 (immune to most attacks; see below)
HIT PTS. (HD):	130 hp (22 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 spore cloud
DAMAGE:	Special
SAVE:	F22
MORALE:	N/A
HOARD CLASS:	XXII
XP:	11,000

Naaragiga is the goddess of molds and jellies. She is older than most living things and has survived since dark eons past. She lives in the deepest, darkest pits of the underworld, and her dwelling is usually surrounded by a vast temple complex devoted to her.

She resembles a giant oozing mold in appearance, and is continuously shifting and changing color. A single manifestation covers an area of about 250 square feet. She is always surrounded by (and covering) the treasure of would-be adventurers, wandering creatures, and misguided followers. She naturally attracts molds, oozes, jellies, and slimes, and they are numerous throughout her lair. They are all under her control.

She attacks by ejecting spores in a 30'-diameter cloud. Any character caught in this cloud must save vs. poison or die within 1 round. A successful save requires a second save; failure of the second save results in being under the control of Naaragiga (equivalent to a *charm person/monster* spell). Coming into contact with her causes 2d6 points of acid damage and instantly begins to dissolve organic materials.

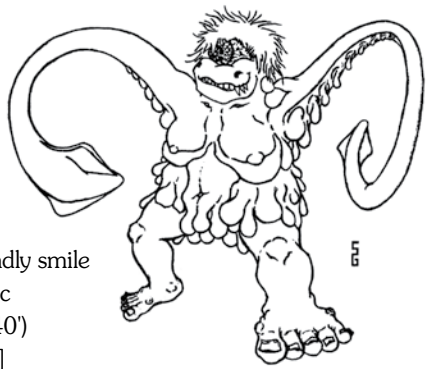
She is only susceptible to fire and lightning attacks. Destroying her does not kill her; in time she always seems to grow somewhere else and begins again to attract followers.

Worshipers of Naaragiga are usually victims of her *charm* ability, and are quite mad. They believe that she exists to consume the world, but it is more likely that she is content to just survive, feeding off of the faith of her worshipers and the flesh of the unfortunate.

Nanefesterad

(petty god of false friendship)

Dennis Carter
Steven Goodman



SYMBOL:	A friendly smile
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	–1 [+2]
HIT PTS. (HD):	75 hp (15 HD)
ATTACKS:	2 tentacles (4 if enraged)/special
DAMAGE:	2d6 per tentacle (2d6+4 if enraged)
SAVE:	M15
MORALE:	5
HOARD CLASS:	XVIII (in lair), XIV (carried)
XP:	6,000

Thoroughly evil, Nanefesterad is eager to win the friendship of those he encounters, and feeds on the life force of those around him. Any physical contact with him functions as a *charm person* spell (as a 15th level magic-user). If the save (vs. spell) is made, the character is immune to Nanefesterad's *charm* effect for 24 hours. Those who spend more than 2 hours per 24 hour period in his presence lose 1d4 hit points at the next sunrise. This effect is not noticeable by the victim until at least 20 hit points have been lost in this manner. These lost hit points cannot be regained until a *remove curse* spell is cast on the victim. Additionally, hit points lost in this manner will heal an equal amount of Nanefesterad's hit points (up to his maximum). He also has a beautiful singing voice, and is fond of playing a lyre around a campfire. Once per day, his singing can function as a *mass charm* spell.

In his guise as a friendly mortal, he will gladly accompany an individual or adventuring party, especially if at least one of those individuals is under his *charm* effect. He will use money and magic items for their benefit. However, he is cowardly and will not put himself into a dangerous situation, even though Nanefesterad can only be hit by +2 or better weapons.

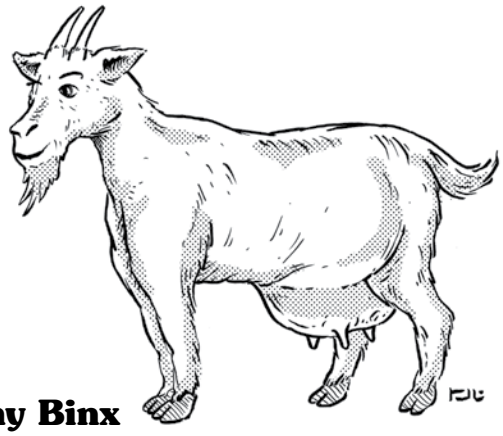
If he does participate in combat, he will only use ranged weapons and will stay as far away as possible from opponents. In his

monstrous form, he can attack twice per round with his tentacles, doing 2d6 damage per hit and healing that same amount of his own hit points. Damage done by his tentacles may be healed normally. If Nanefesterad takes more than 25 points of damage, he will become enraged. His number of attacks per round increases to 4, with each successful hit doing 2d6+4 damage. No matter what his form, or whether he is enraged or not, Nanefesterad is cowardly and must check morale every 3 rounds.

Nanefesterad takes particular delight in turning people against their friends and loved ones. He will cause those he has charmed to behave in uncharacteristic ways, and they will see him as a deeper and truer friend than their former allies. He is very fond of beautiful females of any race, and he will seek to charm the female with the highest Charisma before anyone else in a group. If anyone sees him in his true form, he will seek to kill that individual using his charmed victims. He will not fight the person himself, unless no other options are available.

Nanefesterad Reaction Table

2-5	**Friendly:** Offers 1 random magic item.
6-9	**Friendly:** Seeks to shake hand of PC with highest Charisma (see above).
9-11	**Friendly:** Smiles but does not approach.
12	**Flees:** Runs away.



Nanny Binx

(petty goddess of physical and intellectual sustenance)

Chris Tamm
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

SYMBOL:	A goat cuneiform pictogram of 9 strokes
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	180' (60')
ARMOR CLASS:	4 (-2 with *demon skullcap*)
HIT PTS. (HD):	46 hp (9 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (head butt)
DAMAGE:	2d6 (standard) or 4d8+5 plus special (with *demon skull cap*)
SAVE:	M22
MORALE:	11
HOARD CLASS:	Milk; possibly goat food or cheese
XP:	3,100

Nanny Binx is a former wizard's familiar who, after having had her body enchanted by her master (one of the greatest wizards who ever was), outlived her master and went on to become the greatest nanny goat ever, as well as a champion of domestic animals everywhere.

Nanny Binx follows adventurers around, radiating goodness and giving freely of her healing milk (heals 1d6 points per person per day). Wherever adventurers stay, she performs a ritual to make the local barn and stable animals sentient, and teaches them her basic philosophy and, if time allows, some spells. She has also convinced many of these animals to worship the earth goddess to help her fight evil. Additionally, her animal spies inform her of local cults who harm animals.

She has been known follow adventurers for as short a time as a few hours, but as long as a few years. She is able to speak with humankind (common), but she is usually reluctant to do so (preferring to speak mainly with animals). When she does start talking, even to humankind, just try getting her to stop.

In face of unspeakable evil, Nanny Binx is rarely taken seriously by opponents, but can be a formidable opponent. She usually attacks "bad people" by butting with her horns. On a natural "to hit" roll of 20, her opponent must make a save vs. paralysis to avoid being knocked over. Nanny Binx also possesses a *+5 demonic skullcap*, forged of black metal and gifted to her by a demon king. Nanny doesn't really like to use this, as demonic evil isn't really her thing. However, when pressured, and if given assistance donning the skullcap, she will do so. The skullcap allows Nanny Binx to hit creatures which are normally harmed by certain metal or a minimum magical enchantment. Any being reduced to 0 hp from an attack with this skullcap must save vs. death or have their soul drained (eliminating the possibility for *resurrection*, but not necessarily *reincarnation*). Additionally, Nanny Binx is sometimes joined in battle by strange and surprising allies, who appear to fight alongside her.

Nature spirits, elves, sentient animals, and even beast-men get along well with her, and she is a favored subject of many bards who have penned songs about her. In general, however, most humans are oblivious to her decade-long project to battle evil. She doesn't bear any malice to kind humans. She's had several kids each year for centuries; many now act as her agents. She can cast spells as a 15th level magic-user and a 10th level druid.

RELATED ENTRIES: **D)** *Milk Bucket of the Gods.*

Nardrea *(petty god of hidden taxes and caches of time)*

TITLES: *The God of the Accounts of Law*
AFFILIATIONS: *The Mearra*

Eric Fabiaschi
Scott Faulkner

SYMBOL:	A ledger
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful (Neutral)*
MOVEMENT:	150' (50')
ARMOR CLASS:	2
HIT PTS. (HD):	65 hp (13 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (fists or quill)
DAMAGE:	6d6 or 1d8+4
SAVE:	F13
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	XVIII + 5,000 gp
XP:	2,800

In all the courts and governments, there are bills that remain unpaid, debts that wait, and wages that waste away. This is the domain of Nardrea, the petty god of hidden taxes and the caches of time. He is the inevitability of Law who catches up with his victims. He collects, calculates, and balances the books in Law's favor. He moves between the grains of time to collect each and every unpaid fine and debt belonging to the powers of Law. He moves from one moment to the next, in a blur of motion, until he finds an obligated victim.

This rather plain-looking man appears similar to a cloud giant garbed in gray, cleric-like robes. Without pomp or circumstance, he will appear before a victim and demand payments for any unpaid debts. The victim must begin making arrangements immediately, or Nardrea will strike the fool with his fists for 6d6 points of damage. Should Nardrea encounter Chaos in any form, he will use a *quill of sharpness* (as *sword of sharpness*), doing 1d8+4 damage (on a successful "to hit" roll).

Nardrea may choose to balance the books of a person's life, which stuns the subject for 1d8 rounds as the worst moments of their lives are relived. Nardrea may only use this ability against a single individual one time per week, but may use it against as many different individuals per week as he chooses. Should Nardrea so choose, he may collect 1d10 years for their unpaid debts, which will settle their accounts in full. Unwilling victims get a save vs. death to avoid the remittance (but their accounts will remain unsettled). These collected years will appear within Nardrea's ledgers as the complex configurations and mathematical formulas of Law.

Nardrea is often called by the other gods of Law to fix a variety of space-time anomalies (and related issues). He is also often found upon the Prime Plane where he is worshiped by tax collectors, bankers, watchmakers, and fools.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Arvirive, Avirgiri, Glaria, the Mearra, Merramorina, Micicara, Ruslivia, Sertetti, Termarr, Tsrura*.

** Please see the entry in this section for the Mearra for information regarding their alignment.*

Naught *(petty god of invisibility and invisible stalkers)*

TITLES: *Nought; The Great Gone; He Who Remains Unseen*

Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

SYMBOL:	A unknown symbol (because it's invisible)
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	0
HIT PTS. (HD):	100 hp (12 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (touch)
DAMAGE:	Special (invisibility)
SAVE:	M12
MORALE:	7
HOARD CLASS:	20d10 *rings of invisibility*
XP:	2,800

Naught (or Nought) is the petty god of invisibility and patron of invisible stalkers. If his true appearance had ever been seen, that information has long been lost, as Naught is permanently invisible. He revels in those that use invisibility wisely, regardless of whether they are heroes seeking to conquer, cowards wanting to hide, or murderers attempting to kill. Though it is rumored he resides on the Elemental Plane of Air, there has never been any proof of this.

The touch of Naught will turn a target permanently invisible (on a failed save vs. spells), an effect which may be removed with the use of *dispel magic*. Additionally, Naught may become completely silent at will, allowing him to move freely about any creatures without being noted, unless special means are being employed (e.g., radar, infravision, *detect invisibility*, etc.). If no such ability is being used, Naught may automatically touch any creature he chooses. Those aware of his presence (e.g., through special means, or because he is not silent), and unwilling to be touched, require that Naught make a successful "to hit" roll. If invisible only, Naught gets a +2 "to hit" bonus. If invisible and silent, Naught gains a +5 bonus "to hit." All those attempting to strike Naught while he is invisible (and not silenced) do so with a –2 "to hit" penalty. Those attempting to strike him while he is invisible and silenced do so with only a 1% chance make a successful "to hit" roll (make d% roll as indicated instead of 1d20 attack roll). These penalties are negated for any attackers using special senses.

Naught possesses the ability to *detect invisibility* in a 360' radius around his person (always on), and suffers no "to hit" roll penalties vs. invisible targets.

Five times per day, Naught is able to summon 1d4 invisible stalkers. Naught is also able to communicate telepathically with any invisible stalker (not just those he summons), allowing him to silently command them. Furthermore, as Naught is the deity to whom most invisible stalkers pledge allegiance, there is a 99% chance that invisible stalkers summoned by others will defer to Naught's commands (over those of their summoner).

Naught will always have 1d6 *rings of invisibility* upon his person, but they are just the hint of the true treasure cache he keeps in his lair on the Plane of Air (20d10 *rings of invisibility*).

Naught Reaction Table

2	**Friendly:** Will offer permanent *invisibility* to anyone in the party, and a 1-in-6 chance he will offer a (free) *ring of invisibility*.
3-5	**Indifferent:** Will offer permanent *invisibility* to anyone in the party (without need of any propitiation).
6-8	**Neutral:** Will go silent, move away from the party, and wait to see what they do.
9-11	**Unfriendly:** Will go silent, turn nearest creature invisible, move away from the party, summon 1d4 invisible stalkers, and depart.
12	**Hostile:** Will go silent, turn nearest creature invisible, move away from the party, summon 1d4 invisible stalkers and join the fight (summoning additional invisible stalkers as necessary).

Nazarash *(petty god of broken glass)*

TITLES: *The Shatterer*

Blair Fitzpatrick
Chris Hüth

SYMBOL:	A shattered glass bottle
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40') in humanoid form
FLY:	180'(60') in glass storm form
ARMOR CLASS:	0
HIT PTS. (HD):	68 hp (15 HD)
ATTACKS:	2 (slashes)
DAMAGE:	3d6/3d6
SAVE:	F15
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	3,300

Nazarash, the Shatterer, is the petty god of broken glass. Nazarash initially resembles a older, human male with numerous bloody cuts and scratches, but with masses of broken glass in the eye sockets and mouth. Further examination reveals that Nazarash is composed of a man-shaped mass of broken glass, with the skin of a man stretched over it, and having long talons of glass shards for hands. It is said that Nazarash is the embodiment of one of the infinite facets of entropy.

Instead of attacking, Nazarash may *shriek*, shattering all glass and crystal within a 20' radius (magic items are allowed a saving throw, and gems have a 10% chance of shattering). Three times per day Nazarash may utter a *greater shriek* that shatters all glass within a 500' radius (magic items allowed a saving throw, and gems have a 10% chance of shattering).

Nazarash may take the form of a swirling storm of glass shards at will; in this form, he fills a 20' diameter globe, and inflicts 2d4 plus the victim's AC per round to each creature caught within this area.

Sometimes Nazarash will extrude a crooked dagger of jagged glass shards from his body. These *glass daggers of Nazarash* inflict triple damage but will shatter on an attack roll of an unmodified 4 or less.

Nazarash Reaction Table

2	**Friendly:** Provides 1 *glass dagger of Nazarash*.
3-5	**Indifferent:** Disappears.
6-8	**Neutral:** Ignores nearby creatures.
9-11	**Unfriendly:** Lets off a *shriek* if approached.
12	**Hostile:** Lets off a *greater shriek* and attacks.

Nebius

(petty god of dismal fogs and dreary mists)

TITLES: *The Shrouded Lord*

Johnathan Bingham
Johnathan Bingham

SYMBOL:	A stylized cloud with morose human facial features
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	150' (50')
FLY:	600' (as *wind walk* spell)
ARMOR CLASS:	–6 [+2]
HIT PTS. (HD):	86 hp (21 HD)
ATTACKS:	2 (+1 tendrils) plus special
DAMAGE:	1d8/1d8 plus special (lethargic depression)
SAVE:	C21
MORALE:	8
HOARD CLASS:	VIII, XIV
XP:	7,000

Chill mists and damp fogs are the domain of the Shrouded Lord. Appearing as an indistinct humanoid figure of approximately 8' in height, surrounded by a mass of roiling mists, Nebius glides silently through the world casting a chill gloom over all the areas where he roams.

Nebius surprises on a 1-5 (on 1d6). Nebius envelops opponents within his swirling mists. This clammy embrace acts as a *silence 30' radius* spell for all within. In addition, all within Nebius's 30' radius must save vs. spell or succumb to a lethargic depression (acts as a *symbol of hopelessness*). Nebius is under a constant *wind walk* spell as if cast by a 21st level cleric (600' per turn maximum). Nebius can solidify a potion of his body and use it to attack foes within his 30' fog radius for 1d8 points of damage twice per round (acts as a +1 weapon). Nebius can only be hit by magic weapons of +2 or greater enchantment. Acid, electrical, *sleep*, *hold*, and *charm* spells have no effect on Nebius. Cold-based spells slow Nebius's movement by half. Fire-based spells do half damage.

Nebius Reaction Table

2	**Friendly:** Will be well disposed and provide a minor boon (i.e. cast a cleric spell that will provide benefit such as *cure*, *bless*, etc.), information, or other minor aid.
3-4	**Indifferent:** Will glide silently along ignoring everything unless obstructed or attacked. May be amenable to entreaties from others.
5-8	**Neutral:** Will ignore nearby creatures.
9-11	**Unfriendly:** Will envelop subject in his misty shroud then continue on with his morose wanderings.
12	**Hostile:** Will attack.

Neco

(petty goddess of political assassinations and contract killings)

Troy J. Truchon
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

SYMBOL:	A small green frog facing downward (as viewed from above)
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	–2
HIT PTS. (HD):	75 hp (15 HD)
ATTACKS:	3 (2 claws/ 1 bite or tongue)
DAMAGE:	1d6/1d6/2d5 or special
SAVE:	T10
MORALE:	7
HOARD CLASS:	Items taken from rule-breaking assassins who steal outside of the bounds of their initial contract
XP:	2,400

Neco is the petty goddess of lawful homicide. Her only concern is that all murders, assassinations, and coups proceed in an orderly and, above all, legal fashion. However, considering that Neco recognizes the actions of governing officials as a sort of demonstrated common law, orderly homicide is considered by her to be legal everywhere.

Neco is herself a skilled assassin, hirable only by greater gods, and only to assassinate those beings which are in some way not totally mortal (and, as such, not technically killable). She is assumed to be responsible for many of the more hands-off deities being unwilling (or, more likely, unable) to take physical form. Neco has even been known to kill the occasional mortal on contract, provided that mortal is somehow able to transcend death, as anything less would be unsporting.

Organized worship of Neco is generally confined to large, economically or politically important, cities. Altars to her can also be found in the ancient ruins of civilizations (and species) long past, as any civilization which comes to revere her has a tendency to have its political landscape devolve into a series of orderly, and perfectly legal, regicides.

Her physical form, when encountered, is that of a large (twice human size) poison dart frog with a small (but exotic and beautiful) maiden luxuriating on its tongue. Her avatars are notoriously hard to create, owing to the fact that her cult is a male-only affair, and to her dual nature as both a frog and a woman. While there are a few true avatars of Neco running around there are innumerable failures functioning as top notch assassins.

In combat Neco will strike with the barely visible claws on her toes and with her jagged maw. On a natural "to hit" roll of 20 with her bite, she is able to (upon a failed save vs. breath) snatch her opponent into her mouth. Until the victim is able to break free, a save vs. poison must be made each round to avoid an additional 1d4 hp of toxic damage (while in the frog's mouth). While a victim is trapped in Neco's mouth, the human female form (on the frog's tongue) will attack with a small and poisoned dagger which does 1d4 hp of damage, and requires an additional save vs. poison each round to avoid an additional 1d6 points of damage (until the poison is cured).

Neco Reaction Table

-1 for Chaotic individuals; –1 for thugs and butchers.

2	Neco has decided to bless you; gain +2 on all saves vs. poison for 1 week.
3-4	Neco will reveal the details of any contracts for your death.
5-7	Neco is irritated.
8-9	Neco is angry; incur –1 to all saves vs. poison for 1d6 turns; if pushed, full on combat will ensue.
10-12	Neco is enraged and will immediately seek or order your death (as appropriate).

RELATED ENTRIES: **S)** *Poison Self.*

Neub *(petty goddess of slain novice adventurers)*

TITLES: *Mother of the Forgotten*

Mark Bober
Joel Bethell

SYMBOL:	A broken sword, held within a teardrop
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	60' (20')
ARMOR CLASS:	2
HIT PTS. (HD):	Variable hp (1d4 HD; attacks F1)
ATTACKS:	1 weapon or special ("point")
DAMAGE:	1d6+1 or level drain
SAVE:	F by HD
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	See below
XP:	By HD*

Born from the wailing death cries of uncounted farmhands, runaway apprentices, noble's cocky sons, and peasants with nothing left to lose, Neub, Mother of the Forgotten stands alone as the patron of novice adventurers slain on their first delving into the unknown.

Neub appears from afar as a well-equipped female fighter, carrying herself as a warrior of great ability. As she closes, however, one sees a changing vision of horrible fates. Her visible flesh (face and forearms) slowly morph through a series of grue-

some, fatal woundings—cuts, crushing blows, partial severings, acid and fire burns, bites, and deep piercings. Her fine chainmail armor reveals dents and slashes, melts away through her flesh, spouts arrow piercings, and manifests all manner of appalling, seemingly unsurvivable events before reforming anew. Her weapon bends, breaks, and rusts away. Every death and fate worse than death that has been suffered by the beginning delver is mirrored upon Neub's form in an everchanging milieu of horror.

Neub favors the inexperienced. When facing imminent doom, a young adventurer can call on Neub, with so little as a cry of her name as the unfortunate fool falls to his death. If answered, some strange chance of fate may save the delver from impending death, or, give him or her a chance to run and hide. The supplicant must sacrifice to Neub the next 2,000 gp in treasure the adventurer finds in coins, gems, or magical items, and must also forgo any experience award from that treasure. If Neub is not repaid, a horrible death will soon follow for the reneging character. For 1st level characters, there is a 7% chance that Neub will absolve the doomed character. This reduces to 3% at level 2, and 1% at level 3.

Neub despises the successful explorer or hero, and can be called upon to harry the same, until the targets are dead or Neub is defeated. Summoning Neub requires sacrificing coins, gems, and magical items worth the notice of a skilled adventurer (as a general guideline, a number of items, mundane or magical, and coins and gems worth 4 times the amount of XP the embodiment of Neub is worth). Neub will take these items and engage her targets whenever they next enter any underground environment. Targets who have a habit of respectful treatment of the corpses (animated or not) of those lost early in their careers may only experience her as a visitation, being gifted with nothing but a sad smile and forlorn sigh.

While Neub can be drawn into the world at a variable strength, she forever attacks with her weapon as a 1st level fighter. If melee proves unworkable, Neub begins to despair, and will, on an attack roll of 15+ that does not connect with a target, point and (with a plaintive, accusatory cry) drain a level (on a failed save vs. death).

Neub has no organized following, nor any temples to her. Her churches are the first level of dungeons; her altars are spiked pits and other deadly obstacles. Her prophets are the tales of bards and the hushed tones of those who called upon her and were saved.

Neuph *(petty god of silence)*

Thorbjørn Steen
Kelvin Green

SYMBOL:	An unringing bell
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	–7 [+2]
HIT PTS. (HD):	181 hp (23 HD)
ATTACKS:	2
DAMAGE:	Special
SAVE:	F23
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	X, XXII
XP:	3,100

The god Neuph is the petty deity of silence. The clerics of Neuph swear an oath of silence. As long as this oath is not broken, they are able to cast their spells despite being unable to speak.

Neuph is usually found in isolated, quiet places; deep caverns underground, lonely mountaintops, and fog-shrouded moors are favored places. The god appears as a vaguely elven figure wearing a gray robe, and seems to be neither male nor female. Where Neuph appears, all sound within 500' is silenced (making speech and spellcasting impossible), and all sound within a further 500' is dampened (making normal speech hard to hear).

Neuph does not attack in a normal manner, but can still the air in up to two characters' lungs, causing them to quickly suffocate. The god can do this anywhere within a distance of 500', simply by pointing at the character (sighting required). The round after Neuph has started to suffocate a character, and for every round thereafter that Neuph keeps up the treatment, a character must make make a save vs. death, or fall unconscious for 1d6 hours. If Neuph continues to suffocate a character after he has fallen unconscious, the character will die after 1 minute. Neuph can only be struck by +2 weapons or better, and can cast all cleric spells at will.

Neuph's reaction roll is made as a flat 2d6 roll with no modifiers, as soon as the god spots the characters. He will not react to any amount of verbal negotiation, though (at the DM's discretion) non-sonic communication methods might work.

Neuph Reaction Table

2	**Friendly:** Neuph will regard the characters from a distance, then aid them with one or more spells.
3-5	**Indifferent:** Neuph will regard the characters from a distance. If his presence seems to bother them, he will leave.
6-8	**Neutral:** Neuph will ignore the characters.
9-11	**Unfriendly:** Neuph will cast a permanent *silence 15' radius* spell on the noisiest character (negated by *remove curse*), then proceed to ignore them.
12	**Hostile:** Neuph will cast a permanent *silence 15' radius* spell on all the characters (negated by *remove curse*), and then proceed to follow them (as long as they stay in the area).

Nhucyy *(petty god of the proper invocation of magical words and spells)*

TITLES: *Regulator of Arcane Phrases; Enforcer of Syntactically Cogent Summoning*

Duncan Eshelman
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

SYMBOL:	A scrap of paper, covered in runes, emerging from the pupil of a severed eye
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	–2
HIT PTS. (HD):	72 hp (16 HD)
ATTACKS:	Special
DAMAGE:	Special
SAVE:	M19
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	2×VIII
XP:	7,000

Nhucyy, Regulator of Arcane Phrases and Enforcer of Syntactically Cogent Summoning, is the petty god concerned with the proper invocation of magical words and spells. Placated by wise conjurors and fearful magi, Nhucyy is an invisible, uncaring force, the size of a small melon. Utterly silent, Nhucyy surprises all opponents who do not possess *true seeing*, or dweomers of equivalent power. If detected, Nhucyy can only be struck or damaged by weapons aligned with Chaos. Nhucyy wars eternally with Bhalbelble, Demon Lord of Evolving Languages.

Nhucyy does not instigate combat, and will flee, via *flight* or *teleport*, if attacked. Nhucyy can cause spells to fail utterly on roll of 1, 2 or 3 on 1d6. Unless Nhucyy's true name is known to the caster, such spells also have a 1-in-6 chance of creating a zone of wild magic, where all numeric effects vary considerably. For each numeric effect, roll a d10 and d4. If the value on the d4 is even, the value of the d10 is applied as a penalty. If the d4 is odd, the value on the d10 is applied as a bonus.

Nhucyy is chiefly worshipped by summoners and conjurors, to prevent poorly formed invocations, and thus uncontrollable callings. If a scroll, written in gold ink on a single sheet of vellum crafted from an unweaned calf, is burnt as an offering to Nhucyy, the petty god will render judgment on the syntactical accuracy of that spell, allowing the mage to determine if the invocation thus written would be successful. If the scroll is well crafted, it will burn blue, without smoke or heat. If errors are present, thick black smoke will issue forth, from the erroneous section. In either case, the scroll is utterly consumed. Learned magi will make two copies of every scroll, so that one may be submitted to Nhucyy for review.

Nocton Zython

(petty god of hallucinations and sailors)

Lester B. Portly
Lester B. Portly

SYMBOL:	A trident or an anchor
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	180' (60')
ARMOR CLASS:	0
HIT PTS. (HD):	86 hp (23 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (*staff of power*)
DAMAGE:	2d6
SAVE:	M12
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	XIV
XP:	10,000

Nocton Zython is an extra-dimensional entity that appears as a green-skinned humanoid with elongated earlobes, dressed in jewelled silver robes, and holding a forked staff. His true form resembles a crystalline snowflake that can only be seen through spells of *true sight*. He casts spells as a 12th user magic-user that favors illusory magic.

His staff functions as a fully-charged *staff of power* that strikes for 2d6 damage. His hoard represents his jeweled silver robe. The robe itself is a woven platinum material that protects as chain mail (AC 5) but is otherwise considered as clothing, and not treated as encumbrance or class restrictions. His true crystalline form grants him AC 0.

Nocton Zython is the patron of lotus eaters, illusionists, and mariners. He may appear in hallucinogenic visions or dreams. The chances of encountering Nocton Zython are as follows:

LOTUS EATERS: There is a general 5% chance a lotus eater will encounter Nocton Zython in their hallucinations. Lotus flowers come in many varieties—black, purple, blue, green, yellow, and white. Black lotus is the most potent.

SPELLCASTERS: There is a 1% chance, per illusory spell memorized (for that day), that a spell caster will have a vision of Nocton Zython.

SAILORS: There is a cumulative 1% chance, per week at sea, that a mariner will encounter Nocton Zython in their dreams. Returning to a mainland port for a full day brings the chance back down to 0%.

Nocton Zython Reaction Table

Modify per the character's Wisdom (instead of Charisma)

2	**Friendly:** Grants 1 additional point to the character's Wisdom; grants spellcasters 3 additional *phantasmal force* or *sleep* spells*.
3-5	**Indifferent:** Will converse and answer most questions; grants spellcasters 2 additional *phantasmal force* or *sleep* spells*.
6-8	**Neutral:** Will only answer the most general questions; grants spellcasters 1 additional *phantasmal force* or *sleep* spell*.

9-11 **Unfriendly:** Will not answer any questions; drains 1 permanent point from the character's Wisdom.

12 **Hostile:** Ignores the character; drains 2 permanent points from the character's Wisdom.

* The additional spells are treated like a scroll—a character may use it to learn the spell, or it may be cast once at any time. Multiple spells are granted in any combination.

Nox *(petty goddess of twilight)*

TITLES: *Goddess of Twilight; Mistress of Near Dark; Keeper of Secrets; Trick of the Light; Mistress of Illusions; Keeper of Secrets*

Timothy Brannan
Mona Dowie

SYMBOL:	A sunset with a crescent moon and a star above
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	2
HIT PTS. (HD):	80 hp (19 HD)
ATTACKS:	Special
DAMAGE:	Special
SAVE:	M19
MORALE:	9
HOARD CLASS:	XV
XP:	8,500

Nox is the mysterious goddess of the twilight, near night and the space between sunset and full night. She is the daughter of night (Nyx) and sister to the god of vampires (Camazotz). She is not a widely worshiped goddess, but her name is often invoked by those that welcome the night; typically thieves, vampires, prostitutes, witches, and lovers, especially clandestine lovers that seek the cover of night.

She will only manifest in a humanoid form in the hour after sunset but before full darkness.

Nox grants no spells to her followers, but she has been known to render people invisible or at least unnoticed at the times of twilight to hide their activities. This boon is not extended to all who invoke her name, but her name is still whispered by those who wish her aid.

Nox never speaks. It is not that she can't, she just has nothing to say to mortals. She speaks through her minions though. Not that she is in telepathic communication with them, they just know. Because of this she is also known as the Keeper of Secrets. Lovers whisper their secrets to her, witches tell her where their sabbats are, thieves plot their crimes to her, vampires speak the names of their victims, all knowing that their secrets are safe. A saying has even taken root among those who know her—"Only Nox knows," meaning no one else knows.

She prefers not to attack anyone as she is not a goddess of violence. Any who attack her, or even annoy her, she can cast any *charm* or *illusion* spell of her choice as a 19th level magic-user/witch to deflect others. Failing that she can cast *sleep* that can affect up to 20 HD of creatures.

She is honored by some vampires since it is believed she created vampires with her brother and they are all their children. She is mostly honored by the reluctant vampire, new to their condition since it is believed that her participation in the creation of vampires was not through her own choice.

Nox appears as a stunning woman of young adulthood. She has two forms she often chooses. She appears with pale skin, flowing gold-red hair (like a sunset), and bright blue eyes. She also appears as fiercely beautiful woman with dark, ebony skin and silver-white hair (like moonlight), but with the same blue eyes. Alternately she has appeared as a large white owl. With her powers of illusion she can appear as anything she wishes, but those forms are subject to the same rules that govern all *illusions*.

She is on good terms with the goddess of night and the goddess(es) of the moon. She is neutral to the god of vampires and the god/goddess of the sun. She is on reasonable terms with the various gods and goddesses of the occult and secrets, provided that they do not share said secrets.

Nox Reaction Table

Additional modifiers:

-1 if you are present with a lover

-1 if you are thief, witch, prostitute, vampire (can't combine, vampire thief is still only -1)

-2 if you share a personal secret with her

+2 if you have divulged the secret of another in the last 24 hours

+1 if you are a cleric of the sun

2 **Boon:** She grants you the ability to turn invisible once at any time after sunset but before full night (1 hour after sunset).

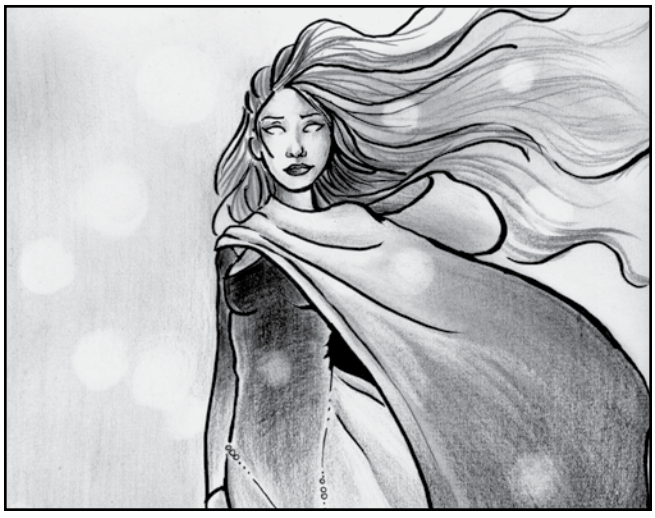
3-4 **Boon:** She grants you a boon, you can remain undetected (as per a thief Hide in Shadows at your Charisma ×5%).

6-8 **Fyre Fae:** She remains, but so many fyre fae are summoned that approaching her is difficult.

9-10 **Illusion:** She casts an *illusion* of herself while she *teleports* from the area.

12 **Sleep:** Nox is so insulted by your presence that she puts you to *sleep* for 8 hours.

RELATED ENTRIES: **M)** *Fyre Fae, Gloaming, Syla*; **S)** *Summon Fyre Fae, Summon Gloaming.*



Nug *(petty god of madness)*

AFFILIATIONS: *Cthulhu*

James Mishler
David L. Johnson

SYMBOL:	A black sun ringed in red flames
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	180' (60')
FLY:	240' (80') if wings are manifested
ARMOR CLASS:	2
HIT PTS. (HD):	200 hp (25 HD)
ATTACKS:	2 bites and 4 others (usually tentacles and/or horns) plus special
DAMAGE:	2d6/2d6/1d8/1d8/1d8/1d8
SAVE:	F25
MORALE:	11
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	28,000

Nug is the twin of Yeb, together the spawn of Shib-Niggurath and either Yog-Sothoth and/or Yig. Nug is impure blood and flame personified, blood spilt of no sane beast and flame as black and cold as the depths of space. Like its mother, it is naturally formless, an oozing, boiling, roiling red mass of proto-matter, throbbing orbs, whirling pseudopods, sucking orifices, and various non-Euclidean forms; unlike its mother, it is not itself a progenitor, and does not generate spawn at random (though see below). It can take on any kind of form it wishes, though, and usually takes on the forms of several beasts at once, together with things and natures that are not altogether real. The cobbled-together mass, when first seen, requires the victim to save vs. death or flee in horror for 20 turns. If the saving throw is a natural 1, the victim is permanently driven insane.

It attacks using up to two bites and four other physical attacks; these usually take the form of tentacles, hooves, claws, horns, or some other combination. If it has wings it is limited to a single bite attack, as manifesting wings takes the place of one head/maw. It may have many other claws, tentacles, and such, but it can only coordinate up to four such attacks per round. It possesses the spell-casting abilities of a 20th level anti-cleric and a 20th level magic-user, and in addition to all of its physical attacks can cast one spell per round. If it forgoes a bite attack and two other physical attacks it can cast two spells per round; if it forgoes all of its physical attacks it can cast three spells per round. It can only be struck by blessed, silver, or magical weapons. It regenerates 3 hit points per round. It can communicate telepathically with any creature on the same plane. It is immune to all mind-affecting spells; if any being tries to read its mind that being must save vs. death or be struck as though *feebleminded*.

Nug has done far better than its twin blasphemy, Yeb, in that it has gained great knowledge and power of magical sort, and advanced much further in being worshipped directly by cultists. It grants spell-casting powers to its clerics, and also teaches its arcane magic to sorcerous magic-users who summon it for pacts and power. It trades magical knowledge and use of its powers

for the still-beating hearts of human sacrifices. If it consumes the heart as it is still beating, it consumes the soul of the sacrifice, which is forever after utterly destroyed. However, sometimes it reforms the soul into a servitor beast, its preferred form of such being not unlike a phase tiger, though it is certainly not a tiger, but something altogether far more loathsome and unnatural, requiring creatures of fewer HD to save vs. spell or flee as though subject to the *cause fear* spell upon first seeing it.

Nug is a Hierarch of the cult of its scion, Cthulhu, and as such can command the service of cultists of Cthulhu. It can also summon Cthulhoid spawn and command them to service. It is willing to trade the service of the spawn or its own servitors for further knowledge and power; unlike its twin, it is not satisfied with its mere blasphemous existence, and it seeks to further its own power and stature among the Old Ones.

Nug cannot be slain permanently on any plane of existence save that upon which Shub-Niggurath is currently found, for eventually it will regenerate back from any amount of damage, even from having its atoms torn apart by disintegration or through atomic weapons. It can only be permanently destroyed if it is reduced to less than 0 hit points and cast wholly into the form of its mother, there to be consumed and regurgitated as some other mindless beast. If slain in this fashion it is worth 10 times the normal experience points.

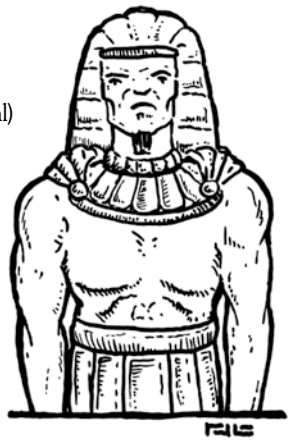
RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Yeb*.

Numathoth

(former godlet of gnostic revelations)
AFFILIATIONS: *The Dead Godlets of Suto Lore*

Gavin Norman
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

SYMBOL:	A finger beneath an eye, looking upwards
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic (originally Neutral)
MOVEMENT:	60' (20')
ARMOR CLASS:	9
HIT PTS. (HD):	100 hp (15 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (bite)
DAMAGE:	2d6
SAVE:	M15
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	2,400



Numathoth's decapitated head floats aimlessly on the intractable currents of the Astral Plane. The whereabouts of his torso and limbs is a matter which he endlessly contemplates as he drifts powerless through the astral mists, as is the exact reason for his dismemberment and disposal in this manner. It is only due to the near-timelessness of the Astral Plane that Numathoth has partly survived this ordeal.

In life the petty god took on a panoply of wondrous forms. In quasi-death his transformative abilities are nullified, and his head appears as a stern man, dressed in the Egyptian nemes head-dress. The head of Numathoth is of giant proportions, measuring 50' in diameter. The gore of his decapitation still seeps from his cloven neck, leaving a trail of blood and neural fluid through the vasts of the Astral Plane. Astral travelers may come across these remains, and the perseverant may be able to follow them to their source.

Over the course of the millennia in which his head has drifted in solitude, Numathoth has been driven quite insane. Alongside his thoughts of recovering his body, he is obsessed with visions of cosmic apocalypse and bouts of raving glossolalia. Those who come within several astral miles of the head may gain a forewarning of the ex-god's presence due to his deranged bellowings.

In combat the petty god is virtually defenseless, as he has no means of propelling himself or directing his course of movement—he drifts powerless on the astral winds. Anyone who comes into melee range may be attacked by his gnashing teeth, but otherwise he presents a helpless target. Numathoth has but one power at his disposal—the *breath of gnostic revelation*.

In former times, his loyal disciples sought after this wondrous power and its enlightening potency. Now, however, its effects are somewhat more deleterious. The breath of Numathoth extends in a 60'-radius cloud around his head, and once every 2 combat rounds he can direct the breath against targets in a 30' area up to 200' distant. Characters engulfed in his breath must save vs. breath or suffer one of the following effects, selected at random:

Numathoth Breath Weapon Table (1d6)

1	***Feeblemind***
2	***Horrific visions*** render the character permanently insane.
3	**A *revelation*** about the true nature of the cosmos causes the character to change alignment.
4	**A *prophetic vision*** has the effects of a *quest* spell.
5	***Phantasmal killer***
6	***Cosmic tranquility*** comes over the character; Wisdom permanently increased by 1 (max 19).

Numathoth Reaction Table

2	**Friendly:** Implores those encountered to help recover his body and restore him to his former status.
3-5	**Indifferent:** Suggests that characters approach and accept the gift of his gnostic breath.
6-8	**Neutral:** Speaking in tongues, gnashing teeth and rolling eyes.
9-11	**Unfriendly:** Lets out a blast of his breath to discourage approach.
12	**Hostile:** Blasts approaching characters with his breath and screams threats and prophecies of doom.

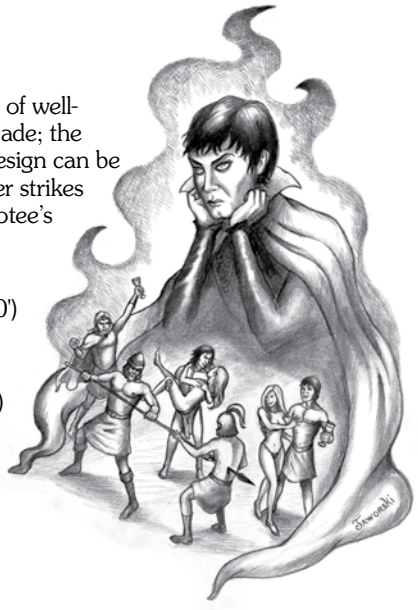
RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Dead Godlets of Suto Lore*, *Ammon Thrax*, *Panathoth*.

Nwee *(petty god of boredom and ennui)*

TITLES: *(Often goes by other names just for fun)*

Edward Green
Eugene Jaworski

SYMBOL:	A piece of well-carved jade; the exact design can be whatever strikes the devotee's fancy
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	150' (50')
ARMOR CLASS:	1
HIT PTS. (HD):	91 hp (19 HD)
ATTACKS:	Special
DAMAGE:	Special
SAVE:	C19
MORALE:	7
HOARD CLASS:	XIV×3
XP:	Special



Nwee is a petty godling existing in a perpetual state of boredom. Nwee constantly travels the world, outer planes, and alternate dimensions, seeking out new and exotic experiences. Capricious and cruel, Nwee's only concern is Nwee's satisfaction. Neither male nor female, Nwee appears at times as either, as an androgynous being, a hermaphroditic hybrid of man and woman, or as an animal of some sort, depending on the godling's mood.

Nwee is commonly worshipped by the decadent off-spring of the wealthy and powerful. These restless youth organize

extravagant, and often cruel, parties, orgies, hunts, or arena fights both to honor Nwee, and to alleviate their own boredom. Such festivities are always held at night, and are seldom interesting or exotic enough to attract Nwee's attention, though if Nwee does make an appearance (posing as a mortal, of course) things quickly get out of hand.

Nwee never engages in physical combat, finding it quite beneath its status as a deity. Instead, Nwee employs a variety of powers to debilitate, confound, or demoralize enemies. Once per round Nwee will do one of the following (all as 19th level caster):

STUPOR: Causes one living being to fall into a toxicant-induced stupor on a failed save vs. spell at -4; the being will remain in a stupor for 1d6 days. A successful *dispel magic* spell will bring them out of the stupor immediately.

ILLUSION: Creates a powerful *illusion* to confound and confuse enemies. The illusion looks, feels, smells and even tastes real. This affects all living beings that can see Nwee, or that can be seen by Nwee. One save vs. spell at –4 is allowed to pierce the illusion's effects. The scenario Nwee creates depends greatly on Nwee's whim, but is usually something unusual and uncomfortable for the victim. The godling derives immense pleasure watching its victim(s) interact with the illusion. The illusion lasts as long as Nwee focuses on it, or until Nwee gets bored and leaves.

ENNUI: On a failed save vs. spell at -4, the victim is filled with *ennui*—all endeavors seem pointless; all accomplishments empty and meaningless. The victim becomes lethargic and apathetic, perhaps laying down in resignation or perhaps skulking away in defeat. Either way, they're no longer willing to fight. A successful *dispel magic* spell negates the effect.

In addition, at the beginning of each combat round after the first, Nwee must check morale. On a failed morale check Nwee *teleports* away in search of other distractions. Note, Nwee can only *teleport* away when bored.

Fighting Nwee is worth 999 experience points, even if it teleports away. However, actually defeating Nwee in battle is worth 9,999 experience points. Simply encountering the godling (e.g., at a party, or on the road somewhere) is worth 99 experience points, though additional experience can be awarded by the DM if the PCs participate in, or are subjected to, some of its more exotic or outlandish "inspirations."

Nwee Reaction Table

Roll 1d6 (instead of 2d6) applying no modifiers whatsoever.

1	Nwee is in a good mood and does something selfless and nice for a change.
2	Nwee decides right now would be a great time for a party. No one may leave until all manner of earthly delights and carnal pleasures are indulged.
3	The mere sight of the PCs saps all of Nwee's enthusiasm, who then teleports away in disgust.
4	Nwee engages in some senseless act of vandalism, and may try to get the PCs to participate.
5	Nwee, posing as a mortal or an animal, verbally torments the PCs, doing its best to provoke a reaction.
6	Nwee inflicts some cruel, supernatural torment on the PCs, and then watches their suffering with fascination.

Nyctalops

(petty god of the lost/wayward, moonlight, and vampires)
TITLES: *The Jale God, Night-Eye, Night-Seer*
AFFILIATIONS: *The Jale God*

Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

SYMBOL:	A moon soaked red with blood
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	450' (150')
FLY:	300' (100') as mist
ARMOR CLASS:	–5
HIT PTS. (HD):	125 hp (22 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (touch or special)
DAMAGE:	life drain or special
SAVE:	M22
MORALE:	12 (never fails)
HOARD CLASS:	XVI×5
XP:	19,000

Nyctalops is one of many forms of the Jale God (qv).

Nyctalops (literally "night-eye" or "night-seer") is the Great Gatherer of the Wayward Children of the Night. A grotesque abomination of life and a hideous undead giant, he is blind except in moonlight. He is rumored to be the progenitor of an unspeakable encounter between Selene (The Moon Goddess) and Quachil Uttaus (The Treader of Dust)—an encounter that purportedly took place while Quachil Uttaus was in his infancy as a god, and still had control over his ability to turn the living to dust. It is also rumored that it is Nyctalops, not Ambrogio*, who is truly the first vampire.

All those who find themself lost, both literally and figuratively, are his "children," and he is their "father." When the moon is bright, he stalks the fields in search of those who have gone astray and "leads" them (willingly or unwillingly) back to his home Aloas—a grotto set high in a dark cliffside. It is there he forces his children to drink his lunar wine (fermented from the blood of the moon) from a battered chalice forged of alien metal (akin to silver). Any living creature taking a sip of this wine must save vs. death or be turned into a vampire (with an additional save required for each additional sip).

Like all undead, Nyctalops is immune to all *sleep*, *charm*, and *hold* effects, cannot be harmed by silver weapons, and +3 weapons or better are required "to hit." Additionally, he regenerates 6 hp per round. His touch drains 5 life levels. He is also able to *charm* as a vampire, but with the opponent incurring a –5 penalty on the saving throw. If they are in the area, Nyctalops can summon 3-18 of his children. If reduced to 0 hp, he may turn into a mist (a form he can assume at will) and flee.

Each round he spends in sunlight, Nyctalops takes 1d6 damage (no saving throw). He is also unable regenerate in sunlight.

** According to **The Vampire Bible**, Ambrogio was the first vampire, cursed jealously by Apollo for Selene's affection.*

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Quachil Uttaus.* Please see the *Jale God* entry in this section for a complete listing of entries related to the Jale God.

OBNOMEHT • OCHLOS VOLGUS • ODXIT • OGRIMOX • OKLA • OLD MOTHER • OLD SNICKER • OLLOLLDE • OOBOORA • OOOM • OPHURTON • ORMIX PROL • OTDA'BTATLE • OTTO • OUK

Obnomeht *(petty god of dentistry and teeth-pulling)*

Jonas Mustonen
Joey Lindsey

SYMBOL:	Forceps
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	180' (60')
ARMOR CLASS:	–2
HIT PTS. (HD):	75 hp (15 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (tooth pull)
DAMAGE:	1d4 + special
SAVE:	C15
MORALE:	7
HOARD CLASS:	XV
XP:	3,300

Obnomeht is the petty god of dentistry, teeth-pulling, and their associated professions; even if barbers and physicians don't truly worship him, they will at least pay him lip service. Obnomeht appears as gaunt bald man wearing a white robe, sandals, and a leather apron, holding forceps in his left hand. He rarely smiles, but when he does, it is done with three rows of teeth.

Obnomeht possesses every tooth ever extracted in his name, and he has magical connection to each person whose tooth (or teeth) he possesses. Obnomeht may *curse* anyone whose tooth (or teeth) he possesses. This *curse* creates a wracking pain in the jaw that imparts a –2 modifier on "to hit" rolls and saving throws for 6 turns (no saving throw). Obnomeht may use this *curse* against those for whom he possesses no teeth, but such creatures are allowed a save vs. spell to avoid its effects.

If forced into combat, Obnomeht will attack with unnerving speed and accuracy, extracting one tooth from his opponent with each successful attack. When he has extracted at least one tooth from each "offender" (or after being beaten badly), he will *teleport* to his own home pocket plane (the White Desert of Skulls); he will then *curse* each offending party member whose teeth he possesses.

Obnomeht Reaction Table

Modified by Intelligence, rather than Charisma; Obnomeht values intelligence and learning more than eloquent expression.

2	**May I offer a service that could be of interest to you?** Obnomeht offers to *curse* one of the PCs' enemies.
3-5	**May I offer my help?** Obnomeht offers to extract ailing teeth for free. To physicians and barbers he offers teaching trade secrets straight from the source.
6-8	**Obnomeht ignores the PCs.** If they insist on bothering him he will start forcibly extracting teeth from them.
9-11	**Mortals I demand tribute!** Obnomeht demands at least one tooth as tribute or he will attack.
12	**Remember this?** Obnomeht holds a tooth in his hand and glares at a random party member. The tooth is one pulled fom that PC years ago. Obnomeht *curses* that PC.

Ochlos Volgus

(petty god of angry mobs)

Eric Jones
Eric Jones

SYMBOL:	A burning torch
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	180' (60')
ARMOR CLASS:	–4 [+2]
HIT PTS. (HD):	8-200 hp (1-25 HD)
ATTACKS:	Special
DAMAGE:	Special
SAVE:	Variable
MORALE:	12 (6)
HOARD CLASS:	Nil (XXII at 25 HD)
XP:	Variable

Ochlos Volgus is the god of angry mobs. He first appears in the smoke of furniture that has been willfully burned. At this stage he is but a wisp; if he is detected by magic, the smoke appears to have the form of a bitter and beggarly looking man with a pronounced hunch and a perpetual sneer. He has only one hit die—though his hit dice are always worth a full 8 hit points, and he can only be hit by magical weapons of +2 or better. As soon as he appears, Ochlos finds a suitable instigator, a being of high Charisma, who is suffering from some fault or injustice that they blame, rightly or no, on external forces. When a can-

didate is found, Ochlos taps them on the shoulder and whispers a powerful *curse* into their ear.

The victim is entitled to a saving throw vs. spell at -3. If the *curse* fails, then Ochlos may not try again until the following day. If the *curse* succeeds, then Ochlos gains a second full Hit Die, and the victim becomes instantly single-minded about casting light on the perceived injustice and spreading the "truth" of it to any who will listen. They will typically nominate a scapegoat, a certain class of people, the clergy, the aristocracy, the poor, or a particular race or creed on which to blame the injustice. The instigator seeks out anyone he or she can inspire to answer the call. When such a person is found Ochlos gains a third full Hit Die; likewise, he gains his fourth and fifth Hit Dice as two more are recruited, and they have the beginnings of a humble mob. Consequently, Ochlos' other powers begin to manifest—beginning with the ability to cast *confusion* once per day. He is also able to direct members of the mob to a limited extent by whispering in their ears; so long as the direction can be at least vaguely associated with their cause they will see to it at once. Ochlos remains smoky and insubstantial at this stage, yet his vague shape now appears more vigorous.

Ochlos gains an additional full Hit Die when the mob (not counting the first instigator) reaches the following sizes: 5, 8, 13, 21, 34, 55, 89, 144, 233, 377, 610, 987, 1,597, 2,584, 4,181, 6,765, 10,946, 17,711, 28,657, and finally 46,368. Ochlos acquires the use of *feeblemind* at 10 Hit Dice (34 followers) and *control weather* at 15 Hit Dice (377 followers), each usable once per day. At 20 Hit Dice (4,181 followers) Ochlos gains the ability to hurl members of the mob with invisible telekinetic force at targets, and have them explode in a manner similar to the spell *meteor shower*—though he must take care not to deplete the mob to a lower rank. His ghostly aspect, when detected for, is now that of a strong and rancorous leader. Note that only under extraordinary circumstances will a mob grow beyond a few hundred. The gathering of each new rank requires exhaustive effort on the part of Ochlos, as the larger the mob gets the more diligent and clever he must be to keep it together. Typically the mob will not last more than a day or two; and only if the god has been exceptionally ingenious and had more than a few turns of luck will the fervor last longer than a week.

Ochlos always saves as a fighter at his current level of hit dice. If the mob shrinks for any reason, be it casualties, dispersion, or the prevailing of cooler heads, Ochlos' power diminishes and he loses Hit Dice accordingly. When the last two members of the mob disperse Ochlos likewise disperses, until summoned again. His experience value is calculated at the highest level of hit dice he achieves after first being confronted + 5.000 XP. In the unlikely event that the mob reasonably encompasses 46.368 or more people, Ochlos reaches the peak of his powers (25 Hit Dice), and effectively becomes a major deity. Members of the mob need no longer be directly agitating to count as followers, so long as they are suitably devoted. The initial instigator, living or dead, is revered as a prophet. Ochlos now receives tribute and has a Hoard Class of XXII.

Ochlos reacts best to creatures of low Wisdom. When determining his reaction on the table below, adjust using the character's Wisdom modifier instead of Charisma. Use the modifier as listed: a negative modifier from low Wisdom will improve Ochlos' reaction just as a positive modifier from high Wisdom is likely to be poorly received.

Ochlos Volgus Reaction Table

2	**Friendly:** Will see to it that the character(s) join the mob as favored members.
3-5	**Partial:** Will conspire to see the character(s) indoctrinated into the mob.
6-8	**Neutral:** Ignored.
9-11	**Unfriendly:** Sees to it that the character(s) are beaten by the mob.
12	**Hostile:** Sees the character(s) as a danger to the mob and will do everything he can to eliminate the threat.

Ochlos' Powers According to Mob Size

Mob Size	HD (hp)	Additional Powers
0	1 (8 hp)	*instigator curse* (once/day)
Instigator	2 (16 hp)	-
1 Follower	3 (24 hp)	-
2 Followers	4 (32 hp)	-
3...	5 (40 hp)	*confusion* (once/day)
5	6 (48 hp)	-
8	7 (56 hp)	-
13	8 (64 hp)	-
21	9 (72 hp)	-
34	10 (80 hp)	*feeblemind* (once/day)
55	11 (88 hp)	-
89	12 (96 hp)	-
144	13 (104 hp)	-
233	14 (112 hp)	-
377	15 (120 hp)	*control weather* (once/day)
610	12 (128 hp)	-
987	12 (136 hp)	-
1,597	18 (144 hp)	-
2,584	19 (152 hp)	-
4,181	20 (160 hp)	*meteor shower* (Expends followers.)
6,765	21 (168 hp)	-
10,946	22 (176 hp)	-
17,711	23 (184 hp)	-
28,675	24 (192 hp)	-
46,368	25 (200 hp)	Becomes a major deity.

Odxit *(petty god of unexplained smells)*

TITLES: *Eidolon of Inexplicable Odor*

Ndege Diamond
Ndege Diamond

SYMBOL:	Five vertical wavy lines
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	360' (120') flying
ARMOR CLASS:	–4
HIT PTS. (HD):	75 hp (15 HD)
ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE:	2d8
SAVE:	F11
MORALE:	9
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	7,000

Odxit, eidolon of inexplicable odor, is the petty god of unexplained smells. Any smell as it exists after creation, and before identification, is in Odxit's domain. No formal cults or worshippers are known to exist, and sages have found no records of any worship of Odxit in the past. Most of the information regarding Odxit has been compiled from the records of alchemists who have encountered it and some fragments of Old One glyphs.

Odxit appears as a vaguely humanoid cloud that has a faint wavy nimbus or aura that seems to block light passing though. This manifests only on the edges of its wispy profile. Regardless of where the viewer stands, Odxit's vague visage of two dense, cloud like, light absorbing orbs will always appear to face only them, even among a group of observers. Odxit does not use sound to communicate. It can understand any form of sign language, including impromptu pantomime, and has been said to react to written communication. Odxit can also communicate via scent, but there are very few known entities that can use that sense to convey high level concepts and even then the lack of identifiable smells creates a barrier to discourse. Odxit has a *gaseous form* (as per the spell) for purposes of traversing obstacles and taking damage and can never be surprised. Odxit makes no sound and can become *invisible* at will. As an action, Odxit can produce an unidentifiable odor.

There is a 1% chance that anytime someone reflexively asks "What's that smell?" due to encountering an unknown odor, Odxit will hear the query and take an interest. The DM's interpretation of Odixt's disposition can be based on the chart below.

Odxit Reaction Table

2-3	**Helpful:** Spends 1d6 turns observing individual or party. Will help if able. Will communicate if attempts are made.
4-5	**Curious:** Spends 2d6 minutes observing. Will communicate.
6-7	**Vaguely interested:** Spends 1-2 minutes observing. If communication is attempted, roll reaction again ignoring this result hereafter.
8-9	**Inscrutable:** spends 2d6 minutes observing, no communication.
10-11	**Unfriendly:** Will attack if communication is attempted. Otherwise leaves.
12	**Hostile:** Attacks immediately.

Ogrimox *(petty god of purulent skin conditions)*

TITLES: *Lord of Pustules*

Gavin Norman
Rom Brown

SYMBOL:	A boil being lanced with five needles
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	0 [+3]
HIT PTS. (HD):	100 hp (15 HD)
ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE:	2d12
SAVE:	F15
MORALE:	9
HOARD CLASS:	XV, XVII
XP:	7,800

The outcast twin brother of Ogremoch, prince of evil earth creatures, Ogrimox was expelled from the Elemental Plane of Earth in a series of political maneuverings to consolidate power on the plane. Ogrimox was castigated for his "unearthly" fascination with biological processes of decay, and was eventually forced into the Prime Plane, where he still dwells in exile. Although aeons have passed and Ogrimox has forged his own dominion in the Prime Plane, he still harbors a great enmity towards his brother and all inhabitants of his plane of origin.

Physically, Ogrimox is a lumpen, 10'-tall humanoid figure, having a form somewhat reminiscent of an unfinished clay statue. His body actually consists entirely of thousands of layers of constantly growing skin in various stages of decay, the outer layers being covered in weeping sores and pustules.

Mortals seldom have any dealings with Ogrimox, whose sole area of dominion is purulent skin conditions. Medics and necromancers may know of his existence, and plague cults have been known, on occasion, to directly worship him. The most honored initiates of such cults are blessed with the permission to drink the "milk" of Ogrimox—the pus which oozes from his skin. These lucky few are driven completely insane by the ordeal, but develop powers of regeneration and disease immunity.

In combat Ogrimox attacks with his fists and his great weight, causing damage by punching, smashing and crushing. His constantly growing, decomposing, and shedding skin grants him the ability to regenerate 4 hit points of damage per round. In any case, Ogrimox cannot be harmed by normal weapons—only those of +3 or greater enchantment can damage him. Ogrimox is also immune to all forms of poison, and suffers half damage from cold and electricity. He thrives on disease, and, if targeted by disease-causing magic, regenerates 1d8 hit points per spell level.

Every time Ogrimox is damaged, he sprays forth a stream of necrotic pus. All within 10' must save vs. breath or be hit by the pus spray, suffering 1d4 damage per round until the hideous substance can be wiped off. Characters who come into contact with this pus also contract a virulent disease which causes death within 1d6 days (unless cured/removed).

In addition to his physical attacks and defenses, Ogrimox has the magical ability to cause the welting and rupturing of mortal

flesh within 50'. Victims must save vs. spell or suffer 2d6 damage from skin contusions and flesh eruption. Ogrimox can use this ability once per round (instead of attacking).

Ogrimox Reaction Table

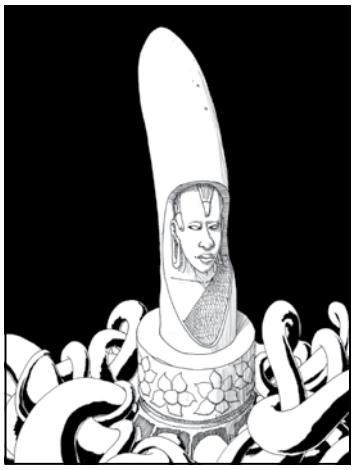
2	**Friendly:** Allows supplicants to drink of his "milk."
3-5	**Indifferent:** Merely observes.
6-7	**Neutral:** Uses his flesh eruption power.
8-11	**Unfriendly:** Uses his flesh eruption power and commands minions to expel intruders.
12	**Hostile:** Uses his flesh eruption power and summons all available minions to attack intruders.

Ogrimox's minions include pox knights, plague cultists, giant ticks, animated mounds of skin, and disease-bearing undead.

RELATED ENTRIES: **M)** *Pox Knight.*

Okla *(petty god of dentists and ivory carvers)*

Luka Rejec
Luka Rejec



SYMBOL:	A fang on a field of red
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
ARMOR CLASS:	–8
HIT PTS. (HD):	73 hp (16 HD)
ATTACKS:	Special
DAMAGE:	Special
SAVE:	C15
MORALE:	9
HOARD CLASS:	10d10 carved ivory items worth 50 gp each
XP:	5,000

Okla is the patron deity of dentists and ivory carvers everywhere. Dentists and carvers are well advised to beg a thought from Okla before they go to work on a tooth.

As petty gods go, Okla is not a particularly combative being, however his pearly white body is very hard and resistant, shrugging off most blows with ease. Honestly, most adventurers should not even get into a situation where they are attacking the protector of their chompers. Should they do so, Okla will be displeased. He attacks with one of two curses.

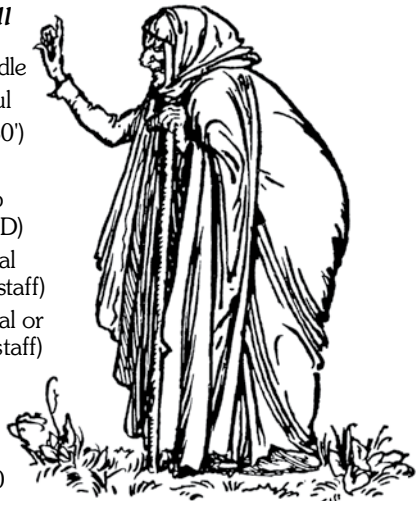
CURSE OF THE GAP: Up to 4 creatures per round within 120' of Okla are must save vs. spell or they will be afflicted with debilitating tooth pain, which leaves them almost immobile with agony for 1d8 rounds. At the end of that time, all their teeth will fall out and the pain will depart.

CURSE OF THE TUSK: One creature per round within 120' of Okla must save vs. spell or its teeth begin growing into a riotous profusion of pearly whites. The teeth grow for 1d6 rounds, dealing 1d8 hp of damage each round. Each round there is a 1-in-6 chance of a tooth growing into the creature's brain, killing it. Creatures that do not have brains in their heads are immune to this effect. *Resurrection* or *raise dead* is not possible until the magic tooth is excavated from the brain.

Old Mother

(petty goddess of lost and orphaned children)
TITLES: *The Kind Crone; Patron of Lost Children*

Simon Forster
Robert Anning Bell



SYMBOL:	A cradle
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
ARMOR CLASS:	5
HIT PTS. (HD):	70 hp (18 HD)
ATTACKS:	Special or 1 (staff)
DAMAGE:	Special or 1d6 (staff)
SAVE:	C18
MORALE:	11
HOARD CLASS:	I
XP:	6,900

The Old Mother is a goddess who cares for and looks after lost and orphaned children, gathering lost boys and girls to her side and giving them a home, a purpose, and helping them to grow to the best that they can be; but once the child reaches puberty, they are sent away, to find their own way in the world, treading the path to their destiny. The Kind Crone appears whenever children are lost, orphaned, or in mortal danger, punishing those who wish harm on the children under her care.

The Old Mother appears as an old crone, bent with age, with a beak of a nose, a wart on her chin, and wrinkled skin. Many would judge her a hag, a witch perhaps, or an old woman wandering the wilds. But her eyes are sharp and she has a piercing gaze. Anyone looking in her eyes stares into a deep well, full of ancient wisdom and knowledge of the ways of the world. She carries a silver-birch staff, the silvery bark still on, with bone charms and wooden figures tied to the tip with colored string.

If attacked, or in defence of the children she cares for, the Old Mother has the power to defend herself and her wards. Any meeting her gaze (save vs. paralysis to avoid) finds themselves lost in her deep dark eyes, effectively subject to a *sleep* spell until the Old Mother turns away or line-of-sight is disrupted. She can also *curse* her opponents, transforming them into children (losing a third of their Strength, Dexterity, and Constitution, all class levels and abilities, and retaining only 1d6 hit points) for a year and a day; the victim is allowed a save vs. spell to avoid the transformation. The Old Mother can *curse* one opponent per round, but never the same person twice. If pushed, she can belt people with her staff, dealing a pitiful 1d6 damage, but also *teleporting* the opponent out of harm's way (up to a mile, somewhere safe) on a failed save vs. wand.

The Old Mother will look kindly on those who protect or save children, granting them aid, giving her *blessing* that will help in times of need. Against those who abandon children or cause them harm, she will arrange something bad to happen, going so far as to enlist adventurers to track down and deal with such child abusers.

The Old Mother is always accompanied by 2d6 lost children, who she will give her life to protect.

Old Mother Reaction Table

2	**Friendly:** Grants her *blessing*, as the spell, which is permanent but only comes into play when children are in danger.
3-5	**Indifferent:** Will seek to enlist their help in dealing with those who have harmed children, or threaten their lives.
6-8	**Neutral:** Will ask for alms, be it gold, clothes, or food, for her children.
9-11	**Unfriendly:** Will turn her gaze on those who confront her, than walk away, children in tow.
12	**Hostile:** Will seek to transform her confronters into children, then adds them to her followers, guiding them to a better life.

Old Snicker

(petty god of insults)

John Feldman
Glen Hallstrom

SYMBOL:	Closed fist with extended middle digit (or face with tongue sticking out)
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	60' (20')
ARMOR CLASS:	9
HIT PTS. (HD):	59 hp (13 HD)
ATTACKS:	Special
DAMAGE:	Special
SAVE:	M18
MORALE:	8
HOARD CLASS:	IX, XVII
XP:	9,000

Old Snicker, the God of Insults, appears as a balding, pot bellied, middle age man of unremarkable features, wearing a tabbard of green with yellow diamonds. He has a twinkle in his eye and always wears a wry smile. An aura of *feeblemind* (120' radius) emanates from him and any he deems are affected as per the spell (lasting only while the target is within the 120' range). Old Snicker will (5% chance) help out a follower in time of need (see his reaction table below) by prompting the follower to find the most biting insult to use against the opponent. Any follower who is aided in this manner will owe Old Snicker payback in the form of uttering an insult towards another person at the most inopportune moment.

Old Snicker's favorite spells to employ are; *The Zinger* (a spell unique to Old Snicker; see below), *ESP* (finds secrets to exploit), *continual light* (casts a spotlight on himself), *confusion* (any insult he utters can act as this spell), *irresistible laughter* (same as *irresistible dance*), *polymorph others* (often uses this to add to his insult of the victim), and *ventriloquism*. He can also *teleport* and *dispel magic* at will. Any missile or melee attack bounces off Old Snicker back towards the opponent as an attack with same roll. Old Snicker's insults are harmless to any with the wisdom to laugh at him instead (any subject with Wisdom of 16 or higher will have this immunity). Old Snicker does not *bless* or *curse* and will not kill. He loves to see pompous figures feel the sting of a well phrased insult... but he will not pass up the opportunity to insult women and little children too!

THE ZINGER: When the insult is uttered, it causes the opponent to lose any rational thoughts, drop any items or weapons held, and move towards the insulting party yelling "I'll wring your neck!" This effect lasts for 1d4 rounds. No saving throw is allowed. The insult can be uttered at the same time normal actions are performed during the round.

Old Snicker Reaction Table

2	Offers gift of *The Zinger* to follower.
3-5	Provides insult that causes target to lose next action.
6-8	Provides insult that causes victim to pause (-2 on next initiative roll).
9-11	Provides clever repartee to victim, allowing them +2 "to hit" on next roll.
12	Offers gift of *The Zinger* to opponent instead!

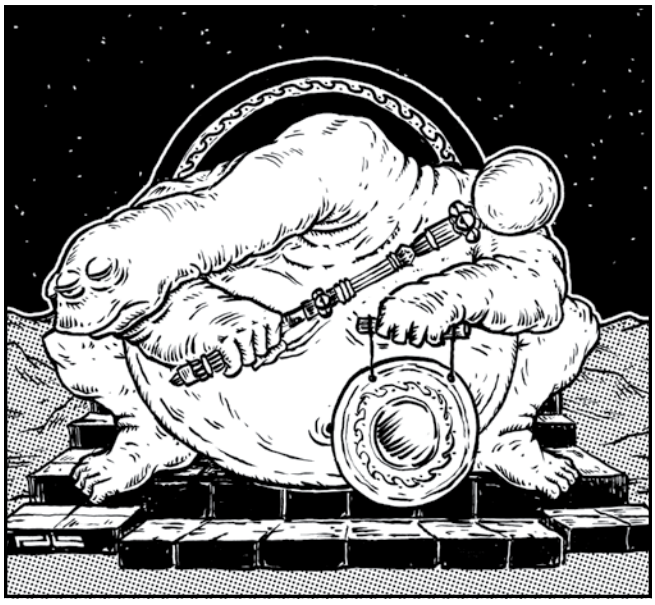
Ollollde

(petty god of hypnagogia)

Gavin Norman
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

SYMBOL:	A gong floating above an open palm
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
ARMOR CLASS:	0 [+3]
HIT PTS. (HD):	110 hp (24 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (beater)
DAMAGE:	1d10+4
SAVE:	F20
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	XXI
XP:	11,000

Ollollde is the petty god of hypnagogia, the state of consciousness between waking and sleeping. He appears as a huge, squatting, grossly obese humanoid, with a long, sagging neck supporting a three-eyed toad-like head. The god's central eye is open and emits a gently pulsing light, while his other two eyes are closed.



In his left hand he holds a a brass gong, and in his right hand a long, ornate wooden beater. His presence is usually attended by a hypnotic droning sound with no apparent source.

If enraged to combat, Ollollde fights with his gong's beater. In addition to his physical attack, the gaze of the god's central eye can be used once per round against an individual, having the effect of a *charm person* spell. He may also forgo attacking for one round in order to strike his gong, which has one of the following effects, selected at random:

1 *earthquake*
2 *time stop*
3 sleep (as *symbol of sleep*)
4 *stun* (as *symbol of stunning*)
5 *animate dead*
6 *summon* 2d6 giant toads
7 *death* spell
8 *confusion*

Ollollde can only be harmed by magical weapons of +3 or greater enchantment, and is immune to all mind-affecting spells.

Ollollde Reaction Table

2	**Friendly:** Sends 1d6 willing subjects into a hypnagogic trance wherein astral travel and prophetic dreaming are possible.
3-5	**Indifferent:** Sends subjects into a hypnagogic trance if properly propitiated.
6-7	**Neutral:** The god's presence has the effect of either (1d6): 1-3=sleep, 4-6=stun for 1d4 rounds.
8-11	**Unfriendly:** Strikes his gong if not properly propitiated.
12	**Hostile:** Immediately strikes his gong then attacks.

RELATED ENTRIES: **M)** *Jeez Louise.*

Ooboora *(petty god of clouds)*

Andy Thompson
Darcy Perry

SYMBOL:	A golden bell or chimes
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	60' (20') flying
ARMOR CLASS:	–3 [+3]
HIT PTS. (HD):	135 hp (25 HD)
ATTACKS:	Special
DAMAGE:	Special
SAVE:	M25
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	10,000

Ooboora is a placid god. He floats amongst the clouds in temperate climates. Ooboora slumbers while he floats drifting with the currents of the air. He is enigmatic and hermetic in his behaviors. Ooboora is the last in the line of Demucoux, a magical tribe of air dwelling nomad spirits native to the Plane of Gras. He is an ethereal creature appearing only sporadically in this Plane; during his fits of slumber he drifts from plane to plane, never in any danger due to his ability to pass unnoticed, excepting those that are searching for his favor. Despite his massive size and distinctive looks, he is often mistaken by those below for a cloud formation.

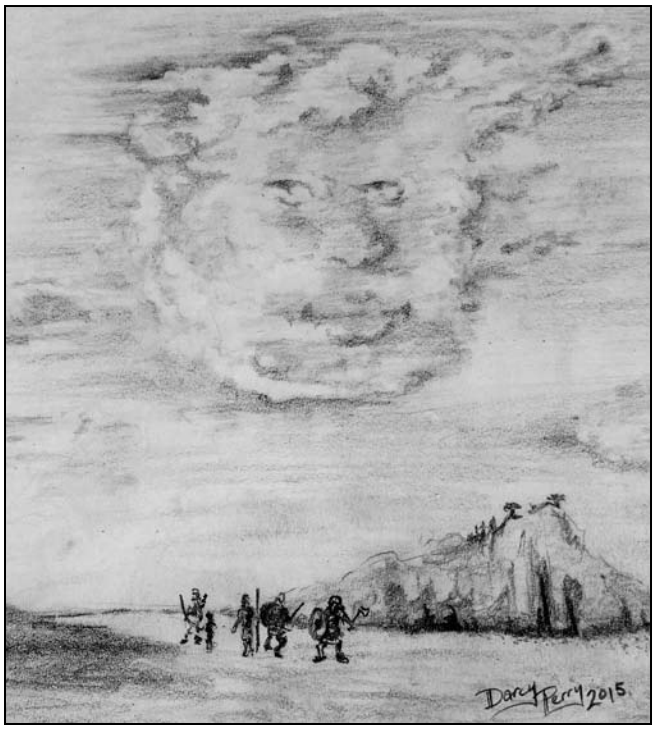
The legend of the great Ooboora is passed down through oral tradition of the peaceful tribes native to the grasslands. The legend states that to find Ooboora one must first climb the green mountain and enter the ancient temple concealed within its bosom. One must then wait for the white tide on the day of the golden shade when Ooboora will pass into the realm. One must then blow the horn carved into the temple tower to draw Ooboora near.

The elder tribesman still attribute bountiful harvests and the outcomes of great wars to Ooboora's influence. They say one must only ask of Ooboora, and his will shall grant their greatest desire. It is the arduous quest to find him that deters all but the most stalwart seekers.

If adventurers would seek to battle Ooboora they would be hard pressed as his ability to transport himself (or the party!) to other planes on a whim makes any thoughts of fighting difficult. If one were able to suppress his ability to shift away however, who knows what wonders and accolades one could attain.

Ooboora Reaction Table

2	**Friendly:** He will grant the *wish* of the target and return him and his party to the base of the mountain.
3-5	**Indifferent:** He will float away and the *wish* of the target may be granted in 1d4 days.
6-8	**Neutral:** He will float away and the *wish* may be granted in 1d4 weeks.
9-11	**Unfriendly:** Transports the party to the base of the mountain with their *wish* ungranted.
12	**Hostile:** He summons a powerful tornado centered on the target, which deals 1d4 per round to creatures in a 20' radius until the target leaves the temple.



Ooom *(petty god of blood, power, and strength)*

TITLES: *Ooom the One-eyed*

Damian Breen
Jeremy Hart

SYMBOL:	Bloody bull horns with some scalp attached
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	90' (30') or (60') when charging
ARMOR CLASS:	3 (Ooom's *eye* is AC 0)
HIT PTS. (HD):	77 hp (12 HD) plus 12 hp (for Ooom's *eye*)
ATTACKS:	1 trample, 2 fists, 1 impale
DAMAGE:	2d8, 1d6/1d6, 1d8
SAVE:	F12
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	XX×5
XP:	3,333

Ooom the one-eyed is a cyclopean manotaur with the body and four legs of an engorged bull, a humanoid upper torso and arms, and a bull-like head with but a single weeping *eye*.

Ooom is worshipped as a god of blood, power, and strength, who crushes the weak underneath his mighty hooves before feasting on their flesh—traits the hill tribes seek to emulate when raiding. The tribes recognize the strength of predatory beasts, and their warriors always wear a helmet of an animal head paired with a trailing cloak of fur; the warrior must have personally killed the beast in question. Rituals of Ooom consist of monolithic chanting, "Ooom, Ooom, Ooom…," accompanied by ponderous drumming on large hide drums as well as other percussive noise (sticks or rocks being bashed together, the striking of swords onto shields, etc.).

Ooom is kept captive in the Pit of Ooom beneath the ruined temple of Orbek-Tor, where he is worshiped by the hill tribes of the Fanged Hills. They raid the lowlands and bring living captives to Ooom who are placed in the pit for Ooom to feed upon whilst the hill-folk watch. Ooom bellows and roars at all times, and due to his massive bulk he moves slowly and stiffly. When he charges, the ground shakes and sounds of thunder fill his victims' ears.

Ooom attacks with a trampling charge scattering his enemies and attempting to knock them down (on a failed save vs. breath). He then engages in melee combat grabbing his opponents with his fists; if both fists hit he will lift up his victim and impale them on his horns before throwing them to the ground and trampling them again. Ooom concentrates his attacks on one person until they are dead or disabled before turning onto a new victim.

Due to the thickness of his hide, slashing and blunt weapons do only half damage to Ooom.

Ooom's *eye* is AC 0 and has 12 hp (in addition to his normal hit point total). Furthermore, his *eye* has the power of regeneration (1 hp/hour), allowing the one-eyed god to recover his sight if his *eye* is damaged. If his *eye* takes 12 or more hit points of damage, Ooom will be effectively blinded, and will randomly lash out with his fists whilst attempting to retreat from the great pit into the labyrinth of caves that is his prison.

Ooom uses his *eye* similarly to a magical ocular device. He can throw his sight many miles from the temple, enabling him to look across the lowlands in search of potential prey for his worshippers to attack. He sends visions of what he sees to his priests during the drumming rituals, albeit with the provisos that his sight is somewhat blurred from the constant weeping and that his visions are not always clear.

Ophurton

(petty god of finances, investments, and profits)

TITLES: *Master of Profits*

Blair Fitzpatrick
Adam Dickstein

SYMBOL:	An abacus framed by coins
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	2
HIT PTS. (HD):	81 hp (18 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (rod or whip)
DAMAGE:	3d6 or *charm person*
SAVE:	M18
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	XV, XVI
XP:	3,250

Ophurton, the Master of Profits, is the petty god of finances and investments. He appears as a six-armed middle aged man clad in the finery affected by the utmost tiers of the mercantile classes. In his arms he carries an abacus, a ledger, a pen, a whip, and a gold-headed cane. All persons struck by his whip must save vs. spell or be affected by a *charm person*. Ophurton can transform 100 gallons of water into fine scotch once per day. Three times per day, Ophurton may attempt to *curse* any being within 100' with the *curse of misfinance*. Those that fail a saving throw vs. spell at –4 will, over the course of the next month, find that all of their expenses have increased threefold; additionally, they will lose 1d12% of their money and assets per day. Ophurton can also *teleport without error* once per day.

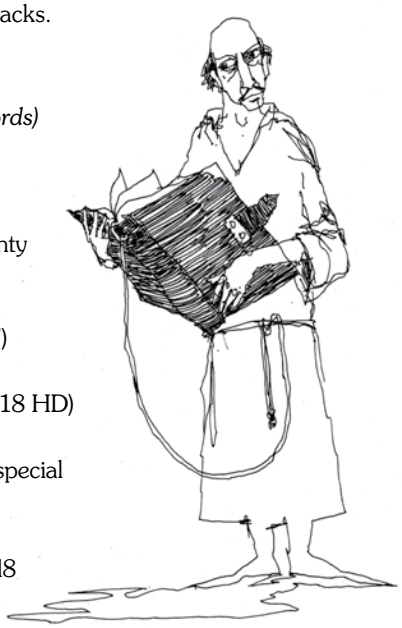
Ophurton Reaction Table

2	**Friendly:** Provides financial advice that allows a 6d% percent return on all investments over the next month.
3-5	**Indifferent:** Disappears.
6-8	**Neutral:** Ignores creatures nearby.
9-11	**Unfriendly:** Curses one being with the *curse of misfinance* and then leaves.
12	**Hostile:** Attacks.

Ormix Prol

(petty god of obscure words)

Malcolm Bowers
Matthew Adams



SYMBOL:	A weighty codex
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
ARMOR CLASS:	4
HIT PTS. (HD):	90 hp (18 HD)
ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE:	2d4 + special
SAVE:	M18
MORALE:	11
HOARD CLASS:	VIII × d8
XP:	4,200

Ormix Prol is the petty god of obscure words and ink-horn terms. He appears as a rangy, strong-looking fellow with a neat moustache and piercing eyes. He wears navy robes with a red rope belt, to which is tied a large, heavy, brass-bound book. He can strike foes up to 30' away with this *Chermadic Codex* (the rope magically stretches then retracts). Those struck must save vs. paralysis or be knocked out for 1d4 turns; those who save successfully are simply stunned for 1d6 rounds.

He wanders the Material Plane asking mortals the meaning of rare words (one obscure word per person.) He may reward or castigate those asked depending on the answers. If he is friendly and is told of a real word not in his lexicon (2% chance), he grants the teller a point of Intelligence on the spot.

Ormix Prol is invoked by orators, writers, and those naming new spells—for who amongst truly superior telesiurges would not prefer, say, "Rhazaran's orbicular incendiation" to the plebeian "fireball"?

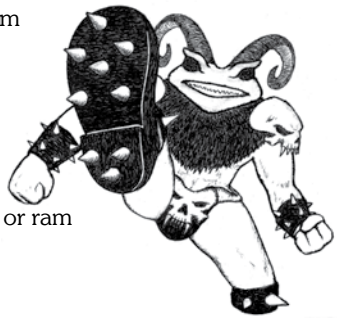
Ormix Prol Reaction Table

Adjust by up to 3 depending on party vocabulary.

2	**Friendly:** Rewards success with a scroll (2 spells or a *ward*).
3-5	**Fair:** Rewards success with a scroll of 1 spell.
6-8	**Neutral:** Advises party to improve their vocabularies.
9-11	**Unfriendly:** Berates party as fribbles, frippets, fonkins, and foppotees.
12	**Hostile:** Renders the party unable to speak for 1d6 days (no save).

Otda'Btatle *(petty toad-demon-god of battle)*

Blair Fitzpatrick
Christian Kessler



SYMBOL:	A grinning toad's face with the horns of a ram
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
SWIM:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	–2 [+1]
HIT PTS. (HD):	128 hp (16 HD)
ATTACKS:	2 kicks/punches or ram
DAMAGE:	3d6/3d6 or 4d6
SAVE:	F16
MORALE:	11
HOARD CLASS:	XIV, XVI
XP:	5,100

Otda'Btatle (rumored to be a Hezrou demon who became mighty through constant, gruelling combat) is the petty toad-demon-god of battle, worshipped by berserk and martially minded batrachian beings such as the Ranine, Batrachians, and Tsathar. It stands 8' tall, bears a pair of ram-like horns on its head, and wears a harness, armbands, and kneepads of spiked black leather. Its mottled green-and-tan skin is covered with lurid pustules, buboes, sores, and rashes.

Otda'Btatle is a demon, is only damaged by magical weaponry, and takes half damage from cold, electricity, fire, and gas. It can, at will, *teleport without error*, cause *darkness 15' radius*, *gate* in a type II demon with a 90% chance of success, *cause fear* (as a wand), *levitate* (as a 16th level magic-user), *detect invisible objects*, and use *telekinesis* (600 lbs. of weight).

Otda'Btatle prefers to punch and kick opponents, but can ram opponents (if it has 40' to charge at them) with a +4 "to hit" bonus; if it strikes, the target must make an Open Door roll or be flung 10'-60' backwards. If they strike an obstacle, they will take 1d6 points of damage for every 10' of trajectory remaining. Those struck by Otda'Btatle must save vs. poison or contract a disgusting skin ailment that covers the victim in livid acne and rashes, and reduces their Charisma by 1-4 points, until the ailment is cured.

Otda'Btatle Reaction Table

2	Otda'Btatle looms, glares, and croaks balefully for 1-6 rounds. If an offering is provided it will be open to further negotiations as 3-5 below.
3-5	Otda'Btatle demands an offering of one sentient being to devour. If this offer is declined, it attacks. If the offering pleases Otda'Btatle, it may be amenable to bargaining to perform a service, ones involving slaughter preferred, in exchange for more victims.
6-8	Otda'Btatle attacks and devours one being before *teleporting* away.
9-11	Otda'Btatale attacks.
12	Otda'Btatle goes into a berserk frenzy and attacks, gaining +2 on all attack and damage rolls, and its morale becomes 12.

Otda'Btatle will always aid chaotic or evil frog or toad beings in battle.

Otto

(petty god of cheese)

Malcolm Bowers
Jennell Jaquays

SYMBOL:	A blue parrot
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	180' (60')
ARMOR CLASS:	4
HIT PTS. (HD):	80 hp (16 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (kick or hurl cheese)
DAMAGE:	1d4+1d6 or special
SAVE:	F16
MORALE:	9
HOARD CLASS:	XIII, VII
XP:	4,200

Blessed are the cheesemakers... by the petty god of cheese, Otto. He appears as a tall, thin, gangly man in trews, jacket, and hat who walks with an impossibly angular gait punctuated by strange kicks and hops. He is willing to discourse at length in refined and authoritative accents on the many varieties of cheese and their preparation and qualities.

He can create any cheese, one round per round, and give them to those who please him, or hurl them at those who offend him. Saves vs. poison apply against special effects (duration 1 hour), which are as follows for typical cheeses hurled at an offender. Saves do not prevent damage.

Otto Cheese Table

1	**Hard cheese:** 1d6 damage plus bad luck; save vs. poison or suffer –2 on saves for 1 hour.
2	**Big cheese:** 2d12 damage plus save vs. poison or be knocked unconscious for 1 hour.
3	**Soft cheese:** Treacherous underfoot; slip and fall (no save).
4	**Say cheese:** Grin idiotically; take no actions (no saving throw).
5	**Ripe cheese:** As troglodyte stench; save vs. poison or suffer –2 on attack rolls for 1 hour.
6	**Gorgonzola**: Save vs. poison or pass out from smell for duration of 1 hour.

Otto Reaction Table

2	**Reasonable:** Will hold forth, and converse equably.
3-5	**Indifferent:** Dismissive or uncomprehending.
6-8	**Argumentative:** Legalistic or contentious.
9-11	**Angry and uptight:** Will attack if further provoked.
12	**Incoherent rage:** Too angry to do anything unless attacked.

Ouk *(petty god of missing limbs)*

TITLES: *Ouk of the Stump; Lord of the Stricken*

Dan Cassar
Tony Mullins

SYMBOL:	A body with stumps for limbs
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	Infinite
ARMOR CLASS:	9
HIT PTS. (HD):	69 hp (17 HD)
ATTACKS:	None
DAMAGE:	None
SAVE:	F17
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	3,250

Sometimes called the Lord of the Stricken, Ouk of the Stump is the patron of all men who are less than whole. He appears as a round man who has short nubs for his four limbs, with a wide, expressionless face. Ouk has no clerics, only adherents who follow his crazed doctrine of mute hatred.

It is said that individuals who pray to Ouk while having a limb amputated are sometimes (1-in-6) mentally transported to a place where they feel no pain. During this time it is said that Ouk will appear to the supplicant and ask if they have been wronged.

If a character attracts Ouk's attention in this way and answers "yes," Ouk will watch over that individual: roll d%; if the supplicant then inflicts wounds similar to his own a number of times equal to the number rolled, it is said that the god might (50%) restore the missing limb(s) to the faithful.

PAFFLUR • PÄKKAAN • PALEONUMIS • PALESTER OLHM • PANATHOTH • PANDANTILUS • PATCHWORK GOD, THE • PATISSERIA • PELCHAKO • PERICHRONAOS • PHEROSATHOOLA • PHILESPURIO • PILIKKE • POLLY • POLLYCOCKLE • POSSIMIUM

Pafflur

(petty god of dreams and premonitions)

Stefan Poag
Stefan Poag

SYMBOL:	A small figure
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	5
HIT PTS. (HD):	32 hp (6 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (touch)
DAMAGE:	Stun (4d6 rds.)
SAVE:	M6
MORALE:	6
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	950

Pafflur is a minor god of very small power. His only link to the Prime Material Plane are a series of small statues made of stone, clay, ivory, or wood, usually small enough to fit in a pocket or pouch. These sculptures portray a squat, fat deity sitting with his short legs and bare feet in front of him and his short arms clasped at his sides. There is a smile on his elf-like face and a single tuft of hair at the top of his slightly pointed head. If the statue is held or touched by a mortal, Pafflur will (25% likely) appear in a dream the next time the mortal sleeps while within 10 feet of the statue. Pafflur will introduce himself and request the occasional small offering (flowers, fruit, sweets or food are favorites). In exchange, he will occasionally (1× per week), grant a small boon (usually in the form of a +1 on a single roll). He will also on rare occasions (25%) give an obscure hint or warning against danger in the form of a dream during deep sleep. If a worshipper is heading into dangerous territory, for example, Pafflur might send frightening dreams the night before. Unfortunately, this minor god's powers are so weak that vague warning dreams and the occasional boon are pretty much the extent of his powers. If the statue is stolen, lost or destroyed, all contact with Pafflur is lost.

Pafflur is an extraordinarily minor deity and does not have a priesthood, temples, etc. His statues are occasionally found in ruins, as a part of ancient treasures, etc. Pafflur is a jealous deity; if a worshipper devotes himself to another deity in addition to Pafflur, he is likely to inflict a –1 on any roll instead of a +1 when favor is requested.

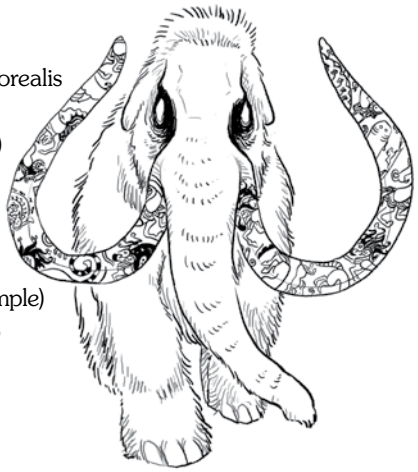
Pafflur Reaction Table

2	**Friendly:** Grants +1 (per above) to PC.
3-5	**Indifferent:** Grants +1 (per above) to PC, if properly propitiated.
6-8	**Neutral:** Awaits party's action.
9-11	**Unfriendly:** Curses a PC with a –1 (per above), unless propitiated.
12	**Hostile:** Curses all party members with –1 (per above), and departs immediately.

Päkkaan

(guardian of the Northern Wilderness)*

Alan Brodie
Eleanor Ferron



SYMBOL:	Aurora borealis
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	150' (50')
ARMOR CLASS:	1
HIT PTS. (HD):	88 hp (16 HD)
ATTACKS:	2 (tusks) or 1 (trample)
DAMAGE:	3d6/3d6 or 4d10
SAVE:	F16
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	4,200

Legends tell of a spirit in the form of a great beast that treads the perma-frosted wastes of the north. This is Päkkaan. Petty god, unique monster, genius loci—no one knows with certainty his true nature, nor his origin. Sages have speculated that Päkkaan was the steed and companion of a mighty, now lost (dead?) boreal deity. Päkkaan is not telling.

Facts are few, but certain traits are commonly ascribed to this enigmatic being. Päkkaan appears as a huge woolly mammoth, fully eighteen feet high at the shoulder, with a pelt of purest snowy white, eyes like smouldering embers, and twelve-foot-long curved tusks graven with magical signs and sigils. Amongst other things, these runes prevent Päkkaan from being injured by any non-magical weapon. He is also immune to cold-based attacks.

In melee, Päkkaan strikes with his tusks (if he charges, a successful hit inflicts double damage in the first round of combat) or by trampling man-sized or smaller opponents (+4 "to hit"). Furthermore, up to three times per day, Päkkaan may use his breath weapon: a cone of cold 60' long and 30' wide at its far end, delivered from his flexible trunk. Any creature caught in its path sustains 8d6 hit points of damage (save vs. breath for half damage).

Päkkaan acts as a guardian of the northern tundra and preserver of the wilderness. He opposes the depredations and evil schemes of frost giants, white dragons, and their chaotic ilk, but is likewise hostile to "civilized" exploitation of his domain (such as mining or large-scale hunting).

If Päkkaan has any worshippers, they are found in small groups among the indigenous self-sufficient tribes of the Arctic. It is claimed that Päkkaan grants clerical spellcasting abilities to certain favored shamans. He never speaks (perhaps he cannot), but may communicate in dreams and visions.

Päkkaan Reaction Table

Modified by Wisdom, instead of Charisma.

2	**Friendly:** May protect characters or guide them if they are lost.
3-4	**Indifferent:** Uninterested in characters.
5-9	**Neutral:** Ignores characters unless they pose a threat to the wilderness.
10-11	**Unfriendly:** Attempts to frighten characters away.
12	**Hostile:** It's tramplin' time!

Paleonumis

(petty god of retired currencies)
TITLES: *The Lost Coin*

Ian McDougall
Glen Hallstrom

SYMBOL:	A golden coin, worn smooth
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	150' (50')
ARMOR CLASS:	2
HIT PTS. (HD):	27 hp (6 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (touch)
DAMAGE:	1d8 plus special
SAVE:	F6
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	XVIII
XP:	1,070

Each time coin changes hands, a little power goes with it. When coins fall out of circulation, that accumulated power goes to Paleonumis, the Lost Coin. Paleonumis wants only to be circulated, to feel that subtle worship once again. Whenever a coin that is no longer the legal tender of the land is spent, this pleases Paleonumis. However, Paleonumis dislikes money-changers and dragons, and melting down or defacing coins gives it great offense.

Paleonumis can appear with the face on any old coin, which may cause confusion when it appears to be a recently deceased monarch or more powerful god (although it never impersonates one intentionally). Its clothes however are always tattered, and if it has jewels or a crown, these things will be made of copper, with gems of garnet.

When Paleonumis attacks, it hits the wallet. If Paleonumis hits someone carrying an excess of wealth, in addition to normal damage, 1d100 of the victim's coins (starting with the most valuable) will disappear from his or her possession and reappear throughout the land: in a beggar's cup, under a child's pillow, in a merchant's till, etc. If a person would lose more coins than he or she is carrying, he or she instead loses none.

In order to successfully hit Paleonumis, the assailant must roll greater than the number of coins he or she is carrying on 1d100, or miss.

Palester Olhm

(petty god of death by a thousand cuts)

Andrew Crenshaw
Andrew Crenshaw

SYMBOL:	Leather circle sliced through
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	9
HIT PTS. (HD):	49 hp (12 HD)
ATTACKS:	Special
DAMAGE:	Special
SAVE:	T12
MORALE:	8
HOARD CLASS:	XVII
XP:	6,200

Palester Olhm is the petty god of death by a thousand cuts. He appears as a human traveler dressed in common, ill-fitting clothes, and carrying a backpack with a bedroll as he grimly wanders the world. His hair is unkempt and his scarred face is unshaven. Plagued with nightmares, his eyes are rheumy and bloodshot, and his gaze drifts in and out of focus. He cannot be summoned.

As a permanent effect, Palester Olhm inflicts 1 pt of damage each round to all other living things within 100' (no "to hit" roll required; no saving throw allowed); the damage is caused by small, deep cuts that painfully break the skin, bleeding and weeping. His presence is characterized by a quiet absence of animal and insect life, and he leaves a wake of vegetation sliced to pieces. At will, he may concentrate his damage-causing power at a single target, horribly shredding the recipient and causing 10d4 points of damage (no "to hit" roll required; no saving throw allowed). This deactivates his permanent damage-causing power for 1d4 rounds.

He takes only 1 point of damage from anything that causes damage. Non-damaging magical effects cast by others are ignored (spells and magic items activated by Palester Olhm affect him normally). He can also bestow the same immunity on others for a limited duration (3d4 rounds).

Palester Olhm is resigned to his fate and is long past trying to rectify the pain and death his presence causes, but generally avoids settled areas. He wears *boots of levitation* that have saved him more than once from bow-wielding mobs intent on ridding his pestilence from the world.

Palester Olhm Reaction Table

Roll 1d6 (instead of 2d6).

1	**Cogent/possibly helpful**
2	**Grim**
3	**Unfocused/unresponsive**
4	**Paranoid**
5	**Irritated**
6	**Aggressive**

Panathoth

(forgotten petty goddess of the Circulating Library)*
AFFILIATIONS: *The Dead Godlets of Suto Lore*

Gavin Norman
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

SYMBOL:	A tongue of fire
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	3 (-4)
HIT PTS. (HD):	45 hp (8 HD)
ATTACKS:	2
DAMAGE:	3d4/3d4
SAVE:	M17
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	Chariot and golden books of truth – see below
XP:	1,060

There was a time when every word which was spoken by sentient beings throughout the multiverse was fastidiously recorded in an endless collection of tiny golden books which were kept in the imperial library of Had-Phanon, the 5th-dimensional hyper-pyramid of wisdom. The books could be looked up in the great marble index by topic (in one of several flat infinities of categorisation) or by the name, planetary origin, or epoch of the speaker. The gods made the contents of the library accessible in full to any visitors to the sacred pyramid—a gesture of great generosity, but one which was in time realised to be of very little practicality, due to the general unavailability of advanced planar travel.

It was thus decided that, as a service to kings, sages, prophets and clergy on all known planes of existence, the books of the library would be made available on lesser worlds by a process of written order. A circulating library, carrying the requested books to their destination and retrieving them after the agreed timespan, was instituted, under the precise eye of the godlet Panathoth—who was crowned queen of the circulating library.

Given time enough to send an order to the sacred library, and to receive the desired transcripts, the veracity of any statement could be substantiated. These were times of justice and careful wording.

As is the way of things, the glorious days of knowledge and truth were crushed under wheels of war and entropy. Had-Phanon was annihilated, along with its library, and the godlet Panathoth was lost. Aeons have now passed, and the existence of the golden library has receded to obscure legend, known only to the most learned of sages.

However, by a twist of fate, not all of the golden books were destroyed. At the time of the destruction of Had-Phanon the circulating library was in transit after making a collection of books from the planet Trill, and became stranded in the Astral Plane. To this day Panathoth drifts unconscious in the golden chariot of the circulating library, bearing with her the last extant golden books of truth, which number in several hundred thousands. If encountered, she may awaken.

Panathoth herself takes the permanent guise of a young, stern woman dressed in Egyptian garb. Her eyes are a hypnotic pink. With the sacred library destroyed, and her existence long forgotten, the powers of Panathoth are greatly reduced. However she still commands the golden books in her possession and can, in times of emergency, enlist their aid in battle. When in danger, Panathoth can cause the books to float and whirl around the chariot, or around her person, in a protective field of 10' radius. When the field is active she has an Armor Class of −4 against missile attacks and a +4 bonus to saving throws against external forces. Anyone attempting to pass through the shield must make save vs. spell or suffer 4d6 damage and be propelled 100-600 yards in a random direction.

Aside from the protective aid of the whirling books, Panathoth has no divine powers or weapons, and attacks with her bare hands.

CHARIOT OF PANATHOTH: The chariot of Panathoth can travel at miraculous speed, especially through the Astral Plane. Only those with magical means of transportation stand any chance of being able to pursue the godlet.

Ammon Thrax Reaction Table

2	**Friendly:** Offers aid in the form of astral transportation or knowledge from her books.
3-5	**Indifferent:** Speaks in the formal tones of a librarian. May be persuaded to lend books.
6-8	**Neutral:** Circles characters in her chariot, inspecting them.
9-11	**Unfriendly:** Raises the protective shield of books and departs.
12	**Hostile:** Raises the protective shield of books and charges the chariot at those present.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Ammon Thrax, Dead Godlets of Suto Lore*, *Numathoth*.

Pandantilus

(petty god of gong farmers and muck rakers)
TITLES: *Lord of the Privy*

Erik Tenkar
Jim Magnusson

SYMBOL:	A wooden crescent moon
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	0
HIT PTS. (HD):	122 hp (22 HD)
ATTACKS:	Special
DAMAGE:	Special
SAVE:	M22
MORALE:	8
HOARD CLASS:	Poop, incidental treasure (random coins, rings, and such)
XP:	12,000

Pandantilus, Lord of the Privy and patron of gong farmers and muck rakers, is worshipped by nearly all, even if most of this worship is unintentional. Pandantilus sees the mere act of using a privy as worship by the user, and any words or sounds that pass in the privy are prayers that reach his ears.

When walking the lands, he appears as a gong farmer, complete with rake and burlap sack. His appearance is nondescript, but his odor is noticeable and hangs about him with effects similar to that of a *stinking cloud* (to a radius of 30').

Pandantilus is not a combatant, and would sooner leave an area than lower himself to actively engage opponents. He can use any sewer, privy, muck pit, or the like to travel, much like a druid's *pass plant* spell, but the range is in miles, not feet.

Gong farmers and muck rakers offer prayers to Panadatilus in the hopes of finding some small valuables while shoveling waste material. Privy users say prayers in the hopes of peacefully passing waste material.

Patchwork God

(petty god of golems and constructs)

TITLES: *The God-Golem*

Colin Chapman
Zach Jaquays

SYMBOL:	None
ALIGNMENT:	Varies
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
ARMOR CLASS:	–1 [+3]
HIT PTS. (HD):	132 hp (24 HD)
ATTACKS:	2 (fists)
DAMAGE:	5d4/5d4
SAVE:	5d4/5d4
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	12,000

Newly awakened, the Patchwork God is a construct, the work of deific hands, a golem of godly power. The so-called God-Golem knows not who created it and has not yet divined its purpose in existence beyond the burning desire in its lucid moments to locate its maker.

A colossal golem some 20' in height, its hideous torso and half of its face are crafted from the corpses of several dead gods stitched together with fine adamantine wire. Its right arm and left leg are wrought of polished mithril inscribed with delicate runes; its left arm, heart, and eyes of polished white marble; its right leg and half of its face are of crudely-shaped clay.

The clashing echoes of the deific spirits within its flesh render the Patchwork God a being in flux—its intellect, mood, and alignment forever changing. Every 1d6 turns, randomly determine each of the following:

Alignment (Roll 1d6)	**Intellect** (Roll 1d10)	**Mood** (Roll 1d4)
1-2 Chaotic	1-2 Drooling idiot (INT:3)	1 Angry
3-4 Neutral	3-5 Human-like (INT:11)	2 Calm
5-6 Lawful	6-8 Genius (INT:18)	3 Cheerful
	9-10 Super-genius (INT:22)	4 Morose

The God-Golem can only be harmed by magical weapons of at least +3 puissance, spells being ineffective against it except for cold-based spells which *slow* it for 1d4 rounds. So strong is this being that it can batter down even the toughest structures, inflicting 2 structural hit points per round with its mighty fists. Furthermore, it can cast each of the following spells once per day as if it was a 12th level magic-user: *lightning bolt*, *stone shape*, *transmute rock to mud*.

Although it has no great purpose, the Patchwork God is fascinated by other created entities such as golems and animated statues, and rumor has it that the God-Golem's touch may awaken such beings to true sapience.

Patisseria *(petty goddess of pastries and desserts)*

TITLES: *Patisseria the Sweet*

Jodi Mishler
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

SYMBOL:	A golden whisk
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
ARMOR CLASS:	3 [+1]
HIT PTS. (HD):	40 hp (8 HD)
ATTACKS:	Special
DAMAGE:	Special
SAVE:	F24
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	3,600

Patisseria is the patron goddess of desserts, particularly pastries, as well as pastry chefs and pastry shops. She is also a patroness of chefs in general and the oven, protecting against burns, overcooked foods, and spills. Together with her sisters Ciccettia (Patroness of Appetizers and Snacks) and Quisinnia (Patroness of the Main Course, Meats, and Stews) the three are the Queens of the Kitchen. She is rarely called upon by adventurers, but all chefs and serious tavern cooks have a small shrine to her and her sisters in their kitchen. Her icon takes the form of a doll made of dry wheat husks; such bakeries and kitchens often have other décor made from dried wheat husks painted with fruits and sweets.

She appears as a lovely young human or halfling woman dressed in brown with a white apron and a crown of cherries, apricots, and strawberries. She carries a golden whisk in one hand and sometimes a mixing bowl, sheaf of wheat, bottle of brandy, bar of chocolate, or bag of sugar in the other. Patisseria

is not fond of combat. If forced to engage, she can attack with her golden whisk, which attacks with a magical +3 "to hit," and deals 1d12+3 points of damage; the target must also save vs. spell or be stunned for 1d4 rounds. She prefers to flee if attacked, but not before *cursing* her attacker. She may *curse* at will, once per round.

Her *curse* takes the form of a magical disease similar to celiac disease, whereby the accursed not only does not gain any nutrition from anything with gluten (wheat, barley, rye, and the like), but also suffers extreme agony any time such is consumed. The curse also turns sugar and other sweets into a lethal poison for the accursed (if such is consumed, even a little, the accursed must save vs. poison or die).

If attacked, she can also cause any cooking pots, pans, sheets, knives, and so forth to animate and attack and defend her. These all attack as 1 to 3 HD creatures (depending on size and material), with an AC ranging from 6 to 3 (wood to metal), and dealing 1d6 points of damage per hit. Some might have special abilities (e.g., a pot filled with boiling water, or a pastry bag that squirts blinding cream). She casts spells as an 8th level magic-user and a 16th level cleric. She is immune to non-magical weapons.

If called upon and she responds favorably, she is willing to trade a marvelous recipe for any three recipes the caller knows, or even for one if it is a fine original recipe. She can be convinced to bake a marvelous cake, pile of pastries, or a magnificent table groaning under the weight of sweets worthy of the gods if the bargainer offers to build a new, fine kitchen dedicated to her and her sisters. She is offended by those who waste food, spoil banquets, and give false reviews.

Patisseria the Sweet Reaction Table

Roll 1d6 (instead of 2d6).

1 **Super Sweet:** She's having an extraordinarily good day today, so she is extra-willing to listen to petitioners and their requests. If her reaction is especially good, she will give the petitioner 1d4 pieces of her immortal baklava, each of which acts as a *potion of healing*.

2 **Busy:** "This better be good! We're fixing a 12-course banquet for Odin today, and you just called me as I put my soufflé in the oven!"

3 **Helpful:** She's in a good mood, and is happy to help with minimal or no sacrifice if the caller is kind and generous with the brandy.

4. **Tipsy:** She's been "sampling" the brandy again, and the cooking sherry is all gone; whether the caller can make good use of this fact or cause himself more grief is up to how things develop. She has a nearly-empty bottle of divine brandy with 1d4 swigs left, each of which acts as a *potion of heroism*.

5 **Angry:** "Argh! I can't believe Loki snuck into the kitchen and ate all the honey cakes I made for a party of 300! What am I going to do! Leonidas is not going to be happy. You… yes, you! I need help at my oven. You're coming with me…" *(Poof!)*

6 **Greedy:** Feeling unappreciated, she is interested today only in keeping her goodies for herself. She also wants any sweets and pastries she finds along the way, and propitiators better have a pile of cupcakes waiting or else!

Pelchako *(petty god of tricks and revenge)*

TITLES: *Even Steven*

Studio Arkhein
Gus L.

SYMBOL:	A leveled balance
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	4
HIT PTS. (HD):	65 hp (12 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (*staff of reciprocity*)
DAMAGE:	1d6+1 + special
SAVE:	T12
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	XV
XP:	3,600

Pelchako is the god of tricks and revenge. He fits neatly into most pantheons... over on the edge where people don't notice him much. He is ever watchful, and loves to even the score, bringing retribution to gods both low and high. Despite his good work ethic, Pelchako is never invited to parties.

There are no temples to Pelchako, no cathedrals, not even a nunnery. The common man does not worship him—but he does have priests and priestesses. Pelchako-ites look, for all intents and purposes, like crazy bums that wear lots of beads and bones, pierce themselves in strange places, and cover themselves in swirling tattoos.

People in need of revenge or retribution donate items of value to the Pelchako-ites. These holy men and women then go off and shame, harass, rob, or beat up the wrong-doers. Sometimes they perform these holy rites in private, but most of the time, they choose good public places packed with spectators. Killing in retribution is very uncommon, but it has been known to happen.

These revenge activities rarely result in any legal entanglements for the priests of Pelchako, as they are performing their "holy duty." However, if a Pelchako-ite must go into lands where their god is unknown, or places that are dominated by stuffy worshipers of grumpy gods of law, they can get into trouble. Some towns will immediately kick out a Pelchako-ite on sight. Other, even more grumpy, peoples have been known to nail Pelchako-ites to pieces of wood on the side of the road.

In extremely rare cases, bands of Pelchako-ites have been gathered up by governments and paid to seek retribution against other governments. A platoon of Pelchako priests coming at you during your morning constitutional is the *last* thing you want to see. Woe be it to anyone who falsely hires a priest for retribution, though. Pelchako knows all. Well, maybe not all. But he knows the juicy bits.

Pelchako is a master of all weapons, from the most common to the most obscure, but carries a *staff of reciprocity*. Any creature struck by this *+1 staff* must save vs. spell or immediately be tasked (per *geas/quest*) with righting the most recent wrong they've done. If struck more than once, each successive strike will task the victim with righting the next-most-recent wrong after righting the one previously tasked to them.

Perichronaos *(godlink of the age outer past)*

TITLES: *The Whenspring*

Porky
Nate McD

SYMBOL:	A five-veined leaf over a spiralling figure-of-seven
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	HD×30' (HD×10')
ARMOR CLASS:	See ***Reaction Table***; must be found (as if secret door) before each action
HIT PTS. (HD):	See ***Reaction Table***
ATTACKS:	1d3+4
DAMAGE:	Special - save vs. reduction in age by 2d6 years (unbirth at 0 years)
SAVE:	M (by HD)
MORALE:	See ***Reaction Table***
HOARD CLASS:	Special—braner nontrack fragments, fibres of maybeing, sense
XP:	35,000

Perichronaos, the Whenspring, is the godlink of the age outer past. Pe is said to have passed inwards-ever-iswards through the engirdling parallochronial chambers and tangential temporal pools, a champion here and now for the spirit of the era further once; Pir one doubt is the paradox of success.

The godlink gathers Pir followers with dreams grown out across the skins of the world. Those so blessed begin a gyrating fecund dance within the motions of their daily lives. They grow the cult through impassioned copulation, at first with the other faithful directly, later with structures ever more loosely connected in time or space. Deeper initiation sees believers seek to shape alternate histories, turning tides out to irrigate unexpected fields of possibility. Adepts seek to bond with fundamental forms and perhaps sense kins anywhen beyond, epicessors many generations axially removed. Worship is often persecuted as an infectious madness, perhaps in fear at the feeling of which a honed perichronaian is capable.

Perichronaos Pirself may inoft-times be found within a tidal cavern complex beneath a forest of old, playing the vanishing tips of root lines and tending deep-bedded rockforms, tousling realiodermal trickles at the fringes. The chambers bloom achaotically with ethereal aerial jellies, transdimensional braners attendant upon Pir in accordance with some ancient pact, remaking reality along their nontracks. The chants of discoverers echo out beyond the rhythmic dripping: "Pir Wells Bear Herewhile".

Reaction Table for Perichronaos

Roll 3d6 (instead of 2d6), modified by Wisdom.

3	WILL BE: AC -7; 35 hp (7 HD); Morale 7; 1d6 braners; local reality fails (save twice vs. uncreation)
4-5	SHALL BE: AC -6; 70 hp (14 HD); Morale 8; 2d6 braners; the region collapses (save vs. pulverisation)
6-8	MAY BE: AC -5; 105 hp (21 HD); Morale 9; 3d6 braners; 2d6 major forestbed sections fall
9-12	IS: AC -4; 140 hp (28 HD); Morale 10; 4d6 braners; haze, silence and a vague senselessness
13-15	MIGHT HAVE BEEN: AC -3; 175 hp (35 HD); Morale 11; 5d6 braners; empotency (save vs. rise in all ability scores by 1d6)
16-17	SHOULD HAVE BEEN: AC -2; 210 hp (42 HD); Morale 12; 6d6 braners; protheisis (save vs. immediate transdeification)
18	WOULD HAVE BEEN: AC -1; 245 hp (49 HD); Morale 13; 7d6 braners; exochronosis (save vs. passage somewhen beyond)

RELATED ENTRIES: **M)** *Braner.*

Pherosathoola *(petty goddess of sexual fear)*

Matthew W. Schmeer
Studio Arkhein

SYMBOL:	Vagina dentate encircled by a snake
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	0
HIT PTS. (HD):	56 hp (10 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 crush/2 claw/ special
DAMAGE:	1d10/2d6×2 / 2d4 + special
SAVE:	F10
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	None on self; XX in nest
XP:	3,100

Pherosathoola has the torso and upper limbs of a beautiful human female, while her trunk is that of a large white snake. She is approximately 20'-long from head to tail. Her head is a tangled, writhing mass of 12 venomous red snakes. Each snake imparts a distinct poisonous effect.

Pherosathoola was originally a rusalka who practiced daily devotions to the Great Goddess in an attempt to ascend to immortality. She accidentally swallowed the fertilized eggs of a golden goose and gained a millennium's worth of mild magical powers, including the ability to assume human form, but as she was tied to her pond, she could not wander.

One year she lusted after a young shepherd who stopped to quench himself from the waters of her pond every day. Her longing grew so great that she rose from the waters in her human form and seduced the young man. Unbeknownst to Pherosathoola, this shepherd was favored by Curdle, the petty goddess of blind milkmaids, as he tended the sheep for the Order of Amelkin which was devoted to her worship. In her rage, Curdle appealed to the greater gods to mete out a divine punishment. An unknown god responded to her plea and turned Pherosathoola into her current form, punishing her for her lustful ways by ascending her to some of the most baleful duties in all of petty godhood: birthing succubi & incubi.

Anyone who meets Pherosathoola's gaze will find themselves (on a failed save vs. paralysis) afraid to engage in sexual intercourse with anyone but her for 1d4 months. She can dispel this effect at will. Her visits to victims come as they are asleep, and victims believe they dreamed of the tryst when it indeed took place.

She will have sex with both males and females, transferring sperm from human males into human females and thus impregnating them; the resulting child will always be an incubus.

She also impregnates herself with the seed of the males she lays with, resulting in clutches of 10–50 eggs every 2 weeks. Incubated in their underground nests, these eggs hatch and the offspring are always succubi. Succubi hatchlings do not breathe or have a pulse until they are seven days old. She will vigorously defend her nest from intruders.

Anyone who lays eyes on Pherosathoola must save vs. spell or be *charmed*; this effect wears off only with a *blessing* from a cleric of 12th level or higher. She herself can dispel this effect at will.

Pherosathoola has several attacks. She can crush a victim with her powerful, constrictor-like coils (1d10) she can can claw with her razor-sharp iron nails (2d6/2d6), and 1 snake in her hair can bite (2d4+special). Each venomous snake on her head has different damage and effects; see the table below (save vs. poison or suffer effect).

Snake Bite Effects

1. **Carcass scavenger poison:** Paralyzed for 2d4 turns.
2. **Giant centipede poison:** Become overwhelmingly sick and move at half normal movement for 10 days.
3. **Sea dragon poison:** Instant death.
4. **Dart frog poison:** Fall into death-like coma; 1-in-6 chance fellow adventurers believe PC is dead and proceed with funeral rites.
5. **Subterranean locust poison:** Become incapacitated for 1 turn.
6. **Lust potion:** Immediately attempt to engage in sexual intercourse with Pherosathoola.
7. **Acid:** Suffer 1d8 acid damage.
8. **Spitting cobra poison:** Blinded until *cure blindness* spell administered by caster of victim's level or higher.
9. **Love potion:** Become enamored with random party member and attempt to woo him/her; effects only dispelled after sexual congress with that heartthrob.
10. **Fear potion:** Run away hysterically screaming as if turned undead for 1d12 turns.
11. **Giant spider poison:** Suffer uncontrollable spasms for 5 turns, then suffer paralysis until *blessed* by a cleric of 12th level or higher.
12. **Sea snake poison:** Instant death.

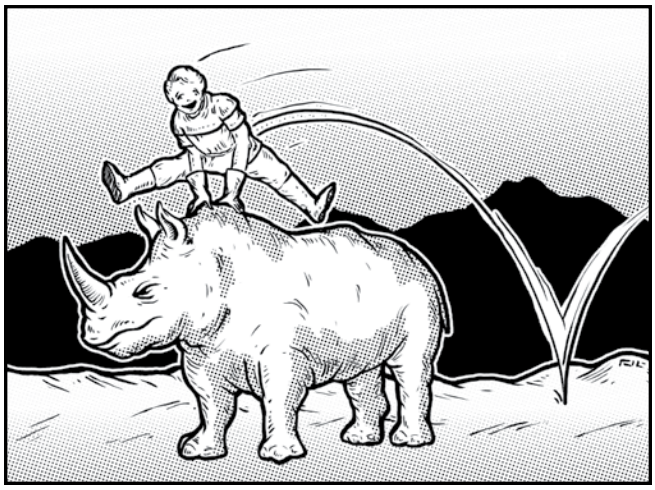
Anyone killed by one of Pherosathoola's snakes will be used to feed her most recent brood of hatchling succubi.

Pherosathoola currently has no clerics, as their chief duty is to mate with her once a day.

Pherosathoola Reaction Table

2	**Friendly:** Will openly greet players and be helpful. She will not use her natural *charm* to ill effect and will direct her succubi children to leave the adventurers alone.
3–5	**Indifferent:** Will not show herself, but will not run if discovered or engaged. Will not *dispel* her natural *charm*, but will not use it to her advantage.
6-8	**Neutral:** Ignores PCs. Will not engage even if approached, preferring to vanish back to the Godling Plane.
9-11	**Unfriendly:** Will use natural *charm* to her advantage and attempt to mate with as many PCs as possible.
12	**Hostile:** Attacks nearby targets.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Curdle,* **M)** *Guardian of Laam*.



Philespurio

(petty god of lies and irrationality)

John Grant
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

SYMBOL:	A pot of gold at the end of a rainbow
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	By form
ARMOR CLASS:	By form minus 5
HIT PTS. (HD):	100 hp (20 HD)
ATTACKS:	By form
DAMAGE:	By form
SAVE:	T20
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	3,100

Revered by liars' guilds everywhere, Philespurio is among the most dangerous of minor gods, even though the malevolent effects of his activities can often take many years to make themselves fully manifest. Several nations have been brought to their knees by Philespurio, whose servants most usually take human form—and indeed are often highly placed within their doomed societies. In the wild, as it were, the traveler is most likely to encounter Philespurio in the form of a quicksand, an outcrop of iron pyrites, or an invisible, colorless, odorless miasma that penetrates deep into the alveoli of the luckless victim's lungs. To his fellows, the victim appears to be behaving with extraordinary stupidity—a sign that this boneheadedness has its origins in Philespurio rather than simple error is the impermeability of the victim to rational argument.

It has often been observed that the hazards of possession by Philespurio are twofold. First, there is the risk of the possession itself, should you be the one possessed. Second, far more insidious, there's the danger that another member of one's party will have fallen prey to the god's dark, seductive wiles; the whole party is likely to suffer even unto death because of the affliction of this single comrade. Leonie, the blind poetess of southern Breguntria, said of the latter circumstance that "It is better to pluck out one's own organs of sight than to travel any further in the company of such a dupe, for death and destruction will surely arise from their folly-laden opinions." Truly it is said that she put her eyes where her mouth was. The advice of the headless philosopher Dino Groioa was even more extreme.

Remedies for cases of possession by Philespurio do exist, but some involve an enforced sojourn in the afterlife. Survivors talk of the extraordinary allure of the god's servants and—ironically in light of the behavior that sufferers actually exhibit—of a sensation of immense, world-embracing intellectual superiority.

Pilikke

(petty god of skipping stones)

Emmett & Paul Brinkmann
Adam Dickstein

SYMBOL:	A skipping stone
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	150' (50') or 240' (80') in deer form
ARMOR CLASS:	–1
HIT PTS. (HD):	93 hp (23 HD)
ATTACKS:	Special
DAMAGE:	Special
SAVE:	E10
MORALE:	8
HOARD CLASS:	XI, XVII (gems and magic only)
XP:	8,000

Pilikke, god of skipping stones, receives paeans from poets, wanderers, and other time-wasters. He appears either as a tall, slender fey human (half-elf?) with stag's antlers or as a normal-appearing deer. In both forms he has sparkling silver eyes. He can switch between these forms at will, and possesses the ability to *walk on water* in either guise.

In his human form, Pilikke attacks by throwing pebbles (1d4 damage). On a successful hit, the pebble skips to another target (if there is one), and gives Pilikke another attack roll. This can continue indefinitely, as long as hit rolls are made and there are still targets to hit. One pebble can hit a single target more than once, but not consecutively. In deer form he can kick twice per round for 1d4 damage each or head butt for 1d6 damage. In addition to these physical attacks, Pilikke has two spell-like abilities. Once per day, he may cast *mass charm*. Three times per day he may ensnare any sentient being in a *daydream* (treat this as a *maze* spell, using the victim's Wisdom instead of Intelligence to determine duration).

Pilikke Reaction Table

Apply opposite of normal Wisdom score; high wisdom is viewed as a negative thing in the eyes of Pilikke.

2-3	**Friendly:** Joins/aids nearby beings for a time.
4-6	**Intrigued:** Joins/aids nearby beings for a time, if interesting reason is given.
7-9	**Neutral:** Ignores nearby creatures.
10-11	**Bothered:** Changes to deer form and retreats.
12	**Hostile:** Throws pebbles; laughs.

Regardless of the reaction roll, due to Pilikke's mercurial nature, he makes a morale check frequently (every round in combat), and a failure indicates that he loses interest and wanders off.

Polly

(petty goddess of elven barmaids and tavern workers)
TITLES: *Saint Polly*

Studio Arkhein
Studio Arkhein

SYMBOL:	A mug of beer with a halo
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	6
HIT PTS. (HD):	45 hp (9 HD)
ATTACKS:	2 (fistfuls of mugs)
DAMAGE:	1d4 per mug (up to 5d4 per fist)
SAVE:	E9
MORALE:	7
HOARD CLASS:	VII×3
XP:	3,500

Polly is the patron saint of elven barmaids and tavern workers. While the petty goddess has no formal churches, her presence can be seen in mysterious glowing tip jars in pubs all across the land. Adherents of Saint Polly offer fifteen percent of their tips into the jars, which disappear in a a flash of light.

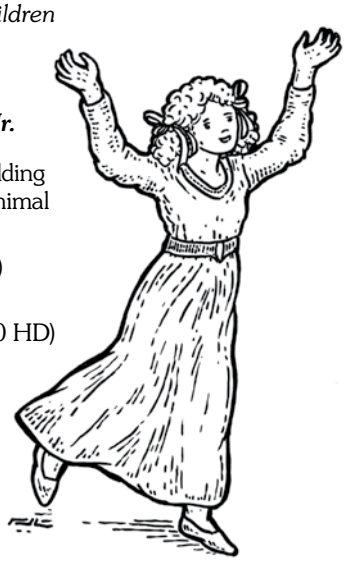
Unlike some gods, Polly offers excellent service for her tithes. When a bar gets too crowded and busy for her worshipers to handle, Polly has been known to appear lugging beer and pretzels to the customers. Many a hung-over patron swears they were brought beer by a goddess the night before, but few realize the accuracy of their statement.

It is not wise to cross Polly, however. Patrons who stiff her worshipers or are stingy with a tip, will find themselves rolled in the nearest alley on their way home and completely free of coins, jewels, and jewelry.

Pollycockle

(petty goddess of small children and youngest siblings)

Keith Sloan
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.



SYMBOL:	Hand holding stuffed animal
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	240' (80')
ARMOR CLASS:	0
HIT PTS. (HD):	50 hp (10 HD)
ATTACKS:	Special
DAMAGE:	Special
SAVE:	F11
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	X
XP:	4,000

Pollycockle is the goddess charged with protecting small children, specifically, those that are alone or otherwise without protection from an adult or older child. She is a much loved little goddess, as she receives much credit for saving small children from injury or worse. She is only able to help children under the age of eight—older children are thought to be smart enough to avoid trouble themselves, apparently. She is the sister of the gods Hoddypeak and Yemeles, and is more popular than either, especially among little children and their mothers. Like her brothers, she is constantly on the move, as there are more children in need of help than she could ever get to, not that she doesn't try. Polly, as she is often known, aids children by helping them avoid trouble, usually by running away and/or hiding. In fact, she is a master of hiding and escaping, and the best trackers in the world cannot follow her, nor find her when she hides a child.

Pollycockle is simple goddess, quite childlike herself. After she has helped a child escape danger, she will often calm their fears by playing with them for a time, until it is safe for them to return to loved ones. She often has a toy with her and will sometimes leave them with children; some toys turn out to have magic properties, though these vary widely in their power and effects. Polly is only visible to those under the age of eight (or equivalent among non-humans). She is said to appear as a child herself, a girl of about nine years in age wearing a simple frock dress with ribbons in her hair and a friendly smile. Most reports of her are simply discounted as children inventing imaginary friends based on stories of the goddess. She never engages in combat, and instead uses her abilities to hide, move without a trace, and produce powerful *illusions* to distract and confuse would-be attackers or pursuers.

Possimium

(petty possum god of nocturnal creatures)

Tim Shorts
Gus L.

SYMBOL:	Possum eyes peering from a dark moon
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
ARMOR CLASS:	3
HIT PTS. (HD):	63 hp (12 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (staff, claws or spell)
DAMAGE:	1d6+3, 2d4 or by spell
SAVE:	C12
MORALE:	6
HOARD CLASS:	See below
XP:	2,800

Possimium, The Possum God, is the watcher of night creatures. Most associate him with the aforementioned possum, as well as the bat, coyote, porcupine, raccoon, and skunk; however, any small creature of the night falls under his domain.

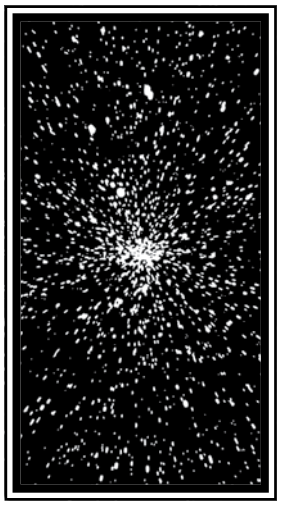
Possimium rarely engages in combat, but when he does, he most often strikes with staff (a *+3 staff of striking* that does 1d6+3 on a successful "to hit" roll). Possimium is also able to cast spells as a 12th level cleric, and is able to speak at will with any nocturnal creature (as *speak with animals* spell).

RELATED ENTRIES: **C)** *Order O'Possimium*.

QINMEARTHA • QUACHIL UTTAUS • QUALDONI • QUANTUM OGRE • QU'PAN • QURGAN QUAGNAR • QWARGHOURN

Qinmeartha *(petty god of creation)*

John Grant
Vindico Vindicatum

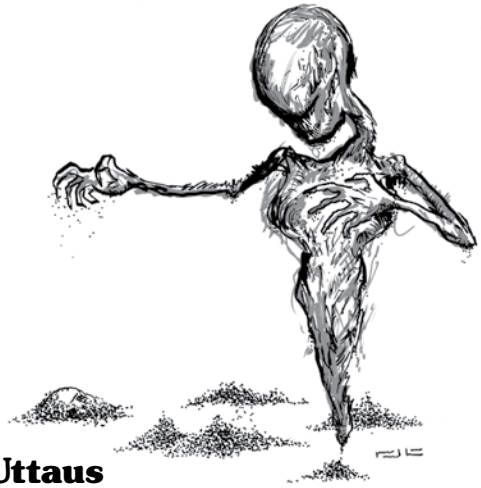


SYMBOL:	A lidless eye staring eternally skyward into a blazing sun
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	240' (80')
ARMOR CLASS:	0
HIT PTS. (HD):	85 hp (19 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (touch)
DAMAGE:	Disintegration
SAVE:	M19
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	Creates at will
XP:	10,000

Most human religions regard the creator god—the one responsible for bringing into being the entire kit and caboodle—as at the pinnacle of godhood's hierarchy. The gods themselves, however, see it rather differently. Whatever the known religions might say, the god who created all things—a universe teeming with stars, worlds teeming with life—was actually a rather minor godling called Qinmeartha. The other gods, amazed it could have entered his head to do anything so foolish, promptly relegated him yet farther down the pecking order. The effects of this rebuff were to drive Qinmeartha to the depths of madness—hence his sobriquet.

His insanity is in large part manifested through an obsession. When he conjured the universe into existence, he intended it to be, obviously, quite perfect. Once he'd finished all this creating, however, he discovered that there was a bit left over that couldn't be made to fit in anywhere. Qinmeartha, weeping godly tears, became consumed with the idea of locating the infuriatingly insignificant element that marred his otherwise flawless creation, and annihilating it. The principal, almost the only, story of the universe has thus been one of Qinmeartha attempting to chase down this piece of his creation that doesn't belong. Not knowing why it's being chased but lucky enough to have an unconscious survival mechanism, the shred (called the Girl-Child LoChi for reasons long lost to us) flits from one sentient creature to the next. Each affected individual in turn becomes, almost always without their knowledge, the Girl-Child.

Qinmeartha is not a being of malice but, as he singlemindedly pursues his prey oblivious to all consequences of his actions, he can be devastating to anyone unfortunate enough to stumble into his path. There is peril, too, in becoming the latest incarnation of the Girl-Child, for, while Qinmeartha will never catch LoChi herself, he often, arriving moments too late, destroys the shell she has just vacated. (Qinmeartha's touch disintegrates as the spell *disintegration* cast by a 19th level magic-user. He will only use this on creatures he believes to be inhabited by the Girl-Child.)



Quachil Uttaus

(petty god of age, death, and decay)
TITLES: *The Treader of the Dust; The Ultimate Corruption*
AFFILIATIONS: *Cthulhu*

Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

SYMBOL:	An empty hourglass
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	240' (80') floating
ARMOR CLASS:	0
HIT PTS. (HD):	105 hp (20 HD)
ATTACKS:	2 (touches) + special
DAMAGE:	Death (turn to dust) + paralysis (special)
SAVE:	Immune to magic, poison, paralysis, petrification, *sleep*, *charm*, *hold*, and cold (otherwise saves as F20)
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	XV, XVI, XVII
XP:	10,000

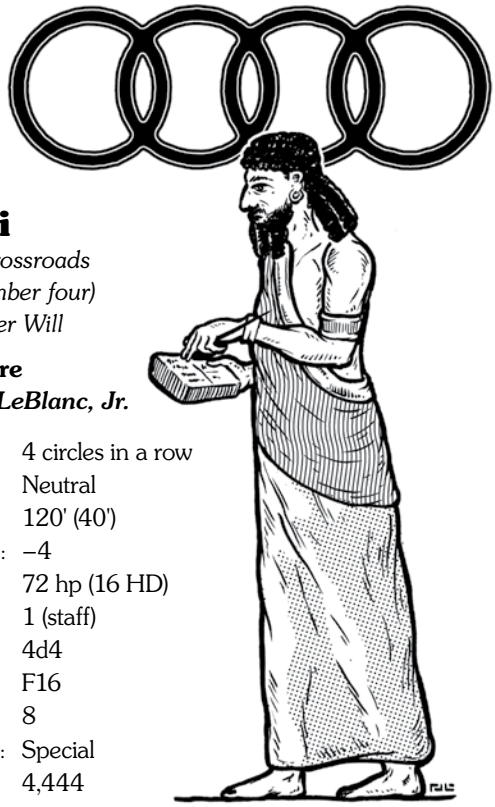
Quachil Uttaus is the fountainhead of age, death and decay, The Treader of the Dust, The Ultimate Corruption. Dwelling in the dark limbo of unsphered time and space, rarely does he reveal himself, even in response to summoning attempts (though wizards of ages past have claimed to know him), for Quachil Uttaus can render to dust all living tissue with which he comes in contact. If one entertains thoughts of suicide (even subconsciously) while summoning this god, only death will come to the one summoning him*.

Quachil Uttaus is a mummy-like monstrosity, no larger than a child, with hairless head borne on a skeleton-thin neck, an unfeatured face lined with a thousand reticulated wrinkles, pipy arms ending in bony claws outthrust, and legs drawn tightly together as if bound by the swathings of the tomb (for Quachil Uttaus does not walk, but rather he floats).

Quachil Uttaus exudes an *aura of fear* (of death) to a distance of 360'. Any creature caught within that radius must save vs. paralysis or be paralyzed with fear.

Anything and everything within the Material Plane with which Quachil Uttaus comes in contact is automatically turned to dust (no saving throw) to a radius of 10' from the touch point.

** The rite to summon Quachil Uttaus may be found in the tome* ***The Testaments of Carnamagos****.*



Qualdoni

(petty god of crossroads and the number four)

TITLES: *Whisper Will*

Jed McClure
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

SYMBOL:	4 circles in a row
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	–4
HIT PTS. (HD):	72 hp (16 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (staff)
DAMAGE:	4d4
SAVE:	F16
MORALE:	8
HOARD CLASS:	Special
XP:	4,444

In days of yore, the cult of numerology was wide spread, and its practitioners grew powerful by worshiping the numeral gods and sought wisdom and favor in the interplay of formulae and the material world. But that faith is long gone, and their mathematical litanies have long since turned to ash and dust, their gods long dead and largely forgotten. Yet, a sole remaining numeral god is reportedly still in existence.

Qualdoni is the petty god with dominion over the number 4. He is sometimes appealed to gamblers hoping to draw a fourth ace, or stone cutters trying to cut a perfectly square block. For those he favors, he can show them the location to a fourth part of a matched set of anything, assuming they are in possession of the three other pieces. For those whom have offended him, they may find their lives plagued by minor inconveniences. He has the power to make things exactly 4 in number.

It is rumored that in distant lands he is associated with the god of death, and so Qualdoni is known and feared, and the number 4 is avoided in everyday matters. It is true that he shown special deference by more powerful gods whom are bound to his number in their nature (such as the 4 winds).

Qualdoni's true appearance is an abstract symmetrical structure of geometric energy. However, usually when he is encountered, he appears as an old travelling scribe, with his Mesopotamian style beard coiled into 4 braids, and he carries a drawing compass and square on his belt. He can use his staff as a formidable weapon, but it is not his nature to linger long in a fight. The staff is made of bronze and has a perfectly square cross section, and is much heavier then it looks.

Qualdoni can often be found on the Plane of Order where he is much honored by quadrone modrons, but often travels to the Material Plane to "square things away." He has a particularly dislike for the prime numbers (other than the number 2, who was his father).

Qualdoni Reaction Table

2-3	**Friendly:** Will use his power to assist them.
4	**Intrigued:** As with (2-3) but has taken a particular liking to this individual, and will ensure that things happen in their life in fours.
5	**Amenable:** Will assist the individual with a simple request before becoming bored and leaving abruptly.
6-8	**Indifferent:** Will ignore the individual, but if approached by exactly 4 individuals can be engaged in conversation; if offended will teleport away.
9	**Annoyed:** Will focus on a prime number associated with the individual, and will make disparaging comments about their taste and ability to reason.
10-11	**Unfriendly:** Will seek to depart, but will engage in combat with the individual if harassed or interfered with.
12	**Fascinated:** Sees a random member of the party as "broken" and Qualdoni will revert to his true form to make a repair; roll 1d4 and consult the following table:

Qualdoni "Repair" Table (d4)

1	Recipient now has exactly 4 arms and 4 legs (DMs choice if this improves or hinders their attacks, movement, etc.).
2	Recipient now has exactly 4 eyes, forming a perfect square on their face. Unfortunately their nose had to go, to make space.
3	Recipient now has exactly 4 heads, each with the same memories, but different personalities. One is the original head, and for the extra 3 heads the DM should have two be of the diametrical opposite alignment, and also two should be the opposite gender. Each personality controls its head, and one random limb, and the PC should roll at the start of each day which limb they have control of: 1=right arm, 2=left arm, 3=right leg, 4=left leg. Everything else is sort of managed by committee.
4	Recipient's body is reformed into 4 identical fleshy cubes, about 12 inches to a side. Each cube is alive, and has an eye, an ear, and a mouth, (as well as other orifices) but no limbs. The individual's consciousness is split between the cubes, and can see hear, and speak via any of them, no matter how far they are separated. They also gain a minor *telekinetic* ability usable anywhere they can see. Each cube has to individually eat and breathe, and has the same requirements to live as before. The cubes can be killed, but the individual will not die until all the cubes have been killed.

Upon making these changes, Qualdoni will wait for an appreciative thank you from the recipient, and if he does not receive one, he will depart for the Plane of Order in a huff. Party members can attempt to appeal for him to reverse the change, rolling again on the reaction table as long as he is present.

Quantum Ogre

(petty ogre god of whimsy and vagary)
TITLES: *The Unavoidable*

Courtney Campbell
Courtney Campbell

SYMBOL:	An image of an atom
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	(90') in combat; infinitely fast out of combat
ARMOR CLASS:	Special (see below)
HIT PTS. (HD):	Special (see below)
ATTACKS:	Special (see below)
DAMAGE:	Special (see below)
SAVE:	Special (see below)
MORALE:	Special (see below)
HOARD CLASS:	At DM's discretion
XP:	2,000

The Quantum Ogre is an unusual petty god, being able to possess or take the form of any possible creature, though it is certainly possible to appear in his most common form, that of an Ogre wearing a *cloak of eyes*. His true form is unknown, though he is said to be a creature of shadow and lies.

Certain characters once chosen attract the attention of the Quantum Ogre. Once chosen there is no way for them to avoid the eventual encounter. All of their abilities work normally, but since the Quantum Ogre (which may be a dragon, griffon, evil big bad guy, etc.) literally does not exist until encountered, there is no way to avoid an encounter with one. He will appear when and where he wishes at the whim of a being more powerful than the characters.

The Quantum Ogre's attacks and defenses are unusual also. A Quantum Ogre will find it impossible to win against a party of adventurers. This is often surprising because for the first several rounds of combat, a Quantum Ogre is immune to all special attacks, successfully saving against any attacks made. Its hit point total is sufficiently large to not be significantly harmed by any damaging attack the players can use. Its Armor Class is also quite high, and it is very difficult to hit. When striking opponents, it does serious damage, but never enough to kill anyone.

Eventually, an arbitrary limit will be reached, where it is determined that the party has been threatened 'enough'. Once this occurs, this causes a magnificent change in the Quantum Ogre: suddenly, his attacks all miss and any that do hit seem to do minimum damage; his Armor Class lowers to the point where only attacks rolling a 1 will miss. Although his threat has been neutered, he will continue to fight for several rounds, refusing to die until a suitable amount of time has passed for his death to be "dramatic" and "meaningful." Note that this will occur regardless of any actions of the players.

The reaction of the Quantum Ogre is always the same. To damage and threaten the party with dangerous attacks until it becomes suddenly weak and falls beneath their blades. Its purpose for this is unknown. Perhaps it does this out of a desire to improve the self-esteem of the adventurers. If so, it is quite unsuccessful at this task, often leaving them feeling hopeless and if they are powerless to affect the world around them.

Qu'pan *(petty god of frustration and madness)*

Richard Iorio II
David Lewis Johnson

SYMBOL:	A glowing *eye*
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	180' (60')
ARMOR CLASS:	–5
HIT PTS. (HD):	99 hp (21 HD)
ATTACKS:	Special
DAMAGE:	Special
SAVE:	M22
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	XII, XVI
XP:	11,000

Qu'pan, The Light That Shows The Way, The Devourer of Darkness, The Seer of All Truth, The All-knowing Eye—these are just some of the names by which this god is known... or *was* known... for now, you see, he is relegated to a dusty corner of the cosmos. He is now searching for followers.

Qu'pan existed in another realm (or, if you believe the scientists, another dimension). There, he was all powerful, and he created the world in his image. Yet something went wrong, and Qu'pan was torn from his dimension after a creature known simply as The Eater of Souls appeared and went to war with Qu'pan. Their battle was long, bloody, and forever affected the

cosmos. Planets were tossed about as weapons, and the stars were forged into great weapons of power. When the battle was done, the cosmos was left forever changed, and Qu'pan was tossed to the winds of the multiverse.

The events have forever left their mark on the god, and now he searches for not only those who will worship him, but for the very sanity that he has lost.

Qurgan Quagnar

(petty god of three-legged toads)
TITLES: *The Curmudgeon God*

Emmett & Paul Brinkmann
Eugene Jaworski

SYMBOL:	A three-legged toad
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	60' (20')
ARMOR CLASS:	3
HIT PTS. (HD):	73 hp (13 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (stick or gaze)
DAMAGE:	Special
SAVE:	D10
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	VI, IX
XP:	4,300

Qurgan Quagnar, god of three-legged toads, rarely assumes the same form twice. Regardless of specifics, he always appears as a short, stooped humanoid of indeterminate race (perhaps a dwarf, gnome, goblin, or even a hunch-backed human...) that is horribly disfigured. Regardless of form, he is always missing one leg, and carries a gnarled stick to help him walk. He has few followers (aside from the occasional sentient 3-legged toad); folks only pray to him to placate him and keep him away. Some pirates have been known to refer to their comrades who have lost a limb as being "qurgan'd."

Qurgan Quagnar prefers to avoid combat, but when forced to, can rap enemies with his *ugly stick* (as a *+1 quarterstaff*). Any being that suffers maximum damage from his stick also loses one point of Charisma permanently. Instead of hitting with his stick, Qurgan Quagnar can wither his opponents with his stare. Anyone meeting this withering gaze must save vs. petrification or roll 1d6 on the following table:

1	lose a leg/foot
2	lose an arm/hand
3-4	lose an *eye*
5-6	horrible scarring

The effects are permanent. (Specific effects are at the DM's discretion; ability penalties are suggested).

Those who somehow gain Qurgan Quagnar's favor may be granted *Qurgan's boon*. The recipient of the *boon* may treat any single failed saving throw as a success in exchange for a roll on the withering gaze table above. Qurgan Quagnar may grant this *boon* as often as he likes (which isn't often), but a being may only be under the effect of one *boon* at a time.

Qurgan Quagnar Reacton Table

Apply the opposite of normal Charisma modifiers (e.g., –2 becomes +2); high Charisma is viewed as a negative thing in the eyes of Qurgan Quagnar.

2-3	**Begrudging:** Aids (grants a boon to) nearby beings if properly placated.
4-7	**Neutral:** Ignores all nearby creatures.
8-10	**Unfriendly:** Attacks if not properly placated.
11-12	**Hostile:** Withers anyone who dares meet his gaze, then attempts to stalk off.

Qwarghourn

(petty god of miscibilities, mixology, and dyspepsia)
TITLES: *Qwarghourn the Dyspeptic; The God of Miscibilities; The Master of Mixology; The Patron of Dyspepsia*

James Mishler
Joel Priddy

SYMBOL:	A potion flask with an explosion within
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	60' (20')
ARMOR CLASS:	–4 [+3]
HIT PTS. (HD):	72 hp (18 HD)
ATTACKS:	Special
DAMAGE:	Special
SAVE:	M18
MORALE:	9
HOARD CLASS:	VIII×3, IX×5
XP:	9,250

Qwarghourn the Dyspeptic is The God of Miscibilities, The Master of Mixology, and The Patron of Dyspepsia. It is said that he was once a mortal alchemist who discovered a combination of potions that enabled him to attain godhood; unfortunately, an unforeseen side effect was that the potion also cursed him with divine, eternal dyspepsia. Called upon by alchemists and wizards who seek to advance in the alchemical arts, he takes the form of a short, obese, waddling wizard wearing stained and burned robes covered in magical sigils. He has bright eyes, a bad comb-over partially hidden under a pointy hat, sweats profusely, and looses random belches and flatulent bursts, the last for which he always apologizes.

Qwarghourn has the spell-casting abilities of an 18th level magic-user and an 18th level cleric. He wields a random wand, staff, or rod appropriate to either class; it is always his favorite of the moment. He never attacks physically, preferring to use spells; however, thrice per day he can use his *extreme flatulence* to his great advantage, cutting loose with a tremendous strike as per a 60' diameter *cloudkill* spell. He can automatically detect the nature of any potion or scroll. He can only be struck by +3 or better weapons, is immune to the damaging effects of his own spells and abilities, and is immune to all magic spells and effects of 4th level or less cast by mortals (as per a *globe of invulnerability*).

He is appeased only by offerings of potions and scrolls. For each three of these he is offered, he grants the propitiator the knowledge of a new potion formula or magic spell equal in power and level to the average of the offerings (higher if more than three of each are offered). He cares not for Law or Chaos, Good or Evil, granting his knowledge and wisdom to any who perform the necessary ritual and make the proper offerings. Those who offer him spoiled potions, cursed scrolls, or effrontery are cursed; he may perform this curse at will, once per round.

His *curse* takes the form that any potion drunk by the accursed automatically requires rolling on the ***Potion Miscibility Table***, with any positive result indicating that the victim suffers from severe dyspepsia and extreme flatulence for 1d4 hours (no saving throw permitted).

Qwarghourn Reaction Table

Roll 1d6 (instead of 2d6).

1 **Dyspeptic:** His gastric rumblings are loud and disturbing, causing him no end of distress and leaving him in a foul mood. Propitiators had better be on their best behavior and have good reason for calling on him!

2 **Curious:** He has heard something of the troubles/issues the characters are dealing with, and might be convinced to assist if they provide him with complete and honest information and a significant cut of the loot.

3 **Angry:** The Rumbling One was busy with an important experiment when he was called. The summoner had best prepare to sacrifice at least twice his originally-planned potions and scrolls or he'll be lucky to remain in the same animal order by the end of the day.

4 **Bored:** His own experiments and plots are all on hold for the moment, so he is looking for something to do… or trouble to cause (depending on how he is treated by those who called him).

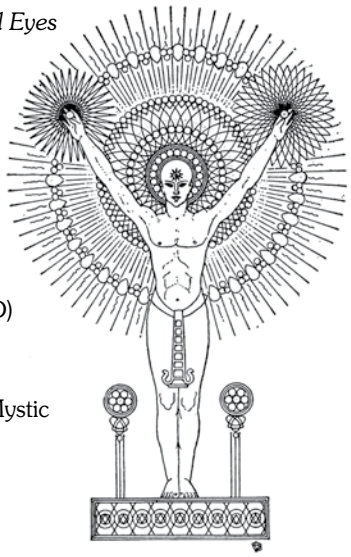
5 **Nauseous:** He is having severe upper abdominal issues today, and looses forth deep, broad belches with every other word. If forced to make a saving throw or cast a 5th level or greater spell, he must make a second, subsequent save vs. poison or vomit uncontrollably for 1d4 rounds. Anyone caught in the stream of vomit (5' wide by 10' long) must make a save vs. spell or be subject to the effects of a random potion. If the save is a natural 1, the target must roll two random, different potions and check on the ***Potion Miscibility Table***.

6 **Extremely gassy:** Qwarghourn is having a very bad day with his lower gastro-intestinal difficulties. There is a 1-in-6 chance every round that he unintentionally lets forth a prodigious and noxious (but not toxic) fart. The gas acts as a random-sized *stinking cloud* spell with a 1d6×5' diameter. Any who act kindly to him during this time will be rewarded with a minor potion or scroll.

Qzyma'a

(petty god of synchronicity)
TITLES: *The Opener of Third Eyes*

Eric Potter
Claude F. Bragdon



SYMBOL:	Eye in forehead
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	–1
HIT PTS. (HD):	47 hp (9 HD)
ATTACKS:	Special
DAMAGE:	Special
SAVE:	20th level Mystic
MORALE:	11
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	6,250

PSIONIC ABILITIES*

PSIONIC LEVEL: 20

Attack modes: *ego whip*, *id insinuation*, *mind thrust*, *psionic blast*, *psychic crush*

Defense modes: *intellect fortress*, *mental barrier*, *mind blank*, *thought shield*, *tower of iron will*

Psychometabolism: D) *complete healing*; **S**) *suspend animation, cell adjustment, body weaponry, mind over body, chameleon ability*

Clairsentience: D) *aura sight, psionic true seeing*; **S**) *clairvoyance, clairaudience, 360° vision, spirit sense, detection of magic, body equilibrium*

Psychokinesis: D) *telekinesis*; **S**) *control light, control sound*

Telepathy: D) *mind link, mind wipe*; **S**) *ESP, animal telepathy, conceal thoughts*

Psychoportative: D) *teleportation*; **S**) *phase shift, dream travel*

Metapsionic: D) *psychic surgery, splice, ultrablast*; **S**) *convergence, psychic drain, aura alteration, psionic sense, cannibalize, martial trance, receptacle*

Qzyma'a is the petty god of synchronicity. He is a major guide along the arduous journey of the Mystic class* toward their ultimate goal—the divine attainment of the Crown Chakra and immortality. He is the currently recognized Opener of Third Eyes and any mystic who has attained and harnessed the powers of the basic five chakras (i.e., the mystic has become a Greater Master 13th Level) may attempt to locate Qzyma'a and receive his enlightenment on the opening of their coveted inner eye.

In non-psionic gameplay, his contact with dungeoneers is much more limited and most adventuring parties encountering Qzyma'a may assume him to be a lost soothsayer, a derelict fortune teller, a charlatan psychic, or perhaps a wayward magic-user.

Qzyma'a appears in his mortal image—a handsome and tall human, fit and trim, slightly muscular. As is common among many ascending mystics, he is completely hairless, his nakedness covered only by a long metal breechclout dangling from

a belt at his waist. He does not speak, he simply reads your thoughts, and will communicate only through *telepathy* (an ability Qzyma'a is able to use at will).

Though Qzyma'a will rarely interact with characters in non-psionic gameplay, should an encounter with Qzyma'a escalate to necessitate a reaction, the Greater Master will utilize the actual recovered eyeballs of his long ascended mentor Shardarshan the Divine to assist him in deducing a character's underlying propensity to receive the experience of Qzyma'a's metaphysical sentience. Qzyma'a wields one of the eyeballs in each uplifted hand, and decrees the telepathic message, "I SPY WITH MY LITTLE EYE SOMETHING THAT IS… (DM fill in blank)." At which time, Qzyma'a's third eye will open on his forehead. Any character not stricken dumb by this heavenly occurrence must respond by simply thinking of the appropriate object that Qzyma'a has in mind. Either one of Shardarshan's eyes, or Qzyma'a's own Third Eye, each of the three capable of recognizing an innate ability in the communicator for the parapsychological arts, will judge the strength magnitude of the mental answer for clarity. This back and forth will continue until one member of the party has correctly guessed three different objects. Then, with no regard for either alignment or Charisma, Qyzma'a's being will realize the true spiritual essence of the character and react accordingly.

Qzyma'a counts among his followers, whether they realize it or not, anyone who has ever experienced synchronicity, suspicions, déjà vu, heightened awareness, funny feelings, premonitions, hunches, serendipity, misgivings, unexplained joy, happy coincidences, jinx, good lucks, apprehensions, or fortuity. And while these characters may not realize they are doing so, any attempt to thoroughly understand, or describe with words, one of these strange feelings has a 1-in-20 chance of summoning a visit from this elusive petty god.

Qzyma'a Non-psionics Reaction Table

No modifiers.

2 **Pity:** Will grant character(s) a total vision of the future. Characters will gain understanding and knowledge of their immediate and future fates: current surroundings will become known, exits will become unhidden, contents of closed containers will become perceived, and the like.

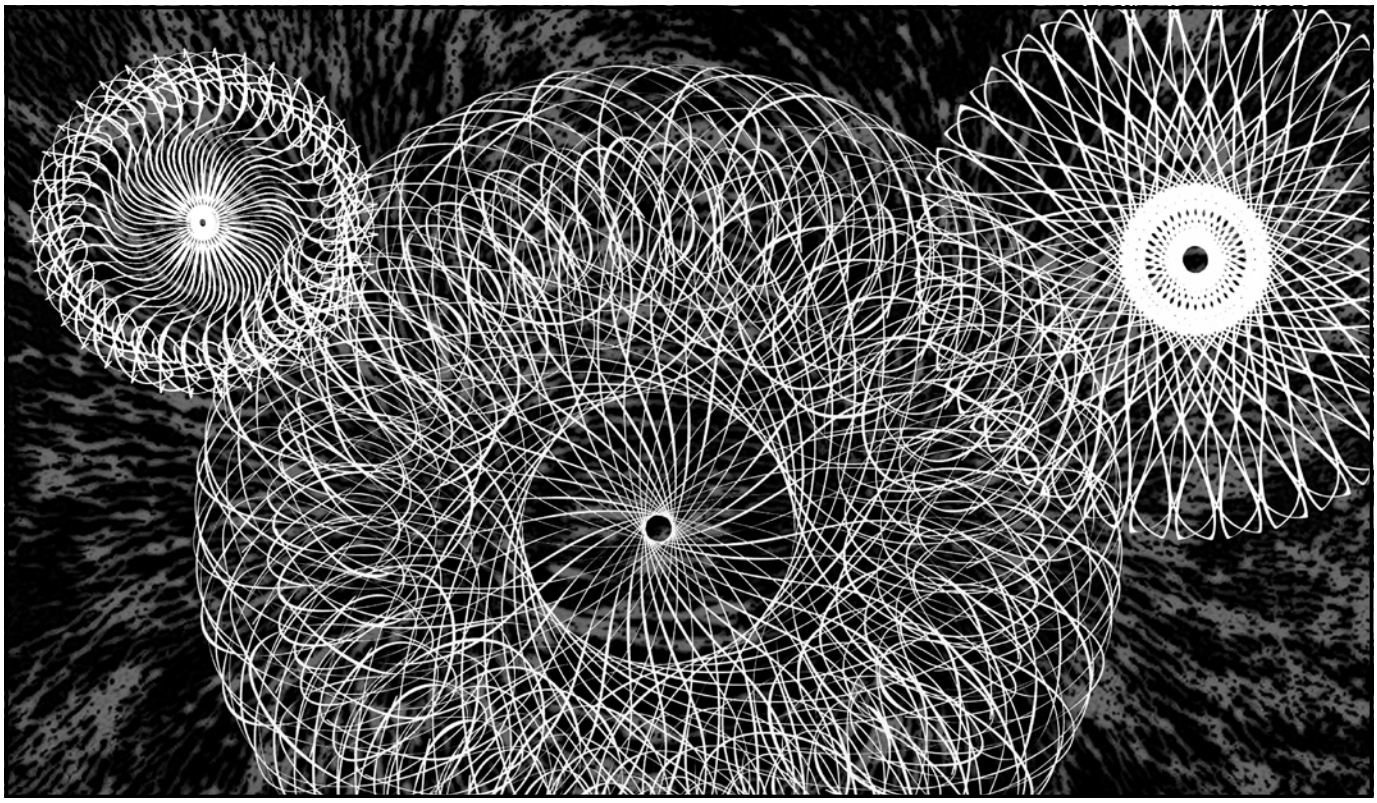
3-5 **See You With The Good Eye:** Shardarshan's Good Eye will *mind link* with the character(s), providing heightened perception and clarity. Good fortune will follow the character(s); movements will be at double rates through sure footing, and any ability checks against Dexterity become unnecessary.

6-8 **Third Eye Blind:** No reaction to the character(s). Qzyma'a simply *teleports* away.

9-11 **Give You The Evil Eye:** Shardarshan's Evil Eye will *mind wipe* the character(s), resulting in immediately short-term memory loss. Character(s) will become disoriented and mistrustful of their surroundings and others, an ability check against Charisma should be rolled to reveal if any internal strife among the party develops.

12 **Cruelty:** Will sense a disturbance by the character(s) in the balance of earthly good vibrations and in an effort to restore equilibrium will immediately use one of his five psionic attack modes against the character(s), the existence of which will be utterly unknown and unexplainable and remain completely indiscernible.

* *See BASIC PSIONICS HANDBOOK.*



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RASELOM • RASOOB • RATACUS GANT • RAVEL-UNRAVEL • RHAN-TEGOTH • ROSARTIA • RUSLIVIA

Raselom *(petty god of fitful and unpleasant rest)*

TITLES: *The Sleeping Bastard*

Patrick Henry Downs
Steve Zieser

SYMBOL:	Closed eyelids on a black field
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	240' (80')
ARMOR CLASS:	–5
HIT PTS. (HD):	81 hp (18 HD); attacks as 18th level fighter
ATTACKS:	1 (touch)
DAMAGE:	Disintegration
SAVE:	C19
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	12,000

Raselom is the petty god of fitful and unpleasant rest. His name is cursed and known to few mortals, but many more have heard of "the Sleeping Bastard," and call upon him to protect against anxiety-ridden sleep, or to bring unrest to their rivals. Raselom is a tall, dark-skinned being, who sleeps angrily and restlessly somewhere in the dark recesses of an underground cavern. It is believed this cavern lies beneath a desert and is virtually impossible to access with any regularity. Raselom is aware of his surroundings while he sleeps (cannot be surprised, even while sleeping), and he will awake and attack anyone who attempts to disturb his rest, but otherwise will ignore anyone's presence unless they begin to make threatening moves. If his body is submerged into water, then he will begin to sleep restfully and will not interrupt his own rest short of being attacked.

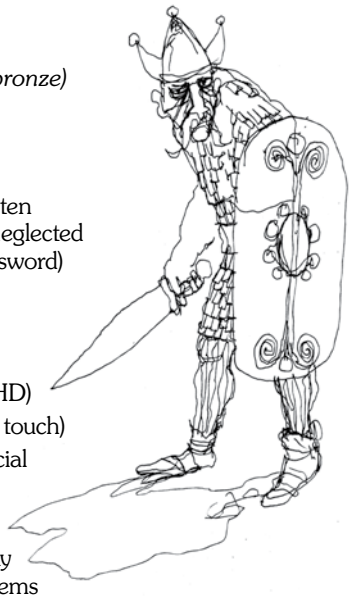
If awakened, Raselom attacks with his bare hands and fights as a fighter of 18th level. His fists will stun any mortal who fails a save vs. petrification, but otherwise will always inflict 1d8+5 damage (this damage can be healed twice as fast or twice as effectively as other damage). Every time Raselom exhales, he may choose to expel (i.e. "give birth to") an air demon (see below) which act as Raselom's eyes and is able to spy in any location to which air can flow. Raselom is able to exhale 1 of these demons per round.

Once per round, Raselom can *curse* a mortal being to be unable to sleep (manifested as neverending insomnia). If the character is not relieved of this *curse* (e.g., through *remove curse*) after a number of days equal to the total of the character's combined Intelligence and Wisdom, the character will be permanently driven insane (specific effects at DM's discretion; removed by *restore mind*). After another number of weeks of not sleeping equal to their Constitution, the character will die from exhaustion (caused by a lack of sleep).

AIR DEMON: AL:chaotic; M:180' (60'); AC:2[+1]; HD:1; AT:1 (automatically inflicts 1 hp damage per attack; no "to hit" roll necessary); ST:M1; ML:10.

Rasoob *(petty god of bronze)*

Erin Palette
Matthew Adams



SYMBOL:	A statue, often broken or neglected (formerly a sword)
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	0
HIT PTS. (HD):	83 hp (10 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (sword or touch)
DAMAGE:	3d6 or special
SAVE:	F10
MORALE:	9
HOARD CLASS:	A miscellany of bronze items (total value of 3d6×1,000gp
XP:	2,300

Pity the fallen god Rasoob.

For centuries, he reigned supreme as a god of warfare, as everything related—weapons, shields, armor, even chariots—was made from bronze. From the lowliest knife to the finest sword, if you wanted a metal tool, it was made from bronze.

Bronze meant war. Bronze meant agriculture. Bronze meant tools. Bronze even meant health, for not only were its users able to feed and defend themselves, but "bronzed" also means "to have a tanned appearance that suggests good health."

Rasoob had it all: power, glory, a thriving priesthood, a seat at the head of the table of the gods. He even had lesser gods who followed along on his coattails—gods of the forge and of the hearth, and even a petty goddess of decorative brass, Lytessa, who got in mostly because brass looked like bronze.

Then the inevitable happened. Just as Rasoob supplanted the gods of flint and obsidian, so too was he supplanted when a mortal discovered the secret of smelting iron. Overnight (as the gods calculate things), he was worthless. Iron shields turned away bronze swords, and bronze breastplates were no match for iron spear-tips. Iron was stronger and lighter than bronze, and its only weakness (vulnerability to rust) was mitigated when the petty god of tin (Rasoob's former shieldbearer) alloyed himself with the god of iron. This is how the word "irony" came about.

These days, Rasoob is but a shadow of his former self. Iron has become steel, and is firmly entrenched within the highest levels of the pantheon, ruling over war, the forge, and tools. All of Rasoob's underlings have forsaken him—even Lytessa. Brass is shinier and more decorative than bronze, and is used in the trumpets that kings and generals love so much. Promoted to the status of lesser goddess and patron of bards, Lytessa now lords over Rasoob in the way he used to lord over her, as bronze has been relegated to the portfolio of Things That Once Were Useful But Now Are Mostly Decorative.

He is also the god of statuaries—motionless idols to past glory, left to the mercy of the elements, and for birds to foul with their droppings. The irony is not lost upon him.

Rasoob may be summoned easily, for he does not have many duties (nor, in fact, many worshipers). He is occasionally called upon by sculptors, but more frequently profaned by serfs cleaning bird filth from old statues. He is far more likely to respond to anyone involved in actively destroying pieces of iron or steel than to those working with bronze.

When summoned, his powers are limited. He can turn mortals into bronze (as *flesh to stone*) and back (as *stone to flesh*), although the frequency and scope of this ability is dubious, due to his waning power. He can, on rare occasions, induce rust in iron objects (1-in-20 chance per attempt). He can also clean and restore bronze objects at will.

Rasoob appears as an old, grizzled soldier with leathery skin and antique bronze armor and weapons. If called, he will gladly throw his avatar into battle for a glorious, suicidal charge (assuming the caller isn't using any hated iron). If iron or steel is present, Rasoob has a chance of entering a berserk state (5% chance per 100 gp weight) and attacking *everyone* until dead.

RELATED ENTRIES: **D)** *Sword of Rasoob.*

Ratacus Gant

(petty rat god of giant rats)
TITLES: *Slayer of Young Delvers;*
Patron of Giant Rats

Erik Tenkar
Gus L.

SYMBOL:	A single copper piece
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	9
HIT PTS. (HD):	2,000 hp (1 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (bite or special)
DAMAGE:	1d30 or special (*flesh to copper*)
SAVE:	M30+
MORALE:	9
HOARD CLASS:	2,000 coppers, assorted jewelry
XP:	2,000

Ratacus Gant, is worshipped by giant rat cabals. Such cabals are always in numbers of nine. Nine is the number, and the number shall be nine. The Cabals of Nine, as they are known, accumulate copper pieces as part of the worship of their god, and when the coinage reaches 2,000 coppers in number (no more, no less) they begin the *rite of summoning*.

The *rite of summoning* of Ratacus Gant requires the giant rats to bury the 2,000 copper coins they have accumulated beneath assorted debris and their own excrement. To complete the ritual requires the blood of a young delver, adventurer, or random humanoid. If the cabal can kill their target within the area of summoning, and the sacrifice's blood mixes with the coppers, debris, and excrement, there is a 9% chance that Ratacus Gant will be summoned.

Ratacus Gant takes on the appearance of a normal giant rat... if "normal" means fur the color of copper and beady, intelligent, red eyes. Ratacus has no special defenses, but is able to absorb so much damage that he is nearly impossible to kill. He is, however, easily distracted by copper pieces, and if copper pieces are thrown in his direction, there is a 9% chance per copper thrown (to a maximum of 10 coppers and 90% chance) for him to be distracted long enough for a party to flee. Ratacus has no normal save against this effect.

As a special attack, Ratacus can cast *flesh to copper*, which in all effects is identical to a *flesh to stone* spell, except that the target is turned to copper. This can be cast at will, once per round.

Ravel/Unravel

(petty god of bad fortune and good fortune)

James Ward
Darcy Perry

SYMBOL:	Knuckle bones of sheep made into a pair of dice
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	Instantaneous
ARMOR CLASS:	–10
HIT PTS. (HD):	120 hp (20 HD)
ATTACKS:	None
DAMAGE:	Incidental
SAVE:	Always makes it
MORALE:	N/A
HOARD CLASS:	Large treasures or no treasure
XP:	10,000

Demi-god of both bad and good fortune, this being changes shape on a whim to move among the creatures of any race. There is much debate over the sex of this being. The current thinking is that Ravel presents a positive and fortunate aspect and appears as a lovely female of the predominate species of the area. While Unravel is the negative aspect of the being and appears as a massively strong male of the predominate species of the area.

One of the most loved and hated demi-deities of the multiverse, Ravel/Unravel wanders the planes looking to provide maximum luck to some worshipers and even handedly providing terrible luck to other worshipers.

Although this deity appears more than any other divine being to its worshipers, there is little known about what attracts or repeals its attention. The only thing known for sure is that Ravel/Unravel's powers can affect all manner of beings, divine or mortal, from the greatest god in the multiverse to the least gnat on the butt of the worst bull in all the planes.

Temples to Ravel/Unravel are either amazing palaces filled with well guarded magical and unmagical treasures of all types or hovels with nothing of value in them at all. Each is visited regularly by the divine being each was built to attract.

Priests of Ravel/Unravel are not allowed to have a choice in the kind of help or harm they provide for worshipers and others. One day they amaze themselves with the helpful magic they can provide. The next day they are horrified as all of their well laid plans go wrong in very destructive ways. Priestly garb is always an expensive robe, half white and half black. Normally the two colors run in stripes up and down the body of the robe. The highest classes of priests have the top half of the robe be white or black depending on their experiences throughout their lives.

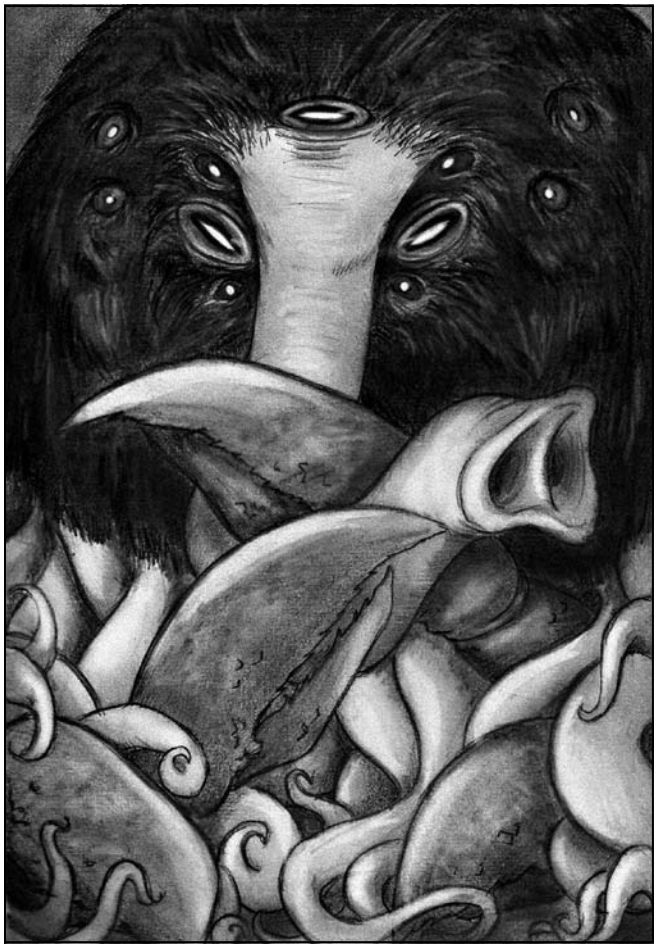
Combat with worshipers of Ravel/Unravel is unusually deadly. Worshipers most often use missile weapons in their battles and very often gunpowder is used, even when the society is not known for its use of the explosive arts.

Rhan-Tegoth

(petty god of madness, yetis, and remorhaz)
TITLES: *Terror of the Hominids; Lord of the Ivory Throne*
AFFILIATIONS: *Cthulhu*

Chris Wellings
Elena Martínez López

SYMBOL:	Wavy lines emanating from a central point
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	60' (20')
ARMOR CLASS:	–2
HIT PTS. (HD):	140 hp (20 HD)
ATTACKS:	10 (tentacles)
DAMAGE:	1d8+blood drain ×10
SAVE:	F20
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	Esoteric magical or bio-technological treasures
XP:	3,250



Rhan-Tegoth, Terror of the Hominids, Lord of the Ivory Throne, combines ape, insect, and octopus in unholy, squirmulous horror. Fine cilia cover his corpulent form, appearing like hair, but each is actually a finely tuned taste receptor. He (it is debatable whether such a thing has a sex, but he is generally referred to as such) is the god of the yetis and remorhaz, dwelling in the far north under the ice. Some human tribes worship him, but he regards them not.

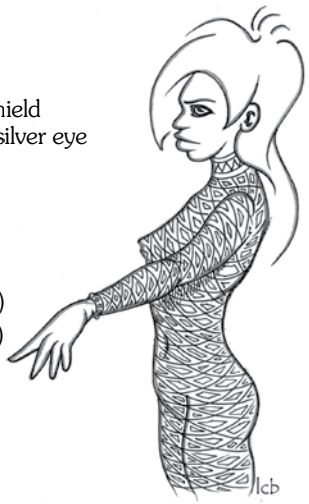
Each of the god's ten main tentacles is 10' long and (on a successful "to hit" roll) drains 1d10 hp per round until removed.

Rhan-Tegoth Reaction Table

2	**Friendly:** Really? Really? This is probably a prelude to a meal... of you!
3	**Indifferent, uninterested:** He probably hasn't noticed you... yet.
4-7	**Neutral:** The god pays as much attention to you as it would an insect.
8-10	**Unfriendly:** Don't make any fast moves; any gnomes will be regarded as particularly tasty.
11-12	**Hostile:** All the terror of the ancient world is here. Rhan-tegoth will also *gate* in 1d6 yetis and 1d3 remorhaz... good luck!

Rosartia *(petty goddess of things long forgotten)*

Shaun Haskins
Liam Brennan



SYMBOL:	An emblem of a shield bearing a stylized silver eye
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
ARMOR CLASS:	6 [+1]
HIT PTS. (HD):	46 hp (10 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (touch or special)
DAMAGE:	Special (see below)
SAVE:	C10
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	XVI, no coins
XP:	1,750

Rosartia is the patron deity of things long forgotten. She lives in a pocket dimension, from which point she coordinates the collection of objects of significance and power (magical items, tomes of magic, etc.) from the points at which they are likely to be lost (e.g., before great cataclysms, wars, other tragedies, etc.). Her sole purpose is to prevent the destruction, mistreatment, and misuse of these objects, and she will only bring them back into the world when she foresees that the time is ripe. She does this by observing mortals from afar and identifying those individuals she believes will be good stewards for the objects, testing them, then bringing those persons to her domain to bestow gifts upon those who have proven themselves worthy.

Rosartia appears as a slender, brown-haired human woman of ancient origins, wearing a grayish-brown robe of indistinct design (underneath which she wears a unitard covered with a design reminiscent of the planes of existence). She is ghostly and only semi-tangible, existing beyond the boundaries of time, and can only be harmed by magical weapons and spells.

She despises violence. If threatened, she will begin by using her *forgetful mist* ability which (on a failed save vs. spell) strips an opponents of the will to fight. Her touch will then render the opponent unconscious (on a failed save vs. paralysis; requires "to hit" roll for unwilling targets). She then strips the opponent of objects of power, and deposits those items far from their point of origin. She refers to this as "teaching them a lesson."

As Rosartia values equanimity, knowledge, and the safeguarding of things of magic above all else, unusual factors will influence her attitude toward the party.

Rosartia Reaction Table

+1 for each cleric of a non-neutral deity present; -1 for each powerful magic item (e.g., +2 weapon/armor or object of wonder; does not include scrolls, potions, or wands) which is possessed and well-treated by the party (she will watch any prospective guardians in advance to see how well they treat artifacts in their care).

2-4	**Friendly/Helpful**
5-7	**Indifferent/Uninterested**
8-10	**Neutral/Uncertain**
11	**Unfriendly/May Attack**
12	**Hostile/Attacks**

Ruslivia

(petty god of time wasters, entertainers, and orderly amusements)
TITLES: *The Separator of Fools and Money*
AFFILIATIONS: *The Mearra*

Eric Fabiaschi
Scott Faulkner

SYMBOL:	A gambling wheel and an hourglass
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful (Chaotic)*
MOVEMENT:	150' (50')
ARMOR CLASS:	2
HIT PTS. (HD):	80 hp (16 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (fists or special)
DAMAGE:	8d6 or special
SAVE:	M16
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	XVII + 5,000gp
XP:	3,300

The sands of time are always running out, and it is the duty of this god to keep those sands moving as smoothly, mechanically, and efficiently as possible. He is the god responsible for the mechanics of time, but he is also the god of the mechanics of gaming—the patron of time wasters, entertainers, and orderly amusements. He is the inventor of the most ingenious amusements of the gods. He is also the grease on the wheels of gamblers, helping people waste away the moments of their lives, all the while filling the coffers of his worshippers with the moneys of such fools. He is the agent of the Family of Inevitability who searches the cosmos for the moves people make before they even know they've made them. He is drawn by the scent of chaos.

This little gray man in white is a chameleon of the first order, able to *polymorph self* at will, blending in easily among the patrons of any seedy establishment. He moves among them, shifting through the crowds with the speed of a well-oiled machine. Should anyone be foolish enough to confront him, he will strike with his fists, doing a devastating 8d6 points of damage (on a successful "to hit" roll). He may also use a *symbol of insanity* and a *symbol of hopelessness* (as magic-user spells) three times per day each.

Four times per day, Ruslivia is able to instantly create 1d4 games of chance, causing a party to erupt around him (all in 300-yard radius must save vs. spell or join the group for 2d6 turns). Once per day, Ruslivia may attempt to *gate* in another family member with a 50% chance of success. He may, instead, attempt to *gate* in a non-relative god or goddess that owes him a favor, with a 10% chance of doing so.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Arvirive, Avirgiri, Glaria, the Mearra, Merramorina, Micicara, Nardrea, Sertetti, Termarr, Tsrura.*

** Please see the entry in this section for the Mearra for information regarding their alignment.*

SA'HWO • SAINT BIRITUS • SAINT GÜNTER • SAINT VINERIA • SANT BROTHERS • SATRUM • SCREBBLO • SEPPOPHIS • SESHATI PYHATIA • SERNIS • SERTETTI • SILVARNO • SKAAL • SOMNAU • SORGA • SOUSROGA • SOVEREIGN BASTARD • SYIZARKHOG

Sa'hwo

(petty clam god of secrets revealed)
TITLES: *Sa'hwo-who-sees*

Anthony Pastores
Rom Brown

SYMBOL:	An eyeball gripped in a clamshell
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	30' (10') crawling or burrowing
ARMOR CLASS:	–2 (6 when surprised)
HIT PTS. (HD):	60 hp (10 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (bite or special)
DAMAGE:	2d6
SAVE:	M19
MORALE:	6
HOARD CLASS:	XI×4
XP:	1,700

The clams have eyes and ears, though they rarely display them where any might see. They observe all the secrets of the waterfront: the smuggling, the stealing, the sex. Each is a small, petty thing on its own. But the clams can speak too, if one knows how to listen to the brine. And they report to a master.

Sa'hwo-who-sees is the clam god and the spoiler of secrets who digs in society's muck and spews forth what is found there, savoring only the choicest bits, that they may harden to precious pearl. He hears the whispers from all his subjects—the clams, mussels, oysters, and scallops—and is even said to see though their eyes.

The initiates of Sa'hwo, a poorly organized gaggle of sodden fisherfolk, can be found walking the beaches, bending down from time to time to allow one of his lesser kin to spit hidden truths into their ears. They frequently confer among themselves in torrents of rapid whispers as well as the occasional snicker. They do decent business as information brokers and petty blackmailers, but for the best information one must visit Sa'hwo himself.

Sa'hwo is found in his temple, a sandy tunnel beneath the docks that his devotees must excavate anew with each tide. There one may approach the god—a giant clam (10' across) whose shell holds back a massive eye. He is normally inert, listening; but if one is willing to caress the eye and whisper it a secret of an improper or illicit nature, they may then ask a question, allowing a reaction roll on the table below. Note that though his actual knowledge is limited to what is seen by his subjects or told to him directly, Sa'hwo is perfectly willing to speculate on much more.

In combat Sa'hwo attacks by clamping down on enemies with his shell. He may also spit jets of water with enough force to knock most creatures prone (save vs. breath) to a range of 60', hitting up to 1d6 creatures if grouped together. Should he be killed, Sa'hwo's eye retains power in the hands of magic-users and clerics (treat as a *crystal ball* with *clairaudience* that must center on a bivalve; additionally allows one to *commune* with such creatures as per the spell *speak with animals*).

Sa'hwo-who-ses Reaction Table

2-3	**Pleased:** Sa'hwo answers the petitioner's question authoritatively, regardless of whether or not he actually knows the answer.
4-5	**Satisfied:** Sa'hwo points to the answer, but does not provide it. The name of a further contact is given, as well as a rumor about them.
6-8	**Unimpressed:** Sa'hwo says nothing.
9-10	**Devious:** More grist must be fed into the mill before an answer can be given. A rumor related to the question must be spread (or created) where Sa'hwo can hear of it.
11-12	**Malicious:** A blatant falsehood is bestowed (one that fits with few facts but with many assumptions).

Saint Biritus *(petty god of drunkards)*

TITLES: *Patron Saint of Drunkards*

Igor Vinicius Sartorato
Matt Stretch

SYMBOL:	An overflowing mug
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
ARMOR CLASS:	9
HIT PTS. (HD):	37 hp (6 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (mug or broken bottle)
DAMAGE:	1d4+1
SAVE:	F6
MORALE:	11
HOARD CLASS:	I, IX
XP:	600

Saint Biritus is a servant of Manguaça, petty goddess of the alcoholic stupor (qv). Biritus was once a human man, a faithful follower of Manguaça, and an unrecoverable drunk. At his death, he was welcomed by the goddess and turned into patron saint of the drunkards.

His appearance is that of a middle-aged man with a protruding belly and a face swollen and red from drinking too much. He always speaks in a confusing manner and with the pronunciation typical of a drunk man, and moves in a staggered manner.

It is a common custom among heavy drinkers pour a bit of drink of the cup on the floor before drinking, and offer it to Biritus saying "for the Saint." If someone drinks often without the proper offering to St. Biritus, there is a 1-in-20 chance that Saint Biritus will appears to the drinker and curse him in a manner similar to *Manguaça's curse*.

He appears only to drunkards, and it's common for Manguaça to send him to drunken women to give them his blessing. In combat he is not a big threat, but possesses drunken courage.

Saint Biritus Reaction Table

Use Constitution instead of Charisma for modifier

2	**Friendly:** Offers a drink which acts as a *potion of extra-healing* and *super-heroism* at same time.
3-5	**Indifferent:** Bestows the *blessing of Manguaça* if a few drinks are paid to him
6-8	**Neutral:** Invites to drink with him.
9-11	**Unfriendly:** Offers a drink which acts as a *philter of love* (St. Biritus is never the first person to be seen).
12	**Hostile:** Requires a drink or bestows *Manguaça's curse*.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Manguaça*.

Saint Günter *(petty god of osmotic knowledge and illiteracy)*

Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

SYMBOL:	A blue lotus
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	8
HIT PTS. (HD):	55 hp (12 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 spell (from scroll; see below) or *charm*
DAMAGE:	By spell or *charm*
SAVE:	C12
MORALE:	6
HOARD CLASS:	None (gives everything to the poor/needy)
XP:	2,400

It is told that Saint Günter began life as a normal human deficient in ordinary learning; he was unable to read or write. However, due to his great devotion to his deity, he was granted the gift of osmotic knowledge, and was raised to petty god status.

Though he remains unable to read or write, the speech of Saint Günter is so powerful he is able to *charm* (as *charm person*), regardless of the languages known or spoken by anyone within hearing range. Any individual who speaks common also suffers two additional penalties: 1) their saving throw (vs. spell) is made with a –1 penalty, and 2) their opportunity to make additional saving throws (should the first one fail) are made against Saint Günter's *charm* ability as if the creature's Intelligence is 1d4 lower than normal.

Saint Günter can cast any spell from a scroll simply by "understanding" the words on the scroll. As such, any scroll possessed by him is not actually read (in the traditional sense) and remains unused and is, therefore, usable again and again by him (though the scroll will be used if it is read by any other spellcaster, becoming useless to Günter). Günter will usually have upon his person 3d8 scrolls, most often bearing cleric or *protection* spells.

Saint Günter Reaction Table

Ignore Charisma modifiers; +1 for each illiterate party member.

2	**Friendly:** Imparts an important piece of knowledge and grants 1 scroll.
3-5	**Indifferent:** Imparts an important piece of knowledge.
6-8	**Neutral:** Imparts an important piece of knowledge if a monetary offering is made (which he will, in turn, give to the poor).
9-11	**Unfriendly:** Will depart unless an offering is made (which he will, in turn, give to the poor). If offering is made, re-roll on this table with a –3 modifier bonus.
12	**Hostile:** Departs immediately.

Saint Vineria *(petty goddess of eyes)*

TITLES: *St. Vineria of the Eyes; Patron Saint of Eyes*

Fr. David Eynon
Fr. David Eynon

SYMBOL:	A bowl with a pair of *eyes* inside it
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	150' (50')
ARMOR CLASS:	0
HIT PTS. (HD):	77 hp (17 HD)
ATTACKS:	Special
DAMAGE:	Special
SAVE:	C18
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	9,000

St. Vineria of the Eyes, Patron Saint of Eyes, appears as a blind beggar woman holding a bronze bowl with a pair of *eyes* carved on the inside. Those who willingly give alms by placing coins into the bowl are granted one of the effects for the next 24 hours determined by rolling 1d6 on the table below:

1 *locate object*	4 *infravision*
2 *detect invisible*	5 *arcane eye*
3 *find traps*	6 *true seeing*

Those who hit St. Vineria in combat must save vs. spell at –4 or suffer the effects of *cause blindness*. Those St. Vineria hits in combat take no damage but are afflicted with a *quest* spell (no save). They must locate and return something that a stranger has lost. Those who refuse to undertake this quest are blinded, or otherwise inflicted with some kind of incurable *eye* disease. Sometimes, when St. Vineria finds a truly kind soul, she is known to give the gift of a *bowl of the eyes*.

RELATED ENTRIES: **D)** *Bowl of the Eyes*.

Sant Brothers

TEILO SANT: *(petty god of providence)*
DEWI SANT: *(petty god of salvation)*
ILTUD SANT: *(petty god of triumph over evil)*

Geoffrey McKinney*
Stefan Poag

	Teilo	***Dewi***	***Iltud***
SYMBOL:	A golden bell	Sapphirus	Crystal chalice
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful	Lawful	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')	120' (40')	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	9 (see below)	9 (see below)	9 (see below)
HIT PTS. (HD):	40 hp (17 HD)	47 hp (17 HD)	48 hp (17 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (weapon)	1 (weapon)	1 (weapon)
DAMAGE:	By weapon	By weapon	By weapon
SAVE:	C17	C17	C17
MORALE:	12	12	12
HOARD CLASS:	None	None	None
XP:	3,100	3,100	3,100

These three men devotedly serve the Great King of Mharadwys. Iltud is a hale old man with a white beard, while Teilo and Dewi are bearded men in the prime of life. Iltud is garbed in a robe of rich purple, Teilo in a robe the color of the sun, and Dewi in a robe the color of the sea. When all three are within 10' of each other, their robes turn the color of blood. They usually travel with few possessions (but this is left to the DM's) discretion. Teilo, when encountered alone, often rides upon a mighty stag (as riding horse with 16 hp, but can also attack with antlers (1d8 damage; in lieu of hooves)). There is only a 10% chance all three brothers will appear together.

Undead permanently return to a state of natural death if within 50' of any of the three. Infernal beings flee if within 50'. The three are immune to weaponry, magical or mundane, but they are susceptible to magic-user spells and spells cast by chaotic clerics.

Teilo Sant bears a *golden bell*. If he rings it, all within 49 yards are *healed* of all their physical infirmities (wounds, blindness, maiming, etc.), though natural aging is unaffected.

Dewi Sant bears the *Sapphirus*, which looks like a tabletop made of solid light, blue with rivers of silver and gold flowing through it, and pools within as though violets had been poured in it. Any evil being within 100' is blinded and driven back by the coruscations of the *Sapphirus* (no saving throw). The blindness lasts 1 turn.

Iltud Sant bears a *crystal chalice* like a red rose on fire, brimming with resplendent blood. Any good and lawful being anointed with a drop from the chalice is delivered from any *curse*, *geas*, *quest*, unnatural aging, energy drain, ability drain, magical *fear*, *feeblemind*, etc. Physical ailments (wounds, blindness, maiming, etc.) are not affected.

If the magic item of any of the three is touched by another, it instantly appears in its owner's hands.

If any of the three is slain, his spirit flies to Mharadwys and becomes more powerful than before. His magic item will vanish.

Each of the three has built of sawn oak a little church dedicated to the Great King of Mharadwys. Any good and lawful cleric who travels to one of the churches in a spirit of reverence has a 10% chance of being granted a boon.

CHURCH OF TEILO SANT: The next time the cleric is subject to a level-draining attack, he is immune.

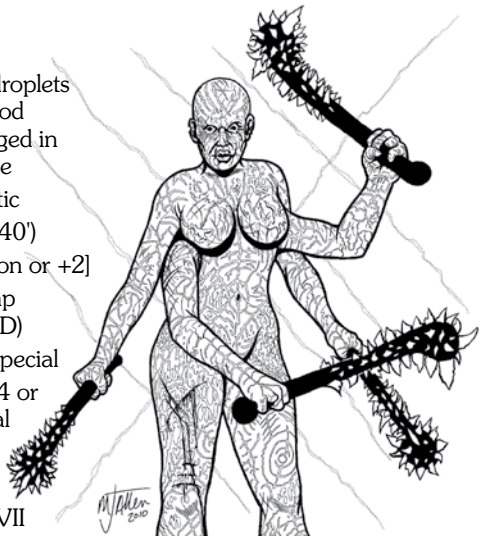
CHURCH OF DEWI SANT: Each day for a week, a small river fish appears for the cleric and for each of his lawful companions. No food or drink is necessary for the whole day once the fish is eaten. If not consumed within 1 hour, it spoils. The cleric chooses when the week begins.

CHURCH OF ILTUD SANT: In any one combat of the cleric's choice, he can use any weapon (as a fighter) and attacks as though he were a fighter of the same level.

** Teilo Sant, Dewi Sant, and Iltud Sant are inspired by "The Great Return," a short story by Arthur Machen, who (along with Algernon Blackwood, Lord Dunsany, and M. R. James) was one of H. P. Lovecraft's four favorite writers. Lovecraft regarded Machen's "The White People" as the second finest weird tale ever penned, excelled only by Algernon Blackwood's "The Willows."*

Satrum *(petty goddess of bloodletting)*

Dan Proctor
Mark Allen



SYMBOL:	Five droplets of blood arranged in a circle
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	–3 [iron or +2]
HIT PTS. (HD):	105 hp (21 HD)
ATTACKS:	4 or special
DAMAGE:	2d6×4 or special
SAVE:	F21
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	IX, XVII
XP:	19,000

Satrum is the goddess of bloodletting, and is often worshipped by those skilled in the art of torture. She takes the form of a four-armed human woman, hairless and horribly scarred from head to toe. Each of her four arms wields wooden clubs adorned with hooks and razor-like projections. Each round, Satrum can attack with all four arms, doing 2d6 hp damage per hit. Her weapons deal hideous blows that render flesh, and any target struck will bleed for an additional 1d6 hp damage per round until either *cure serious wounds*, *cure critical wounds*, or *heal* is cast upon the victim. Otherwise, the victim continues to bleed until death occurs. In addition, when a victim has suffered four or more blows in an encounter, he must save vs. paralysis or become wracked with pain (stunned) for 3d4 rounds.

Satrum is a sadistic goddess. She prefers to take her time hurting an opponent unless she is at a disadvantage. She may only be harmed with iron weapons or weapons of +2 or better. She regenerates 2d6 hp per round, leaving terrible scars wherever she has been injured. Worshippers of Satrum are sometimes gifted with pints of her blood; when quaffed, one pint of her blood heals 3d10 damage, and additionally acts as a *cure disease* spell, but leaves permanent scars where there were wounds.

At any given time, Satrum will have 4d4 blood creatures with her. These creatures are animated from her own blood and take the form of small vermin (e.g., bats, rats, snakes, toads, etc.).

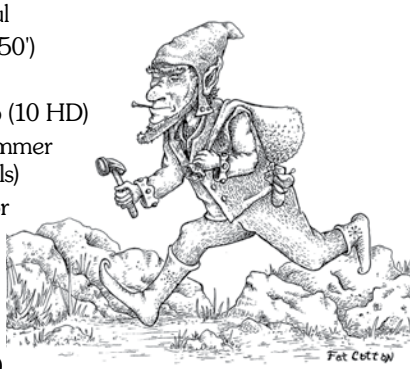
BLOOD CREATURES: AL:chaotic; M:120' (40')fly, walk, slither, etc.; AC:2; HD:3; AT:1 (1d6); ST:F3; ML:12.

Satrum Reaction Table

2	**Intrigued:** Offers the characters her blood in exchange for worship.
3-5	**Amused:** Proposes to ritually scar the characters (instead of kill them).
6-8	**Uninterested:** Will attack the characters in 2d6 rounds if they do not leave her presence.
9-11	**Annoyed:** Will attack the characters in 2d4 rounds if they do not leave her presence.
12	**Angry:** Will immediately attack the characters.

Screbblo *(petty god of cobblers and quality footwear)*

Craig Schwarze
Fat Cotton



SYMBOL:	Upside down boot
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	150' (50')
ARMOR CLASS:	2
HIT PTS. (HD):	58 hp (10 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (hammer or nails)
DAMAGE:	2d8 or 1d8
SAVE:	F10
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	XV
XP:	3,400

Screbblo appears as a small, finely dressed gnome, with a cobbler's hammer in one hand and a pouch of boot nails slung over his shoulder. He wanders from town to town, entering cobbler's shops at night to complete and improve their work. He dislikes violence and will always flee if threatened. If forced to fight, he will attack with either his hammer, or by throwing a fistful of boot nails. He has the power to make any footwear fall apart at will, and if this happens, the wearer must save vs. death or trip and fall down. It is said that Screbblo has a secret hideaway in the mountains, containing a magic workshop and the finest collection of boots and shoes in the multiverse. His own boots are exceedingly beautiful, and are enchanted with every magic power ever devised for footwear.

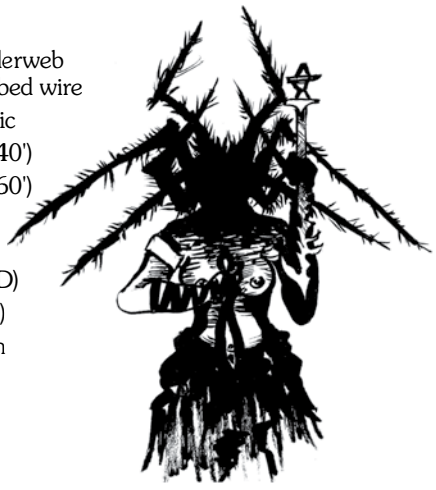
Screbblo Reaction Table

2-3	**Friendly**
4-5	**Plays a trick**
6-12	**Hides**

Seppophis

(petty goddess of snares, entanglements, webs, and spiders)
TITLES: *Seppophis the Huntress;*
Mistress of Snares and Entanglements

Jeremy Duncan
Jeremy Duncan



SYMBOL:	A spiderweb of barbed wire
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
IN WEB:	180' (60')
ARMOR CLASS:	4
HIT PTS. (HD):	61 hp (12 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (bite)
DAMAGE:	Poison
SAVE:	F12
MORALE:	8
HOARD CLASS:	XV
XP:	2,700

Seppophis the Huntress, the Mistress of Snares and Entanglements, is the patroness of all who earn their living by pursuit and evasion, by enticement and sudden surprises. She is usually depicted with the body of a nubile dancing girl holding aloft a length of rope and a dripping, barbed javelin. In place of her head is a mass of long spider's legs, extending in an irregular nimbus past her shoulders. When Seppophis deigns to take human form, it is either in the guise of a slim, dark-haired girl, smelling faintly of cloves and cinnamon, or of a gaunt, silver-haired matriarch of no known family line. She is attracted to scenes of intrigue and hopeless entrapment.

Thieves and other scofflaws on the run attempt to propitiate her with substitute sacrifices (she is believed to be partial to trapped, but uninjured flies) while watchmen, bounty-hunters, and frustrated revengers hope to secure her blessing as they pursue their quarry. Brigands and pirates offer prayers and sacrifices for wealthy, unguarded victims. Prostitutes, jewelers, and perfumers give her reverence, as do all manner of mountebanks and swindlers.

Every year, in Galbaruc, an elaborate ceremony takes place on the Street of Crushed Petals in which a fantastically costumed and masked troupe of stolid, upright citizens and officials representing Law square off against their opposite number, representing Chaos. Through a series of competitive dances, recitations, songs, and feats of strength and cunning, two opposing champions are chosen—suitors to the goddess, and these are led in a winding parade to the outskirts of the city, to the cave believed to be the entrance to Seppophis' lair. Both champions enter the cave, though only one will emerge in the morning, maddened and screaming. The other has been taken as the Consort of Seppophis, and is never seen again. His faction will enjoy a bonus to all activities relating to their trade for the remainder of the year.

Seshati Pyhatia

(petty goddess of scholarly pursuits)
TITLES: *Protector of Female Scholars*

Null Null
Zak Smith

SYMBOL:	A book covering a hand mirror
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
ARMOR CLASS:	–2 [+3]
HIT PTS. (HD):	99 hp (22 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (+5 quarterstaff or spell)
DAMAGE:	1d6+5 plus feeblemind or by spell
SAVE:	M14
MORALE:	7
HOARD CLASS:	VIII×10
XP:	8,000

The goddess of female scholars appears as a woman dressed in scholarly clothing inappropriate to the onlooker's culture (an inhabitant of an ancient/medieval world might see a woman in a lab coat wearing spectacles, whereas one from a more technologically advanced one would see a woman dressed as a wizardress). She will always have a distracted look on her face and look attractive but disheveled. If a female cleric or mage delivers an offering to her of a book containing an original contribution to human knowledge, that character will be promoted one level. Attempts to deceive the goddess (plagiarism, dressing in drag) will result in a *feeblemind* spell cast on the offender which can only be removed by a cleric of the 13th level of higher.

While she prefers scholarly pursuits to combat, she can nonetheless defend herself. She is always seen carrying a large book which holds every mage and cleric spell in it, which she may cast at will. If she feels the need for physical combat, she can produce a *quarterstaff +5* which causes *feeblemind* on a successful "to hit" roll (no save); other intelligent creatures will become so stupid they forget their combat skills as well; constructs and other unintelligent creatures will be unaffected, so she will prefer to simply *teleport* away.

It requires a +3 or better weapon to harm Seshati, and she is immune to all mind-affecting spells.

Seshati Pyhatia Reaction Table

Roll 1d6 instead of 2d6.

Any female cleric or mage whose Intelligence exceeds her Charisma subtracts 1; any female whose Charisma exceeds her Intelligence adds 1. Ignore other modifiers.

1	**Fascinated**	4	**Indifferent**
2	**Curious**	5	**Distracted**
3	**Friendly**	6	**Peeved**

Sernis *(petty god of secrets and whispers)*

CULT: *Society of the Serpent*

Josh Graboff
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

SYMBOL:	A black cloak
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	–4
HIT PTS. (HD):	100 hp (20 HD)
ATTACKS:	2 (*Blade of Whispers/Blade of Shadows*)
DAMAGE:	1d6+5, (*Blade of Whispers*)/ 1d4+5 + poison (*Blade of Shadows*)
SAVE:	M25
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	XV, XVI, XVII
XP:	60,000

Sernis was once a spirit-servant of Sarnon the Weaver, but he won his freedom by manipulating that ancient deity and slipping away unseen into the world. He is a mysterious and secretive god, normally appearing as a man with no tongue or with a gash across his throat that prevents him from speaking above a whisper.

His power over secrets means that in worship, the devoted whisper to his altars a single secret in hopes they will learn one in return. It is said that Sernis knows every secret spoken in the presence of his icons, altars, or priests. As is befitting a god of

this nature, his clerics and temples are occulted, and those who do worship him often pretend to worship some other god or gods in public places, reserving their true rites for when they are alone.

The worship of Sernis is not outlawed anywhere, though it is extremely suspect.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Glyrea, Insitor;* **C)** *Society of the Serpent.*

Sertetti

(petty god of knives, scalpels, and methodical serial killers)
TITLES: *The God of Knives; The God of Scalpels*
AFFILIATIONS: *The Mearra*

Eric Fabiaschi
Scott Faulkner

SYMBOL:	A scalpel and an hourglass
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful (Chaotic)*
MOVEMENT:	150' (50')
ARMOR CLASS:	2
HIT PTS. (HD):	90 hp (18 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (fists or blade)
DAMAGE:	8d6 or special
SAVE:	F18
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	XVII + 5,000gp
XP:	4,250

Time is an arrow of Law, and Sertetti is the petty god of scalpels—the sharp edge that cuts away time's older moments. He is the methodical healer of infections (or at least this is how he sees himself). In truth, this god is a methodical killer, moving among the moments of the Prime Plane, trimming away the infection of chaos where he finds it. He disposes of the old images of people, animals, and places after time has passed them by.

Sertetti is aided in his duties with a *vaporous scalpel of sharpness* (as *sword of sharpness*) named *Time's Tears*. The misty blade changes shape with this mad god's ever-morphous whims. He is, however, orderly in his madness, and plans to the exact second when and how his prey will be struck down. Should an operation not go as planned, he will fly into a rage and strike with his fists for 8d6 points of damage.

He often keeps trophies from his prey. Magic items, artifacts, random items, and even people are kept within the halls of his gallery. Upon the Prime Plane, he passes himself off as a lawful cleric, often with the cooperation of his parents' worshipers (who, though lawful, view him as a necessary evil). His worshipers are often healers, murderers, and knife makers. He likes to test them in a death maze known as the Cavern of Blades. Those who fail are fed to a vicious trio of massive dire wolves known as the Children of Sertetti (HD:8+8; fight and save as 8HD monsters).

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Arvirive, Avirgiri, Glaria, the Mearra, Merramorina, Micicara, Nardrea, Ruslivia, Termarr, Tsrura.*

** Please see the entry in this section for the Mearra for information regarding their alignment.*

Silvarno

(petty god of late submissions and missed deadlines)

Patrick Wetmore
Jason Sholtis

SYMBOL:	Image of man clutching a manuscript, and banging on closed door
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	180' (60')
ARMOR CLASS:	2
HIT PTS. (HD):	36 hp (8 HD)
ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE:	1d8
SAVE:	M8
MORALE:	7
HOARD CLASS:	See below
XP:	1,060

Silvarno is the god of late submissions and missed deadlines. He is prayed to by authors suffering writers block, or otherwise facing approaching deadlines with nothing but blank sheets of paper in hand. He appears as a thin figure in an ink-stained frock coat, with crumpled papers emerging from every pocket, clutching partially-finished manuscripts. Should the papers be examined closely (which would most likely involve slaying the god, as he will never relinquish them to any but Maliscus, the god of implacable editors), they will be found to include startling profound ideas that would undoubtedly redefine the relationship of man, demihuman, and god, if only they were completed in a timely fashion.

In combat, Silvarno attacks with a sheaf of papers, causing 1d8 points of damage due to paper cuts. Anyone struck must also save vs. spell or suffer the effects of a *slow* spell. Each round,

Silvarno must make a morale check, or decide he doesn't have time for combat with all the deadlines, and runs away as quickly as possible.

Silvarno Reaction Table

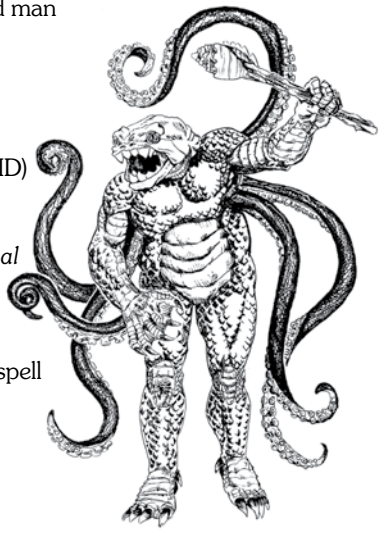
Modify by Wisdom rather than Charisma.

2	Silvarno breathes a sigh of relief, mistaking the mortal for an editor, and hands him a scroll with 2d6 spells (appropriate to the character's class if a spell caster, randomly chosen otherwise).
3-5	Silvarno asks the character to proof-read one of his latest manuscripts. The manuscript is pure genius, and the reader's Intelligence is increased by 1d4 points for the next 24 hours, until he realizes the fatal flaw in Silvarno's thesis.
6-8	Silvarno has no time to chat, he's got deadlines to meet.
9-11	Silvarno blames the party for his being late, and curses them. They will be late for the next 1d6 appointments they try to keep.
12	Silvarno is furious at all these interruptions, and attacks!

Skaal *(petty god of fish out of water)*

Charles Turnitsa
Timothy Schaefer

SYMBOL:	A fish-headed man
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	180' (60') walk or swim
ARMOR CLASS:	–3
HIT PTS. (HD):	100 hp (10 HD)
ATTACKS:	7 (6 tentacles plus 1 *Wand of Skaal* or 1 spell)
DAMAGE:	1d6+3 (per tentacle)/1d6 (wand) or by spell
SAVE:	F12
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	XV
XP:	8,200



Skaal is the god of fish out of water. He is often found at the heart of cults worshipping fish-men (see below), and other aquatic beings, that have been forced (through sorcery or other means) to make their way on land, amongst men. Skaal appears as a large, thick, fish-headed man (approximately 15' tall), with two human arms and 6 tentacles.

Skaal is often encountered at obscure locations that his cult worshippers will frequent, and will appear to destroy the enemies of his followers. In addition to Skaal himself, he will often be encountered with 2-12 fish headed minions of Skaal, and 1-3 octopus headed abominations of Skaal.

In combat, Skaall's 6 tentacles can strike in all directions, with +3 "to hit" and damage bonuses (due to his massive form). In addition to these tentacle attacks, Skaal is able simultaneously use his human hands (to either cast a spell or make a wand attack). Skaal's artifact, the *Wand of Skaal*, appears as a large (6'-long) wand, covered in barnacles and shells, topped with an enormous conch shell. The wand has the abilities of a *staff of wizardry*, except that it is limited to summoning *water elementals* (his preferred use of the staff). Skaal knows all magic-user spells up to the 3rd level, and can cast any at will (as a 6th level magic-user), but due to his difficulty in focusing on land creatures, there is only a 50% chance of the spell being cast properly under such conditions (on land vs. non-aquatic creatures). Mortals slain by Skaal are immediately reborn as minions of Skaal (see ***Minions, Knights, & Servitors*** section).

In lieu of making any attack at all, Skaal can sing the song of his people. If he does this, he immediately rolls on the following table to see what creature he summons to fight for him:

1	1d3 minions of Skaal
2	1 abomination of Skaal
3	1 blue pudding (aquatic version black pudding)
4	2d4 piranhahawks (flying versions of giant piranha)
5	1 feeding ball (swarming school of hungry carnivorous fish; treat as 10'×30' insect swarm)
6	1d3 giant crabs

CULTS OF SKAAL: The typical cult of Skaal is often organized by an evil high priest (level 7-10) that has some tie to the ocean or other major water ways, and that has a desire to venerate this damned master of the abominable creatures removed from the briny deeps to haunt the nightmares of those on dry land. Along with the evil high priest, there will often be 6-12 lesser priests (level 4-6) and bands of lesser followers (thieves and fighters, levels 1-3) numbering between 50 and 100 (1d6+4 × 10).

Related Entries: **M)** *Abomination of Skaal*, *Minion of Skaal*.

Somnau *(petty god of forgotten injuries)*

Andrew Brandstad
Mark Allen

SYMBOL:	An iron rod, partially wrapped in white linen bandages
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
ARMOR CLASS:	0
HIT PTS. (HD):	77 hp (17 HD)
ATTACKS:	2 (1 rod/ 1 touch)
DAMAGE:	1d6+1/1d6
SAVE:	F16
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	XV, XVII
XP:	7,250

Some wounds heal completely, leaving no trace of scarring, but not to the eyes of Somnau, petty god of forgotten injuries. Somnau teaches that mortals should be thankful for those wounds that have healed with no lingering effects and should

never forget the lessons of failure. Mortals who don't learn from their mistakes and forget the injuries they suffered in the past risk drawing Somnau's wrath.

Somnau appears as a gaunt old man in a wide-brimmed hat. He is scarecrow thin and marked with hundreds of small lacerations and bruises. In his left hand, Somnau carries an iron rod, which he wields with deadly effect despite his frail appearance.

In addition to attacking with his rod, Somnau also attacks by magically transferring some of his own injuries onto his opponent's body via a successful touch attack. Armor is little help against this attack (treat the target as unarmored, although magical armor still adds its "+" bonus). Each successful touch inflicts 1d6 damage to the target and heals an equal amount of Somnau's hit points. Alternately, Somnau can use his touch to heal others. Up to a maximum of 4 times a day, Somnau can touch a single target to heal all but 1d4 damage and end all adverse conditions (this functions exactly like a *heal* spell).

Any damage Somnau inflicts leaves lasting wounds that heal much slower than normal. It takes three full days of rest to restore 1 hp damage caused by Somnau's hand or rod, and magical healing is only half as effective as normal.

Somnau Reaction Table

Use Wisdom instead of Charisma for modifier.

2	**Friendly:** Provides a *healing touch* for up to 1d4 targets.
3-5	**Indifferent:** Lectures targets about forgotten wounds and the importance of not repeating past mistakes.
6-8	**Neutral:** Questions targets about past injuries and the lessons they learned.
9-11	**Unfriendly:** Demands targets accept a damaging touch as a "penance"; reacts with hostility to those who refuse.
12	**Hostile:** Attacks to wound but not kill, intending to inflict grievous injuries that serve as lessons to the victims.

Sorga

(petty godlings of the elements of sorrow and despair)
DAKRY: *petty goddess of tears*
SICAN: *petty goddess of sighs*
TARCHANNA: *petty goddess of death's infinite darkness*

Will Arnold
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

	Dakry	***Sican***	***Tarchanna***
SYMBOL:	Prism	Blindfold	Black disc
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful	Neutral	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	60' (20')	90' (30')	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	2	0	–3
HIT PTS. (HD):	40 hp (5 HD)	80 hp (10 HD)	120 hp (15 HD)
ATTACKS:	— 1 (weapon or spell) —		
DAMAGE:	— by weapon or spell —		
SAVE:	M6	F10	C17
MORALE:	12	12	12
HOARD CLASS:	XIV	XVII	XVI
XP:	1,200	3,600	10,800

The Sorga represent the three elements of sorrow and despair.

Dakry, the eldest, appears as a crone; those who have seen her describe an almost genderless being on the cusp of mummification. Upon her forehead rests a diadem with a strange gem that radiates the colors of the rainbow; these are the tears of those who call upon her name. Around her narrow waist she carries keys to all known locks; the better to steal into the bedchambers of the sleepless to torment them with images of what has been lost. Tears are her domain. In combat, she casts spells as a 13th level magic-user, primarily spells that involve illusions.

Sican, the mother, presents with a dark turban wrapped around her head which hides her eyes. She wears a long robe covering a body on the cusp of menopause, heavy-breasted and wide-hipped. Around her waist she carries a key which fits no lock. She walks among the forlorn and resigned; their sighs are her domain. In combat, she casts spells as a 15th level magic-user, primarily with spells that enchant.

Tarchanna, the youngest, manifests as an almost teenage girl. Her hair hangs long and fair, while her eyes almost blaze with a jade fire. Her bloody-red lips seem to be constantly mouthing words, but no sound emanates from her. Keys are irrelevant to her; she storms the world with her power. The infinite darkness of death is her domain. In combat, she casts spells as a 17th level magic-user, focusing on spells related to necromancy.

The Sorga are found wherever despair lives. The mother who has lost her newborn child cries at night because Dakry torments her with images of the lost babe. The slave who has surrendered all hope sighs in quiet resignation because Sican has stolen into his heart. The unrequited lover who swallows poison to ease his broken heart has sought Tarchanna's darkness.

Witches worship the Sorga, often building elaborate homes dedicated to them in cities. These urban witches establish covens dedicated to increasing the Sorga's power. Rarely will all three exist in the same space and time; instead, the Sorga are often chronological. First the tears of loss come, then the sighs of resignation to the loss, and finally the darkness of death to the loss. However, Sican and Dakry often swap places in this order. Witches invoke the Sorga to bring curses upon their enemies.

The Sorga Reaction Table

Roll 1d12 (instead of 2d6).
The reaction table is reversed for coven members of the Sorga (i.e. 1-3 for Hostile reaction, etc.)

1-3 **Friendly:** The Sorga member attempts to carry out one requested deed.

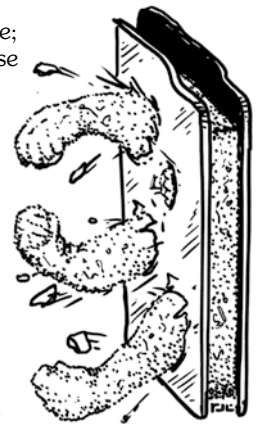
4-7 **Indifferent:** The Sorga member ignores those within sight.

8-12 **Hostile:** The Sorga member attempts to kill all those within sight.

Sousroga *(petty god of interstitial spaces)*

Matthew Baron
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

SYMBOL:	An empty house
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40') inside house; 15' (5') everywhere else
ARMOR CLASS:	1
HIT PTS. (HD):	68 hp (16 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (spell) or 1d6+1 (arms)
DAMAGE:	by spell or 2d6 per arm
SAVE:	M10
MORALE:	7
HOARD CLASS:	XII, XIV (see below)
XP:	4,200



Sousroga, Ruler of the Spaces Between Spaces, is the petty god of the voids inside your walls, under your stairs, and between the ceiling and the floor above. When not presenting himself to mortals he takes the form of dust and clumps of animal-fur, but if requested or provoked, he takes the form of rectangular solids of dust and dirt, fitting between the studs in a wall and under the floorboards, about 16" wide and 4" deep and as tall as a house.

Sousroga desires the detritus of our lives, and wants to seal it away from our grasp. He takes toys, pencils, scraps of paper; he loves rat droppings, bird's nests, tufts of fleece, skeletons of dead pets, and bits of windblown grass. Within his form and the places he inhabits he hides lost wedding rings, rusty silverware, and important acceptance letters from schools of wizardry that were thought to be lost in the post. His followers pray to him to hide or reveal things: to hide a murderer's dagger in a cellar, or to reveal a grandmothers' lost gold chain. Most peasants know of him, if not by name than by deed.

Sousroga attacks by first casting *cloudkill* or *confusion*, then with physical attacks. If he begins with *confusion*, PCs will feel compelled to drop their weapons, empty their pockets, and turn out their backpacks onto the floor—1d12 random items (especially rings and other round things) will roll off to corners and drop between the cracks of a floor. His *cloudkill* causes a choking billow of dust to push up from the floorboards and from cracks in the walls. If pressured, Sousroga continues an attack by bursting through the walls, floor, and ceiling—plaster exploding and wood slats splintering. Two-to-seven massive gray, dusty, fuzzy arms rupture out of the structure and begin to club attackers. Usually (1-4 on 1d6) of these arms will explode out from behind any particular character. He is immune to piercing or edged weapons. Damage of a single hit to any appendage totaling one-quarter of his hit points in a single round (17 points) will disintegrate that appendage into a cloud of dust.

If killed in his corporeal form, Sousroga will disgorge out a treasure horde (per XIV) along with 2d6×100 pounds of animal droppings*. However, if he senses he has less than a quarter of his normal hit points remaining, he will return to dust and disappear into the small spaces of a house.

Sousroga Reaction Table

2-7 **Bored indifference:** Even supplicants see only this side of Sousroga. Drop a copper on the floor and he'll make it disappear.

8-10 **Seeks your stuff:** Casts *confusion* in order to cause the party to drop whatever they're carrying, then *cloudkill* if they resist.

11-12 **Aggressive:** Your studded bootheels have disturbed Sousroga's slumber, and he awakes angry!

** Treasure should be a combination of quality gems/jewels and a pile of worthless corroded copper and steel, plus mounds upon mounds of dried animal feces and cobwebs.*

Sovereign Bastard

(petty god of cretins, shit-heads, and trolls)
TITLES: *The Barbarian At the Gate*

Matt Diaz
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

SYMBOL:	A broken window
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	4
HIT PTS. (HD):	68 hp (16 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (bare hands)
DAMAGE:	2d10 + special
SAVE:	F20
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	VII
XP:	15,000

Sovereign Bastard is the patron god of cretins, shit-heads, and trolls. He can be found in any place the spiteful reside, but he is most likely to manifest in the presence of meaningless acts of destruction: burning libraries, defaced temples, looted museums, burning groves.

He stands taller than a house, and though he wears fine clothes of silk and fur, they are clotted with gore and filth. His teeth are stained with the ink of ruined books and his hands are wet with the blood of the beautiful.

Delighting in the destruction of lovely things, he will relentlessly attack anyone with a positive Charisma modifier. Otherwise, he will offer fabulous wealth to anyone he encounters in return for destroying or vandalizing a place of great beauty. This is a deception; he eats anything of value that he finds, and so Sovereign Bastard's distended belly is full of undigested treasure of all sorts.

If left to his own devices, Sovereign Bastard will gleefully tear apart every place of history, learning, or beauty he passes. He can cast *insect plague* at will, and does so to drive away those who would stop him. His presence provokes riots and mobs, which aid him by starting fires and looting everything they can.

Sovereign Bastard is brutal in combat, favoring his bare hands over any godly powers. He takes pleasure in mutilating his enemies; those disfigured by his attacks permanently lose 1d4 Dexterity or Charisma because of the damage he caused to their limbs or face. In combat, Sovereign Bastard only casts *insect plague* when overwhelmed or seriously outnumbered.

Sovereign Bastard laughs when he fights. He is graceless, vicious, and bigger than you, and his rotten, sour smell hangs heavy on the air. His eyes do not see you. They see something to break. They see the tiny, delicate workings of the vessels beneath your skin and the elegant mechanisms of your muscles. Sovereign King thinks you are wonderful and beautiful and wants to tear you apart for it. He opens his mouth wide when he reaches for you with his stained hands, and you can see that there are bones in his teeth.

Syizarkhog

(petty god of forgotten knowledge)

Igor Vinicius Sartorato
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

SYMBOL:	A book with torn out pages
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	60' (20')
ARMOR CLASS:	8
HIT PTS. (HD):	65 hp (10 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (spells as MU10)
DAMAGE:	By spell
SAVE:	M20
MORALE:	7
HOARD CLASS:	VIII×3
XP:	6,000

Syizarkhog is a decadent being, with the appearance of a thin and stooped humanoid, who moves with difficulty. He is always wrapped in an old and threadbare purple cloak, which completely hides his face, revealing only his unhealthily thin hands.

This strange deity of knowledge was once worshiped by many followers, but has long since been forgotten by everyone. Consequently, after falling into oblivion, his area of dominion was taken by other gods, and all that remained for Syizarkhog was that knowledge forgotten or ignored, even by the other gods.

He always speaks in a dead and unknown language, making necessary a *tongues* ability or similar spell to understand it. He is protective of his knowledge, suspicious of others (believing they seek to remember that knowledge, and therefore have it taken from his domain), and jealous of those with important and useful knowledge. He knows only what nobody remembers. This usually means the knowledge is either very old or completely useless.

Despite his suspicions, Syizarkhog accepts bribes in the form of knowledge that he deems "important," in the vain hope of becoming more relevant, and raising himself to a more prominent place among the gods. However, he requires that such information be delivered in written form, as Syizarkhog is totally unable to retain this type of information in his memory. For this reason he always carries several books, tomes, scrolls, and fragments of texts with him.

Whenever Syizarkhog recounts his knowledge to someone, he completely forgets this information right away (because it is no longer forgotten knowledge, and thusly departs from the influence of this petty god). Therefore, one can only ask something to Syizarkhog and get an answer once. Even requests to repeat what he has just said are always fruitless.

Despite being shy and cowardly, Syizarkhog can cast spells like a level 10 magic-user when necessary. However, he is only able to use strange and unfamiliar spells (e.g., *electricity-ball*, *wall of sand*, etc.; it is suggested that the DM "twist" common spells to make them unique, or to develop new spells entirely).

Syizarkhog Reaction Table

Modify by Intelligence instead of Charisma.

2	**Friendly:** Exchange forgotten knowledge for banal information.
3-5	**Indifferent:** Exchanges forgotten knowledge if properly bribed with "important" knowledge.
6-8	**Neutral:** Ignores nearby creatures.
9-11	**Unfriendly:** Tries to coerce a nearby creature to give to him some important knowledge.
12	**Hostile:** Tries to kill a nearby creature hoping that it is keeping a secret, and their death turns the secret into forgotten knowledge.

TALLEMAJA • TARVIN • TAU • TEPTRIGOR • TERMARR • TERMAS TUNNELLER • THEB • THEIR WIFE • THUF • THWIZEVIBLYZ • TIX-KA-TIX • TLACOTANI • TONYA • TREMELLA • TRICRUXIA • TSRURA • TURQUOISE IDOL OF COMMUNION • TYBESI-O • TYOP

Tallemaja *(petty goddess of huldras and lamias)*

TITLES: *Queen of Huldras and Lamias*
AFFILIATIONS: *The Jale God*

Matthew W. Schmeer
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

SYMBOL:	A bark-scaled snake with a cow's head
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	60' (30')
ARMOR CLASS:	–2 [+1; immune to edged weapons]
HIT PTS. (HD):	54 hp (15 HD)
ATTACKS:	2
DAMAGE:	1d8 spear/1d12 crush (as lamia) or 1d8 + special (as huldra)
SAVE:	F12
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	XVII (in lair only)
XP:	7,500

Tallemaja Bettencourt was a lady in waiting in the entourage of the Empress of Cerise. Her beauty caught the *eye* of Pherosathoola, petty goddess of sexual fear, who fell in love with the lass. Under the guise of night, Pherosathoola seduced Tallemaja with promises of ascendency and the immortality of petty godhood, a promise that was not hers to give. After several years of this affair, Tallemaja finally demanded her reward. Pherosathoola, unable to grant the boons she promised, released Tallemaja from her thrall.

Enamored with the thoughts of achieving godhood, Tallemaja plotted to attain such at any cost. She fell in with the powerful Lord Greensayne (an advisor to the Cerisian Emperor; q.v.), was initiated into the Cult of the Jale God, and appeared to have caught the Jale God's favor. To cement her place at court, she accepted Lord Greensayne's marriage proposal and prepared to enter the upper tiers of polite society and the bowels of cult leadership as a priestess novitiate.

However, three days before the wedding was to take place, Lord Greensayne discovered Tallemaja's dwarven heritage (one-sixth dwarf on her father's side) and ordered her execution. Tallemaja fled, taking the *Eidolons of Hate and Fear* (which had been in Greensayne's possession for several years) with her. She ended up in a forest glade where she discovered an abandoned temple dedicated to Hymenphalia, petty godling of hermaphroditic fertility, who is a sworn enemy of Pherosothoola. When Hymenpahlia discovered where Pherosothoola's former lover was taking refuge, Hymenphallia beseeched Ywehbobbobhewy, Lord of Waters, King of Mirrors, Patriarch of the Most Profound, to intercede with the greater gods to ascend Tallemaja to minor petty godhood. A greater god found the irony of Hymenphalia's scheme agreeable and interceded, and thus Tallemaja was transformed into her current form and place of power.

Tallemaja is now a minor petty god and queen of huldras and lamias. For twelve hours a day she appears as a half-snake/half-woman; she has the upper torso, neck, and face of a beautiful woman while her trunk is a 20-foot long constrictor snake's body. For the other twelve hours she appears as a stunningly beautiful human female except that her backside is covered in tree bark and she has a heavy, cow-like tail. Because she was in possession of the *Eidolons of Fear and Hate* at the time of her transformation into petty godhood, she was rendered barren as well (the *Eidolons* were eventually stolen by a halfling wearing an *amulet against scrying*).

She now resides in the forest temple where Hymenphallia discovered her, hidden from the world in the heart of the great forest. She sometimes appears near the woods' edge to lure hearty young men to their deaths to feed, as she can cast *charm* at will. The inhabitants of small thorps and farms that border the wood speak in hushed tones of the shed skins of great snakes that litter their fields and meadows thrice yearly. Female villagers rarely enter the great woods alone, as it is rumored that, grief-stricken at never being able to conceive and bear children of her own, Tallemaja has developed the power to shift the flesh of the unborn and cause pregnant mothers to give birth to lamias or huldras (50%). Additionally, she can command normal and giant-sized snakes, salamanders, and newts to do her bidding (and sometimes a begrudging giant frog).

Tallemaja also suffers from infinite hunger; she can never be satisfied no matter how often she feeds. She must fill her belly at least twice a day with human or humanoid flesh. Huldras and lamias throughout the realms lure men to their death on

a regular basis to feed her unending appetites. It is said that a clever clutch of lamias in a southern kingdom near the Thunder River has been raising dwarf Neanderthals in a secluded valley rift to fulfill their obligations to their Queen, while a coven of huldras near the western glaciers have discovered a way to raise cave gnomes in glass jars to send in tribute.

Needless to say, Tallemaja's table is never empty and she prefers to devour the tributes rather than tire herself in the hunt itself, although she is a fearsome foe in battle. When in her lamia form, she can attack with a large spear for 1d8 damage and do an additional 1d12 crushing damage with her constrictor-like body. She also possesses a limited *scrying* ability with a 75' radius. When in huldra form, she attacks with a large spear for 1d8 damage and can perform a *psionic swat* with her cow-like tail, creating a 20×30 cone of psionic energy that does 2d8 damage plus –1 Constitution point to any creature caught in its area of effect. There is no save against this attack. The reduction in Constitution can only be regained by eating a succubus egg or incubus egg laid by Pherosathoola.

Tallemaja is impervious to non-magical attacks in either form and cannot be attacked with edged weapons.

The Jale God was surprised at Tallemaja's ascendency to godhood and is seeking the god who dared interfere in his affairs. The Jale God despises Tallemaja and does what He can to derail her schemes and dampen her influence. His Jaleness is often perplexed to find his own interference in Tallemaja's affairs deflected by powers greater and darker than his own.

Tallemaja Reaction Table

2-6	**Indifferent:** Will tolerate the party, answer questions, etc.. Will be helpful, but only to a point.
7-9	**Hungry:** Will attempt to seduce, kill, and feed on a party member... or all of them.
10-12	**Commanding:** Will demand the party fulfill a minor quest (usually involving some intrigue against the worshipers of Pherosathoola) and will reward them richly for their service.

RELATED ENTRIES: Please see the *Jale God* entry in this section for a complete listing of entries related to the Jale God (including all gods and items mentioned in this listing).

Tarvin

(petty god of adolescent adventurers)
TITLES: *Tarvin the Mighty*

Bryce Lynch
Joel Priddy

SYMBOL:	A glass of Alizé
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	180' (60')
ARMOR CLASS:	–11!!!
HIT PTS. (HD):	148 hp (33 HD)
ATTACKS:	4/8
DAMAGE:	1d8+12/1d8+12
SAVE:	F33
MORALE:	7
HOARD CLASS:	VIII×3
XP:	6,000

One of the common goals of all adventurers is to level. This 13-year-old boy so fervently reached 33nd level in 1981 he has achieved petty god status. After the indiscriminate slaying of any PC that may hold treasure, and the dispassionate cowardice shown in fleeing any battle that his fellows seemed to be losing, he became a (petty) god!

The Temples of Tarvin are the bad-assed-est! He likes to put his temples (gleaming Grecian-style ones, with solid diamond columns), up on hills in the wealthiest parts of towns. Some of them have flaming signs above them extolling his own personal 13-year-old viewpoint of what would be salaciously naughty or awesome. They are generally staffed by a single world-weary priest that acts mostly as a sales clerk. Tarvin doesn't allow them to leave, intervenes <u>constantly</u> in their lives, and *raises* them when they die. They usually stop worshipping Tarvin in earnest about 3 weeks in to their duties, just start going through the motions, and wait for the next sucker to take their place. (He is a petulant 13-year-old 'petty' god, so he never stops behaving as such.)

Tarvin sells healing potions and a 236-volume set of his works (each one comically large and devoid of meaning... as if they were the collected works of a boy's school paper assignments, blog entries, undelivered billet-douxs, fan-fiction with himself as the star, and just a touch of melancholy belly-button gazing for good measure) at each temple—the temple operates as a retail outlet for things that low-level ODD characters all really want but can't find or create for themselves.

He readily accepts new converts for his priesthood and typically rewards them with small gifts and over-powered versions of common cleric spells. To join, a character must show some minor interest or make some moderately flattering comment. The rewards of joining Tarvin's church come with as much glam and flash as would befit a 13-year-old who is pleased with himself. And by glam and flash, it specifically means lightning bolts, strobe lights, and symphonic booms. The early rewards fade as Tarvin's attention wanders off to a new person/place/thing to be excited about.

Tarvin is a hands-on kind of god: he knows what it is like down there at the bottom and extends his own brand of kindness to those struggling as he once did. Tarvin likes to intervene a lot in the affairs of his worshippers, priests, and people he takes an interest in, especially in and around his temples. His booming voice, sometimes cracking, is often heard throughout his temple as he corrects his priesthood in things they say.

Tarvin continues to seek gods to slay, although that's really a sideline now that he thinks he should be "helping" people. He's pretty easily baited in that area, as well as other areas that might appeal to a 13-year-old. Tarvin can *teleport* at will and falls for clever tricks—which make him <u>very</u> angry, and even more susceptible to tricks. He will never retreat from a fight... now.

Tarvin has a –11 AC from his *+5 plate mail of the codpiece*, *+5 shield of every longing*, *+5 cloak of the mighty tarrasque*, and a *+5 ring of nipple protection*. The platemail has an oversized stylized codpiece and is of a gleaming golden color. The shield has an appropriate symbol on it and is made from pure adamantium. The tarrasque cloak is made up from the right eyelashes of a number of tarrasques; Tarvin killed enough of them to make a full cloak—rather, his elf buddy made it before Tarvin killed his buddy as well. The ring is from a succubus that was not paying attention to him. Tarvin is armed with a *+5 vorpel mace of slicing* (whose head is fashioned out of a pit fiend's skull with star ruby eyes) and a *+6 flaming ice burst dagger* (with cool runes and flames on it).

Tau

(petty god of tombs and cemetaries)

TITLES: *Guardian of Tombs and Cemeteries*

Thed Rune*

Mark Allen (Tau)

Vindico Vindicatum (Graveyard Rats)

SYMBOL:	Shears and a torch
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	180' (60')
ARMOR CLASS:	–4
HIT PTS. (HD):	126 hp (21 HD)
ATTACKS:	3
DAMAGE:	1d4+3
SAVE:	C21
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	XV, XVI
XP:	12,500

Tau is closely associated with the god of the dead and is the guardian of tombs and cemeteries. He most often appears as a vaguely reptilian humanoid with a canine face, fangs, a forked tongue, three yellow eyes, and matted black hair. This form stands approximately five feet tall, has bluish-gray skin, four arms, frog legs, and sharp dorsal spines. He appears naked but heavily ornamented with earrings, bracelets, and anklets made from human bones.

Tau is surrounded by a perpetual stench of death and decay and his appearance is so frightening and repulsive that his mere presence will instill terror (requires an immediate morale check at -2). He casts spells as a 21st level cleric and may *speak with the dead* at will. Tau also possesses limited *teleportation* ability that functions as that of a blink dog.

In his humanoid form, Tau bears *+3 iron shears* in three of his hands and carries a blazing torch in the fourth. He suffers no penalties for executing multiple attacks and is not subject to standard spell casting constraints. Tau cannot be surprised, is immune to *charm*, *hold*, and *sleep* spells, and can only be struck by silver or magical weapons.

Tau lives in a terrifying cemetery high in the mountains. Although lawful, he is singularly concerned with the protection of burial places and delights in murdering tomb robbers.

In some lands with ancient traditions, the Cult of Tau is more prominent; worshippers of Tau in such countries are known to police tombs.**

** Tau was inspired by the deities of Tékume, by Tibetan & Etruscan mortuary gods, and by the chupacabra, the well known cryptid that inhabits various regions of Latin America*

*** Before entering the underworld you must deal with the tomb police. The ideal goal is to avoid contact with them altogether. In other circumstances, a financial arrangement will need to be made; it is best to do this before descending into the Underworld, as the police are more likely to be content with a few kaitars if they do not see the party is carrying a sack filled with antique loot.*

Teptrigor

(petty goddess of prudery)

Jeremy Reaban

Jennell Jaquays

SYMBOL:	A turnip
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	0
HIT PTS. (HD):	88 hp (16 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (battle axe +3 or special)
DAMAGE:	1d8+3 or special
SAVE:	C16
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	String of pearls worth 10,000 gp
XP:	9,000

Teptrigor is the goddess of prudery. She appears as a plain, prune faced middle aged woman dressed in a dull, shapeless brown dress, her dirty brown hair styled in an uneven bowl cut that falls to her jaw.

She despises people enjoying themselves in any activities that might be the least bit unwholesome in her eyes, which is essentially everything except reading her scriptures and slowly dancing to the horrible music played at her services.

Her followers are known for attacking taverns, dance halls, and libraries, destroying anything they feel might offend the goddess. Sometimes she appears with them, either using her *+3 battle axe* or giving a long sermon, which has the effects of both a *sleep* spell and *stinking cloud*.

If sorely pressed in combat (or if she needs something blown down), she will summon her husband, a very large and pink faced half-orc werebear of immense size (12 HD). His breath either has the effect of a *cone of cold* spell or *gust of wind* spell, as cast by a 12th level caster.

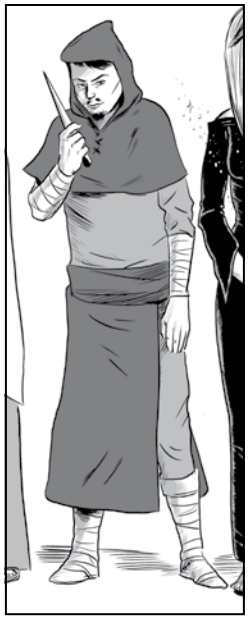
Teptrigor Disposition

1	**Surly**	4	**Cantankerous**
2	**Annoyed**	5	**Spiteful**
3	**Grouchy**	6	**Drunk**

Termarr

(petty god of the lawful execution of time)
TITLES: *The Lurker Under the Stars, The Murderer in the Shadows, The Master of Shadows*
AFFILIATIONS: *The Mearra*

Eric Fabiaschi
Scott Faulkner



SYMBOL:	A broken star
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful (Chaotic)*
MOVEMENT:	150' (50')
ARMOR CLASS:	2
HIT PTS. (HD):	90 hp (18 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (fists or knife)
DAMAGE:	8d6 or 1d8+special
SAVE:	F18
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	XVII + 5,000gp
XP:	4,250

Termarr, the Lurker Under the Stars, is the petty god of the lawful and orderly execution of time. He is the assassin of the Family of the Inevitable. Those who think they can escape the past often find themselves met by the tip of this fiend's knife. A fluttering movement out of the corner of one's eye may find them carefully checking the shadows for his presence. Termarr, however, is truly the master of shadows, having the ability to simultaneously Hide in Shadows and Move Silently 99% of the time, and a 100% chance (never fails) to do either individually. He also gains a +5 bonus when striking from behind. Furthermore, Termarr may move from shadow to shadow (within his own line of sight) as if *teleporting* (at will, without error).

Termarr carries with him the knife known as the *Cold Razor of Time*. Each successful strike with this *+2 knife* does 1d8 +8 points of shadow energy damage, and (on a failed save vs. death) ages it victim by 1d10 years. Demons and other creatures of Chaos loathe Termarr, as he hunts them on the Prime Plane with a vengeance, and a successful strike of his razor causes them double damage (including applicable aging effects).

Termarr has secret holds and hidden caches scattered throughout the shadows of the world—shadows which serve as his de facto lairs upon the Prime Plane. In these shadows are the collected treasure and trinkets picked from the pockets and packs of his victims (which he may do with a 100% chance of success, regardless of the level of his victim).

Many thieves' guilds have a small statue of this lurker of the shadows, with many members of each guild swearing they have heard his dark cackling in the black of the night.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Arvirive, Avirgiri, Glaria, the Mearra, Merramorina, Micicara, Nardrea, Ruslivia, Sertetti, Tsrura.*

** Please see the entry in this section for the Mearra for information regarding their alignment.*

Termas Tunneller

(petty hamster god of root cellars)
TITLES: *The Furred God, God of Root Cellars*

Jonah & Paul Brinkmann
Justin Graham

SYMBOL:	A two-headed hamster
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
ARMOR CLASS:	5
HIT PTS. (HD):	49 hp (8 HD)
ATTACKS:	2 (bites)
DAMAGE:	1d6/1d6
SAVE:	H12
MORALE:	8
HOARD CLASS:	IX, XIX*
XP:	850

Termas Tunneller appears as a two-headed hamster, usually with a sack of grain slung over one shoulder. He is the god of root cellars and, by extension, hoarding and comfort. He does not like to fight, but when forced can deliver a mean couple of bites. Termas can cast *create food/drink*, *move earth*,and *purify food/drink* as a 13th level caster at will. He can make enchanted food that has one of the following effects: *cure critical wounds*, *neutralize poison*, *cure disease*, or *sleep*, each once per day.

Termas Tunneller Reaction Table

2-4	**Welcoming:** will serve a feast.
5-8	**Neutral:** Will give aid if placated.
9-12	**Distrustful:** Hides any belongings and scurries away.

** The vast majority of monetary wealth will be in the form of stored food and beverages.*

Theb *(petty god of chimney pots)*

Malcolm Bowers
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

SYMBOL:	A chimney pot
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	180' (60')
ARMOR CLASS:	6
HIT PTS. (HD):	50 hp (12 HD)
ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE:	d6+1 or special
SAVE:	T12
MORALE:	9
HOARD CLASS:	XIII
XP:	4,400

Theb is the petty god of chimney pots, propitiated (with alcohol) to keep them free from fires, birds' nests, and breakage. He appears as a ragged, besmutted and slight-but-wiry youth with hair like a stiff black brush. He hates birds of all kinds, can see perfectly well in dark or smoky environments, takes

half damage from fire, and can squeeze through *any* flue or vent. Theb can defend himself by breathing out smoke in a 30'×30'×30' cube (reduces vision to 5 feet; all attacks are at –2 "to hit"). He can also attack by breathing soot into a foe's face (save vs. breath or choke for 1d4+1 damage and be unable to attack for an equal number of rounds) and hit with a *magically extendable broom* that does 1d6+1 damage to a target up to 15' away and begrimes anyone so hit (normal clothing ruined; armor, skin, etc. take an hour per hit to clean).

Theb Reaction Table

2	**Helpful:** Willing to consider any chimney-related activities.
3-4	**Happy:** Wuaffs booze and sings chimney-sweep songs.
5-9	**Hurried:** Has things to do, and anxious to be off.
10-11	**Hungover:** Antagonistic; will attack if bothered.
12	**Hostile:** Sees something bird-like about party, and attacks!

Their Wife

(petty godess of politeness and the spouses of theater directors)

Jason Kielbasa
Claytonian J.P.

SYMBOL:	A smile with theater curtains as a background
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
ARMOR CLASS:	0
HIT PTS. (HD):	90 hp (25 HD)
ATTACKS:	Special
DAMAGE:	Special
SAVE:	M22
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	XII, XVI
XP:	10,000

Their Wife is the goddess of politeness and the spouses of theater directors. Her direct intervention keeps the calm between the god of directors and the god of actors. Called upon to give guidance between two orders with irreconcilable differences, she keeps the peace so that the entertainment arts will flourish. Those who consider kindness and civility of paramount importance also worship this goddess.

It is rare for Their Wife to attack. When provoked, she weaves a *vision* in the mind of her attacker showing them a vision of utmost peace (acting as a *charm person* spell). Under extreme duress she will use *mass charm* to try to bring about a peaceful end to an encounter.

Their Wife can bestow upon mortals, for one night, the ability to act as if they have a Charisma score of 18. Due to the good graces of Their Wife an individual will be seen as acting with civility in all social situations putting to ease any hostilities that may come up between aggrieved parties. This ability is given to any followers on the opening night of any show they visit but not on any other night.

Thuf

(petty god of secrets and unexplained winds)

TITLES: *Lord of Unexplained Winds in Underground Chambers and Lights Extinguished at Inconvenient Moments; Protector of the Underworld's Secrets; He Who is Lost But Would Not Be Found*

David Haraldson
Jim Magnusson

SYMBOL:	Iron candle-snuffer; Thuf's eyes on a black field; a black field with no symbol
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
ARMOR CLASS:	5 (requires magical weapons "to hit")
HIT PTS. (HD):	65 hp (11 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (breath)
DAMAGE:	See below
SAVE:	D12
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	X; VIII (in Lair)
XP:	3,600

Thuf most often manifests as a puckish, grubby, young adult male with pale skin and unnaturally dilated ruby-red eyes. Summoned by artificial light in long lost underground passages and chambers,* he will appear immediately in front of the explorers, silently barring their way. At this point, delvers have a brief opportunity to request permission to venture further—he will accept maps as burned offerings (-2 reaction bonus) and gemstones (-1 bonus up to 1,000 gp value, additional –1 bonus per additional 500 gp). In addition to allowing explorers to pass, he may cause a gentle breeze, lasting either 1d4 turns ("friendly" reaction) or 1d4 rounds ("indifferent") that disperses smoke, gases, and other noxious vapors. If angered ("hostile"), he will produce a strong gust of wind for one round with the following effects: it extinguishes all non-magical lights within 100', causes *confusion* (as per an attack by normal bats), and knocks over bipeds with 3 or fewer HD who fail a save vs. breath (cf. a djinni's whirlwind attack).

If the delvers advance, he will attack, *teleporting* (as per the ability of blink dogs) next to the most vulnerable light-bearer in the party to extinguish the light with a short but powerful puff (the character may save vs. breath to prevent the light being blown out). He will then teleport to the next most vulnerable light-carrier and attack again, until all lights are out.

Some underworld denizens revere Thuf as the guardian of their most precious secrets. Dedicated cults thrive in goblin tribes, their shamans wearing masks that are grotesque homages to the godling's face, with red glass or even rubies for eyes and lips carved as if to blow out a torch.

** Daily check for adventuring parties of 4 or more on dungeon levels 4 and deeper: percentage chance of summoning him equals number of lights carried × level descended; ×2, if number of light sources equals or exceeds half the number of party members; ×2, if area is sacred to the godling.*

RELATED ENTRIES: **D)** *Mask of Thuf (Greater).*

Thwizeviblyz

(petty god of baby laughter; aspect of the Jale God)
AFFILIATIONS: *The Jale God*

Matthew W. Schmeer
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

SYMBOL:	A baby pulling a cat's tail
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	60' (20')
ARMOR CLASS:	–3
HIT PTS. (HD):	50 hp (9 HD)
ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE:	2d8
SAVE:	C12
MORALE:	9
HOARD CLASS:	VII
XP:	5,600

The Jale God knows many forms. This of all his aspects is the least known. Yet here his influence is perhaps the most entrenched.

Every time a baby laughs, Thwizeviblyz (whose name is best pronounced by the untoothed mouths of children) is greatly pleased and grows in strength. As his power is tied to the health of the human and halfling populations (elven and dwarven babies do not laugh), his power waxes and wanes with the tides of famine, drought, war, and plague. In good times he is one of the most powerful of gods, in bad times one of the weakest. Yet Thwizeviblyz persists as long as the Jale God persists, overseeing the birth and death of civilizations over the ages.

The key to his longevity is that every child unconsciously worships Thwizeviblyz. Being born is a fate no mortal soul can avoid, and Thwizeviblyz knows there is nothing sweeter than innocent souls enjoying the moments before fate's fingers begin to twist their life's threads. Young children's unbidden laughter at life's minor absurdities mesh with his own view of the cosmos.

His presence goes unnoticed by those over three years old. But those under three know him as shadows upon walls, curtains fluttering in a windless room, and soothing voices emanating from beneath closed doors. He cannot be attacked in these forms. Thwizeviblyz brings the gift of teething everywhere he goes; the sharp pain in the mouth a reminder that life is pain and blood and fire in the mouth. Tonya, the petty goddess of children's teeth, is grateful for this service and owes her existence to him.

If a party carries children under three within their ranks, Thwizeviblyz might bestow a *blessing* upon the party that gives a +3 to morale, +1 to Strength, and +2 to Constitution. However, he has a particular hatred of mimes, clowns, jesters, and jokers, whose worthless mouth noises bring forth false laughter from children. If a party includes one of these lousy comedians, his *blessing* will also cause their jokes and antics to have no effect on children of any age; in fact, children will instead flee from them in terror.

If a child should die through the party's fault while under the *blessing*, the *blessing* will immediately become a *curse* and the party will suffer the bonuses as penalties instead. This *curse* can only be lifted by a cleric of 10th level or higher.

Thwizeviblyz will often manifest among adults in a tavern as a lice-ridden, besotted old man who sits near the hearth and speaks nothing but gibberish if approached. If he is treated well while in this guise (plied with drinks, fed a food of the gods, etc.), there is a 3% chance he will grant a *limited wish*; if it is an unbidden child who treats him well, he will grant a *wish*. He's used to being treated poorly or ignored and will go out of his way to blend into the crowd to avoid notice.

Thwizeviblyz is sometimes honored as a patron of pregnant warriors; any pregnant female fighter who invokes his name in battle gains a +2 for all melee attacks as her target breaks down in delirious laughter. It is rumored that this is the key to the Amazonian's prowess in battle.

His main weapon is a sputtering geyser of acidic spittle 5 feet wide and reaching up to 30 feet away. This is a targeted attack and does 2d8 burning damage. *Uniane** has a devestating effect on Thwizeviblyz, causing him 4d6 damage and forcing his immediate teleportation off the Material Plane.

Thwizeviblyz Reaction Table

2	**Friendly:** Speaks happy, upbeat gibberish; will bestow a *blessing*.
3-4	**Indifferent:** Speaks long winded streams of consonants with no break; lots of spittle.
5-6	**Enthusiastic:** Gurgles and spits, nibbles fingers, picks nose, plays with snot; will grant a boon if you can figure out how to ask.
7-8	**Annoyed:** Lots of urgent hand gestures and wet, blurbering blubbering, angry faces.
9-11	**Unfriendly:** Temper tantrum; will throw things; cries a lot.
12	**Sleeping:** Lots of thumb-sucking and wet slurping noises; wake at own peril.

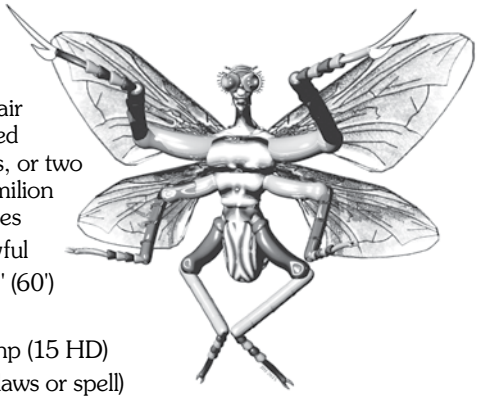
*UNIANE [oon-e-a-neigh. halfling concept]: *Laughter comes is many forms: the snigger, the snort, the chortle, the choke, the titter, the giggle, the cackle, the choke, the snicker, the chuckle, the sputtering burst. But none is as pure and heart-heavy as* uniane*, the sound of an innocent child laughing at his reflection in a mirror and realizing for the first time he is laughing at himself and not, as he thought, at another child. The startling self-awareness begins the path away from childhood.*

RELATED ENTRIES: Please see the *Jale God* entry in this section for a complete listing of entries related to the Jale God (including all gods and items mentioned in this listing).

Tix-ka-tix *(petty god of patience)*

TITLES: *The Returner; The Patient One; The Slumbering Pharaoh*

✎ **Erik Jensen**
☙ ***James D. Jarvis***



SYMBOL:	A pair of red eyes, or two vermilion circles
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	180' (60')
ARMOR CLASS:	–2
HIT PTS. (HD):	90 hp (15 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (claws or spell)
DAMAGE:	2d8+3 or by spell
SAVE:	F15
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	3,000

The lesser godling known in ancient texts as Tix-ka-tix is better known to modern sages as the Slumbering Pharaoh, or The Returner, and is thought to be a deity representing pattern, time and patience, and inevitability. The unenlightened may take Tix-ka-tix at face value as some sort of 'cicada god,' but that is merely the material veneer which cloaks a deeper and more sublime nature.

While mortals perceive time as linear, the gods—including the Slumbering Pharaoh—understand it to instead be the interlacing flows of innumerable patterns. Tix-ka-tix is a manifestation and traveler of these pathways of time, moving from one timeline to the next, cataloguing possibilities. His knowledge of possible futures is vast, and from time to time he selects champions of Law who can either maintain or alter the future through subtle but important influence. Those agents of Chaos who would disrupt the ever-branching future or corrupt the established past of a timeline are his enemies.

The avatar of Tix-ka-tix which typically makes an appearance on the Material Plane every seventeen years is an enormous humanoid cicada with tiger-striped chitin; his eyes, immense crimson orbs, glow with a nauseating light, making the Returner very difficult for mortals to look at for long. The Slumbering Pharaoh does not relish direct conflict, but defends himself with mighty swipes of his claws (doing 2d8+3 damage) if necessary. Cicadas loyally follow each of Tix-ka-tix's mental commands at any distance, and the avatar is often accompanied by one or more swarms of the insects, or a handful of other insectoid creatures which act as his retinue. If the avatar of Tix-ka-tix is destroyed, it explodes into a swarm of cicadas (doing 5d6 damage in a twenty-foot radius, save vs. breath for half) which thrum for a few moments, then expire and crumble to dust; his vermilion eyes transform into fist-sized uncut rubies (value 300 gp total) and tumble to the ground. Tix-ka-tix may cast spells as a 7th level cleric and a 7th level magic-user, and he is immune to *charm*, *fear*, mind-control, and any effect which would age or *slow* him.

Clerics who study the old ways and follow Tix-ka-tix tend to be granted insect-themed spells at lower levels, and magic dealing with time and numerology as they advance and gain a deeper understanding of the byzantine philosophies of the Slumbering Pharaoh. Followers of the cult tend to become subtle manipulators in the service of Law, maintaining a stable of informants and far-flung agents underneath them—the priest-as-spymaster. Both Tix-ka-tix and his followers are content to pursue victory by the sacrifice of innumerable lives, so long as the goal is achieved.

LEGENDS AND HALF-TRUTHS REGARDING TIX-KA-TIX:

- His flesh, or that of his retinue, makes a surprisingly potent ingredient which may be used to contribute to the creation of a mummy, or the pursuit of lichdom.
- One manifestation of the Returner sleeps in an inverted ziggurant buried miles below-ground, guarded by all manner of insectoids and deathless creatures. It is said that those interlopers who walk the halls of this complex move forward and backward in time just as they travel in space.
- Tix-ka-tix makes gifts to his (sometimes unwitting) champions, such as an enchanted, chitinous shield or a keen magical blade which resembles a diaphanous wing made of stained glass.
- The 'return' or manifestation of Tix-ka-tix is often accompanied by time slippage in the surrounding area—misplaced dinosaurs, lost legions, and anachronisms (e.g., a P-38 appears in the sky, only to crash to the ground in a fireball) occur for several days before the Slumbering Pharaoh rises.

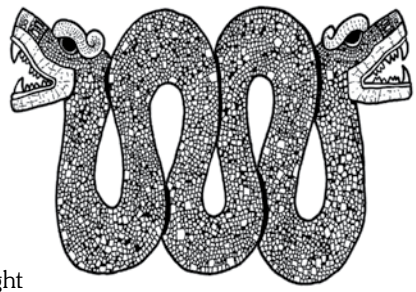
RELATED ENTRIES: **M)** *Tithonoid.*

Tlacotani

(petty god of sudden inundation)

TITLES: *Lord of the Sudden Inundation*

✎ **John Everett Till**
☙ ***Garrisonjames***



SYMBOL:	A bright green serpent with an undulating back and no tail; both ends of its body have a serpent head
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	150' (50') in water; 90' (30') on land
ARMOR CLASS:	2
HIT PTS. (HD):	72 hp (18 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 per mouth (2 bites, 2 spells, or 1 bite/1 spell)
DAMAGE:	2d10/2d10 or by spell
SAVE:	C18
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	6,250

Tlacotani, Lord of the Sudden Inundation, is a child of Tlaloc (god of lightning and rain) and his consort Chalchiuhtlicue, the Lady of the Green Skirt (goddess of lakes and streams). His back is in constant motion, undulating like an overflowing river bank. Tlacotani's two heads and bright green scales evoke crocodilians, snakes, turtles, and frogs, all of whom are sacred to him. He is often accompanied by 1d12 of his favored creatures, as well as by 1d8 of the special minions of his mother, the ahuizotls. The latter are fierce aquatic predators that stalk people crossing rivers and lakes, and who take delight in feasting on the drowned.

Travelers and adventurers pray to Tlacotani for safe passage across lakes and down dangerous and unpredictable rivers, as well as to locate the ruins of long forgotten and flooded temples and cities. Peasants petition him to avert the pests and diseases associated with still water. They also invoke him when their parched fields need water, as well as to bring ruin upon rival villages by washing out their crops. Hunters seek his help in finding game and eggs.

Indeed, the Lesser Mystery of Lord Tlacotani is that the eggs of his favored creatures can be ingested to enhance fertility. Children born under his influence often have the tell-tale traces of Tlacotani's favor: perpetually moist or scaly skin, bulging or bright green eyes, sharp nails or teeth, webbing between fingers and toes. These children often become shamans of Tlacotani (or shape-shifters).

Most priests of Tlacotani are shamans who make their homes in wild areas near the paths between villages, or on small island refuges on lakes. Others simply wander the jungle or canoe the endless rivers of the interior. Tlacotani's shamans are constantly surrounded by his sacred creatures, and they are often scary sorts. His shamans are rarely squeamish; their bodies are covered in the strange scars and terrible bite marks made by the creatures sacred to Lord Tlacotani. The sudden surprise bite is Lord Tlacotani's preferred means of sacrifice. With the god's blessing, a shaman may offer a petitioner a small turtle, snake, or a frog as a living charm for safe passage across a particularly dangerous rivers, lakes, and wetland areas. These living charms will escape and return to the wild as soon as the journey has been completed.

Paradoxically, in the great cities, many scholars, scribes, and sorcerers also petition Tlacotani for help. Tlacotani means "Speaker". The god has two heads facing in opposite directions, and two mouths—each with a forked tongue. Tlacotani can speak with two voices. He often utters conflicting truths, and creates confusion and disarray. Among the great contending temples, Tlacotani can be invoked for a sudden victory or reversal of fortunes in a theological conflict or factional dispute.

This is a Greater Mystery of the Lord of the Sudden Inundation. A river overflowing its banks is like the swift and surprising overthrow of a long-favored scholar, pundit, or factional leader. A sudden storm washes away the old and stagnant, and brings new people to power after a period of bloodletting and recrimination. This "inundation" often begins when an old, often trivial debate or dispute resurfaces, fueled by obsession, jealousy, or long simmering resentments. The banks of discourse and authority soon overflow, sweeping the old leaders away in its wake.

SPELLS KNOWN (all usable at will): *control weather* and *raise/lower water* (as 18th level cleric); *charm monster*, *confusion*, *lightning bolt* (as 18th level magic-user).

Tlacotani Reaction Table

Priests/priestesses of Tlaloc and Chalchiuhtlicue, and shamans of Tlacotani may subtract –1 from their roll.

2	**Friendly:** Tlacotani offers a boon such as the location of an ancient flooded ruin, an inundation to irrigate a farm or to flood a rival farm and village, the sowing of confusion and dissent against a favored leader, the location of a cache of eggs, or the command of 1d6 ahuizotls (a special minion) for one week.
3-5	**Indifferent:** Offers the PCs an inundation, the location of a clutch of eggs, or the command of 1d6 wet and scaly animal followers for a day, in exchange for a significant favor of some kind.
6-8	**Neutral:** In exchange for respectful prayers, the god (through its shaman) grants a *snake or frog living charm* to the PCs as a safe passage across a body of water. Hostile creatures including ahuizotls will not attack.
9-11	**Unfriendly:** The god uses *raise/lower water* and/or *control weather* to batter the PCs with floodwater, wind, and rain.
12	**Hostile:** The god uses deadly spells (such as *lightning bolt)* or its bite(s) to attack the PCs.

RELATED ENTRIES: **M)** *Ahuizotl.*

Tonya

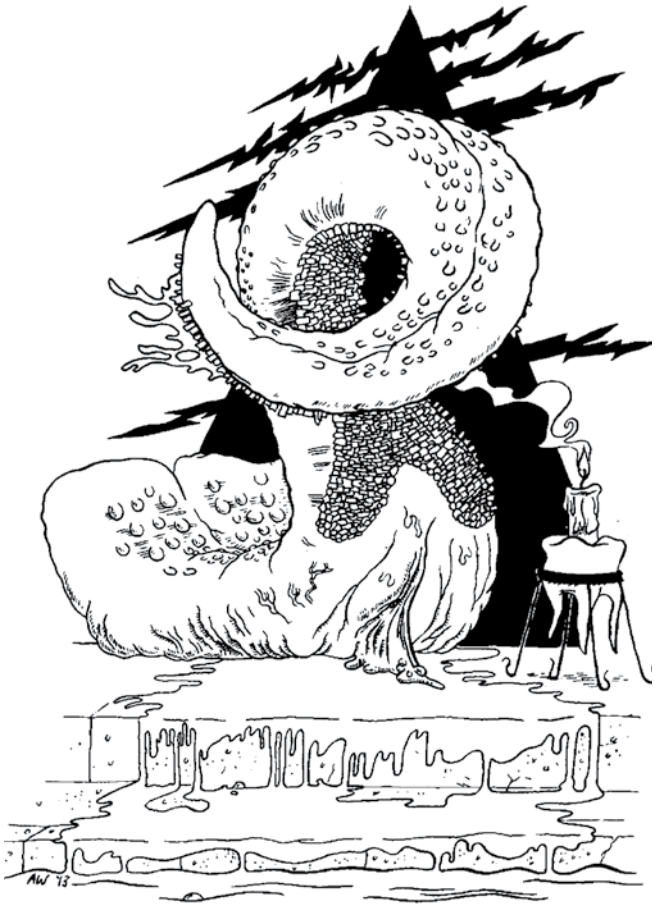
(petty god of children's teeth)
AFFILIATIONS: *The Jale God*

Matthew W. Schmeer
Andrew Walter

SYMBOL:	A child's incisor
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	30' (10')
ARMOR CLASS:	4
HIT PTS. (HD):	41 hp (8 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (tentacle lash or toothy squeeze)
DAMAGE:	1d8 (lash) or 1d12 crushing damage + 1d6 bite (toothy sqeeze)
SAVE:	F78
MORALE:	11
HOARD CLASS:	XXI
XP:	1,060

Tonya, petty goddess of children's teeth, appears as a 15-foot-tall tongue embedded with the missing teeth of thousands of children arranged scale-like across her frontside. She has no features beside her red pulsing body and the teeth, and she communicates via telepathy and other psionic means.

Tonya was banished to the Material Plane by Ywehbobbobhewy, Lord of Waters, King of Mirrors, Patriarch of the Most Profound for attempting to steal the teeth of his favored daughter, Curdle, the petty goddess of blind milk maids. She now spends her time plotting ways to get back into Ywehbobbobhewy's good graces. She believes the gifts of money she deigns to leave beneath children's sleeping heads will bring her back into Ywehbobbobhewy's fold. She is mistaken, as metal



coins are worthless trinkets to the minor corpus gods who make-up Ywehbobbobhewy's court.

Tonya despises the common misconception that fey and/or hobgoblins are responsible for retrieving teeth from beneath children's pillows. In fact it is Her Toothiness's wormy minions (which are minature, toothless versions of herself; no attack; AC:10; hp:5) which wriggle beneath the sheets of sleeping children to snatch away the enamaled prizes she treasures.

It is rumored she is building a temple to Ywehbobbobhewy with all the milk teeth her minions gather.

Tonya herself rarely retrieves teeth from beneath a child's head. She will only do so for nobles and clerical orders.

ENCOUNTERING HUMANS: Tonya and her minions are invisible to children whose natural age is 12 or younger. Between the ages of 13 and 16, teenagers can sense their presence but only see wriggly shadows. At 17 or older, adults can see Tonya and her minions' true forms and must roll on the following table:

Human Encounters Reaction Table

Tanya favors humans and will act friendly to them regardless of their reaction to her. Roll 1d6.

1 **Disgusted:** The human is disgusted and vomits immediately for 1d4 rounds, and suffers a –2 to hit and to all damage dealt during this time.

2 **Repulsed:** The human is nauseated and feels faint for 1d4 rounds, and suffers a –1 to hit and to all damage dealt during this time.

3-4 **Indifferent:** The human has no reaction and is able to converse with Tanya.

5 **Intrigued:** The human is curious about Tanya and/or her minions and Tanya will treat the human favorably with no attempts at deceit.

6 **Charmed:** The human is *charmed* by Tanya and will do her bidding for 1d6 rounds. Her bidding usually has to do with extracting teeth from fellow humans. Additionally, the human will believe anything Tanya says during the charmed period.

ENCOUNTERING FEY-LIKE CREATURES AND DEMIHUMANS: Fey-like creatures and demihumans will immediately recognize Tanya's true form (and her minions as well). Because of the false rumors about tooth retrival, Tonya has a particular hatred for these creatures (especially fairies and hobgoblins) and will attack them on sight. She will even attempt to strangle their children as they sleep if offered the opportunity.

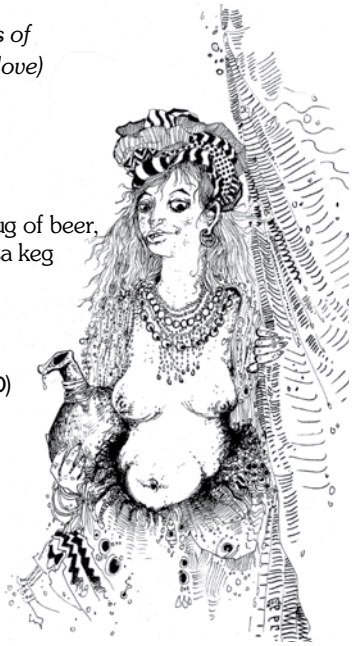
Tanya attacks with a whip-like lash from the tip of her tongue-like body, doing 1d8 lashing damage. Alternately, if a victim is within 9 feet, she can grab her victim in a toothy squeeze, inflicting 1d12 crushing damage plus 1d6 biting damage from the embedded teeth (on a single successfull "to hit" roll).

RELATED ENTRIES: Please see the *Jale God* entry in this section for a complete listing of entries related to the Jale God (including all gods and items mentioned in this listing).

Tremella *(petty goddess of pub-crawling and drunken love)*

TITLES: *Tremella of the Cups*

Garrett Weinstein
Jeremy Duncan



SYMBOL:	A glowing mug of beer, a tankard, or a keg
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	180' (60')
ARMOR CLASS:	0
HIT PTS. (HD):	70 hp (12 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (boxing)
DAMAGE:	1d4+4
SAVE:	C19
MORALE:	7
HOARD CLASS:	VII (but no magic items)
XP:	4,200

Tremella of the Cups, often referred to simply as "ol' Trema," is the much-loved patron spirit of those who love to drink, drink to love, and anyone who abides by the phrase "drink till he's/she's cute." Often manifesting for a night amongst a chosen party of revelers or pub-crawlers, ol' Trema usually appears as a plain-faced woman of average height, with a slight-but-noticeable beer belly. All in her presence who have had at least one alcoholic beverage will recognize her as a friend (similar to the *charm person* spell). A person can actively resist this affect if they choose, but doing so causes their Charisma to drop by 2 points until the next sunrise.

Tremella is likely to bestow her *blessing* on those who buy her a drink, and will certainly do so for those who buy a round for everyone. Her typical *blessing* is to raise by 1d4+1 the effective Charisma of a reveler in regards to all those who drink

at least two alcoholic beverages; the effects cease at the next sunrise. These blessings may sometimes be mixed, as those so blessed also see everyone around them as having 2 Charisma points higher than they would normally possess. She rarely uses *curses*, but if annoyed, may curse offending persons with either *severe inebriation* (lasts 1d4+2 hours, with a massive hangover persisting for the entirety of the next day) or, if severely angered, may curse an individual with the *inability to become intoxicated* (permanent until removed). These curses may be resisted with a save vs. spell at -4.

Tremella has a strong distaste for violence, and will usually leave if a fight breaks out amongst that night's chosen party of revelers. If anyone is foolish enough to attack her, or a stranger attempts to visit violence upon her friends, she can summon the aid of anyone nearby who has had at least two drinks recently. Those who fight for ol' Trema gain 2 point bonuses their "to hit" rolls, Armor Class and saving throws. The goddess of pub-crawling may also defend herself physically if necessary (as she is a skilled drunken boxer).

Tremella Reaction Table

-1 bonus for the inebriated.

2	**Severely depressed:** Curses 1d4 nearby targets (75% chance=*severe inebriation*; 25% chance=*inability to become intoxicated*) and leaves (regardless of propitiation).
3	**Depressed:** Leaves unless properly propitiated.
4-6	**Neutral:** Orders a drink and waits for the party to start.
7-11	**Friendly:** *Blesses* individual, if properly propitiated.
12	**Very friendly:** *Blesses* 1d4 nearby targets.

Tricruxia *(petty goddess of forked tunnels)*

John Stater
Chris Hüth

SYMBOL:	"Y"
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	210' (70')
ARMOR CLASS:	2 [+1]
HIT PTS. (HD):	66 hp (9 HD)
ATTACKS:	2 slams/1 fork +3
DAMAGE:	1d6/1d6/1d6+3
SAVE:	C9
MORALE:	11
HOARD CLASS:	XVI (gems, jewelry and magic items only; no coins)
XP:	3,150

Just as the crossroads of the upper world are believed to be magical places under the guard of mystic spirits, so to are the forked passages under the earth. Those places in dungeons where three passages meet are under the special protection of Tricruxia, the petty goddess of forked tunnels.

Tricruxia appears as as a three-legged, three-armed, and three-faced woman in those few idols which are dedicated to her. In all cases, each face, arm and leg is facing down a different passage. One hand holds a two-pronged military fork, and most

folk believe this fork always points down the most favorable passage (though favorable to who?). She wears a simple tunic or robe. These idols are often surrounded by bowls in which people pour libations of fungus wine and leave silver caltrops as offerings.

Tricruxia's few priests wield three-headed flails in combat and always have a handful of caltrops on hand to foil their foes. They are a silent order, speaking only when casting spells and then in raised, piercing, melodious voices. They usually paint "Y" shapes on their faces, one prong extending over each eye, the other down their nose and chin.

Tricruxia dwells, it is said, in a cavern reachable by three deadly passages meant to test her followers. The cavern is hung with silvery fungus and golden stalactites and stalagmites. Three large ropers guard this cavern, one posted near each entrance. In the middle there are three high platforms: one holding her "throne" which consists of pillows of damask silk scented with hyacinth; another surrounded by a vivid haze, being her boudoir; and the third surrounded by a force cage, holding her treasure of mementos and trophies, including the still-living head of the green dragon Belzebarth, two casks of golden-hued wine pressed from the grapes of Bacchus himself, a seemingly innocent coil of rope that was once the infamous tomb robber Lucky Lorinda, and a set of silver keys that, when used properly, are said to be able to open passages into hidden dimensions.

Tricruxia can only be harmed by magical weapons. Her three faces make her impossible to surprise, for her eyes never rest. In combat, she can *wail* with all three mouths, forcing folk to save vs. spell or be *confused* (per the spell). At will, she can open up passages in walls up to 300 feet long, which she can also close at will. Once per day, she can begin a strange dance that weaves an *illusion*, creating two duplicate images that fight as she does, though they cause no damage. If these illusory Tricruxia's suffer 9 points of damage, they disappear. Tricruxia can cast spells as a 9th level cleric.

Tsathoggua *(petty god of divine slothfulness)*

TITLES: *The Sleeper of N'kai*
AFFILIATIONS: *Cthulhu*

James Mishler
Michal 'Majqello' Knapik

SYMBOL:	His furry toad-like head
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	180' (60')
ARMOR CLASS:	4 [+3]
HIT PTS. (HD):	275 hp (28 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (bite)
DAMAGE:	Special
SAVE:	M28
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	XVI
XP:	32,000

In utterly ancient days, when the ancestors of Man were but simple tree-dwelling palm-sized insectivores, the Serpent-Men ruled the world. They were served by an inhuman though mammalian species of bipeds, the ancestors of the Voormis, which were considered both meal and servant rolled into one. For long ages these wretches cried out for deliverance from their serpentine overlords. Finally, the Cosmos answered, or so it seemed, for a great meteor fell and destroyed the civilization of the Serpent-Men, and within the heart of the meteor was Tsathoggua…

Though potent in arcane and eldritch wisdom and power, Tsathoggua loathes any sort of physical activity. Shortly after his arrival he removed himself by arcane means from the ruins of the Serpent-Men capital to the great caverns of N'kai, which was then beneath Mount Voormithadreth on the continent of Hyperborea. There, the inhuman mammalian species liberated through his accidental destruction of the Serpent-Men took to worshipping him, and offered him sacrifices with no effort on his part. At first they offered up Serpent-Men, then later members of their own species when other offerings were not at hand. He guided them through their early wars with other inhuman races; his greatest shaman, Voorm the Mighty, the founder of the Voormis civilization, is credited with the creation of the Voormis culture.

It was Voorm the Mighty who was able to pry from Tsathoggua's unyielding lips the special words and rites needed to control the Formless Spawn, the amorphous, slime-based life forms that had arrived on Earth with their master. It was Voorm the Mighty who cast back the Gnophkehs, enabling the rise of the pre-human Voormis dominion. And it was Voorm the Mighty who promulgated the original belief in subterranean living that, in time, after the rise of Men, enabled the Voormis to survive in the caverns of Voormithadreth, after all their great works had fallen into ruin and waste…

Tsathoggua is a Great Old One, a being of unspeakable power and utterly inimical nature. That he destroyed the Serpent-Men civilization upon his arrival was merely happenstance; that the inhuman mammalian beings took to worshipping him thereafter, merely good fortune. For Tsathoggua, if anything truly divine, is the cosmic ideal of slothfulness. A vast, squat, pot-bellied amorphous thing of vaguely quadrupedal form, he possesses a toad-like head with great globular eyes, usually closed in sleep, contemplation, or merely for the lack of the energy to open them. His queer tongue, long and thin and covered with strange knobs and protrusions, often lolls out of his wide, many-fanged mouth, covered in slime and drool. He is covered all over his body with soft bat-like fur of ebon black, so dark that it seems to absorb light and disguise his true size and overall shape.

Tsathoggua is a bottomless cornucopia of arcane and eldritch knowledge; if there is a spell or ritual in existence of which he is unaware, it is not worth knowing. Thus, he is often worshipped by sorcerers and wizards, necromancers and thaumaturges, witches and warlocks who seek lost and forbidden knowledge. The difficulty is in wresting it from his reticent tongue, for he is loathe to speak, lest he waste his long-shepherded energies. Propitiation of Tsathoggua requires personal abasement and sacrifices at his very feet, beneath his black throne in ebon-shrouded N'kai. Upon proper propitiation and the survival—physical, mental, and spiritual—of the celebrant of the rites, he or she is initiated into Tsathoggua's priesthood, taught the proper words and rites to control the formless spawn, and granted some small token of arcane or eldritch knowledge.

Communication thereafter between god and priest is usually through the idol that the newly inducted priest must make with his own hands. Thereafter, the nature of the priest's worship can vary—some, the most ascetic of wizards, merely set their tiny idols in a niche in a hidden room in their tower, while others build great temples, complete with life-sized idols flanked by deep basins of rich and rare materials to house the Formless Spawn. Some cults are secret and hidden, dedicated merely to the gathering of eldritch wisdom; others seek to use their knowledge to conquer and rule openly. His primitive shamans among the voormis and the half-breeds (often also born of unholy unions with the formless spawn) are more dedicated to ecstatic celebration of their ancestral deity and veneration of their ancient ways through maintaining the strength and power of their declining people. In addition to providing his priests the use of his formless spawn and voormis, Tsathoggua is able to animate his idols to defend his temples and his followers.

Tsathoggua only ever stirs himself physically to impart such wisdom as is needful to do so verbally; usually he speaks only though *ESP*, the range of which is effectively infinite with his priests. His inhuman flesh is immune to non-magical weapons and can only be struck by magical weapons of +3 or greater enchantment. He prefers to defend himself with magic, being capable of using nine spells of each level, 1st through 9th, from any spell list, at will; he can cast spells with but a thought, requiring neither verbal nor somatic components, nor even material components of less than 1,000 gp value.

He has the ability to create a *death field*, centered on his body in a 20-foot radius, which drains three life levels from all within the the field each round (no saving throw). Any hit points lost to this field heal Tsathoggua, though points gained in this way cannot take him above his maximum hit points. If stirred to such wrath that he must attack physically, he does so with a combination tongue/bite attack. Any man-sized or smaller creature struck by his 30-foot long tongue is instantly swallowed. Every round the victim must make a save vs. spell; if he fails, he is destroyed utterly, as though through a *sphere of annihilation*. If the save succeeds, he merely takes 6d6 points of acid damage. If all else fails, Tsathoggua can *teleport without error* at will. Unfortunately, for those at his location when he leaves and where he arrives, this is accompanied by a terrible explosion, dealing 40d6 points of damage to all within 240 feet just as he teleports out and just before he teleports in (he is unaffected by the blast, as he is neither here nor there at that moment). When he uses this ability to teleport between worlds, the explosion is commensurately more powerful…

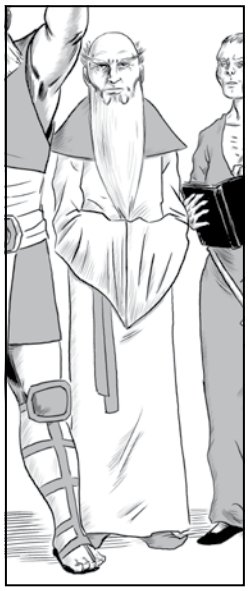
Tsathoggua still dwells in the black realm of N'kai, though where exactly that is today is unknown. Some claim that N'kai is found under the great ice-covered mountains of of the polar seas to the north, while others believe that it is in the sub-arctic island just to the south, or even the temperate plains of the Western Hemisphere. Some theorize that N'kai is an extra-dimensional space within the bowels of the earth, and is accessible from many places through long, magical tunnels that connect distant parts of the world through mystical processes.

RELATED ENTRIES: **M)** *Formless Spawn, Voormi.*

Tsrura

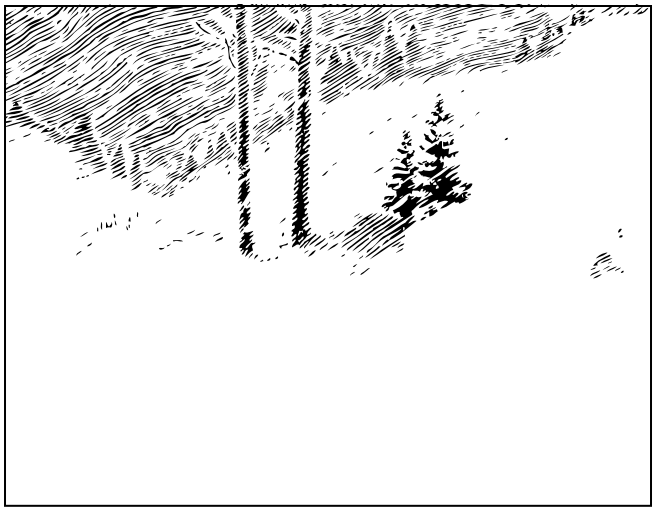
(petty god of starvation, illusion, and time's wintry end)
TITLES: *The Winter of Law;*
The God Of Starvation, Illusion, and Time's Wintry End
AFFILIATIONS: *The Mearra*

Eric Fabiaschi
Scott Faulkner (Tsrura)
Vindico Vindicatum (scene)



SYMBOL:	An emaciated horse
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful (Chaotic)*
MOVEMENT:	150' (50')
ARMOR CLASS:	2
HIT PTS. (HD):	100 hp (20 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (fists or touch)
DAMAGE:	10d6+special or death
SAVE:	M20
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	XVI, XVII + 7,000gp
XP:	5,000

Tsrura is the petty god of starvation, illusion, and time's wintry end. He is the grand patron of the Mearra, father to Merramorina, and easily the most evil of the family. He is the end of time as symbolized by the white sameness of winter. He is the final starvation of time as it finally consumes itself. He most often appears at the end of a terrible winter, seeking out the taint of Chaos in order to freeze it solid.



From within his floating castle, this greedy ancient giant of a god is able able to rain snow, hail, and bone-chilling cold upon the kingdoms below. He is also able to take on the form of a winter storm of supernatural intensity. In either case, this should be treated as the magic-user spell *control weather*, with an area of 10,000 square miles, and a duration of up to 12+1d6 hours, usable one time per day, and causing up to 1d4 points of damage per round to any creature caught in the storm. He is also able to create the most dire of illusions within his storms (e.g., the gaunt figures of animals dying from exposure and starvation), which may be manifested with the same duration and area of effect as his storms. Tsrura will consider giving respite to a storm-ridden area, but a tribute of no less than 10,000 gp must be offered for him to consider granting such reprieve. The chance of him departing is a base 20% (for the 10,000 gp tribute)+5% for each additional 5,000 gp offered up (to a maximum chance of a 95%).

In his humanoid form, Tsrura will usually be accompanied by 1d4 frost giants (with maximum hit points). Furthermore, in this form he is able to freeze anything he touches on a successful "to hit" roll (causing immediate death from cold on a failed save vs. death, even for creatures with cold resistance and immunity).

Should any creature actually choose to engage in combat with this beast of a god, he will strike them with his fists for 10d6 points of damage, with his touch also causing starvation in his victim (on a failed save vs. spells). This starvation will not allow a creature to heal by normal means, plus causes an additional 1d4 points of damage per day. This starvation effect may only be removed by *remove curse* or *dispel magic*.

Tsrura takes the treasures from the kingdoms he has raided, and stores them within his floating castle. At the end of a winter's season, Tsrura will return to the Plane of Law (from the Prime Plane) in order to permanently store away his booty and plunder.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Arvirive, Avirgiri. Glaria, the Mearra, Merramorina, Micicara, Nardrea, Ruslivia, Sertetti, Termarr.*

** Please see the entry in this section for the Mearra for information regarding their alignment.*

Turquoise Idol of Communion

(petty god of transformation)

Logan Knight
Rose Turner

SYMBOL:	A rough stone cylindrical idol, carved with intricate scrolling symbols
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	180' (60')
ARMOR CLASS:	9
HIT PTS. (HD):	10 hp +1d8 hp per being absorbed (1 HD +1 HD/being absorbed)
ATTACKS:	1 (leaping grapple or tongue strike)
DAMAGE:	Special
SAVE:	Magic immune; otherwise as Fighter by HD
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	500 river-polished pebbles of turquoise per HD (hoard located inside its belly)
XP:	4,000 per HD at the moment of its untimely demise

They hand you a piece of broken stone; the outside is time-worn and dark, graven with symbols, while the alluring turquoise surface within glistens like an adhesive.

They speak of four joining pieces that were lost; they say that if you reconstruct the idol it is told to strengthen your mortal shell, to unite you with a greater power.

The inner surface of the idol is dry to your touch, but when you join it with another piece you find yourself unable to force them apart. Every piece amplifies the stench of the swamp wafting from it.

You find and join the final piece and place it before you, ready to receive its power. A wet blue skin seeps from the fine cracks on its surface, smothering it and expanding as toad in the shape of a man, with five hanging arms protruding from its body. Its skin glistens and it wishes to join you with its form.

It seeks to become one with you by grabbing you (by leaping at you or by striking at you with its 10' tongue) and absorbing you into itself. The moment it takes hold (on a successful "to hit" roll) you can feel your skin incorporating into its body as it sucks you in. Each round thereafter, take a cumulative –2 penalty to all rolls, and save vs. death or remain stuck, incorporating completely if you haven't escaped after 3 rounds. With its increased mass from each being absorbed, the toad gains 1 HD, sprouts an additional arm (and a +1 "to hit" bonus for all grappling attacks), and its tongue grows 5' longer.

If you hit the toad in melee, your weapon sticks in its flesh; make a Strength check next round to get it back; you have 2 rounds thereafter to get it back, for it willl be absorbed after 3 rounds (at which point the toad gains 1 hp). The toad will try to grapple anyone that comes near enough, or grab with its tongue if no one is already in its mouth. It won't move until it has finished incorporating those already joined to it.

You will never completely remove its flesh from anything it touched.

DM'S NOTE: *No one is saying that the PC's have to be the ones who found the idol. Increase hp/HD and attack bonuses accordingly.*

Tuu Bih D'turmin'd

(petty god of empty spaces yet to be filled)
TITLES: *The Great Placeholder; TBD*

Richard J. LeBlanc
TBD

SYMBOL:	An empty circle or empty square
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	TBD by form
ARMOR CLASS:	TBD by form
HIT PTS. (HD):	95 hp (20 HD)
ATTACKS:	TBD by form
DAMAGE:	TBD by form
SAVE:	M20
MORALE:	7
HOARD CLASS:	Varies
XP:	By stats

Tuu Bih D'turmin'd, the Great Placeholder, is the petty god of empty spaces yet to be filled. It is he who is charged with protecting those spaces where something is to be put, but has not been put there yet. It is not uncommon to find him guarding large plots of land where a manor or castle is to be erected, or sitting in a seat of government until a new official has been chosen or elected, or simply holding a stack of empty plates while a cook decides what recipe will be prepared for an important meal.

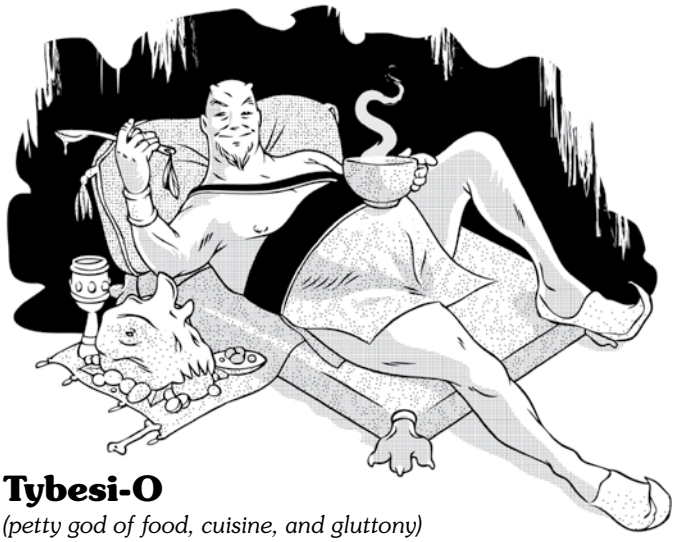
Tuu Bih D'turmin'd may manifest in an infinite variety of forms, but will often become *invisible* (which he may do at will) until a form is chosen. This form can range in size and power from a tiny amoeba to an entire universe (though, even in a massive form, he still only possesses 95 hp, attacks as a 20 HD monster, and saves as a 20th level magic-user). In combat, his attacks are to be determined by the form he takes. The Hoard Class that Tuu Bih D'turmin'd possesses is also to be determined by his form. In fact, almost every aspect of Tuu Bih D'turmin'd manifestation is to be determined by the form he chooses (minus those noted above).

Though the worshipers of Tuu Bih D'turmin'd are generally those who are indecisive (and have yet to choose a suitable deity to worship), he is also often worshiped by people in charge of projects who are either waiting on something to be provided to them, or are waiting until a suitable provider has presented him or herself.

In any empty dungeon room, there is a 1% chance that Tuu Bih D'turmin'd will appear and immediately give the room a specific purpose (with the purpose and the room furnishings at the discretion of the DM), then depart at the end of the round.

It is rumored that Tuu Bih D'turmin'd is a distant relative of Naught, the petty god of invisibility and invisible stalkers.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Naught.*



Tybesi-O

(petty god of food, cuisine, and gluttony)

Igor Vinicius Sartorato & Daiane Assen Chales
Matthew Shultz

SYMBOL:	A golden spoon
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
ARMOR CLASS:	6
HIT PTS. (HD):	75 hp (15 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (fist, swallow attack), or curse
DAMAGE:	1d4 (1d8, swallow)
SAVE:	M15
MORALE:	8
HOARD CLASS:	XIX
XP:	5,000

Tybesi-O is the god of food, cuisine, and gluttony. His appearance is that of a rotund, bald man with greedy eyes, dressed in fine and tawdry clothes. His worshipers are commonly cooks seeking his blessings while preparing recipes, particularly before important dinners.

His few priests are generally nomadic, traveling from community to community, seeking hospitality in return for blessings. The main dogma of these (usually obese) priests is, "never refuse a meal" (most of these gluttons take offense if food is not offered to them). Many innkeepers and chefs receive these priests with open arms, hoping to obtain a new and tasty recipe from among the thousands upon thousands of recipes they are famous for knowing.

Tybesi-O's attention is particularly attracted when some great gastronomic feast or banquet is held. In these situations, he requires that a great offering of food and drink be made to him. If this is not done, or the offering is deemed insufficient, the god will usually *curse* the community, causing their food stores to spoil, milk to sour, and recipes to go wrong.

Tybesi-O has the power to *bless* someone, causing that person to develop a kind of culinary genius, making them able to effortlessly create wonderful recipes. Likewise, this capricious god is also able to *curse* those who snub him. This curse can take one of two forms (depending on the target). For some, the curse makes all food eaten by the target to have an unpleasant taste. For those with culinary skills, the curse makes everything they cook spoil and/or go wrong.

In combat, Tybesi-O is not a great challenge, but has a fearsome ability—he is able to eat anything, even a whole person! On a natural "to hit" roll of 19 or 20, he immediately takes the victim into his mouth and swallows them whole in a truly gruesome scene. Once inside him, the victim suffers 1d8 points of damage per round until digested (reduced 0 hp), regurgitated (1% chance per round), or the god is defeated.

Tyop *(petty god of print errrors, mistranslations, and minor heresies)*

Patrick Wetmore
Jim Magnusson

SYMBOL:	Gibberish-filled book
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	60' (30')
ARMOR CLASS:	3
HIT PTS. (HD):	40 hp (7 HD)
ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE:	2d8 + confusion
SAVE:	M7
MORALE:	5
HOARD CLASS:	VI
XP:	1,140

Some philosophers surmise that the gods obtain power from the belief of their worshippers. Tyop is an argument that belief not only provides power, but creates the gods themselves. He is the god of minor heresies, a result of miscopied and poorly translated phrases in the holy books of other religions. When the worshippers of Morog, the god of moonlit crimes, recite "slip up in the night" instead of "slip out into the night," their prayers reach Tyop instead. When the flock of Lacea, Lady of the Seven Brothels, chant "and after, the men rest sleazy", rather than "rest easy", Tyop is exalted. He appears as a man of average height, with features badly jumbled on his face, arms of unequal length, and a nasty limp due to a disfigured leg. He speaks only gibberish. If engaged in combat, Tyop strikes with his staff, causing *confusion* (as per the spell) to those who fail a save vs. spell, as well as 2d8 points of damage. Clerics and magic-users who attempt to cast spells (from memory, or from scrolls) within 120' of Tyop must save vs. spell, or find that they mispronounce the words (still erasing memory of the spell, or destroying the scroll).

Tyop Reaction Table

Use Wisdom for modifier (instead of Charisma).

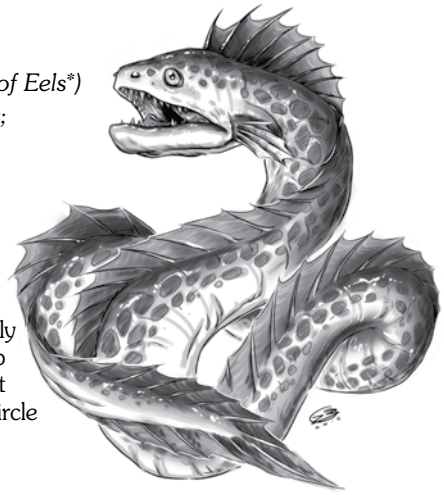
2	Tyop is deeply pleased, and blesses the mortal with utter gibberish. The mortal may repeat this gibberish once at an opponent, causing *confusion* as per the spell if a save vs. spell is failed.
3-5	The god utters his inane wisdom. All spellcasters within 30' find that their remaining memorized spells are replaced with random spells of the same level, although not necessarily of the same class.
6-8	Tyop babbles like an idiot. All within 30' lose 1d6 points of Wisdom for a 24-hour period.
9-11	The god is displeased. Any scrolls, spell books, and other writing carried by the mortal(s) in question turn to gibberish.
12	Tyop is enraged and attacks.

U'ILLA • UNDEK • UNGSI • UROBORIALIS • URGLU

U'illa

(petty goddess of the Isle of Eels)*
TITLES: *She Who Slithers;*
Night Mistress

Damian Breen
Rom Brown



SYMBOL:	Gray eel with a silver belly curled up to almost form a circle
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	30' (10')
SWIM:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	–2
HIT PTS. (HD):	132 hp (18 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (bite) + special
DAMAGE:	4d8 (natural "to hit" roll of 20 results in +2d10 from coil)
SAVE:	F18
MORALE:	11
HOARD CLASS:	X, XXII
XP:	5,900

U'illa is the mother eel and is the progenitor of all eels. She is 22' long with gray mottled skin and a silver belly. She dwells on the Isle of the Eels and provides food for the river folk who worship her.

She is worshipped as the provider of food and the cleansing mouth who keeps the river clean of disease and debris. She aids the river folk in keeping other waterborne predators in check, allowing fish stocks and waterfowl to thrive. On the night of the summer solstice, she gives birth to tens of thousands of eel larvae that swim down river towards the sea. The larvae spend many years at sea until they return as eels back to their mother and her voracious appetite.

The river folk ensure that they catch only full grown eels on the journey back to their mother, and that any young eel that returns safely to the Isle of the Eels is safe from fishing. The bounty that U'illa provides them comes at a cost; she has a voracious appetite and demands meat most days. The river folk ferry their dead to the Isle of the Eels, allowing U'illa to feast upon the bodies and bones of their deceased relatives. However, if not enough local folk die, other people must be found to keep 'she who slithers' well fed. Though she will eat other meat, she prefers the taste of humans.

U'illa is almost exclusively a nocturnal creature. She is also a voracious predator—extremely skilled at hunting in the water. She also can slither onto land (for an hour at a time) to pursue prey. She attacks with a gaping maw that inflicts terrible wounds. Additionally, on a natural "to hit" roll of 20, she grips her foe in her jaws and coils her body around it, inflicting crushing damage every round (bend bars or similar against 20 Strength to escape). She can continue to bite the coiled victim or turn her bite attack elsewhere. She can crush a maximum of two human sized creatures at the same time.

If attacked with a piercing weapon that succeeds on a natural "to hit" roll of 20 and/or causes maximum damage, it punctures one of her many poison sacks (which are located all along her body). A 5'-long spray of poison erupts from her body and her attacker must save vs. poison or die.

U'illa is incredibly slippery and cannot be held, pinned, grappled or similar (treat as a permanent *free action* ability).

Much like a dragon U'illa can be subdued, and will honor an agreement with her attackers as long as they do not permanently take her from her Isle and its surrounding rivers.

U'illa is worshipped by the river folk in various rituals throughout the year, including the 'making of the grass ladders' that are anchored at natural weirs, the creation of other obstacles which aid her children in returning to her, and the midwinter festival of 'Piggin' (where dozens of domesticated pigs are ferried over the isle and left as a feast for U'illa).

A sub-cult of thieves and assassins has emerged around the worship of their Night Mistress. They use the eel skins to make very soft and flexible armor which is naturally dark and aids them in their nightly activities. When U'illa is particularly hungry, the cult is responsible for bringing her food from outside the river folk community, meanwhile filling their own pockets with coins from their victims. The cult is starting to steal more coin for them than food for her, and she is starting to get hungry.

Undek *(petty god of lost souls)*

Atailton Miranda
Courtney Campbell

SYMBOL:	Skull in blue nimbus
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	60' (20')
ARMOR CLASS:	0 [+3]
HIT PTS. (HD):	62 hp (10 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (touch)
DAMAGE:	1d6
SAVE:	F10
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	2,700

Undek, the restless spirit of a dead god, appears as an immaterial humanoid, his face hidden in a misty hood. He wanders the world, gathering both evil spirits (e.g., spectres and wraiths), as well as living worshipers, in the hope that he might one day regain his former glory. His living worshipers often gather in ruins reputed to be haunted, where they engage in rituals intended to aid the dead god in his goal.

In combat, Undek drains 3 experience levels by touch. He can also cast spells as if he were a 15th level cleric. He may be struck only by weapons of +3 or better enchantment. *Sleep*, *charm*, *hold*, and other mind- or body-affecting spells have no effect upon Undek. In addition, he is immune to cold and electricity-based attacks.

UNDEK'S SHRINE: The cultists of the god of lost souls go to the deepest dungeons in unholy quests for rooms in the paths of the Dark Ley-lines. Once a suitable place is found, the ritual begins: after hours of prayers and a human sacrifice, a wicked shrine is created. The bones of dead adventurers found in the dungeon are buried below a marble cube (the evil altar) for keeping the ghosts under the cult's control. In Undek's shrine, strong evil emanates: the shadows are darker (+20% bonus to Hide in Shadows), the spirits are stronger (ghosts, wraiths and other spirits have their AC improved by –4 and get a +4 bonus to their saves), and the spell *turn undead* is weaker (as 2 character levels lower).

Undek Reaction Table

Roll 1d6 (instead of 2d6).

1-2	Undek ignores the person.
3-4	Undek is friendly; roll again in 10 rounds.
5	Undek *curses* the person!
6	Undek atacks!

Ungsi *(petty god of knives)*

Dungeon of Sketch
Dungeon of Sketh

SYMBOL:	A knife cutting through a nail
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	180' (60')
ARMOR CLASS:	–1
HIT PTS. (HD):	97 hp (13 HD)
ATTACKS:	2 (large knives)
DAMAGE:	1d6+2/1d6+2
SAVE:	F13
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	None + special (see below)
XP:	3,300

Long ago, many chefs and butchers prayed to a little-known god, Ungsi. Ungsi happily answered their prayers and kept the knives of his faithful magically sharp. Eventually, better knife craftsmanship diminished the practice of Ungsi worship, leaving Ungsi to eventually fade into bitter obscurity.

It is rumored a desperate royal cook's apprentice learned of the outdated practice of Ungsism from an elder chef. The cook's apprentice, despite his magically sharpened knives, was a dismal failure and was expelled from the castle's kitchen in shame.

This disgraced former apprentice turned to a life of crime but remained a devotee of Ungsi. The young criminal discovered he was a natural born assassin, and his supernaturally honed knives lead him to underworld infamy.

In time, the renowned hit man soon became a master of assassins, and he brought Ungsi worship to his guild. The practice of Ungsism soon spread to many assassins and professional killers, and his prayers are chanted by those who trade innocent lives for gold.

A worshiper must only wield knives, daggers, or shortswords to receive the benefits of the faith. While wielding any weapon of the specified type, the character receives a +2 "to hit" and +2 damage bonus. This bonus may be cumulative to any bonuses inherent to the weapon. The use of any other type of weapon is forbidden in Ungsism, and the offending worshiper must sacrifice one finger or one toe to placate Ungsi and return his blessings.

Once per day, plus one additional time for each six levels of experience, an Ungsi follower may cut something which normally cannot be cut by a knife. Stories of Ungsi worshipers slicing through heavy iron chains, window glass, or even the swords of enemies are not uncommon.

Ungsi appears as a wrinkled, mustachioed and diminutive man dressed in completely black chef's garb. A red handkerchief is tied loosely around his neck. Although Ungsi may seem like a small old man, he's quite fast and has excellent reflexes.

The Knife God brandishes two rather large kitchen knives with lighting precision. Each weapon is +2 "to hit" and does 1d6+2 damage (as *+2 short sword*). These knives only possess these qualities in the hands of Ungsi himself, and merely function as standard short swords if wielded by anyone else. Furthermore, Ungsi can sever extremities of a target on a natural roll of 18 or better, per below (roll 1d10):

1-6	Target loses a finger or a toe.
7-8	Target loses a hand or a foot.
9	Target loses an arm or a leg.
10	Target loses their head.

If Ungsi is reduced to 20 or less hit points, he can summon a volley of extremely sharp knives which hurl at his enemies. These blades launch out from him in a spherical area and do 4d8 + 4 damage to anyone within 40' of Ungsi (save vs. breath for half damage.) Ungsi may only use this ability once per day.

If Ungsi is defeated, he will leave behind no money or treasure. However, the victorious will soon realize any knife, dagger, or shortsword they posses will be permanently blessed with an additional +1 "to hit" and +2 to damage. This effect is cumulative to any bonuses previously inherent to the items blessed.

Uroborialis

(petty goddess of instinctual wisdom)
AFFILIATIONS: *The Jale God*

Matthew W. Schmeer
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

SYMBOL:	A flame encircled by a snake swallowing its own tail
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
ARMOR CLASS:	0
HIT PTS. (HD):	60 hp (11 HD)
ATTACKS:	3 (2 bites/1crush)
DAMAGE:	2d8+special/2d8+special/2d8
SAVE:	C10
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	None, as wisdom is its own reward
XP:	7,227

While her symbol is often engraved on walls in temples and shrines, tombs and towers, hovels and castles, Uroborialis herself has no organized worshipers or clerical orders. The gods themselves often seek her counsel, although they are wary of her uncanny powers, for she owes her existence to the life-force of every being that brings forth young and thus has no need for the constant adulation sought by other gods.

This goddess of instinctual wisdom appears as two female heads at either ends of an undulating, serpentine body encrusted with sparkling scarlet scales. While both heads are strikingly beautiful, one appears as a queenly gray-haired priestess and the other is a red-headed, befreckled young woman. Each head can carry on separate conversations, finish each other's sentences, or speak in unison—sometimes doing all three at once.

Uroborialis has a strong association with fire, as she can use any flame source as a portal between the godly planes, the Plane of Fire, and the Material Plane. Thus, she is impervious to fire-based attacks. It is said that in the olden times, when worship of petty gods was widely practiced, ardent followers of Uroborialis would paint a flame on their foreheads as a sign of their piety. As she never answered any of her followers' prayers, her presence in the pantheon of petty gods was eventually forgotten.

Uroborialis is extremely wise and venerated among the petty godlings as the wisest among them, and it is she who is tasked with the job of creating innate knowledge of survival in all creatures before birth. To do this, she must keep up a constant stream of banter and observations for the winds to carry the knowledge to those who will need it in their time of need. In a long ago age, she created a group of seven divine homunculi to assist in

keeping up her banter and pondering the nature of the multiverse; they ramble the world engaging in petty observations and debates over the minutiae of creation. Although Uroborialis is in constant telepathic contact with these twee philosophers, she allows them free reign to explore what mysteries they may as long as they are not in harm's way, in which case she will manifest to interact with any interlopers.

She reacts best to creatures with high Wisdom scores. Those with Wisdom scores under 9 often find themselves acting purely on instinct within her presence, revealing their inborn natures not tamed by their respective cultures. Uroborialis will not banter with any creature whose Wisdom is under 9 because of this effect. She tolerates those with Wisdom scores of 10–15, and engages in deep philosophical philandering with those above 16. Spellcasters who hold a discussion with Uroborialis have a 20% chance to permanently gain the ability to double-cast a spell under 4th level before needing to re-memorize the magic needed to cast it. Anyone with a Wisdom score above 10 who engages in conversation will also find they have gained the ability (for 1d12 weeks) to converse with any intelligent creature in that creature's native tongue for the length of the conversation.

Uroboialis gets three attacks. She can crush victims in her powerful coils for 2d8 crushing damage. Additionally, each of her heads can bite for 2d8 damage apiece. For each successful bite, the victim must save vs. poison or suffer a numbing paralysis within 1d4 rounds.

Uroborialis has the unnerving ability to unhinge either of her jaws and she will attempt to swallow paralyzed victims (no "to hit" roll necessary vs. paralyzed victim); swallowed victims suffer 3d6 points of damage per round while inside her belly. Victims will not be digested, but will be regurgitated out the opposite end from which they were swallowed in three rounds. PCs who survive passing through the goddess's gut receive a permanent *blessing* (per the spell *bless*) and the paralysis is lifted.

The paralysis can otherwise only be cured by a *blessing* from a cleric of 10th level or higher whose Wisdom score is 16 or greater. When the victim is cured of the paralysis in this manner, he or she will have found the answer to one of their life's most perplexing questions, but will be unable to explain it to anyone else.

If she is successfully attacked with an intelligent weapon of non-lawful alignment, there is a 30% chance the intelligence in the weapon will be released, as it has gained the knowledge of true self-awareness and will attempt to flee from itself, thereby creating a self-contained nuclear reaction that warps the space-time continuum and merges the trapped intelligence back with its original self at the time of its birth.

Uroborialis will attempt to flee if she is reduced to below 10 hit points. She unhinges one of her jaws, tucks one head inside the other, and rolls towards the nearest flame source to escape to the Godly Plane.

Uroborialis Reaction Table

Modify by Wisdom instead of Charisma.

2	**Friendly:** Will grant a boon or truthfully answer any question in exchange for a long philosophical discussion.
3-5	**Indifferent:** Will offer straight-forward advice.
6-8	**Neutral:** Ignores PCs entirely.
9-11	**Unfriendly:** Speaks cryptically, usually in riddles, puns, and obscure languages.
12	**Hostile:** Attacks on sight.

She is often found in the company of Verthish, the Petty God of Single Pips, who himself is a manifestation of the Jale God. He finds her constant stream of insightful chatter soothing.

RELATED ENTRIES: Please see the *Jale God* entry in this section for a complete listing of entries related to the Jale God (including all gods and items mentioned in this listing).

Urglu

(petty goddess of mutations)
TITLES: *Godmother of Aberrations and Monstrosities*

Terje Nordin
Eugene Jaworski

SYMBOL:	A broken mirror
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	30' (10')
ARMOR CLASS:	2
HIT PTS. (HD):	55 hp (10 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (claw/touch or acid spit)
DAMAGE:	1d8+special or 1d12
SAVE:	F9
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	II, IX
XP:	1,700

Urglu is a misshapen creature whose twisted 15'-tall body is covered in patches of hair and varying blotches of scales and blisters. Her right leg is malformed and stiff, and below her left arm there sprouts three tentacles. Above her drooling mouth there is a conglomeration of eyes in many shapes and sizes.

The goddess of mutations visits expecting women and gestating animals and give her blessings to their progeny. She favors children born of incestuous relations, particularly from those families who have received her gifts generation after generation. Some scholars claim that Urglu is more active during certain stellar alignments and that her attention can be diverted through the use of astrological amulets.

Many women with child perform offerings where food is placed within a small clay statuette that is buried in the ground in order to persuade the goddess to spare their offspring. Others seek to fool Urglu by making a doll with a deformity or other alterations, whom they carry as if it was a real child. Some worship the goddess of mutations and actively seek her favors.

In melee Urglu attacks with her claws, or if she can touch an opponent's naked skin she may give her *blessing* (see below) unless the target makes a save vs. wand. After spending 1 round hawking and coughing, she can then spit acid up to 60' during any 1 round thereafter.

Urglu's Blessings

1. Roll 1d4 to determine the total number of blessings on a failed save vs. wand.

2. For each blessing, roll 1d6 to determine the type of (permanent) blessing: 1-3=Lesser, 4-5=Greater, 6=Major.

Lesser Blessings
Roll 1d6.

1. Hirsute
2. Cleft lip
3. Webbed hands
4. Six fingers
5. No teeth
6. No eyes

Greater Blessings
Roll 1d12.

1. Extra arm
2. Tentacles instead of arms
3. Extra eye
4. Cyclopic
5. Fur
6. Scaly skin
7. Feathers
8. Hoofs
9. Tail
10. Antlers
11. Clawed hands
12. Beak

Major Blessings
Roll 1d6.

1. Gills (able to breathe under water)
2. Darkvision (60')
3. Regeneration (as a Troll)
4. Omnivorous (can gain sustenance from any matter)
5. Wings
6. Echolocation (as a bat)

VERLORE • VERTHISH • VEXARUS • VINDICO VINDICATUM • VODEI • VYDIA

Verlore *(petty god of lost people and lost things)*

Steve Collington
Darcy Perry

SYMBOL:	A labyrinth
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	3
HIT PTS. (HD):	66 hp (15 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (staff)
DAMAGE:	1d6+1 plus special
SAVE:	M15
MORALE:	7
HOARD CLASS:	XIV
XP:	10,800

Verlore is a minor deity who deals with the lost, be they people or things. Though a very minor power, his influence on dungeon explorers and his nature is such that he's placated with offerings at crossroads or cast overboard on boats. Verlore's appearance varies but often manifests as a human male with a worn-looking staff, often a beggar or traveler. He will often be seen walking with the calm surety of someone who appears to know exactly where he's going (which is untrue) or resting on a broken signpost or milestone. Verlore is the centre of a continuous antipathy effect affecting all alignments. All detect spells, *ESP*, *locate object* and *scrying* (e.g. *crystal balls*) fail in his presence.

If Verlore is attacked he will strike a foe with his staff, which does 1d6+1 damage and drains 1 Wisdom (no save) until the next sunrise. Verlore prefers to use his spells (which he casts at 15th-level but can use at will): *antipathy*, *dimension door*, *hallucinatory terrain*, *invisibility*, *maze*, *symbol of despair*, *teleport* (everywhere is very familiar and rolls of 00 are considered a "high" result). Verlore is said to have links with faerie folk; those invoking charms against fey magic find some protection (+2 to saving throws) from Verlore's abilities. A cleric casting *find the path* in Verlore's presence will banish him for 1d6 months. This will earn the cleric Verlore's enmity for a year and a day—during this time the cleric will be delayed and troubled, and things will go missing, be delayed and be troubled, adding 20% to time required to do something and to the cost of equipment and goods.

Verlore Reaction Table

2	**Friendly:** Directs you correctly to where you need to go or what you want.
3-5	**Indifferent:** Gives poor directions; roll under Intelligence on d20 to realise the right path; else roll 1d8 for compass point and 1d8+2 for number of squares or hexes you're out from the location.
6-8	**Neutral:** Gives you the wrong directions; roll 1d8 for compass point and 1d8+4 for number of squares or hexes you're out from the location.
9-11	**Unfriendly:** Refuses to give you directions; if coerced, gives you bad directions (roll 1d8 for compass point and 2d12 for number of squares or hexes you're out from the location.
12	**Hostile:** Teleports you somewhere unfamiliar then *teleports* away the next round (DMs are encouraged to make things interesting).

Verthish

(petty god of single pips; aspect of the Jale God)
TITLES: *The Jale God; The Lord of Single Pips*
AFFILIATIONS: *The Jale God*

Matthew W. Schmeer
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

SYMBOL:	A pair of dice rolled snake-eyes
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	30' (10')
ARMOR CLASS:	–3
HIT PTS. (HD):	84 hp (9 HD)
ATTACKS:	2 (*Fairness/ Balanced*) or curse
DAMAGE:	1d4+3(6)/1d6 +3 or special
SAVE:	F12
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	VII
XP:	5,600

Verthish appears in the crowd during games of chance involving dice. He usually manifests as an aged, long haired, one-eyed man wearing a brown cloak armed only with a dagger

and carrying a white staff. To all outward appearances, he is normal human rabble who likes to gamble. He will wager large sums on the outcomes of the games themselves rather than participating in the games.

He is impressed with those who act hastily and recklessly in pursuit of high stake gambles and on occasion will manipulate the outcome of the dice in their favor even if it means a financial loss for himself.

He abhors loaded dice and will ensure their owner loses every game in which such dice are used.

If attacked, he will defend with *Fairness*, a *+3 dagger* that dispenses an additional +3 against cheaters, and *Balanced*, a *+3 quasi-intelligent bonewood staff* that once per day can cast the *Curse of the Jale God (Im Ra Jash)* at a target of its own choosing.

If defeated in battle, Verthish will turn to smoke and return to his original plane. After 1d4 weeks, the weapons will lose their magical abilities.

RELATED ENTRIES: Please see the *Jale God* entry in this section for a complete listing of entries related to the Jale God (including all gods, items, and spells mentioned in this listing).

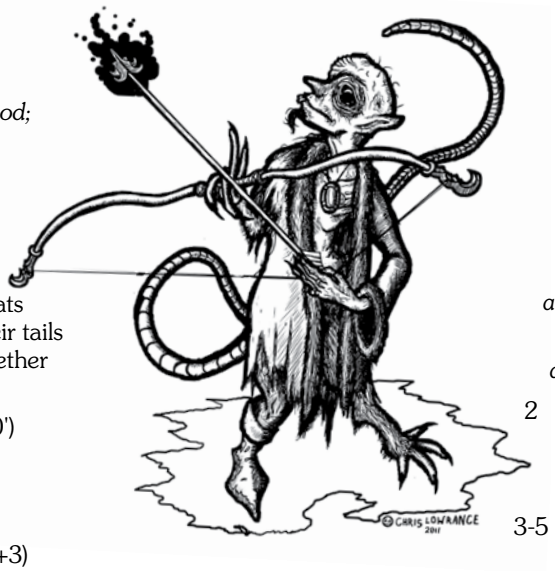
Vexarus

(petty god of virulent diseases and treason)

TITLES: *Vexarus Mouse-God; Bringer of Plagues; Lord of Traitors*

Evan Van Elkins

Dungeon of Sketch



SYMBOL:	Three rats with their tails tied together
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	4
HIT PTS. (HD):	100 hp (22 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (bow +3)
DAMAGE:	Special
SAVE:	T22
MORALE:	7
HOARD CLASS:	X, XVI
XP:	14,000

Vexarus Mouse-God, Bringer of Plagues and Lord of Traitors, is the god of virulent diseases and treason. He is only truly worshiped by jaded nihilists who seek an end to both their own existence and the entirety of the human endeavor. All who commit treason pay him homage though, whether they know it or not.

Vexarus appears as a horrible 6' combination of rat and man. His skin is ruddy, bruised, and covered with lesions of various sorts. His clothing is luxurious but tattered and stained. He constantly murmurs to himself, even when he is apparently speaking to others.

He attacks with a magical bow and is well-known for his three strange types of arrows. The first deals no damage, but anyone struck by one must save vs. wand or act as though they are under the effects of a *charm person* spell. The second type also deals no damage, but those struck by one must save vs. poison or die of a fast-acting disease that kills in 1d6 turns. The Mouse-God can reanimate these diseased dead as zombies with maximum hit points. These zombies are able to spread disease as if they were a rat (assume all of these zombies carry the disease). The last type of arrow is the one which Vexarus uses to spread plagues. This type of arrow again does no damage, and he never shoots one at a sapient being. Instead, he strikes an object in a place frequented by humans or other races; any who come into contact with this object must save vs. death or contract a horrible and virulent wasting disease (specific type at DM's discreation).

Vexarus will never engage in melee combat, preferring to flee instead. He is a coward of the worst sort, and the DM is encouraged to play this to the hilt. Vexarus can turn *invisible* at will, and rarely approaches anyone who may be an enemy while he is visible. Six times per day he may *teleport*; when Veraxus does so he disappears in a cloud of greasy smoke. Those in close proximity to this smoke (5' radius) must save vs. poison or contract a disease (similar to the one contracted from rats).

Vexarus Reaction Table

This roll is unmodified by ability scores. Instead, modify as outlined below:

Willingly committed treason: -6

Exposed treason: +6

Chaotic alignment: -3

Lawful alignment: +3

Contracted a plague and survived: automatically a result of 12 on the table below

Caused others to contract a plague: automatically a result of 2 on the table below

2	**Friendly:** Will attempt to aid those he is happy with, but only in the most minimal of ways. If combat is involved, he will leave the characters out to dry.
3-5	**Indifferent:** Seeks neither to harm nor hurt nearby characters. Will attempt to skulk off if possible.
6-8	**Suspicious:** Attempts to hide from characters in order to ascertain their purpose. If he does not like what he learns, he will attack.
9-11	**Unfriendly:** Will berate and threaten characters, but will attempt to skulk away at first available opportunity. Fights minimally if attacked.
12	**Hostile:** Attempts to kill nearby targets. If it appears he is in danger, he will flee.

Vindico Vindicatum

(petty god of appropriated credit)
TITLES: *The Great Arrogator;*
The Sultan of Signatures

Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

SYMBOL:	A pair of crossed quills
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	7
HIT PTS. (HD):	80 hp (14 HD)
ATTACKS:	2 (quills)
DAMAGE:	1d4+1/1d4+1 + special
SAVE:	M14
MORALE:	7
HOARD CLASS:	X, XVIII, XXI
XP:	4,250

Vindico Vindicatum is the petty god of appropriating unattributed credit. Where others have lost or been separated from any sort of acknowledgment for their words, deeds or actions, Vindico is there to claim it for himself. It is Vindico who puts his name on the legends that predate history, though he is too young (especially by godly standards) to have created them. Among the inventions Vindico attributes to himself are the wheel, fire, language, politics, and religion. He has even ascribed to his name the creation of gods (see ***Ginny Milk Eye***) and divine items (see ***Spitblade***). It should be understood that Vindico is by no means a liar, and does not claim to have done the deeds that underlie the accomplishments he claims for himself. He merely seeks to ascribe those efforts to a name (and if that name is his, so be it). He believes that when such works go uncredited, they go unappreciated. By attaching any name to them, the credit that goes to him is also a celebration of the unknown, forgotten, and uncredited creators whose identities have been lost to the past.

Vindico would rather claim credit for a victory in combat than actually have to earn it, but should he find it necessary, he attacks in combat using his two *quills of appropriation*. In most aspects, they operate as simple *+1 darts of returning*. Because Vindico is ambidextrous, he is able to make two of these attacks each round. However, should both quills strike a single target during the same round, the victim must save vs. spell or "be appropriated" by Vindico, immediately becoming allegiant to him, and fighting on his behalf for 3d6 rounds.

Vindico has many forms, for he is able to *polymorph* at will into any human, demi-human, or humanoid form, as long as that the species whose form he assumes would otherwise be intelligent enough to have created something for which credit is worth claiming (e.g., humans, dwarves, halflings, and elves are a given, but gnolls and bugbears would be questionable). Vindico will assume whatever form best suits his needs, but most often appears as an trustworthy human male of some years.

Vindico can also cast a variation of *mirror image*, which he is able to use 1 time per day for a duration of up to 6 turns. With this ability, he is not only able to create duplicates of himself, but he is able to create variations in each duplicate's appearance at will (as if he is *polymorphing* each mirror image separately). Additionally, Vindico possesses a limited form of *ESP* which allows him to scan the thoughts of a target creature and look for deeds, words, or actions for which the creature is responsible but has accomplished without acknowledgement. Should he find such opportunities, Vindico may attribute them to himself. This ability otherwise functions as the magic-user spell *ESP*, and Vindico may use it 3 times per day.

Vindico Vindicatum Reaction Table

2	**Friendly:** Vindico Vindicatum will not seek to claim credit for any of the PCs' accomplishments; there is a further chance of 1-in-100 that he may actually proffer an uncredited accomplishment to be claimed by one of the PCs.
3-5	**Indifferent:** Vindico Vindicatum will not seek to claim credit for any of the PCs' accomplishments.
6-8	**Neutral:** Vindico Vindicatum will not seek to claim credit for any of the PCs' accomplishments, but he reserves the right to change his mind, based on their actions.
9-11	**Unfriendly:** Vindico Vindicatum will immediately start using his *ESP* ability to scan for deeds which he may claim as his own.
12	**Hostile:** Vindico Vindicatum attacks; using his dual quill attack, he will work his way from what he perceives to be the 'weakest' to the 'strongest' target, attempting to "appropriate" each one as the combat encounter continues.

Vodei *(petty god of the seas of Aelio*)*

TITLES: *Vodei the Rager; The Waverider;*
The Ruiner of Ships and Twister of Ways

Josh Graboff
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

SYMBOL:	Four radiating fists of water
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40') – land/on foot 4 mph – water/riding the waves 2 mph – land/ riding a wave inland
ARMOR CLASS:	–5
HIT PTS. (HD):	179 hp (40 HD)
ATTACKS:	1/round (trident), call lightning, 2/round (fists)
DAMAGE:	1-12, or by weapon+10
SAVE:	100% chance spells cast by spellcasters of 7th level or below fail in his presence; –5% per level above 7th; otherwise M40
MORALE:	12 (never fails)
HOARD CLASS:	Everything that has ever fallen to the sea floor
XP:	150,000

Vodei the Rager, the Waverider, the Ruiner of Ships and Twister of Ways, is one of four brothers who rule the Aelio. Aros and Eiri, gods of the wind and earth respectively, are his elder while the mighty Haeron, the ruler of the heavens, is his younger. Yet he is stronger than them all, brutally cunning,

and opposes each and every one of them. He was awarded his realm in a dice game with his brothers, and has taken to the sea with gusto. He is temperamental and fickle, and some theologians have wondered if perhaps he has gone mad from living beneath the sea.

The Waverider is prone to great rages and also to inexplicable, implacable calms. During the early ages of Arunia he stole the goddess Meina to come and live beneath the sea as his queen. While the two have occasional congress (some legends claiming cyclopes are the result of their union) they generally live apart and have great despite for each other. Merfolk, the closest beings to Vodei and his abodes, are strongly divided in their support with many worshipping the Rager (thus making them dangerous and unpredictable to surface dwellers) and many worshipping the Pale Lady (these, of course, being kind and helpful).

Vodei also has twelve powerful spirits at his beck and call. These are known as the Sturms, and each represents a different kind of awful weather. He sends these Sturms hither and yon, causing mayhem and mischief. It's said that they obey him not out of love, but from the power of his mystic trident by which he made them. They are said to be responsible for all truly awful storms in Arunia, stirring up the sea, dumping down rains, snows, and sandstorms. "As treacherous as the sea," or "as treacherous as Vodei," as the old saying goes.

The Twister of Ways appears as a massive faintly blue-skinned man when he appears at all. He is powerfully muscled, and is often depicted surrounded by thundering waves, his trident held in one mammoth fist, lightning playing among its tines.

Those stupid enough to draw his ire or unlucky enough to chance upon him will find that he wields command of the sea completely and utterly. He can capsize a small man-sized vessel at once, and a larger ship within three rounds by weather alone. His hands are huge enough that, if he wished, he could simply reach out and plunge cogs and carracks alike beneath the waves (one per round, if this is what he decides to do). In addition, he has the power of complete weather control in his local area, and may summon storms over the course of several rounds. This requires no concentration on his part and simply occurs while he's doing other things.

He can call lightning from the heavens when they are occluded exactly as the priest spell, save that his bolts do 10d12 points of damage. He can also fling lightning directly with his trident, though this takes a full round of action. Bolts flung from its tines may act either as chain lightning or standard bolts; each deals 10d10 points of damage.

Being struck by one of his enormous hands causes only 1d12 damage, but also flings the target 2d12 feet, with falling damage being applied as though the distance were vertical.

The trident he wields is a powerful magical item in and of itself. Giant-sized, it requires an enormous strength to hold and to use properly requires a massive stature. Besides the ability to fling *lightning bolts*, it is a +3 weapon that deals 2d12 points of damage over a vast area when swung (treat the attack as an area-attack spell; save vs. breath with Dexterity modifier to avoid all damage).

The following tables are used for sea travel; propitiating the Lord of Storms is an important part of making any journey.

Sea journeys take much less time than land journeys and there are fewer opportunities to throw random encounters at the PCs due to both the geography and the travel-time. However, in Arunia there are two important sea gods that must be respected if you are ever going to get anywhere. The first is Vodei, the vicious old man of the sea; the second is Meri, the Lady of the Waters. One is inimical and one is friendly, but both must be appeased if a ship is to sail.

Here you will find information on the Wrath of the Sea, which is called upon when Vodei is angry, and the Bounty of the Lady, which is called upon when Meri blesses a vessel.

Amulets of Vodei (which are fairly cheap) determine the base chance of risking his wrath.

Situation	Base Chance (without modifiers)
Captain has no amulet	5% base
Captain has an amulet of Vodei	2% base
Captain owned an amulet but it has become broken or lost	10% base

Modifiers for...	Chance of Incurring Wrath	Negated by
for every sailor onboard	+.25% increase	a single copper offering
Captains	+10% base chance	a 100gp offering
for every adventurer	+1% increase	a 10gp offering
for every 1000gp worth of cargo	+1% increase	a 10gp offering

Vodei's Wrath (Roll 1d10)

1-3 **Sturms:** Vodei sends one of his Sturms.

4 **Doldrums:** Ship is immobilized for 1d12 days.

5 **Spoiled Food:** All food onboard has mysteriously gone bad.

6 **Unseen Reef:** Ship runs aground on a reef that is not on the charts.

7 **Merfolk Attack:** Merfolk worshipping Vodei assault the ship to drag down its crew and passengers as a sacrifice.

8 **Dry Lightening:** Ship is struck by lightning from a clear sky and catches fire.

9 **Deep Sea Monster:** Ship is attacked by a beast of the deeps (type at DM's discretion).

10 **Vodei Appears:** The Old Man himself appears to sink the ship.

Vydia

(petty god of charlatans and over-promisers)

Luigi Castellani
Luigi Castellani

SYMBOL:	A fake gold chain adorned with a number of colored glass beads
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	150' (50')
ARMOR CLASS:	2 [+1]
HIT PTS. (HD):	75 hp (15 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (weapon or spell)
DAMAGE:	By weapon or spell
SAVE:	M15
MORALE:	7
HOARD CLASS:	VII
XP:	4,200

Vydia is a charlatan god. He usually takes the form of a fair-haired man or woman in splendid-but-cheap clothes. The deity is charming and suave, but is also vain and pompous.

Vydia can be encountered in mid-sized cities, faires, and markets trying to acquire new followers by promising them wealth, power, and riches. When seen in such circumstances, he is usually served by a small group of delusional followers. The fact is, Vydia is mostly a charlatan, and can't actually make his promises true. Therefore, he is often encountered fleeing enraged mobs of angry ex-followers.

The wandering god usually keeps away from greater cities and densely-settled areas in order to avoid the unwanted attention of greater gods and better-organized religions—they tend to be possessive of their followers. Vydia's divine nature has already caused him the trouble of being sought out by powerful magicians for their experiments.

Vydia has lost all connections to his former followers and the planes; should he die, he will be gone forever.

Vydia can only be struck by +1 or better weapons.

Due to his divine nature, at will Vydia can cast any magic-user spell up to 5th level, but he is limited to spells connected to *illusions*, *charms*, movement, air and fire. For example, Vydia could cast *phantasmal force*, *fly*, or *haste*, but never *detect magic* or *dispel magic*. Vydia is considered a 15th level spellcaster.

Twice per day this charlatan deity can change his shape (as *polymorph self*), but only to one of the following forms: fair-haired man, fair-haired woman, fly, or horse.

Vydia has currently no clerics—no matter how much he promises to his followers, he can't really grant them spells.

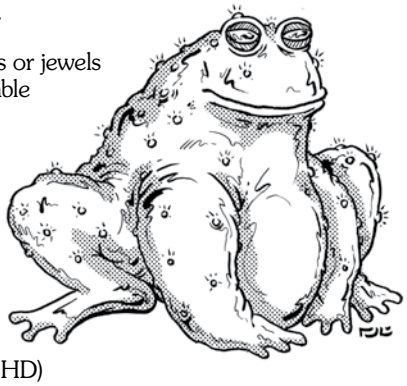
RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Behzd, Behzd & Vydia*.

WART MOTHER • WHISPER WILL • WICKED SKEIN • WÜDDERHOOT-HOOT

Wart Mother

(petty frog goddess of warts)
TITLES: *Dark Toad Mother*
AFFILIATIONS: *The Frog Gods*

Chris Tamm
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.



SYMBOL:	hand warts or jewels that resemble frog eyes
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
JUMP:	30' (any time in round)
SWIM:	180' (60')
ARMOR CLASS:	–5
HIT PTS. (HD):	68 hp (18 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (breath weapon)
DAMAGE:	2d6 + special (Charisma loss and slowed movement)
SAVE:	C18
MORALE:	6
HOARD CLASS:	Jeweled warts (under her skin; see below)
XP:	4,250

The Wart Mother (or Dark Toad Mother) is the petty frog goddess of warts. When she manifests, she appears as a cow-sized metallic-chrome purple frog with brilliant turquoise eyes and shining, jewel-like warts all over her body.

Hedge witches and oppressed common folk call on the Dark Toad Mother to curse their enemies. If the villagers in community collectively spend 1 month nursing and caring for a large (min. 5 lbs.) toad as if it were a baby, they may call on her to bring her wrath upon the oppressor at whom their hatred and spite is directed. Angry mobs often follow her with torches and oil to finish off those she weakens.

The Wart Mother tains her enemies with debilitating warts, making them hideous in appearance and slowing their movement. Her rancid purple mist breath is a 90° spray that is 30' long. Anyone caught in this mist must save vs. breath or take 2d6 damage (from spasmodically rupturing flesh), lose 1 point of Charisma, and be slowed by 10'/round (30'/turn). The effects of her repeated breath attacks are cumulative. At 0 Charisma, the victim causes *fear* (as spell) to a radius of 20' in beings with 2 and fewer HD. At a movement of 0', the victim becomes a pillar of fused solid wart, and can no longer walk. These effects may be removed by *remove curse* or *cure disease*.

At any given moment, the Wart Mother will have 2d4×100 warts on her body. Each of these warts actually covers a jewel of varying value (total hoard value at DM's discretion).

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Grandpa Toadflap, Johnny Hopper*, **D)** *Goggles of the Frog Gods.*

Whisper Will

(petty god of crossroads)

Dale Cameron
Eleanor Ferron

	as will-o-wisp	***as dog***	***as man***
SYMBOL:	— A baying dog or crossroads —		
ALIGNMENT:	— Chaotic —		
MOVEMENT:	240' (80') fly	150' (50')	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	–8	0	0
HIT PTS. (HD):	— 77 hp (11 HD) —		
ATTACKS:	1 (touch)	1 (bite)	1 (strike)
DAMAGE:	2d8 (electricity)	1d8	1d8 (or by weapon)
SAVE:	— T11 + special —		
MORALE:	— 6 —		
HOARD CLASS:	— XIV (see below) —		
XP:	— 7,600 —		

Whisper Will, the baying dog, the light far off, the man in the long black cloak, is the petty god of crossroads. On many crossroads one will find a leashed dog, called Will, in honor of Whisper Will. Most travelers will offer the dog a morsel of food and so ask Whisper Will to lead them in the direction they seek.

Whisper Will can change instantly between three forms: a black dog, a man in a long black cloak, and a will-o-wisp (a soft glowing light resembling a lantern). In all forms he is immune to normal weapons, and most spells except *magic missile*, *maze*, and *protection from evil*. Whisper Will is only ever encountered at a crossroads at night. The form he first takes will depend on his reaction roll.

Whisper Will Reaction Table

Modify by –1 for each female in party with Charisma >12.

2-4	man in a long black cloak
5-10	black dog
11-12	will-o-wisp

ENCOUNTERING AS WILL-O-WISP: When encountered as a will-o-wisp, he will try to lure the travelers away from the crossroads and into difficult terrain where the chance of getting lost is high. This is more to annoy the travelers than any pure malevolence. Whisper Will is however friendly with vampires and will lead travelers toward a vampire if one is close.

ENCOUNTERING AS BLACK DOG: When encountered as a black dog, Whisper Will is generally friendly, and the actions of the travelers will determine his further reaction. Ill treatment of the dog is likely to anger Whisper Will, but he will not attack immediately, preferring to appear at another crossroads on another night as the man in the long black cloak.

ENCOUNTERING AS MAN IN LONG BLACK COAT: Apart from wearing a long black cloak, the other most notable features when encountered in his man form are his dark skin and that he always carries a stringed instrument of some kind. When encountered, he will not be hostile, but demand the travelers either gamble with him or contest him in musical skill.

He will gamble for coin/gem/jewelry in any dice game the party suggests. Having the ability to move each die 1 pip in either direction makes his chances of winning very high (the DM should roll in secret for Whisper Will, modifying the dice accordingly). He will continue to play until the party has lost all of their treasure (excluding items). If the party is good-natured about the loss, he will leave them in peace. If they cheat or become hostile, Whisper Will changes to will-o-wisp form, defends himself, and flees early, but casts the *Curse of the Crossroads* (see below) on the party (save vs. spell at -4) before he departs.

If the party bargains for something other than coin, Whisper Will has special demands. If there are any female party members with Charisma scores greater than 12, Whisper Will demands a night with them... simultaneously! Otherwise, he demands a magic item (he is fond of magical rings and daggers, and often gives them as gifts to his vampire friends).

Even more than gambling, Whisper Will enjoys a musical contest. The bargain demanded by Whisper Will for such a contest is the same as outlined above for dicing games, except that coins are not acceptable for wagers. If a party member accepts on behalf of the party, a ghostly audience will surround the crossroads—apparitions of those who have been murdered at crossroads. They are harmless to the party, will disappear if approached (reappearing elsewhere), and act as both the audience and judges for the contest. The party member can use any musical instrument they wish, including their voice. After each performance, roll a 2d6 reaction roll modified by –3 for Whisper Will reflecting his skill. Allow the party member to use either their Dexterity bonus (reflecting skill), their Wisdom bonus (reflecting their choice of song), or their Charisma bonus. It is assumed the party member has some training in singing/musical instruments and if that is not the case they should be at +3. A reaction roll draw will lead to a second round of contest.

If Whisper Will loses either the gambling or musical contest he will not protest; he is confined by ancient ties to honor his bargain despite his chaotic nature. Mysteriously for the party, the next morning any coins they have won will have been upgraded (silver/gold to platinum, platinum to 50 gp in gems). Additionally the main protagonist in the gambling or musical contest will gain the *Blessing of the Crossroads* (see below).

Women who spend the night with Whisper Will have no memory of the night and gain no special benefit/penalty, but will always want to smile if standing at a crossroad. If more than one woman who has spent the night with Whisper Will are standing at the same crossroads at the same time, NPCs must take a reaction roll to the other woman: a very negative roll indicates future hostility and a very positive roll indicates potential romantic interest. Even PC females should be urged to alter their relationships with one another in the same way.

If seriously threatened, Whisper Will transforms into a will-o-wisp and attacks the weakest party member. He is also able (regardless of his form) to summon aid (roll 1d6):

1-5	1d3 will-o-wisps arriving in 1d4 rounds
6	1 vampire arriving in 2d4 rounds

If Whisper Will can stand in the very center of a crossroad, he can *teleport* instantly with 100% success to any other crossroad within 3 miles. Additionally, if he is able to do so before he flees, he casts the *Curse of the Crossroads* on the whole party (save vs. spell at -4).

BLESSING OF THE CROSSROADS: Females will have a permanent 1 point improvement to their reaction rolls whenever standing at crossroads (many women have turned this to enterprising use). For males standing at crossroads, they will have a 2-in-3 chance (roll of 1-4 on 1d6) to have a strong feeling as to the direction which will take them in the direction they seek.

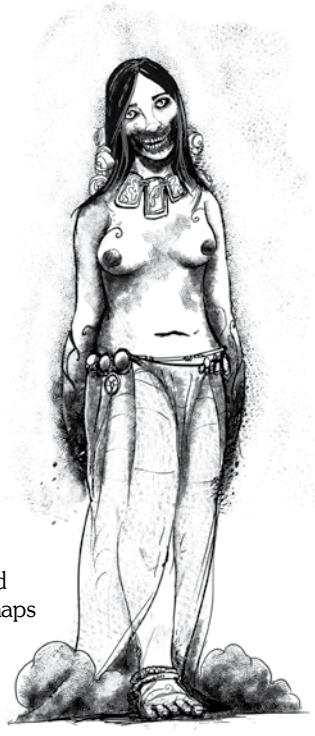
CURSE OF THE CROSSROADS: This is the reverse of Whisper Will's *blessing*. Females will have a permanent 1 point penalty to their reaction rolls when standing at crossroads. For males standing at crossroads, they will have a 2-in-3 chance (roll of 1-4 on a d6) to take the wrong path from the actual direction they seek. Only a *remove curse* cast by a cleric of 20th level or greater ability or Whisper Will himself can lift the curse.

The platinum coins and gems at of Whisper Will's treasure hoard will, at first appearance, look like another coin type.

Wicked Skein

(petty goddess of unwelcome messages)

John Everett Till
Juan Ochoa



SYMBOL:	A broken quill
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	6
HIT PTS. (HD):	88 hp (22 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (spell)
DAMAGE:	By spell
SAVE:	M22
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	VIII; typically magic scrolls and spellbooks, or maps and other written lore
XP:	7,750

The daughter of the divine messenger and one of the numerous monkey scribal gods, Wicked Skein is the petty goddess of unwelcome messages. The contending great gods use her as a vector for spreading rumors and disinformation among their rivals, and she is at the heart of many divine miscommunications. Mortals frequently summon her to twist the skeins and distort the destinies of their rivals through a well-placed misleading or unwelcome message. They also barter with Wicked Skein for information she has gathered during her errands delivering messages to gods and powerful mortals

alike. Libraries, archives, scriptoria, and counting houses are the best places for mortals to summon and negotiate with Wicked Skein.

Wicked Skein normally manifests to deliver a message accompanied by 1d6 divine auditors, her monkey scribe minions. These magical scribes will immediately disperse at lightning speed in all directions within a palace, temple, wizard's sanctum or other place of power. They will carry out an audit of written records of all kinds, looking for spells to memorize, and all manner of secrets to harvest. It takes them 1d6 rounds to complete this furious search!

Once they have completed their audit, the monkeys will return to Wicked Skein and whisper all that they have glossed into her ears. This gives the goddess access to new spells, as well as leverage with those in power. It also feeds a divine rumor mill. What Wicked Skein learns in this fashion may be incorporated into future messages, or traded with others in exchange for the novel spells she craves.

Wicked Skein wasn't always bad news. Long ago, she was one of many messenger deities serving as intermediaries between other gods, demons, and powerful mortal lords. She acquired her current divine portfolio as bearer of unwelcome messages a result of extremely bad luck. Wicked Skein had the misfortune to carry impertinent or unwelcome messages to a series of haughty and vengeful gods.

It started when one of the gods of war charged Wicked Skein with making an unreasonable demand to the sharpener god for unbreakable obsidian blades. Lord Sharpener responded by slicing off Wicked Skein's tongue and lips. Fortunately, she could still write a message.

Next, one of the terrible lords of the Underworld charged Wicked Skein with collecting the tallies required to levy a death tax upon that most dire of fertility goddesses, the Divinity of the Stillborn and Silent. Stillborn and Silent declared with outrage that 'death comes freely' to children, and refused to pay. However, the fertility goddess soon resumed her characteristically still demeanor, and shared an herbal tea with Wicked Skein while the ledgers were prepared. When Wicked Skein's accountant scribes had completed taking the accounts, the messenger goddess' fingers suddenly turned black. Then they withered and fell off. This is how Wicked Skein lost her ability to write, but she could still memorize and recall a message faithfully.

Finally, the god of knowledge summoned Wicked Skein to petition the god of magic for a great favor: the ability to use his *smoking mirror engines* to visit other worlds and dimensions. Lord Smoking Mirror was deeply offended, for he knew that once the god of knowledge had learned this skill, the knowledge god would build his own gateways. Lord Smoking Mirror responded by altering Wicked Skein's hearing, vision, and memory. Then he whispered half the mirror formula into Wicked Skein's right ear, and half into her left. Then the lord sent Wicked Skein on her way. She returned to the god of knowledge, and shared with him the 'secret' of Lord Smoking Mirror's gates. The god of knowledge commanded a *smoking mirror engine* to open, and passed through the portal. He spent the next 100 years wandering the Underworld mad and lost.

Since she has no lips, tongue, or fingers, Wicked Skein now delivers most messages through *ventriloquism*. But since her meeting with Lord Smoking Mirror, anything that Wicked Skein hears or reads becomes twisted slightly in her mind, and tangled in the retelling. Almost every message Wicked Skein now delivers contains subtle distortions or traps for the unwary.

Those who are rude to her or show fear at her approach receive far worse treatment. Wicked Skein allows them to share the message she carries directly, mind-to-mind. The goddess does this by granting the recipient access to her mind via *ESP*. Once received, these messages almost always become a corrosive reality. They worm their way into the recipient's mind and through them into the world, changing things in most unwelcome ways. At their best, they are the equivalent of a *bestow curse* spell. At their worst, they often include an embedded variant of the *symbol of insanity* spell, in turn propagating other far-reaching and insidious effects.

The inner secret of Wicked Skein is her dual nature—both wounded, twisted messenger, and still-faithful monkey scribe. Although she has lost lips, tongue, and fingers, and will distort any message she reads or hears, Wicked Skein still retains the ability to write truly through her monkey tail, which is almost always hidden discreetly from view beneath her ample skirts. For individuals she favors, Wicked Skein will use her monkey tail to inscribe the message on a scroll through a kind of automatic writing. Afterword, Wicked Skein will have no memory of writing or delivering the true message to its sender.

Using her tail, Wicked Skein can also inscribe on a scroll any spell she has learned. She sometimes gives these to favored individuals. More rarely she may bestow an entire new spell book on an especially favored recipient.

Wicked Skein Reaction Table

Priests/priestesses of messenger or scribal gods may subtract –1 from their roll.

2	**Friendly:** Wicked Skein's tail comes out, clutching a plume for writing. She offers to inscribe and deliver a true message for the summoner.
3-5	**Indifferent:** Wicked Skein offers to deliver a message in exchange for copying a unique spell in the summoner's possession. The message will be distorted in some way.
6-8	**Neutral:** Wicked Skein sets loose 1d6 divine auditors at the place of summoning. Once her divine auditors return, she will copy or take one or more spell scrolls or spellbooks of her choice. Once this task is completed, she will offer to deliver a message. The message will be distorted in some way.
9-11	**Unfriendly:** Wicked Skein sets loose 1d6 divine auditors at the place of summoning. Once her divine auditors return, she will copy or take one or more spell scrolls or spellbooks of her choice. Once this task is completed, she offers nothing in return and disappears.
12	**Hostile:** Wicked Skein sets loose 1d6 divine auditors at the place of summoning. Once her divine auditors return, she will copy or take one or more spell scrolls or spellbooks of her choice. She then shares a hostile message with the summoner, then she disappears. The summoner will later find a number of texts and objects in their library, archive, or scriptorium are lost, missing, misplaced, or damaged.

RELATED ENTRIES: **M)** *Divine Auditor.*

Wüdderhoot-hoot

(petty goddess of nocturnal hunting)

Eric Potter
Shane Leong Kum Sheong

SYMBOL:	Branch-covered moon
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	60' (20')
ARMOR CLASS:	–2
HIT PTS. (HD):	180 hp (20 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 gore/1 claws
DAMAGE:	1d10/1d12
SAVE:	F20
MORALE:	6
HOARD CLASS:	IX
XP:	800

Wüdderhoot-hoot is the petty goddess of nocturnal hunting. She is the horrid and unnatural amalgamation of the infamous Fooguishenstein the Wizened Great Horned Owl of the Wretched Wood, and the ancient Gnarled Tree of Knowledge in which she once lived. For once upon a long time, the aged owl was much consulted in all matters of the wood, with an unending stream of humans, demihumans, and creatures alike seeking her learned counsel. All were left dumbstruck by her sage advice. Except one. An evil cleric found himself unable to abide Fooguishenstein's word and vindictively summoned forth the assistance of his most foul deities to extract revenge on the unsuspecting bird. The twisted cleric's gods were pleased to oblige and a horrific lightning bolt erupted from the darkest, vile heavens, which struck the tree, wherein Fooguishenstein slept. The power of the blast melded the spirit of the arboreal creature with the soul of the mighty tree itself and the two became one.

The trapped owl fought to be freed but could only uproot herself from the bed of the wood and using the branches and roots as her new appendages, was cursed to roam the lonely Wretched Wood, no longer recognized as the wise sage she once was. Her voice was trapped within the tree's solid wood and the huge groaning hollow where she once lived became a gaping reminder to all of her lost heart and soul. And over these last eons she has become known as Wüdderhoot-hoot. Singing a mournful lament for her lost gift of guidance, she wails with each rising moon, announcing the ending of the day and the birth of the dark night. All night creatures great and small hear her distant cries and sharing in her sadness, come forth for their nocturnal huntings.

Wüdderhoot-hoot is influential over all nocturnal creatures and select monsters that prowl the night. Any creature or character hearing her distant moans while hunting gains automatic initiative over its prey, and additionally may utilize Move Silently, Hide in Shadows, and Backstabbing as a thief of comparable level.

In fact, a secret sect of dangerous thieves has become an ardent group of followers of Wüdderhoot-hoot. They have commandeered the petty god's name, incorporating into their secret thieves' cant, whispering it in allegiance and using variations of the name as passwords for entry into their clandestine meetings. The thieves belonging to this group are master assassins who operate under the cover of darkness near the edges of densely populated cities, hiding out in the safe shadows of the darkened wood and waiting just shy of city guard gates for unsuspecting travelers to arrive after sunset. They have been specially trained to hear the calls of Wüdderhoot-hoot, even at these immeasurable distances, so that they enjoy using their special thieves' abilities at doubled percentages whilst hearing the cries from their sworn lamenting petty god.

Although the chances of crossing paths with the elusive Wüdderhoot-hoot are extremely slim, the occasional wandering adventurer or two can be found telling his tale in remote drinking pubs late into bacchanalian evenings. And though the audience can scarcely believe what they are hearing, they sit quietly enraptured, sipping ale from their mugs, their imaginations running wild at the thought of this great gnarled tree wandering the forest, its cavernous yawning trunk groaning as if a forceful wind was to snap it in half, desperate to lend some advice once more.

Wüdderhoot-hoot Reaction Table

2-4	**Helpful:** Will protect prey or lost characters.
5-8	**Neutral:** Ignores characters.
9-11	**Unfriendly:** Frightens characters away.
12	**Hostile:** Stalks or hunts characters.

XAXOLX • XINRAEL • XOOX • XUMALTET

Xaxolx

(petty god of abandoned altars; guardian)

Malcolm Bowers
Jim Magnusson

SYMBOL:	Any (borrowed)
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	(AC+1)×30' ((AC+1)×10')
ARMOR CLASS:	Random (roll 1d4)
HIT PTS. (HD):	80+2d20 hp (20 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 sequence (depends on form)
DAMAGE:	4d6+AC
SAVE:	F20
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	XIX
XP:	5,250

Whether this petty god is appointed as keeper of disused fanes or is an opportunistic squatter basking in the remnants of (un)holy auras is unknown, but its ferocity is unquestioned. Xaxolx is of animal Intelligence. It can appear in a thousand guises to accept offerings at or defend the forsaken altars it frequents. Some say the god can only be slain if each unique avatar is slain, and no-one know how many survive. An avatar will usually be at least bull-sized, and can show demonic, undead, or human aspects depending on whether the original altar was consecrated to a chaotic, neutral, or lawful entity. Roll to determine AC, hp, and general avatar appearance and abilities, and elaborate as you wish (e.g. d10 rolls of 4/0(6,5)/1 might indicate a giant fanged toad-like creature with mottled purple skin and glowing blue eyes, whose bite drains an energy level).

Roll	Animal	Color	Power
1	ape	red	energy drain
2	goat	orange	spell reflection
3	wolf	yellow	death ray
4	toad	green	swallow whole
5	lizard	blue	deadly poison
6	frog	purple	petrifaction
7	bug	black	charm
8	bird	white	paralysis
9	snake	brown	feeblemind
0	roll twice	roll twice	roll twice

Xaxolx Reaction Table

2	**Placatable:** Will accept due deference with sublimity.
3-5	**Hungry:** Expects a feast; is not fussy about what, or who.
6-8	**Territorial:** Attacks if altar approached without proper ceremony.
9-11	**Aggressive:** Attacks if altar approached closely at all.
12	**Hostile:** Attacks passers-by if they linger too long.

Xinrael

(petty goddess of neglected orchards and rotting fruits)
TITLES: *Queen of the Rotting Fruits*

Greg Gorgonmilk
Cédric Plante

SYMBOL:	A silver apricot
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	60' (20')
FLY:	240' (80')
ARMOR CLASS:	0
HIT PTS. (HD):	140 hp (20 HD)
ATTACKS:	2 (bite/gaze)
DAMAGE:	4d6+AC
SAVE:	M18
MORALE:	12 (never fails)
HOARD CLASS:	XIX
XP:	3,250

Xinrael is the divine caretaker of forsaken fruits and the abandoned farmlands where such fruits grow. Her worship is usually reserved to the peasant-folk who tend vineyards and orchards, though from time to time others will seek her out for reasons that will be explained below. Once Xinrael has annexed a stretch of farmlands and made it part of her patchwork dominion, that tract becomes a jealously-guarded possession. Those who trespass there risk falling prey to her putrefying fruit-minions, the hedel-men. Those foolhardy enough to pluck and eat of her fruit will (2-in-6) sometimes meet the Queen herself.

Xinrael takes material form as a woman-sized fruit bat with glistening, milk-white fur. Her gaze is a riot of bleached shadows that seek to worm their way into the minds of any mortal unfortunate enough to cross her path (see below). Floating just above her countenance is a flowering ignis fatuus bearing the silver apricot called Zoion Keer. It is said that the woman who eats of this fruit will give birth to a painfully beautiful monster fated to one day open the Violet Door found on the lowest strata of the Underworld. Helplessly beguiled by the thing's unbearable gorgeousness, none will be able to put it to the knife, and it will fulfill its dark destiny unchecked.

The gaze of the Queen is potent and hypnotic. Those who fail to save against it (vs. petrification) will find that its white shadow-things have burrowed into their minds. Victims will be lost in a pale labyrinth of malaise and unfettered self-loathing, unable and unwilling to see the world around them for 1d6 turns.

Those with the wherewithal to resist her gaze will still have to contend with Xinrael's hedel-men entourage, a motley assortment of humanoid, rotting fruit-folk brought to un-life by the necro-vivimantic properties of her divine sputum. These undead are fiercely loyal to their Queen and will defend her to the (un-)death. They cannot be turned. Xinrael's sputum is highly sought after by those versed in the arts of necromancy and vivimancy.

Xinrael fears and hates all types of snakes and serpents.

RELATED ENTRIES: **M)** *Hedel-man*.

Xoox

(petty god of remote outhousing)
TITLES: *Keeper of the Thrones*

Eric Potter
Dugald Stewart Walker

SYMBOL:	Crescent moon
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	180' (60')
ARMOR CLASS:	3
HIT PTS. (HD):	45 hp (10 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (withholding)
DAMAGE:	#1 or #2 (soiling)
SAVE:	E10
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	XXII
XP:	1,475

Xoox is the petty god of remote outhousing. He is the grand saint of the new, long-overdue movement toward a more hygienic adventuring philosophy—Do Not Piss Where You Plunder. Meeting a general contempt and natural suspicion from adventurers of all ilk, the followers of this creed have taken it upon themselves to construct small outhouses located at various intervals throughout the realms of Xoox's sphere of influence. Each are emblazoned with the god's symbol, a crescent moon, across the door, a welcome sign for those in dire need.

Conceived and constructed to leave the smallest footprint possible in any unexplored dungeon or non-reconnoited wilderness area, these outhouses are designed to be small, allowing for only one normally-encumbered adventurer at a time. There is a small hook on the inside of the door on which to hang a backpack, suit of armor, magician's hat, or what have you, as well as a small lock for privacy that doubles as a sign of occupancy on its reverse. And while its odors can become quite overwhelming to some, the rewards far outweigh the risks, as a fast-growing number of adventurous adventurers can attest.

The kiosks are normally locked upon the arrival of a desperate adventurer. But readily Xoox appears with two keys on hand, dependent of gender, to unlock the necessary door. Upon exit, a small donation is expected from the user to recompense for general upkeep and the like. Then a quick blessing from Xoox in return and the adventurer is on his or her way, now thoroughly relieved.

Xoox Reaction Table

Roll 1d4 (instead of 2d6), modified by Constitution.

0-	**Corked:** "You know what, I can wait."
1	**No Prob:** "Somebody pull my finger,"
2	**Close Call:** "Oh, what a relief it is…"
3	**Cold Sweats:** *(Grunt, exhale.)*
4+	**Oops:** "What the hell did I eat?"

Xumaltet

(petty god of primal emotions and savage urges)

Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

SYMBOL:	A trident with an extended middle prong
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	2
HIT PTS. (HD):	97 hp (14 HD)
ATTACKS:	4 claws + special (*id liberation)*
DAMAGE:	2d6/2d6 (claws) + special (*id liberation*; see below)
SAVE:	F14
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	XVI
XP:	5,100

PSIONIC ABILITIES†

PSIONIC LEVEL: 14

Attack modes: *ego whip*, *id insinuation*, *psychic crush*

Defense modes: *intellect fortress, mental barrier, mind blank, thought shield, tower of iron will*

Clairsentience: D) *clairaudience*, clairvoyance**

Psychokinesis: S) *telekinesis**

Telepathy: D) *hypnosis**

Psychoportation: S) *teleportation**

Xumaltet is the Gatekeeper of Id—the petty god of primal emotions and savage urges.

This faceless, sightless, slithering reptilean creature is covered in a glowing ectoplasmic substance, and constantly emits a howling whimper that seems to come from nowhere.

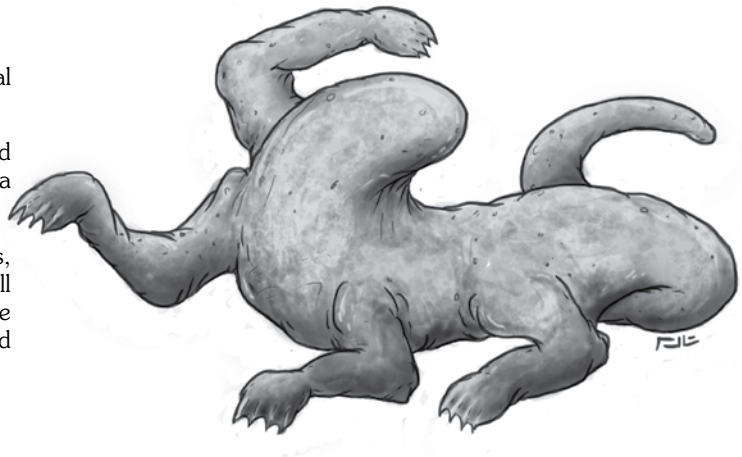
Xumaltet is surrounded by a *perfidious cloud*. This odorless, almost undetectable mist breeds the fearfulness of untrust. All creatures within 60' of Xumaltet must save vs. poison or be filled with suspicion about everything and everyone around them, persisting for 3d8 turns.

Anyone touched by Xumaltet (either simply by touch, or as a result of Xumaltet's claw attacks) is subject to the effects of *id liberation*. Similar to the psionic ability *id insinuation*, id liberation breaks down the gate of the victim's ego and allows the unconscious urges (the id) to express themselves. Psionic creatures are permitted a psionic saving throw to avoid the effects, but non-psionic creatures are not. Once it has been determined that a victim has been affected, roll 1d6 on the following table to determine the form the effect takes in that individual. The effect will last for a duration of 3d6 rounds. Additionally, psionic creatures affected by this ability make all psionic attacks with a –3 penalty until the damage caused by the *id liberation* has been repaired through the use of *psychic surgery* (even if the other effect has worn off).

Roll	Effect
1	**Dazzling Pity:** The victim drops to his or her knees and begins weeping uncontrollably. The longer the victim weeps, the sadder he or she sounds, but the bigger the smile on the victim's face.
2	**Mesmerizing Chaos:** The victim drops anything being carried and spins in place with arms outstretched and hands clenched. All coming in range are subject to a "to hit" roll on the part of the mesmerized creature (taking 1d4 + Strength modifiers on a successful "to hit" roll). The affected creature will be able to spin in place for a number of rounds equal to Constitution, falling down thereafter.
3	**Nauseating Fury:** The victim will attack the nearest living creature. Each round, there is a 1-in-6 chance that this fury will cause the victim to vomit (for the round), during which time the afflicted may not perform any other actions.
4	**Quavering Blather:** The victim reveals their deepest and darkest secrets with a trembling voice. This makes spellcasting impossible.
5	**Sordid Anarchy:** The victim succumbs to lustful urges, and may perform no other actions other than seeking to satisfy him or herself, whether it be alone or with a partner (or partners).
6	**Vibrating Numbness:** As a result of a kind of 'id overload', the victim is stunned, unable to move or act for the duration of the effect.

** Psionic abilities noted with asterisk (*) require no PSPs to use and, therefore, may be used at will.*

† See BASIC PSIONICS HANDBOOK.



YATTLE-HOY • YEB • YELLOW KING • YEMELES • YEOLNUMA • YESSIR • YGGRD • YHOUNDEH • YKELU • YULULUN • YURM • YWEHBOBBOBHEWY • YYY

Yattle-Hoy *(pantheon)*

Ash Law

The gods of the pantheon of Yattle-Hoy were all destroyed, save but for three gods that survived due to their legendary cowardice. The towns of Yattle-Hoy are tucked in a cleft hidden in a mountain range—obscure areas that appear only as a footnote on many maps, if they appear at all.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Apar*, *Derral-Orth*, *Eye of Vengelate*, **M)** *Glimmer Paladin*.

Yeb *(petty god of madness)*

AFFILIATIONS: *Cthulhu*

James Mishler
David L. Johnson

SYMBOL:	A red drop of blood ringed with black flames
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	180' (60')
FLY:	240' (80') [if wings are manifested]
ARMOR CLASS:	2 [+1 or blessed or silver]
HIT PTS. (HD):	200 hp (25 HD)
ATTACKS:	3 bites/6 others (usually tentacles and/or horns) or special
DAMAGE:	2d6×3/1d8×6
SAVE:	F20
MORALE:	11
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	17,000

Yeb is the twin of Nug, together the spawn of Shib-Niggurath and either Yog-Sothoth and/or Yig. Yeb is impure blood and flame personified, blood spilt of no sane beast and flame as black and cold as the depths of space. Like its mother, it is naturally formless, an oozing, boiling, roiling red mass of proto-matter, throbbing orbs, whirling pseudopods, sucking orifices, and various non-Euclidean forms; unlike its mother, it is not itself a progenitor, and does not generate spawn at random (though see below). It can take on any kind of form it wishes, though, and usually takes on the forms of several beasts at once, together with things and natures that are not altogether real. The cobbled-together mass, when first seen, requires the victim to save vs. death or flee in horror for 20 turns. If the saving throw is a Natural 1, the victim is driven insane permanently.

It attacks using up to three bites and six other attacks; these usually take the form of tentacles, hooves, claws, horns, or some other combination. If it has wings it is limited to two bite attacks, as manifesting wings takes the place of one head/maw. It may have many other claws, tentacles, and such, but it can only coordinate up to six such attacks per round. If struck by a slashing or piercing melee weapon, the attacker and anyone else within 15' on the side of the attack must make a save vs. breath or be spattered with its freezing-hot blackish-red blood. The geyser of blood causes 1d20 points of damage, half on a successful save. It can only be struck by blessed, silver, or magical weapons. It regenerates 3 hit points per round. It can communicate *telepathically* with any creature on the same plane. It is immune to all mind-affecting spells; if any being tries to read its mind that being must save vs. death or be struck as though *feebleminded*.

Any target creature of medium or small size is swallowed whole on a bite attack that hits with a natural 20 "to hit" roll. Each round in Yeb's gullet the victim must save vs. death, with a penalty equal to the number of rounds in the gullet, or be destroyed utterly. One round later Yeb vomits up a number of petty imps equal to the hit dice of the creature thusly destroyed. These petty imps are most disturbing in appearance, combining the features of the destroyed creature with those of random beasts, and any former friend of the destroyed being must save vs. death, as above, or flee in horror upon seeing it. A being destroyed in this fashion cannot be resurrected, and a wish only has a percentage chance equal to the level of the caster of returning the creature to existence; if it fails, the attempt may never be made again.

Its cult is one of madness, as no sane being would worship such a thing. Unlike its parents, sibling, or nephews, it is relatively weak, as it has no mastery of magic and no command of potent powers of its own. It is thus favored for direct worship by cults led by mad priests who gain their power from the essence of Chaos itself, and by cults led by magic-users possessed of no clerical powers. It is readily summoned, the sole purpose for

doing so (beyond impressing the cult minions) being the destruction of an enemy and the creation of petty imp minions, control of which it can grant to its priests.

Yeb is also, however, the Grand Hierarch of the Cult of Abhoth, a potent distant cousin on his mother's side (as a favor to Abhoth's favorite cousin). As such it is summoned to preside at important rites dedicated to Abhoth, and in this capacity has the ability to summon and grant command over Abhoth's spawn, the amorphous, monstrous, mutant things that crawl forth from it. These things Yeb vomits forth from its own gullet upon their summoning.

Yeb cannot be slain permanently on any plane of existence save that upon which Shub-Niggurath is currently found, for eventually it will regenerate back from any amount of damage, even from having its atoms torn apart by disintegration or through atomic weapons. It can only be permanently destroyed if it is reduced to less than 0 hit points and cast wholly into the form of its mother, there to be consumed and regurgitated as some other mindless beast. If slain in this fashion it is worth 10 times the normal experience points.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Nug*; **M)** *Petty Imps.*

Yellow King

(petty god of the the madness that comes with illness and old age)

TITLES: *The Jale God; The King in Yellow; The Pallid Prince*

AFFILIATIONS: *The Jale God*

Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.*
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

SYMBOL:	"The Yellow Sign" (see below) or a pallid mask
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	270' (90')
FLY:	360' (120')
ARMOR CLASS:	–2
HIT PTS. (HD):	121 hp (20 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (inverted torch or touch) or spell
DAMAGE:	1d8 + 1 pt. fire damage + special (inverted torch) or special (touch) or by spell
SAVE:	M20
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	XV, XVII, XXI; no potions
XP:	10,000

He is mysterious and malevolent. He is The Yellow King and The King in Yellow, the Pallid Prince, an aspect of the Jale God. He is the specter of madness that comes with illness and old age. His "court" is constituted of doddering old monarchs, raving grandams, and bedridden child-emperors. Their reign is his reign, for they understand that his madness goes far deeper than fevered delirium and the fading clarity of old age. They know the insanity that hides behind his shadowed eyes is deep and dimensionally primitive... primeval... primordial. (There are some who claim him to be a consort of Hastur, or even Hastur himeslf.)

The Yellow King manifests as humanoid (he makes so little of himself seen, assuming anything more than this is considered the rant of a madman) cloaked in a hooded robe of yellow, the lower half of his face masked by its cowl, and the scolloped tatters of the robe's edges rolling in the wind, even when the air around him lies deathly still. His raven-like wings appear deep crimson to most, but black to those who know his truths, with feathers almost leathery.

His sceptre is an inverted torch—a striated brass shaft held in a down-pointing position whose eternally burning flame flares outward from what would be the torch's "head" (if it were held in an upright position). The Yellow King may strike with his torch in melee doing 1d8 damage plus 1 point in fire damage on a successful "to hit" roll. Furthermore, anyone struck by the torch must save vs. death or become catatonic until the effect is removed by *remove curse*.

An aura of madness surrounds him (to 360'), affecting strongest those of greatest age. All humans of 79 years or greater automatically fall under his command, with 3% chance to avoid this control per year of age less than 79 (e.g., 78-year-olds have a 3% chance to avoid the control, 77-year-olds have a 6% chance to avoid the control, and so on). Those ages 45 years and under are immune to this automatic control, as are all humanoid and demi-human races. Those within the radius of this affect who

have avoided or are immune to his control (including humanoids and demi-humans) must save vs. spell or suffer a maddening effect for 1d10 turns per the table below (roll 1d10 for effect):

Roll	**Suffers...**	**Effect for Duration**
1	Stunned	Unable to act
2	Complete withdrawal	Morale:3; unable to interact with *any* character/creature
3	Confusion/ disorientation	–3 on all "to hit" and damage rolls
4	Depression	3-in-6 chance per round to cause self harm
5	Extreme guilt	Unable to perform any offensive action for duration
6	Fatigue	Movement: 30' (10'); –2 on all melee "to hit" and damage rolls
7	Feeblemind	As spell
8	Hallucinations	(at DM's discretion)
9	Rage	Attacks nearest creature; fights to death
10	Worthlessness	5-in-6 chance per round to cause self harm (self-flagellates for 1d4 hp)

The effects of this madness may be removed by *dispel evil* or *remove curse*, but there is a 10% chance of failure for each attempt.

The Yellow King may cast any magic-user spell at will (as a 20th level magic-user).

THE YELLOW SIGN: The symbol that represents the Yellow King is a glyph known only as "The Yellow Sign." Some say the symbol is reminiscent of a yellow triskelion, but is also believed to resemble the form of a tentacled creature; still others believe it to be a representation of the Yellow King's inverted torch; it is likely all of these. It is suggested that any one who possesses a copy of the symbol, even by accident, is susceptible to complete mind control or possession by the Yellow King or one of his heirs. Stories further hold that the creator of the symbol was not human, and was in fact a resident of the alternate dimension wherein lies the ancient and sinister city of Carcosa.

TOMES OF THE YELLOW KING: There exist a number of *Tomes of the Yellow King* (the exact number is unknown, though it is rumored there are at least 71). Each tome, though sized and bound in different manners, contains an identical manuscript inside—a copy of the memoirs of the Yellow King penned as a drama in two acts. The first act unfolds harmlessly enough. However, the second act is filled with such ultimate truths of the universe that it is too much for the overloaded mind of the reader to handle; this drives them deep into the throes of despair, depravity, and insanity.

** The King in Yellow is inspired by Robert W. Chambers' book of horror short stories* ***The King in Yellow*** *(1885).*

RELATED ENTRIES: Please see the *Jale God* entry in this section for a complete listing of entries related to the Jale God (including all gods, items, and spells mentioned in this listing).

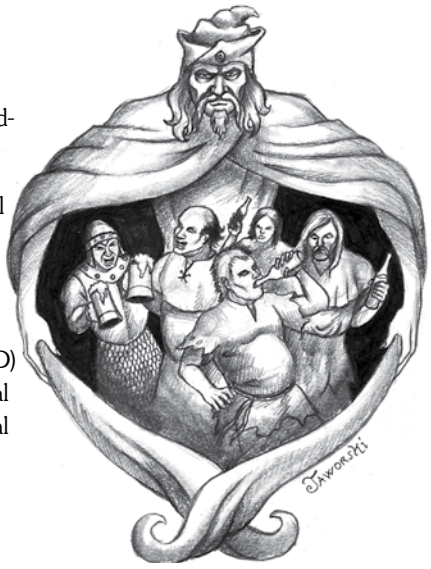
Yemeles

(petty god of drunkards)

TITLES: *Protector of Drunkards*

Keith Sloan

Eugene Jaworski



SYMBOL:	Tipped-over bottle
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	180' (60')
ARMOR CLASS:	–2
HIT PTS. (HD):	86 hp (19 HD)
ATTACKS:	Special
DAMAGE:	Special
SAVE:	F16
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	XI
XP:	7,000

Yemeles is the god charged with protecting drunkards from harming themselves, and he is a busy deity, indeed. He races from land to land, pushing drunks from the path of oncoming wagons, moving bottles so they do not accidentally drink lye, and waking them so they don't freeze to death when they pass out in alleyways behind taverns during blizzards. It is a thankless job, except by those few who realize they've been aided in some way. However, like his brother Hoddypeak, the god of protecting fools and simpletons, Yemeles feels that it is his duty to save as many drunkards as he possibly can. Needless to say, he cannot be everywhere at once, being but a petty god, but he certainly tries. He is, at least, more popular than his brother, and it is said that more than one god owes him for aiding them during a moment of immortal indiscretion. He only aids those affected by alcohol—those affected by any other mind-altering substance or magic are not his concern.

Yemeles always avoids combat, though he is capable of defending himself at need. Most of the time, he is only threatened by those he would seek to aid, confused in their alcoholic haze; most are easily dealt with. He is quite fast on his legs, but relies also on an ability to *teleport without error*, *fly* at the same speed as when afoot, and use *telekinesis* (up to 500 pounds); all of these abilities are at will. He may also gift his charges with a *moment of clarity*, which will remove all effects of inebriation for d4+1 rounds*.

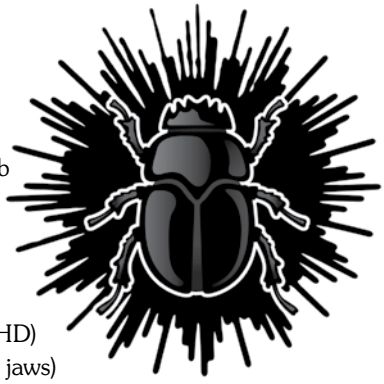
Yemeles is invisible to anyone not strongly under the influence of alcohol, and even then he appears fuzzy and indistinct. Most, however, say that he appears as a middle-aged man wearing a dark hat and suit, with a constant frown of displeasure verging on actual anger. Others insist he appears as a six-foot-tall white rabbit, but they are said to be confusing him with someone else. Most claim he smells of alcohol (and worse) himself, but this might just be a hazard of his job, rather than an indicator of his own drinking.

* If Yemeles uses a *moment of clarity* on an individual, they will be unable to see him during that period.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Hoddypeak*.

Yeolnuma *(petty scarab god)*

TITLES: *The Nightsoil-King*



Garrisonjames
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

SYMBOL:	A glossy black scarab
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
FLY:	360' (120')
ARMOR CLASS:	0
HIT PTS. (HD):	99 hp (20 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (scything jaws)
DAMAGE:	6d10 + special
SAVE:	C20
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	VI, VII
XP:	6,250

Yeolnuma was once an apprentice to a solar deity in a distant realm. When his dalliance with the master's favorite concubine was discovered, the sun god transformed Yeolnuma into a glossy black scarab and cast him far across the planes to forever afterward dwell in filth and squalor. That was thousands of years ago. For centuries after his ignominious fall from grace, Yeolnuma patiently bided his time, throwing himself into his life as a privy-cleaning beetle in a great city-state on the shores of a milky green sea. Eventually his children numbered into the millions. When the time was right, he gave the command and hordes of scuttling black scarabs erupted from every privy-hole within the great city. In less than a full hour they had taken the city completely unawares. The death-toll was staggering. That was only the beginning of Yeolnuma's plans for revenge.

For hundreds of years now the Children of Yeolnuma have skittered out across the planes and planets to collect a staggering amount of nightsoil for their King-sire. You see, Yeolnuma is building his own moon, a moon composed of compacted nightsoil with which he intends to blot out, and then extinguish the sun-palace of his former master.

Yeolnuma has the following abilities: *infravision* (180'), immunity to gas-type attacks, immunity to disease, *telepathy* (300' range), *teleport* (only usable once per week and only to locations where 100+ of his children are present). In combat, Yeolnuma uses his scything jaws (treat as +3 weapon) to dismember opponents. On a modified attack roll of 20 or better, a random appendage is severed, possibly even the head. He also has the spell-casting ability of a 10th level cleric.

Yeolnuma is rarely encountered away from the ruins of the great city where he resides in dubious splendor over an empire of filth. But his Children can be found nearly everywhere and anywhere...

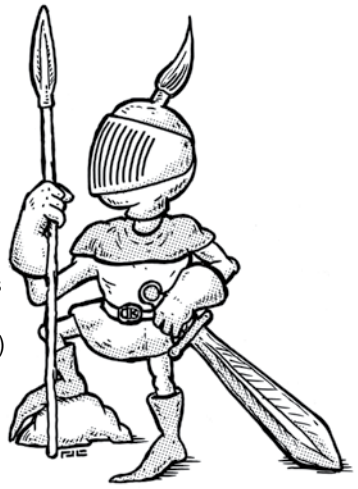
Reaction Table

2-6	**Bored:** Entertain me or die!
7-10	**Bemused:** What could you do to help further Yeolnuma's grand scheme for revenge?
11-12	**Betrayed:** You've seen too much and must be destroyed before you can warn them!

RELATED ENTRIES: **M)** *Children of Yeolnuma, Favored of Yeolnuma*.

Yessir

(petty god of absurd orders obeyed)



Jürgen Mayer
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

SYMBOL:	A full visor helmet with a fist held to the temple
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	By armor plus –5 bonus
HIT PTS. (HD):	72 hp (16 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (see below)
DAMAGE:	By weapon (see below)
SAVE:	F20
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	VI
XP:	6,000

Yessir is the god of following absurd orders and a favorite among soldiers of many armies. Out of the ordinary for a lawful god, he is only revered in secret, as openly worshipping him is usually treated as a major offense and punished accordingly. His covert followers are legion in both senses of the word, but they are unorganized. All veneration is clandestine and only shared with true comrades-in-arms.

Privates pray to Yessir every time they are given an order that is, in their opinion, pointless, ineffective or futile. The high art of quick prayer to Yessir consists of uttering his name while in the presence of superiors who have given the order, then mumbling a quiet rebuttal, and following it with touching their temple with their fist as soon as they feel unobserved. The faithful believe that the better the rebuttal and the more pronounced the gesture, the more help Yessir will provide as they fulfill the absurd order. There are untold legends of soldiers on a suicide mission miraculously surviving only through the divine intervention of Yessir.

Yessir appears as a soldier in armor customary to the world where he manifests. His armor is always of the highest quality, well-kept, and donned perfectly. His face remains ever hidden behind a helmet with a full visor. He wears military insignia of the lowest rank.

If Yessir is directly involved in a battle, he never breaks battle formation and always fights on the front line. He wields any weapon that a low-ranking soldier might carry with brutal efficiency. He always rolls an additional damage die and any 1s rolled for damage become the highest possible result for the die instead.

He can command allies and enemies alike within earshot. Yessir's orders are usually extremely absurd but not lethal on their own. He can give one order per round, but he can never try to command a single target more than once per battle. If the target fails a saving throw against spells, he has to comply with the order.

If a soldier requests help or protection while following an order from a superior, there is a chance that Yessir will assist him.

Roll 1d20 and apply the soldier's Wisdom modifier. Additional bonuses may be given at the DM's discretion, based on how dutifully the soldier has followed orders recently (any disobedience should be punished with negative modifiers), how well the quick prayer was performed, and how absurd the order was. Yessir's support will vary depending on the roll, but a result of 20 or higher is required to gain his attention. His help can range from minor protection (e.g. a small AC bonus) to a manifestation of Yessir himself. Yessir will never aid a soldier to fulfill a reasonable order or if the soldier does not intend to fully execute the order. Yessir only answers prayers from members of the military or decorated veterans.

Yggrd

(petty goddess of hearth-tenders and meal-preparers)
TITLES: *Mother in the Hearth*

Rob Griffin
TBD

SYMBOL:	Stone arch with flame beneath
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	0
HIT PTS. (HD):	64 hp (16 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (skewer +4)
DAMAGE:	4d12 (flame) + special
SAVE:	F16
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	See below
XP:	13,000

Yggrd, the Mother in the Hearth, is a patron goddess to those who tend hearths, prepare meals, and provide warmth and sustenance.

Her symbol is a stone archway with flames beneath. This symbol will often be found carved upon hearths, fire pits, and in kitchens of larger dwellings. Those who frequent such places will leave an offering of mead and meat upon the hearth for her, or toss it directly into the flames.

She is especially revered by giant-kin, and in her physical form appears as a welcoming motherly female giantess. She can assume human size and appearance at will.

In combat, she wields a giant-sized *red hot skewer* (*long spear +4, flaming*; 4d12 damage + special), the kind used to roast meat over an open flame. Upon successful hit, the target must make a save vs. death or become skewered and burst into flame for double damage. Each successive round the target remains skewered results in an additional 4d12 of fire damage. Yggrd also wears a *magical hide apron* which acts as *leather armor +4*.

Yggrd resides in Valhalla (or other such realm of dead warriors), where she prepares meals for the glorious dead who frequent her hall. She may be encountered on the Material Plane, usually manifesting herself in the hall or kitchen before a large battle or after a or glorious victory. During such a visitation she can disguise herself as a normal human or giant. Such is her warmth and radiance that few kitchen maids dare challenge her sudden appearance. Food prepared by Yggrd is extremely nourishing, and can sustain those who taste of it through days of battle and marching without weariness.

If Yggrd is defeated on the Material Plane, she will reveal the location of her hoard—a massive cauldron filled with gems and gold that has been left for her as tokens over the ages. It is always buried beneath the hearth, and will be found on whichever plane she is located when defeated.

Yhoundeh

(petty goddess of elk and elk-herding societies)

Chris Wellings
Studio Arkhein

SYMBOL:	Elk antlers in front of a crescent moon
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	0
HIT PTS. (HD):	60 hp (10 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (gore or spell)
DAMAGE:	1d10+2 (gore) or by spell
SAVE:	C10
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	1,700

Appearing as a beautiful savage female, lithe and tanned with the antlers of an elk springing forth from her brow, her dark hair tangled and wild.

Yhoundeh is patron goddess of elk and elk-herding societies of the ancient north. She teaches the virtues of waste not, want not, and the harsh joy of the winter chill. She casts spells as 10th level cleric (or druid, if using that class).

Yhoundeh Reaction Table

2-4	**Friendly:** All elk encountered by the character will be co-operative and helpful.
5-6	**Indifferent, uninterested:** She can be moved to "Friendly" by blood (as "Neutral" below) and wild hooting and dancing.
7-9	**Neutral:** She can be moved to "Indifferent" by 'gifts' of a character's blood dropped onto the snow.
10	**Unfriendly:** All elk herders will avoid the character, and all elk will be skittish around the PC.
11-12	**Hostile:** Yhoundeh attacks with spells and should she be cornered, she will resort to her goring attack, and all elk encountered will attack the character on sight.

Ykelu *(petty wolf god protector of the Skapti; guardian*)*

TITLES: *Wolf Totem*

Kevin Brennan
Glynn Seal

SYMBOL:	Bloody Fang
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	180' (60')
ARMOR CLASS:	2
HIT PTS. (HD):	63 hp (10 HD)
ATTACKS:	3 (2 claws/1 bite)
DAMAGE:	1d6/1d6/2d8
SAVE:	F10
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	XIX
XP:	3,100

Ykelu is the tribal totem of the Skapti, a barbarian culture in the far north. The Skapti revere him as their protector, who defends them against their neighbors and against the encroachments of civilization. Tribal shamans depict him as a gigantic wolf, larger than a full-grown stag, with fangs as long as a man's forearm.

Ykelu himself is only found on the Plane of Beasts, unless summoned to the Prime. On his home plane, he stands 10' high at the shoulders and has white fur with golden highlights. His fangs are larger than those of normal wolves and jut well below the bottom of his jaw. He can speak telepathically with intelligent humanoids. He can change his size at will to that of a normal wolf and pass untraceably though forests, taiga, and tundra. Damage inflicted by Ykelu can only be healed naturally, without magical aid. He is accompanied by a pack of 1d6×10 dire wolves.

In times of need, Skapti warriors call upon Ykelu and his pack to aid them in battle. Those who are worthy are possessed by the spirits of the wolves. They will hunt their enemies until one or the other is dead, with no mercy given. A warrior possessed by one of Ykelu's pack will appear to be a giant wolf to those with a Wisdom of 12 or less, while those with Wisdom of 13 or more will see the warrior surrounded by a ghostly outline of a wolf. They gain a natural AC of 6 and a 2d4 bite attack. The possessed will regenerate 2 hp per round unless damaged by fire, until reduced to 0 hp or less.

Should the possessed character be killed, there is a chance that the spirit will be able to possess any other character it has wounded, with the most recently wounded character being the first to be targeted. Characters must save vs. spell to resist possession. Neutral characters receive a +2 bonus to this save and lawful characters a +4. If the spirit successfully possesses someone, it will continue its attack.

Player characters who are possessed by one of Ykelu's pack pass under the control of the DM until the possession is ended. The spirit can be dismissed with a remove curse.

Ykelu Reaction Table

-2 for Skapti warriors; –1 if attacking outposts of civilization; +1 if the petitioner has killed a wolf without provocation; +1 if the petitioner kills animals without offering proper death rituals; +2 if petitioner is lawful; +1 if petitioner is neutral.

2	**Friendly:** The petitioner is possessed by one of Ykelu's pack, but retains their human intelligence and cunning when attacking.
3–5	**Indifferent:** The petitioner is possessed by one of Ykelu's pack, but is reduced to animal or bestial Intelligence.
6–8	**Neutral:** No effect.
9–11	**Unfriendly:** The character is found unworthy and rejected, marked with a scar across the chest; he will be outcast from the tribe.
12	**Hostile:** The petitioner is taken to the Plane of Beasts to be hunted by Ykelu's pack. Good luck!

Yululun *(petty god protector of tombs and cemetaries)*

TITLES: *Keeper of the Tombs*

Craig Schwarze
David Fisher

SYMBOL:	Tombstone
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	60' (20')
ARMOR CLASS:	3
HIT PTS. (HD):	76 hp (12 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (halberd)
DAMAGE:	4d8
SAVE:	F12
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	XV
XP:	3,100

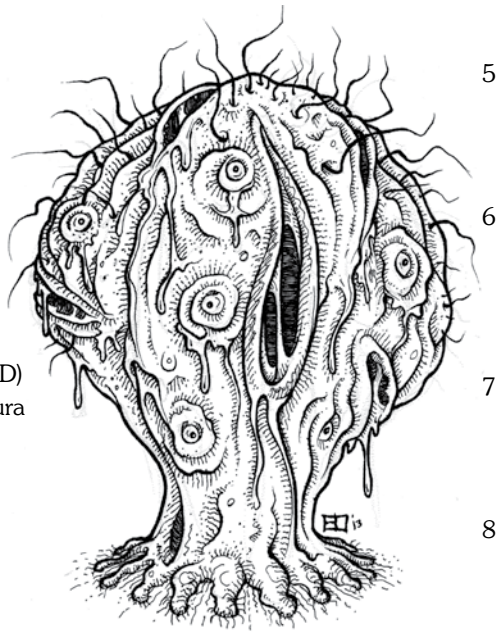
Yululun, Keeper of the Tombs, is the petty god of graveyards and tombs. It is around 7 feet tall, with a lean, muscled body, pale flesh, and the head of a hyena. Its eyes burn with a cold, green flame. Yululun wears scraps and rags over its sexless body, wears a necklace of bones, and is armed with an enormous bone-bladed halberd. Yululun speaks no mortal tongue, and cares nothing for the laws of man. For reasons unknown, it cares only about the sanctity of grave and tomb.

Anyone entering a graveyard or tomb with the intention of despoiling it has a 1% chance of encountering Yululun, who will attack immediately. If desecration on a major scale is intended, the chance of an encounter rises to 20%. In combat, Yululun will be joined by 1-2 ghouls every round, and these will fight ferociously until they are destroyed. If seriously threatened, Yululun will use the ghouls to cover its escape.

Yurm

(petty god of self-injury)

Erol Otus
Erol Otus



SYMBOL:	Polyp
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	60' (20')
ARMOR CLASS:	4
HIT PTS. (HD):	81 hp (14 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (spell) + aura
DAMAGE:	By spell and/or aura
SAVE:	M14
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	XII
XP:	4,200

Yurm is the petty god of self-injury. Intentional slashing of one's own body and piercing it with foreign objects are obvious forms of worship but far more satisfying for this god are the subtle and less conscious damages; absent minded scab picking until healing is undone and blood flows, chewing fingernails until they are raw and appear malformed.

The ultimate forms of Yurm worship are "accidents." Moving past a low table when suddenly the world explodes in pain as a sharp corner is jabbed deep into knee cartilage. Rushing down smooth wooden steps when feet slip out from under and the back of the head slams down into agony. Accidents easily avoided, but instead entered into, are triumphs for this deity.

Yurm's physical form is that of an upright man-sized polyp whose surface is covered with wiry black hairs, oozing slash wounds, and eyes set in swollen fleshy sockets. The god travels slowly using its stubby tentacle feet but does so in absolute silence and is at all times invisible. There is a hidden large central "sucker" foot which enables Yurm to travel up sheer walls and hang upside down from ceilings. A 100'-diameter *aura* surrounds it; within this aura all checks against Dexterity and Intelligence are made at -4. Furthermore, all combat rolls fumble on a 1-5 (on a 1d20 "to hit" roll) and spells have a 25% chance (roll of 1 on 1d4) of hitting the wrong target. Upon entering the aura, all sentient beings must save vs. spell or suffer an effect from the table below (roll 1d8):

1 Trip, fall, and strike their head against the ground: 1d4 points of damage + stunned for 1d3 rounds.

2 Walk forcefully into the nearest wall, tree, or piece of furniture (take 1d3 points of damage); if no such opportunity exists (e.g., the victim is walking across a featureless desert plain), replace this with result #1.

3 Poke self in *eye* with held object or finger: if a weapon is held, this is done with a non-deadly component (e.g., if holding a sword, the *eye* would be poked with the guard while attempting to scratch an itch or bat away an insect); 1d2 points of damage and partially blind (-3 to all rolls and 1/2 speed) for 1d6 rounds.

4 Re-open recent wound: 1d3 points of damage; if no recent wounds exist replace with result #3.

5 During the next quiet moment alone, perhaps during night watch, the victim will cut numerous small slashes upon its arm or leg; 1 point of damage; this has a 50% chance of becoming a permanent habit unless *dispel magic* is cast upon the victim.

6 Become a fingernail biter; no damage occurs but a permanent –2 points of Charisma is suffered; this result is always permanent unless a *dispel magic* is cast upon the victim; it can also be mitigated using other measures (e.g., noxious salves applied to the fingers, etc.).

7 Thrust a small metal object through a soft fleshy part of the body, earlobe, tongue, nostril, etc.; 1 point of damage; a cleric, druid, or other healer must administer treatment to this wound at once (1 turn) or there is a 50% chance of infection.

8 Set own hair on fire; 1d4 points of damage; if this is not possible due to no fire source or no hair, the victim will find an equally inexplicable method to harm itself; modify the damage according to the method of self-injury.

Yurm casts spells as a 14th level magic-user (or illusionist if using that class), constantly *sees invisible*, is immune to disease and poison, and can *teleport without* error one time per day.

The god will usually be found on the outskirts of populated areas where beings will regularly enter the aura and begin to 'worship' by harming themselves. Worshippers are always rewarded with a feeling of well-being which temporarily washes away the pain.

Yurm prefers to avoid direct conflict; if attacked it will use its (illusionist) spells and *teleport* ability to disengage. If destroyed in combat, it will reform in 1d100 days.

Ywehbobbobhewy

(petty god of magic mirror portals)
TITLES: *Lord of Waters; King of Mirrors; Patriarch of the Most Profound*

Matthew Schmeer
Leonard O'Grady

SYMBOL:	A cracked mirror dripping three drops of water
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
ARMOR CLASS:	–5 [+2]
HIT PTS. (HD):	125 hp (21 HD)
ATTACKS:	2
DAMAGE:	2d8+special/ 2d8+special
SAVE:	F19
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	X
XP:	13,000

Ywehbobbbobhewy, Lord of Waters, King of Mirrors, Patriarch of the Most Profound, is the petty god of magic mirror portals. Ywehbobbbobhewy's manifestions occur in churning or disturbed waters, fragments of shattered mirrors, and deep thoughts that should not be thought. He appears as a pulsing mass of a thousand-eyed fleshy, clawed, tentacle-like appendages and grinning toothy mouths cackling with maniacal laughter. Ywehbobbbobhewy's most ardent worshippers and servants come from the most learned of the learned ranks: those who have glimpsed the divine without divine assistance and have been driven mad by what they have glimpsed. Sociopaths and/or academics, in other words.

Ywehbobbbobhewy is never surprised by opponents and attacks only upon being attacked; he attacks by casting shards of glass from his fleshy appendages, which do 2d8 damage, with a 20% chance that a successful hit *teleports* the attacker to the nearest large body of water.

Ywehbobbbobhewy can only be struck by +2 or better weapons. He is resistant to attacks by normal and magical fire, and any such attacks will result in a fuckton of steam billowing back on the attacker, inflicting as many hit points of damage as Ywehbobbbobhewy has remaining (the victim(s) may save vs. breath for half damage).

However, this petty god would rather woo and/or taunt attackers and send them on impossible quests (such as to retrieve a vial of a demon lord's tears, to command the tide to cease its churning, etc.). Should the questers be successful, Ywehbobbbobhewy will richly reward them for their cunning.

Ywehbobbbobhewy will only *bless* or *curse* a mortal being with a sacrifice that he deems worthy of such a request. Ywehbobbbobhewy is most pleased with offerings of thoughtless thoughts and good intentions, but savors the flesh of priests of Churfaz the Maggot-King as the most delectable of offerings. Ywehbobbbobhewy's blessings act as a +3 bonus to all saving throws for a 24 hour period. His curses work as a –3 penalty to all saving throws for 48 hours.

The Dark Moon Festival is held in Ywehbobbbobhewy's honor every fourteenth year. Although outlawed in many kingdoms and empires, in rural villages the rites of male virgin sacrifice and blood debauchery are practiced on this darkest of nights. It is said that only on this night will Ywehbobbbobhewy himself assume human form and walk among his worshippers, most often appearing as a one-eyed, lute-playing hunchbacked midget accompanied by a two-legged bald cat which rides on his shoulders. If he is attacked while in this form, he has the ability to cast any single cleric spell, but his most favored are *quest*, *symbol*, and *destruction*, and the defender gets no save. The cat does not attack.

Ywehbobbbobhewy Reaction Table

2	**Friendly:** Will bless 1d6 targets without a proper sacrifice
3-5	**Indifferent:** Will bless 1d6 targets with proper sacrifice
6-8	**Neutral:** Will attempt to woo target with highest Charisma score
9-11	**Unfriendly:** *Teleports* 1d6 targets to middle of largest nearby body of water
12	**Hostile:** Casts *destruction* on 1d6 targets

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Churfaz*; **M)** *Bob the Cat.*

Yyy *(petty god of questions and riddles)*

TITLES: *The Grand Examiner; King of Questions; Lord of Queries; Prince of Puzzles*

Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

SYMBOL:	A lightning flash, striking from right to left
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	4
HIT PTS. (HD):	62 hp (12 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (staff strike or lightning bolt)
DAMAGE:	1d8+special or 4d6+special
SAVE:	M12
MORALE:	7
HOARD CLASS:	X
XP:	2,800

Yyy (pronounced as long "e" sound), is the Grand Examiner, the King of Questions, the Lord of Queries, the Prince of Puzzles, is the petty god of questions and riddles. He knows the answer to all puzzles and riddles as he is the originator of all them. He is worshiped by many sphinxes and other sentient creatures that rely on the use of puzzles and riddles.

Yyy appears as an elderly bearded hermit dressed in a hooded gray robe and carrying a lantern and a staff. In melee, he may strike with the staff for 1d8 damage, and on a failed save vs. spell stuns the target for 1d6 rounds. During any given round, he may instead use the staff to cast a 100'-long lightning bolt which does 4d6 electrical damage and on a failed save vs. paralysis stuns the target for 3d18 rounds.

Whenever Yyy is encountered, there is a 5-in-6 chance he will be accompanied by either an androsphinx (50% chance) or a gynosphinx (50% chance). Every day, Yyy may summon one of each type to assist him. Regardless of whether he is alone or accompanied by a sphinx, Yyy will <u>always</u> pose a riddle or puzzle to any intelligent creature (or creatures) he encounters. Yyy speaks in a magical language that is understandable by any sentient creature within earshot (as if the language spoken were the creature's native tongue being spoken by a master of the language).

Yyy Reaction Table

Modify by –2 if his riddle or puzzle was answered successfully, or by +2 if answered unsuccessfully.

2	**Friendly:** Will solve a riddle or puzzle.
3-5	**Indifferent:** Will solve a riddle or puzzle if properly propitiated.
6-8	**Neutral:** Poses another another puzzle/riddle; a successful answer results in a "Friendly" reaction (as above); an unsuccesful answer results in a "Hostile" reaction (as below).
9-11	**Unfriendly:** Threatens to summon a sphinx and attack unless properly propitiated.
12	**Hostile:** Summons a sphinx and attacks.

ZEEKIL • ZIKCUB • ZIRKONIA • ZODRAZ • ZUMBIBOO • ZUURRT • ZYNI MOE • ZZYZZ

Zeekil *(petty goddess of needless pain)*

Matt Jackson
Eugene Jaworski

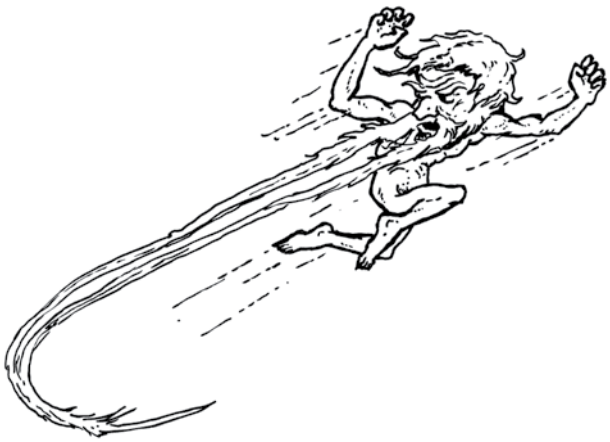
SYMBOL:	Two blood-stained chain links
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	2
HIT PTS. (HD):	66 hp (10 HD)
ATTACKS:	2 (hooks) or 1 (shriek)
DAMAGE:	See below
SAVE:	F10
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	XVIII
XP:	2,400

Zeekil appears as a humanoid of roughly human height—a vomitous mass of bloody and rotting flesh from former victims held together through some bizarre and dark magic. As the victims' flesh is ever-changing, so is her appearance (though she is always roughly the height and mass of a fat, bulbous human). Large and bloody chains remain hooked through her flesh; they dangle and dance with her every move.

Zeekil is the Lord of Needless Suffering, and she enjoys causing as much pain as possible. When she fights, she will lash out with the chains that hang from her flesh, with each chain doing 1d8 on a successful "to hit" roll. Additionally, there is a 2-in-6 chance per successful strike that the hook on the chain will pierce the victim's flesh, hooking the victim and causing intense pain to course through the victim's body. If hooked, the victim must save vs. paralysis or be stunned (wracked with pain) and unable to act for 1d4 rounds. After a victim is hooked, Zeekil will attempt to pull the hook from their flesh, ripping a few pounds of muscle away (for an additional 1d8 points of damage) and absorbing that flesh into her body (restoring a number of hp equal to the damage done when ripping the flesh, up to Zeekil's maximum hp). If the victim is stunned, the rip is automatic. If the victim is able to act, he or she may pull on the chain (resisting Zeekil's attempt to rip the flesh) by rolling their Strength or under on 1d20; if the roll fails, Zeekil succeeds in ripping their flesh; if roll succeeds, the hook comes out with no damage; if the roll is 3 or less, there's no damage but the hook stays embedded. The tearing hook will cause terrible and permanently disfiguring scars.

Zeekil also possesses the ability to utter a terrible shriek of such horrifying pain that it can stop the strongest warriors in their steps. Anyone within hearing range of the shriek must save vs. paralysis or be overcome with a childlike fear (as *fear* spell)—their body will tremble, they will break out in a cold sweat, their eyes will dart around in a paranoid daze, and if possible, they will drop everything and run in fear.

When her physical body has been destroyed, it will fall apart, with the various pieces of flesh flopping to the ground. Unless these parts are completely destroyed (e.g., by fire, disintegration, etc.) OR soaked in *holy water*, Zeekil will reform from the remaining pieces in 1d6 turns. If necessary, Zeekil will pull additional flesh from weak creatures nearby (e.g., rats or fish).



Zezeke *(petty god of hurled curses)*

TITLES: *Ol' Miserable Cuss, Rank Piss-n-Vinegar*

Eric Potter
Donn P. Crane w/ Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

SYMBOL:	Serpent eating own tail
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	300' (100') flying
ARMOR CLASS:	1
HIT PTS. (HD):	59 hp (9 HD)
ATTACKS:	2 (cuss/stick or stone)
DAMAGE:	None/1d4
SAVE:	M30
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	1,475

Zezeke is the cantankerous petty god of hurled curses, and is perhaps known more commonly to his sanctimonious followers as "Ol' Miserable Cuss" or "Rank Piss-n-Vinegar." He is the staunch defender of the Five Great Character Flaws: Arrogance, Impatience, Greed, Obstinacy, and Martyrdom. While his faithful followers may fall into any one of these specific categories, those who exhibit traits in two or more will be appropriately blessed by their approving god.

Zezeke is extraordinarily protective of those worshippers who seethe with self-righteous indignation, gross insensitivity, or contemptuous rudeness. He greatly appreciates condescension, prejudice, and rigidity among his flock. Also, those who harbor deep resentments are well represented among his ardent devotees. Once summoned, this foul-mouthed petty god can be relied upon to provide, at a moment's notice, an unending stream of frothy and vile obscenities that will spew forth from any true believer's lips. All that is required to unleash the power of Zezeke is a clenched fist, a furrowed brow, and a few hard stamps of a boot against the dirt, and the believer will enter a

dreamlike trance and their tongue will become controlled by the ornery Zezeke.

Normally, a possession by Zezeke is enough to prove a point, however, if some errant fool simply does not get the message, the Ol' Miserable Cuss will endeavor to pay a visit in person. Zezeke will always take the form of a miniature, flying, old geezer about the size of a grapefruit—large enough to annoy the hell out of his unsuspecting victim with his incessant dive-bombing (all the while yelling curses into his ear) yet still small enough not to be easily batted away. He prefers to appear naked to better show his ass because he knows this will get your goat and leave you with steam coming out of your ears. Zezeke's attitude is certainly cynical, hostile, and overtly sarcastic.

Zezeke has abandoned his knowledge of all magic spells save *fly*, and has filled each of his available slots with it solely. This "ever-lasting" effect allows him an endless opportunity to continue to hurl his wicked barbs relatively safely from the air, and additionally, allows him to follow more non-confrontational opponents whenever they should try to flee. Further, the crotchety grump has mastered the art of aerial combat, fully utilizing barrel roll attacks, pitchbacks, wingovers, and lag displacement rolls, among others, and any character who attempts to swat at Zezeke with their weapons or hands does so at a –10 "to hit" penalty.

The last word will be had by Zezeke. His main intention is to crush spirits deeply by unleashing a barrage of abominable scorn, which eventually taunts his victim into dejection, and ultimately, withdrawal. However, he does quite enjoy a jaunty back and forth persiflage and will take a nasty jibe as good as he gives... to a point.

Zezeke's curses are initially hurled at a +2 "to hit", however, as his tirade continues, the disparagement will become so potent that his barb in each subsequent round is thrown at an increasing bonus (+3, +4, +5, and so on), until his opponent is miserable.

Although Zezeke will get a rise out of his intended victim more times than not, on the rare occasions where true pacifists are met, he will become enraged and resort to hurling sticks or stones in an effort to break their bones since his words did not really harm them. Normal missile fire adjustments apply to these physical attacks.

Zezeke's sphere of influence is self-confined. Having the innate sense that animals don't often respond to vile verbal taunts and that it is mainly other people that are the ultimate annoyances, Zezeke primarily rewards his followers with his presence only if they remain within the confines of populous outposts, hamlets, villages, cities, ports, and the like. And typically, followers who roam into wilderness areas find themselves on their own. One exception to this steadfast rule is that of a rural battlefield.

Zezeke Reaction Table

Use 1d6 (instead of 2d6), with no modifiers.

1 **Bothered:** Not even worth it, returns to possession-only aid.
2 **Annoyed:** Single verbal insult.
3 **Aggravated:** Double barb per round.
4 **Irritated:** Things get personal.
5 **Infuriated:** May insult your mother.
6 **Enraged:** Dispenses with verbal baiting.

Zikcub

(petty goddess of sickly animals)

Doug Rusch
Zak Smith

SYMBOL:	Bloody paw
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
ARMOR CLASS:	2
HIT PTS. (HD):	45 hp (12 HD)
ATTACKS:	3 (2 claws/1 bite)
DAMAGE:	1d6/1d6 (claws)/1d10 (bite) plus disease
SAVE:	M20
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	VII
XP:	5,800

Zikcub, the patron petty goddess of sickly animals, was once a pampered pet tiger of a wealthy prince until she contracted a wasting disease. As her hair fell out and her body withered her masters scorned her, tormented her, and finally beat her to the verge of death. Sensing her suffering, the gods took pity, infusing her with divine vitality. Her strength, though not her health, returned, and she attacked her former masters and fled. With strength came awareness and a sense of responsibility. Now Zikcub travels the world following her instincts, providing solace to injured, diseased, and dying animals. Though no longer dying, Zikcub is in constant pain

Zikcub appears as a wasted slightly-humanoid-looking feline with only disheveled tufts of fur remaining. She has weepy eyes, lumpy ulcerated skin, sagging teets, and emaciated flesh.

Zikcub can communicate and aid people or animals, but does not possess the power to cure. A sip of rancid milk from one

of her teets can temporarily restore vitality and stave off death in the diseased or injured (1d6 hours as if fully healed). Another sip can provide instant solace through painless death (save vs. poison applicable if drinker does not desire death). The potency of her other teats is shrouded in mystery.

Animals can sense her presence and come to pay homage or to seek what aid she can provide. She typically has 5d12 animals of various types in attendance. Many of these will be small or sickly, though larger animals may be present. While they will obey Zikcub's wishes they will normally try to keep people away, and will defend her to the best of their ability if she is threatened. Among animals Zikcub is both revered and pitied, but her presence is considered an ill omen, foretelling of pain... and even death.

Zikcub has no love for people, but will tolerate the presence of druids, veterinarians, and those on a mission to help some beloved animal. If she is threatened, or those she protects are threatened, she will fight. Her bite has a 50% chance of transmitting a random disease such as rabies, flu, toxoplasmosis, campylobacteriosis, and even spongiform encephalopathy among others. Vigorous activity will reopen her wounds releasing the smell of putrefied flesh. Those hostile to her within 20 feet must save vs. poison or be incapacitated (due to nausea caused by the smell).

Her divine vitality prevents Zikcub from dying and she regenerates at a prodigious 5 hp per round. Poisons, disease, and other maladies cannot affect her. In the past, she has even recovered from being turned to stone after only a few days. Mystics speculate that she cannot die as long as she continues to receive the blessing of the gods.

Zirkonia

(petty goddess of shiny things)

John Gavin Lighterness
Steven Goodman

SYMBOL:	Golden ring in a sunburst
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	360' (120')
ARMOR CLASS:	–8
HIT PTS. (HD):	102 hp (18 HD)
ATTACKS:	2 (*Sword of Shining*)
DAMAGE:	3d6 + special
SAVE:	C18
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	XV
XP:	10,000

Zirkonia is the petty god of all shiny things. When something shines, glitters, glistens, gleams or sparkles that is, in fact, a minor manifestation of Zirkonia. In the presence of an enormous amount of shiny objects, Zirkonia can be summoned, or may simply appear unbidden to bask in the reflected dazzling glow.

When fully manifested Zirkonia appears as a stunningly beautiful woman in glittering plate-mail, with a shimmering robe of platinum chain-mail, carrying a longsword studded with sparkling diamonds.

Zirkonia's weapon is the *Sword of Shining*—a sword with a diamond-tipped edge. Each successful hit forces the victim to make a save vs. paralysis or be turned to gold, diamond, silver, or anything else which shines and glitters. Zirkonia's only interest is the adoration of everything that shines, glitters, or sparkles, as adoring them is to adore her. She is utterly self-obsessed and does not react well when she is not the focus of attention. Her jealous temper tantrums have been known to cause the ruination of civilizations. The cults of Zirkonia are usually filled with the most obsequious, sycophantic, and toadying wretches, and her temples are fabulously and expensively decorated, and very well defended.

If Zirkonia deigns to bestow her *blessing* on a character then they receive one of the following (d6):

1-3 **Zirkonia's Glamour:** For 1d4 days, the character will have a glint in their eye or a gleam on their teeth, giving them a +1 bonus to Charisma.

4-5 **Zirkonia's Gleam:** All the items the character is carrying will instantly be cleaned, and shine brightly for 1d6 days. During this time, the items will not tarnish or scratch and cannot be broken by any means.

6 **Zirkonia's Gift:** 1d6 of the mundane items the PC is carrying are transmuted into gold and/or silver versions. New values are determined by a roll on the Jewelry Table or at DM's discretion.

Zirkonia Reaction Table

–1 for every piece of ostentatious jewelry or decoration worn by the PC.

2 **Friendly:** *Blesses* 1d4 nearby targets.

3-5 **Indifferent:** *Blesses* 1d4 nearby targets if properly propitiated.

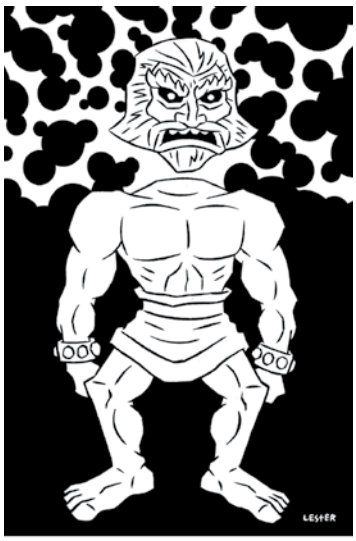
6-8 **Neutral:** Ignores nearby creatures.

9-11 **Unfriendly:** *Curses* 1d6 nearby targets if not properly propitiated.

12 **Hostile:** *Curses* 1d8 nearby targets.

Zodraz *(petty god of seeds and toil)*

Trey Causey & Lester B. Portly
Lester B. Portly



SYMBOL:	Chaff of wheat
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
FLY:	180' (60') head only
ARMOR CLASS:	0
HIT PTS. (HD):	60 hp (12 HD)
ATTACKS:	2 (fists)
DAMAGE:	1d8/1d8
SAVE:	F12
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	See below
XP:	2,700

Zodraz appears as a 12'-tall stone figure with a scowling mask-like visage which is perpetually disapproving. He enforces obedience to his rightful authority by demanding all (in the presence of his avatar) kneel before him.

Zodraz the Lawful (his more expansive title) is really only concerned with enforcing conformity and stamping out what he views as prurience, so that his folk may prosper and be moral and upright. His harsh judgement falls on fornicators and disruptors of public order, but equally upon women who dress immodestly or men not engaged in the "honest labor" of agrarian work or a craft. To those who follow Zodraz's stern edicts, he gives fertile fields and healthy livestock.

If his avatar is brought to zero hit points, his head floats off his body, and his body is completely rejuvenated in 1d6 rounds. This supported the long-held notion by some scholars that Zodraz's head is not an essential part of his being and not used for much, beyond making pronouncements. The head will remain out of reach and harangue the characters while the body regenerates. The floating head has an AC of –2 and single hit destroys it, leaving behind a gem worth 500 gp.

Zodraz Reaction Table

Neutral characters receive +1 to this roll and Chaotic characters receive +2 to this roll.

2	**Friendly:** Commands all to kneel, then vomits forth a gem worth 500 gp.
3-5	**Indifferent:** Commands all to kneel, then vomits forth a pile of grain seeds.
6-8	**Neutral:** Commands all to kneel, lectures those who do not; roll again.
9-11	**Unfriendly:** Commands all to kneel, those who do not will be attacked.
12	**Hostile:** Commands all to kneel, then attacks regardless of any actions.

Zumbiboo *(petty god of dust)*

TITLES: *Little Zumbiboo*

Igor Vinicius Sartorato*
Del Teigeler

SYMBOL:	A handful of dust
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	60' (20')
ARMOR CLASS:	3
HIT PTS. (HD):	71 hp (17 HD)
ATTACKS:	2 (fists)
DAMAGE:	1d8/1d8
SAVE:	T17
MORALE:	6
HOARD CLASS:	VII
XP:	8,500

Zumbiboo (or sometimes "Little Zumbiboo") is the petty god of dust, ruling over all the dust in the world. Although he is present almost everywhere in some way, he can be more easily found in places where the dust has settled for decades, centuries, or millennia (e.g., abandoned buildings, ruins, tombs, etc.).

The Lord of Dust can manifest himself in two distinct forms. When he only wants to communicate without exposing himself, he simply writes words in the thick layers of dust. When he needs to physically interact with other creatures, Zumbiboo assumes a 3'-tall roughly-humanoid form composed of dust.

He considers the carrying of a broom or feather duster in his presence to be a major offense, and will automatically be hostile with those who carry such things. Ironically, he does not consider the removal of dust as blasphemy against him, since this task is held as a noble duty, and not an uncomfortable obligation. He does expect that some dust always be swept under the rug, as an offering to him.

Special care is taken to not offend this god during the traditional spring cleaning; it is believed that, if angred, he may send a huge *dust storm* capable of covering an entire city.

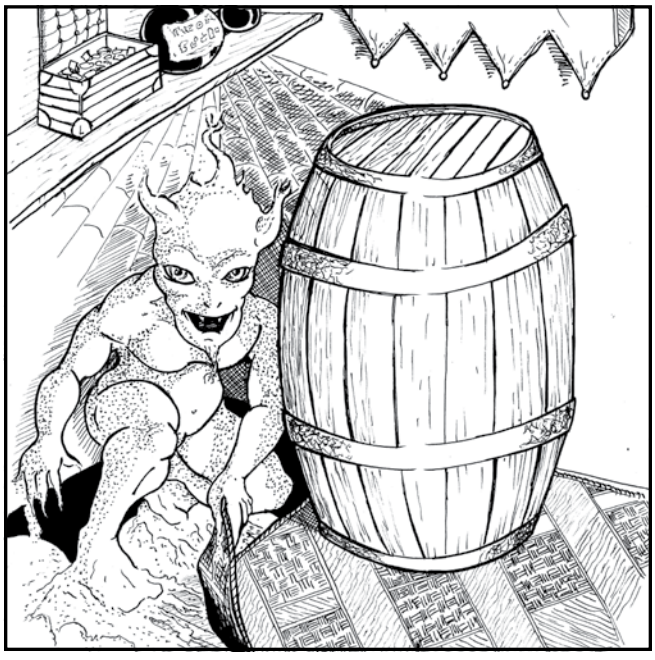
The petty god of dust also knows many secret passages and hidden places because dust enters through all manner of cracks, and covers even the most well-hidden locations.

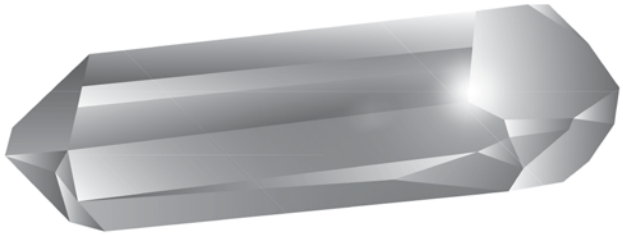
In combat, Zumbiboo attacks with powerful blows from his fists, with each fist doing 1d8 on successful "to hit" rolls. Fruthermore, each time he successfully strikes, his opponent must save vs. breath or become blinded for 1d4 rounds (due to dust in the eyes). Each two rounds, Zumbiboo can summon 1d3 dust devils or 1d6 giant mites to assist him in combat.

Zumbiboo Reaction Table

2	**Friendly:** Reveals the location of some dusty old treasure.
3-5	**Indifferent:** Reveals the location of a secret door or hidden place, if properly propitiated.
6-8	**Neutral:** Starts a conversation without major intentions.
9-11	**Unfriendly:** Conceals important clues (such as footprints) with dust, and causes dust to enter inside the clothes, bags, and shoes of the character.
12	**Hostile:** Demands the treatment due to a god; otherwise, he summons his minions and pours his wrath upon the character.

** Based on an original concept by Lord Dunsany.*





Zuurrt

(petty god of lost lifetimes)
TITLES: *The Orphan-Maker*

Ezra Claverie
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

SYMBOL:	a bronze coin with the stylized shape of a trilobite cut from the middle
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
ARMOR CLASS:	9 [+1]
HIT PTS. (HD):	20 hp (4 HD)
ATTACKS:	See below
DAMAGE:	See below
SAVE:	C4
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	XV
XP:	245

Zuurrt resembles a yard-long chartreuse prismatic crystal floating in the air. Zuurrt's worshippers have been dead for millions of years, and only scholars of the arcana of lost races know its true name (which means "the Orphan-Maker" in the language of the ancient Trilobite Folk).

In a wilderness said to be haunted dwells Zuurrt upon a rocky hill, the remnant of a peak where the Trilobite Folk once raised a temple in its honor. Zuurrt is not native to this plane and does not experience time as mortals do; it is starting to wonder why no Trilobite pilgrims have sacrificed their timelines to it lately.

Anyone who climbs the hill will find the landscape of towering boulders in which Zuurrt wanders. Zuurrt will approach but will stop 1d100 feet from the visitors, observing.

An *aura* 30' in radius surrounds Zuurrt. Within this zone, Zuurrt appears to blaze with green light. Persons outside this aura cannot see Zuurrt's para-light, though they can see the reactions of persons inside.

Zuurrt scans the timeline of anyone who enters its aura. This causes old memories to surface and past experiences to intrude on present perceptions. Victims must save vs. spell each round or stand dazed and unable to act during that round.

If anyone remains within Zuurrt's aura for three or more rounds, Zuurrt will extrude a mass of vaporous filaments (which persons outside the aura cannot see), reaching for the nearest creature. The target must save vs. spell: success means that the target experiences only a prickling sensation; failure means Zuurrt has consumed the victim's timeline (the victim suffers 2d6 damage from shock, and must save vs. paralysis or lose consciousness for 1d20 minutes). Zuurrt will choose a new target every subsequent round until either all targets leave its aura or until it has consumed everyone's timeline. Zuurrt can only consume a person's timeline once. It will ignore anyone who has entered its aura but left with his or her timeline intact.

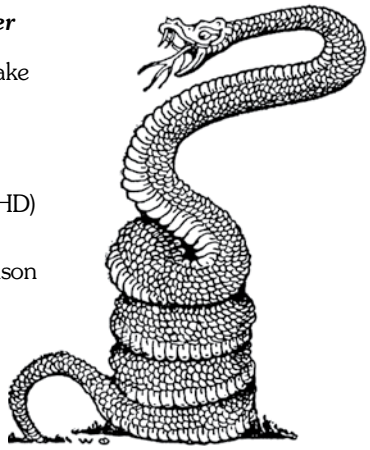
Persons outside the aura when Zuurrt consumes someone's timeline immediately lose all memory of the victim, because now he or she has never been born. Deeds that the victim have performed now become, retroactively, the work of others. (This may result in doublings, ironic reversals, and other changes to persons' timelines; the DM should endeavor to keep such changes minimal, in keeping with the laws of temporal conservation that govern Zuurrt's feeding.)

Persons inside the aura when Zuurrt consumes someone's timeline will retain their memories of the victim, and they will have no memory of the new timelines that Zuurrt's consumption has created. This is also true for the victim, who retains all of his or her memories, experience points, and belongings.

Mind-affecting spells and ordinary weapons have no effect on Zuurrt. Magical weapons can damage its crystalline body, but it will not defend itself. At 0 hit points, its winks out of existence, returning to its own plane with some unbelievable stories for its friends.

Zyni Moî *(protector of godly knowledge)*

Keith Sloan
Dugald Stewart Walker



SYMBOL:	Coiled snake
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
ARMOR CLASS:	3
HIT PTS. (HD):	40 hp (7 HD)
ATTACKS:	3 (bites)
DAMAGE:	2d8 + poison (per bite)
SAVE:	F7
MORALE:	11
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	2,000

Zyni Moî is a small, poisonous snake and is known as the Protector of the Secrets of the Gods. He is charged with protecting knowledge that the gods do not wish mortals to learn. He does this by biting and poisoning those that obtain some forbidden knowledge, killing them before they can spread it to other mortals. He is not permitted to slay those seeking such knowledge, only those that obtain it. The snake can be dispatched by any god who learns of such forbidden questing for knowledge. Zyni Moî will then make his way to observe the knowledge seeker, lying in wait until the moment they have succeeded, at which point he will strike. His bite is virulently poisonous (save vs. poison at -4) and he can strike three times per round, poisoning on each strike. In addition to his bite and great speed, he can blend perfectly into any terrain, essentially becoming invisible provided he is not moving. Zyni Moî bears no malice to those he slays, though he is merciless in fulfilling his tasks. When not performing his tasks, he likes to sun himself on warm desert sands, or to swim in cool rivers.

Zzyzz *(petty god of irrational fears)*

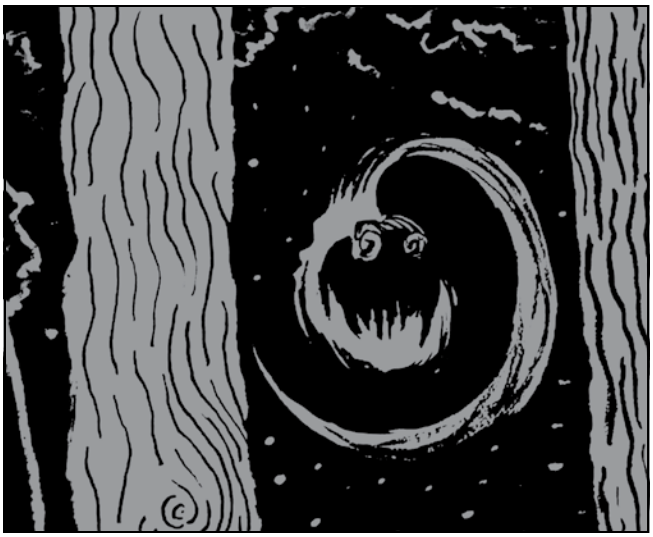
Justen Brown
Justen Brown

SYMBOL:	Swirling red vapor within a black void
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	360' (120')
ARMOR CLASS:	–4
HIT PTS. (HD):	90 hp (20 HD)
ATTACKS:	Special
DAMAGE:	Special
SAVE:	M19
MORALE:	12 (never fails)
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	11,250

Zzyzz (pronounced with a guttural grunt at the back of the throat) is the petty god of irrational fears and he-which-exists-in-the-corner-of-your-eye. It takes the "form" of a swirling, formless being amidst impenetrable darkness. Zzyzz is created by the essence of unsubstantiated fears. It manifests wherever light fails to reach including cabinets, treasure chests, underneath beds, and deep forests. Zzyzz thrives on fear and superstition and prefers to leave prey alive so it may feast on their raw emotions. It enjoys stalking unsuspecting travelers, scaring superstitious children, and bringing misfortune on those who openly mock it or bring light to its realm of darkness.

Zzyzz makes no sound and is near invisible, surprising its opponents on a 1-5 (on 1d6). It has no physical form but can only exist where there is at least a 5' radius of darkness—any form of light, even the shadowy flicker of a candle, pushes its essence away. If completely hedged out by light, Zzyzz automatically *teleports* to the nearest patch of darkness within one mile. Zzyzz can only be damaged by lawful weapons of at least +1 enchantment but is oddly susceptible to *magic missile*, suffering twice the normal damage from each missile.

Zzyzz has no actual attacks and only manifests to feed on fear. It can always cast *telekinesis*, *phantasmal force*, and *continual darkness* at will as a 20th level caster; and will use these spells to cause maximum chaos among its prey: breaking up their ranks, luring them into traps, or attracting nearby monsters. Simply looking at Zzyzz forces intelligent creatures to save vs. insanity* or run in fear for 1d4 hours. Alternatively, Zzyzz can cause that creature to become insane (as *confusion* but with no



chance of acting normally) for 1d8 rounds or fall into a comatose stupor for 1d4 rounds.

If Zzyzz touches an unconscious (including sleeping) creature, it can manifest itself in the darkness within the creature's skull. At will, Zzyzz can dominate the creature and gain access to all abilities, spells, memories (within the past year), and languages. When Zzyzz leaves the target, it must save vs. death or become insane for 24 hours. Protection from chaos protects a creature from possession and the insanity effect cast after Zzyzz possesses the victim.

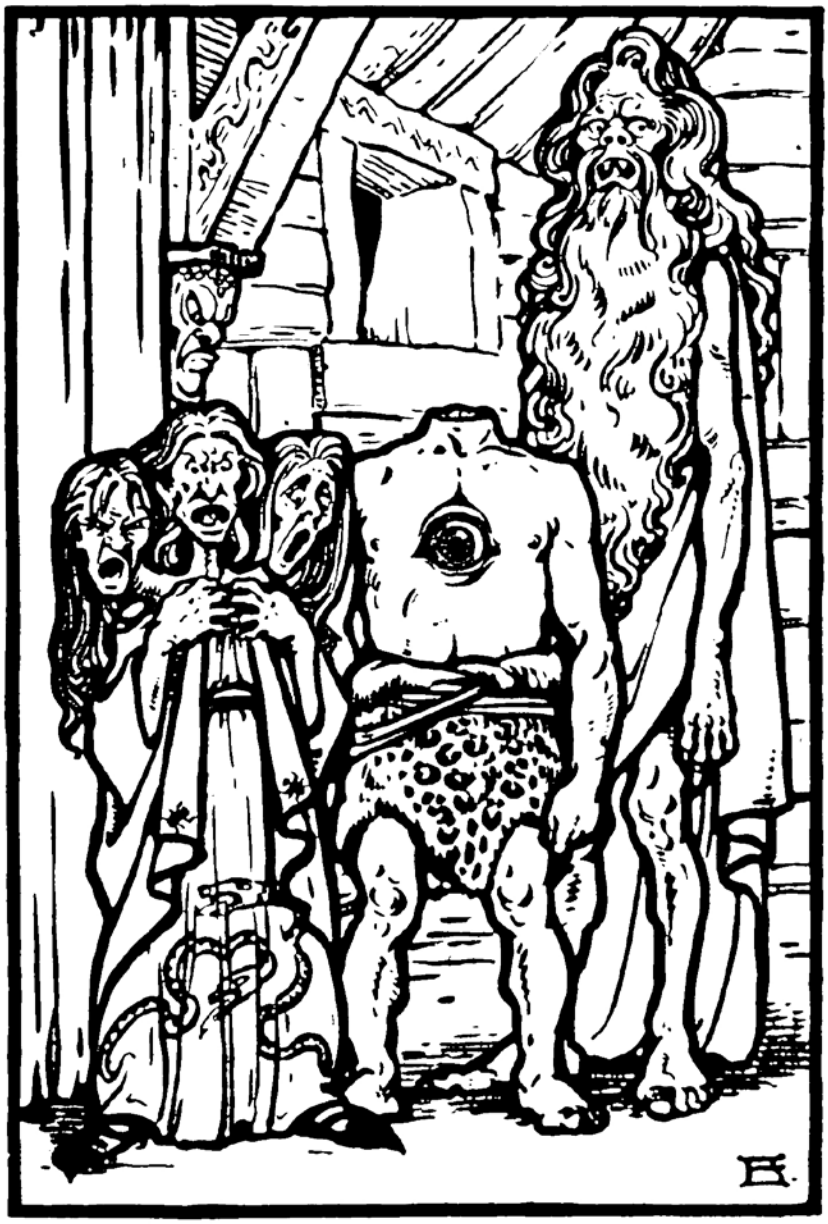
Zzyzz Reaction Table

2	**Envious:** Steals or breaks an expensive-looking item using *telekinesis* before retreating.
3-4	**Bored:** Performs minor tricks and illusions, not exposing himself.
5-6	**Ambivalent:** Exposes himself until someone goes insane, then retreats.
7-9	**Mischievous:** Creates horrific illusions while out of sight.
10-11	**Angered:** Attacks—lures victims into traps, attracts monsters, etc.
12	**Bloodthirsty:** Will lure the most powerful monsters to its victims, throw deadly objects at them, possess and kill them, etc.

* *See* UNDERWORLD LORE *#1, p.14.*

SECTION 2

Minions, Knights & Servitors



Beatrice Elvery

Minions Overview

✐ **Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.**

Introduction

Almost as old as the stories of the gods themselves are the stories of the *servants* of the gods. In fact, the Mesopotamians believed that human beings were created simply so the gods would have servants. There are, of course, the stories of the various individual servants of the gods: the Olympians shared a cupbearer in the beautiful Ganymede; Hades was served by Charon who acted as his boatman and Cerberus who acted as a gatekeeper; finally, Odin relied on his Valkyries to choose who would live and die in battle.

Minions, servitors and knights will often fall under one or more of the following categories:

Leader

In groups composed of other servants (willing or unwilling), this figure will make decisions, keep order, and enforce discipline. This type can include independent minions (like knights), and those minions that believe themselves to be gods.

EXAMPLES FROM THIS SECTION: *Merkor, Okkin, Nipleteth, Sir Daraneolus, Xunadu Khan.*

Protector/Enforcer

Servants in this role will follow the god's wishes, serving those wishes indirectly by ensuring that others are following the god's wishes or directives (e.g., defending persons, places or things important to the god).

EXAMPLES FROM THIS SECTION: *Child of Neub, Ggiyy, Insectman, Miri-Nigri, Murmuroth, Shadow Snake, Taartkin, Visible Stalker, Ynnym.*

Nurturer/Caregiver

The role of this type of servant will be to provide aid or sustenance on the behalf of the god served, deliver an important object sent by the god they serve, or provide moderation (e.g., ensuring good relationships), companionship (e.g., a pet), or entertainment (e.g., a jester).

EXAMPLES FROM THIS SECTION: *Aeshek, Bob the Cat, Kash-Kash, Mouthless Tongue, Sepultural Wyrm.*

Knowledge Keeper

Servants in this role are trusted with knowledge within the god's domain. This knowledge may be held in secret (e.g., the answer to riddles which allow or grant access) or shared (e.g., to train or educate supplicants of a god, or simply to pass knowledge to the another generation so that knowledge is not lost).

EXAMPLES FROM THIS SECTION: *Augenwinkel, Divine Auditor, Ghostly Lecher, Gray Messenger, Syla, Twee Philosopher.*

Explanatory Notes

The term "servant" is used below as a blanket term to indicated any minion, servitor or knight included in this section.

NO. ENC. (number encountered) presents a guideline for the DM only. Numbers should be adjusted to suit the encounter (unless a servant is unique, in which case it will be the only one ever encountered).

ALIGNMENT shows the standard alignment for a servant of its type (based on a single-axis alignment system). Actual alignment may vary (at DM's discretion).

MOVEMENT indicates the servant's movement per turn (and round) on the ground. Additional movement details are provided for those creatures or characters with alternate forms of movement, including the ability to: fly, swim, burrow and move in webs.

ARMOR CLASS is based on a scale where an AC of 9 is an unarmored human. AC indications for servants that typically wear armor will show the servant's AC when wearing armor.

 # [+1] An AC rating with additional brackets indicates that a magical weapon is needed "to hit" the servant, with the number in brackets indicating the minimum enchantment required "to hit."

HIT DICE indicates number of hit dice to be rolled to determine a servant's hit points. This number may or may not be followed by an hp bonus modifier (indicated by +#). Unique servants will have a specific number of hit points, with an additional Hit Dice indication to be used for determining attacks.

ATTACKS presents number and type of attack(s) the servant may make during the melee round.

DAMAGE indicates variable damage by attack(s).

SAVE provides a class and level equivalent to be used when determing the servant's saving throws.

MORALE shows the suggested target number for any morale checks made by the servant. The target value, or reaction, may be adjusted at the DM's discretion based on the situation or other extenuating circumstances. For example, if the god served is present, the DM may consider adding a bonus to the servant's morale.

HOARD CLASS indicates the suggested treasure which will be found in the servant's lair, unless otherwise indicated. (May be adjusted at the DM's discretion.)

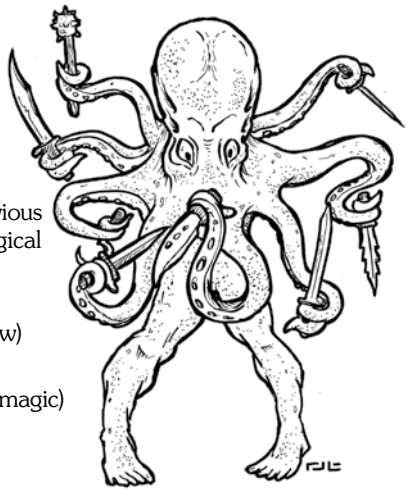
EXPERIENCE POINTS indicates the suggested number of Experience Points that should be rewarded for killing the indicated servant. (May be adjusted at the DM's discretion.)

ABOMINATION OF SKAAL • AESHEK • AHUIZOTL • ANGELIC SERVITOR • ARBITRATOR OF SPHERE • ARETIA • ATACORN • AUGENWINKEL

Abomination of Skaal

SERVES: *Skaal*

Charles Turnitsa
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.



NO. ENC.:	1d3
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
SWIM:	30' (10')
ARMOR CLASS:	–1 (impervious to non-magical weapons)
HIT DICE:	8
ATTACKS:	8 (see below)
DAMAGE:	See below
SAVE:	F8 (+5 vs. magic)
MORALE:	11
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	1,560

Abominations of Skaal appear as very large menacing octopus creatures which are orange in color. Underneath the headbag is an armless humanoid body that allows the creature to walk on dry land. It elevates the head and body high enough that all 8 tentacles can attack in any direction.

During each combat round, an abomination of Skaal may use each of its tentacles to attack, either by wielding a weapon or by making a natural touch attack. When attacking with a weapon, the damage inflicted (on a successful "to hit" roll) is by the weapon with a +2 damage bonus (from Strength). The abomination's touch attack does 1d8+2 (on a successful "to hit" roll); furthermore, the victim must save vs. poison or take 1d3 points of damage per round for 3 rounds, beginning the following round.

The abomination can leap up to 60'. A favorite tactic is to land amongst the enemy, and begin attacking out in all directions (attacking up to 8 foes per round).

Abominations of Skaal are impervious to non-magical weapons, and make all saving throws vs. magic with a +5 bonus. Additionally, an abomination can regenerate 1 hp per round.

If there is more than one abomination in an encounter, and they are close enough so that they can touch tentacles with one another (each tentacle has a 10' reach), then they can combine their diabolical Skaal-given magic and summon 1d2 flying giant sharks (1-2 bullshark, 3-4 mako shark, 5-6 great white shark) which behave as the normal version of their species, but are able to swim through the air at 60' per round. Any individual abomination may only participate in such a summoning one time per day.

If the abomination is within hearing range of Skaal when Skaal sings the song of his people, the abomination immediately recovers all lost hit points.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Skaal;* **M)** *Minion of Skaal.*

Aeshek (Deliverer)

SERVES: *Gods of lost and mislaid things*

Paul Wolfe
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

NO. ENC.:	1
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	3
HIT DICE:	6
ATTACKS:	3 (arms)
DAMAGE:	1d4/1d4/1d4
SAVE:	F6
MORALE:	8
HOARD CLASS:	Unique (see below)
XP:	570

When Galdu Aurkity, the three-formed petty god of misplaced things, is particularly benevolent, he (she) sends a strange, matronly creature to deliver the mislaid treasure directly to the supplicant. In cases where the object cannot be personally delivered, the aeshek guides the worshipper to the item. On exceedingly rare occasions, the aeshek may be intercepted while on a mission of delivery. While the aeshek will fight to defend their charge, they typically use their strange prismatic mumus to avoid attacks and flee.

Rumored to be the offspring of the Mother of all Minions, Aeshek are 8'-tall husky bipedal creatures with four arms. The prismatic effect of their flowery muumuus and brightly colored sandals makes them particularly difficult to hit, such that the first attack from each combatant automatically misses. Subsequent attacks are resolved normally. The creatures attack with three of their four arms. The fourth is usually clutching some treasure they are entrusted to deliver.

RELATED ENTRIES: **M)** *Mother of all Minions.*

Ahuizotl

SERVES: *Lake and river gods*

John Everett Till
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

NO. ENC.:	1d8
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	90' (30') swimming
ARMOR CLASS:	7
HIT DICE:	5
ATTACKS:	2 (bite/tailclaw) or 1 (tailclaw grapple)
DAMAGE:	1d6/1d8 or grapple (see below)
SAVE:	F5
MORALE:	8
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	800

A servitor of lake, river, and rain gods including Chalchiuhtlicue, Tlaloc, and Tlacotani, the ahuizotl is a fierce and deceitful aquatic canine predator. Ahuizotl breathe water. They resemble hairless, pointy-eared dogs. The first thing someone being stalked by an ahuizotl will see is their yellow eyes and hairless snout peering up from below the water. Their wrinkled, rubbery face betrays an almost human intelligence. Once their tailclaw breaks the water, the ahuizotl's prey is in true danger.

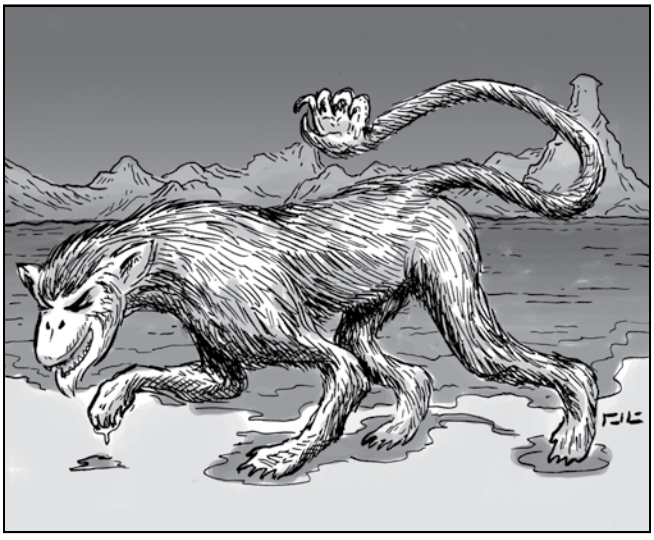
The ahuizotl's tail is unusually thick and extremely long; it ends in a wickedly taloned, long-fingered tailclaw. The ahuizotl can use its tailclaw to grapple a victim and pull them underwater. It can also be used to inflict terrible slashing wounds.

The gods that the ahuizotl serve often assign a pack to escort someone who has earned divine favor, or to hunt down someone who has earned a god's enmity. The ahuizotl's preferred prey is a human. Ahuizotl stalk prey that are swimming, canoeing, standing, or walking near a riverbank. They will wait for an opportune moment to use their tailclaw to grab an ankle or tip a canoe, dragging a person under water to drown them. They will then feast on the eyes, nails, and teeth of their victims, because these are delicacies to the ahuizotl.

Finding a drowned corpse with these body parts missing is a sure sign an ahuizotl is nearby. Hearing the voice of a crying child near a lake or river is another sign. Ahuizotl use these sounds to lure humans (within 100' of a shore or river bank) towards themselves in order to spring a trap. Few people can resist the sounds of a child who is lost or drowning and crying for help.

Once per day, any ahuizotl can travel freely between this world and the watery world of Tlalocan, the realm of Chalchiuhtlicue and Tlaloc. This takes one turn. Persons without access to *gate* spells will not be able to follow them.

TAILCLAW GRAPPLE: The tailclaw may be used as a weapon to deal damage in conjunction with a bite attack. Alternatively, the ahuizotl may make one attack in an attempt to grapple a target. On a successful hit, the ahuizotl has grappled an opponent; the target must save vs. death or be pulled underwater and rendered unconscious. The ahuizotl may also use a successful hit with a grapple attack to flip a canoe. If the hit is successful, roll 1d6: on 1-2, the canoe remains upright; on 3-4, each occupant has a 50% chance of falling into the water; on 5-6, each occupant has a 75% chance of falling into the water.



Angelic Servitor

SERVES: *By type*

✎ **Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.**
☙ ***Byam Shaw w/ Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.***

There exists an interesting anomaly amongst the pantheons that include petty gods among their number—the presence of winged archers who possess distinctive abilities and serve different devotions, but are described as having an almost identical appearance to one another. These angelic servitors are rumored to be descended from the same angel mother (though no one knows for sure), having developed differently as they were recruited to serve varying petty gods with varying means and to varying ends. It is not uncommon to encounter one of these angelic servitors and believe they are in service to one petty god, only to discover they owe allegiance to another.

RELATED ENTRIES: **M)** *Skeletal Servitor.*

Angelic Servitor: Antlerfooted Archer

SERVES: *Petty gods of the forest*

✎ **Eric Potter**

NO. ENC.:	1d8
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	120' (30')
FLY:	180' (60')
ARMOR CLASS:	5
HIT DICE:	3
ATTACKS:	3 (weapon/foot/foot)
DAMAGE:	1d6+4/1d10/1d10
SAVE:	F3
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	155

These fabled hunters of large game were known originally for their uncanny stealth. They nearly emptied every vast forest into which they ventured. Seeking to even the odds, the petty gods of woodland creatures cursed these predators with giant racks of antlers atop their feet.

Finding the curse irreversible, these crestfallen archers eventually begged the gods to free them, vowing allegiance and an end to their bloodshed. Having some pity, the gods agreed, but what was done was done, and the antlers were everlasting.

"But all is not lost", said the gods to the afflicted. In exchange for the archers' vows to hunt those like their former selves, the gods gifted each great pinions—freeing them from the encumbrance of the Earth itself.

The feared antlerfooted archers have evermore roamed the forests, seeking to protect their petty gods' flock. The accuracy of their bowmanship is unsurpassed, and each enjoys a +4 "to hit" bonus on missile attacks. Once airborne, their pedal antlers become death from the skies, capable of slicing, flaying, skewering, puncturing, slashing, and/or decapitating all at once.

Angelic Servitor: Arfix

SERVES: *Lawful petty gods*

Darcy Perry

NO. ENC.:	1 (or more)
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	180' (60')
FLY:	240' (80')
ARMOR CLASS:	7
HIT DICE:	16
ATTACKS:	3 (bow or sword)
DAMAGE:	3d8+1/3d8+1/3d8+1
SAVE:	F16
MORALE:	11
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	3,500

Arfix are the avenging angels of blades and bows broken on the field of battle. These minions of the petty gods often appear as winged warriors, gloriously naked, armed with curved swords and bows.

Whenever a bow or blade (e.g., dagger, sword, scimitar, or similarly-edged martial weapon) is broken in truly desperate combat, there is a 1-in-6 chance that an arfix may be summoned. Unexpectedly the shattered weapon erupts into flames, from which the arfix bursts forth swinging a blade or firing arrows at the foe. They offer only a brief respite, fighting only until the flames die out in 2d4 rounds. If the warrior they came to defend is still looking for a replacement weapon by then, the arfix may offer their own before departing in a puff of smoke or flying high into the clouds.

Despite a great deal of theological study on the subject, religious scholars are still at a loss as to which petty deities the arfix serve. It is written that these petty angels only aid those aligned with Law. However, they may come to the aid of any who fight against Chaos. In a particularly disastrous combat, more than one may appear. They will never fight each other but may engage in witty repartee as they attack the common foe. All damage is treated as magical fire damage. Any weapons left behind are *+1 versus Chaos*.

Angelic Servitor: Dianusimma

SERVES: *Lesser gods of justice*

E.T. Smith

NO. ENC.:	2d4
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
FLY:	240' (80')
ARMOR CLASS:	6
HIT DICE:	2+1
ATTACKS:	1 (bow or sword)
DAMAGE:	1d6+1
SAVE:	C5
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	VIII
XP:	59

When villages are afflicted with dishonor, disorder or plague, the lesser spirits of justice may grant succor by arranging the appearance of a silver seed. If the seed is irrigated with holy water and allowed to take undisturbed root from one sunrise to the next, a stalk will rise and produce 2d4 blossoms, each blossom opening to release an armed dianusimma. The dianusimma appear as winged men with thin, slight bodies and stern gazes, armed with short swords and bows. After appearing, they will proceed to enforce order and justice upon the locality according to the strictures of the deity that sent them, though not necessarily as per to the expectations of the people that cultivated them.

The weapons of dianusimma attack as +1 weapons, and can hit creatures vulnerable to such attacks. Whenever possible, they

Gwen Faverat

prefer to strike from the air. Three times per day, dianusimma can cast *detect evil*. Once per day, a dianusimma may cast a *beneficent bolt* from their bow which hits automatically up to a range of 100', and has one of the following spell-like effects on the target: *cure serious wounds*, *cure disease*, *remove curse* or *neutralize poison*. The dianusimma may revoke these benefits (any amount of time after they were first given) by striking the target again, which returns them to a wounded, diseased, cursed or poisoned state.

Dianusimma are immune to the spells *charm person* and *sleep*. Any scrolls they are carrying will be of 1d6 clerical spells each. The weapons of the dianusimma offer no bonus or powers if wielded by others, and may even bring down a curse if acquired by evil means.

Angelic Servitor: Inflammable Servant

SERVES: *Varies*

Matthew W. Schmeer

NO. ENC.:	1 (1)
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	240' (80')
ARMOR CLASS:	3
HIT DICE:	12
ATTACKS:	1 (weapon) or 2 (piercing stare)
DAMAGE:	By weapon +2 fire damage or as 2 *magic missiles* (1d6+1 each)
SAVE:	F14
MORALE:	8
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	1,200

Inflammable servants are quasi-intelligent minions from the Elemental Plane of Fire that rarely roam beyond their own plane unless summoned by a petty god to do their bidding. They are often used by the gods to deliver death threats to one another.

They can perform only one major task at a time and will attempt to complete that task at all costs. Inflammable servants that fail or are thwarted in their missions immediately die in a fiery explosion 120' in diameter (60' radius) doing 9d6 fire damage to all caught in the affected area (no saving throw).

On the Plane of Fire, inflammable servants rarely take visible form, but on the Material Plane, they appear as avenging angels with feet of flame and eagle-like wings. Their fierce countenance belies their nature, as they rarely attack unprovoked and will go out of their way to avoid conflict as they attempt to complete their task.

Although armed with both swords of flame and bows of fire (normal damage for each +2 points fire damage), they prefer to attack with a piercing stare, which acts as a 2 *magic missiles* (each doing 1d6+1 damage, no saving throw). They are immune to normal weapons and fire-based attacks.

Inflammable servants cannot speak to mortals, being under binding contracts to the petty gods, even though they are fluent in a multitude of magical languages. They cannot be summoned by normal *summon* spells and will only take directions from the petty gods themselves.

They hate dwarves for some unknown reason.

Angelic Servitor: Sade

SERVES: *Petty gods of the Nine Hells*

Eric Potter

NO. ENC.:	1d12
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	Planar
ARMOR CLASS:	–3
HIT DICE:	14
ATTACKS:	3 (bow or sword)
DAMAGE:	1d6+5/1d6+5/1d6+5
SAVE:	F14
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	2,000

Instruments of all the petty gods of the Nine Hells, these fallen angel assassins can appear anywhere, at any time, materializing from beneath the very ground itself. However, as they are untrusted by the petty gods they are cursed to serve, the sade are enslaved to their masters by an unbreakable chain attached to their quivers.

Charged with sating the demon thirst for human sacrifice, the sade utilize *arrows of soul stealing +5* to mark their prey. Once struck by one of these cursed arrows, a victim will lose free will represented by a loss of hit points. Once the victim's hp equals zero, he will freely surrender his weapons, fall to his knees and bow in obedience to the sade. At that time the sade will draw its *scimitar of sacrifice +5* to kill the marked soul.

With the scimitar raised high, the cursed sade will look down upon the victim with pity. A save vs. death must be made with the following conditions: all classes roll as 1st level regardless of level, with no ability bonuses, and at a –3 penalty. If the saving throw is successful, dark blood will flow in sadness from the eyes of the sade and the character will be able to walk away, with no fear of reprisal from the sade. The victim will otherwise die.

The Sade can be wounded only by magical missile weapons.

Angelic Servitor: Shaft of Eros

SERVES: *Petty gods of love, lust, romance, and obsession*

Christopher Paul

NO. ENC.:	1d6
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
FLY:	240' (80')
ARMOR CLASS:	5
HIT DICE:	2
ATTACKS:	1 (sword or bow)
DAMAGE:	1d6 (sword) 1d4+special (bow)
SAVE:	C3
MORALE:	11
HOARD CLASS:	XI
XP:	40

Love can be a source of strength or weakness. Obsessive love, where one will risk body, mind and soul for the object of affection, can be quite destructive to gods and mortals alike.

Throughout history, Eros has used love to destroy powerful individuals, bring kingdoms to war, and destroy entire nations.

The shafts of Eros carry quivers filled with enchanted arrows. On a successful "to hit" roll, the target of one of these arrows must save vs. spell or become obsessively in love with the target of the god's choice (often chosen by the person praying to this god for help). The character will do anything to make the target of their affection happy, and will travel to the ends of the earth to find and protect them. Those who have not been given a target to love will fall in obsessive love with the next target they see. Characters who have fallen in love in such a way receive a +1 bonus to saves and attacks whenever they are pursuing actions in service of their great love. Those who resist or ignore their obsession receive a –2 to all attacks and saves. Furthermore, when in the presence of their love, the victim will act as if under a *charm* spell.

The shafts of Eros seek out their target and strike in a flurry. These minions receive no penalty for firing into melee, and cannot hit random characters, unless their quarry is being protected by said characters. While they are careful to avoid accidentally striking random people with love, if their target is being blocked or guarded, there is a chance that others will be hit. However, when a shaft of Eros meets with great resistance, they have been known to fire their arrows against all present, causing great chaos.

By appeasing a god or goddess of hate, a character who has been afflicted with obsessive love may fill their heart with hate, thereby breaking the spell held over them.

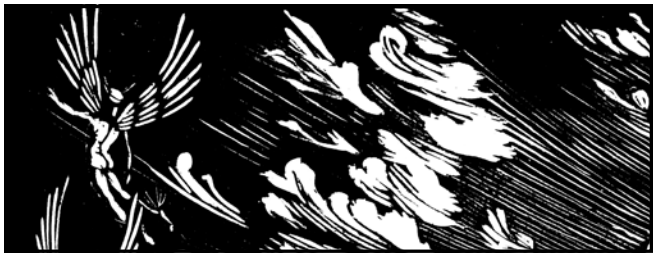
Angelic Servitor: Tanumaru (Tanoo-ma-roo)

SERVES: *Evil petty gods*

✐ Matthew W. Schmeer

NO. ENC.:	1 (1d4)
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	180' (60')
FLY:	240' (80')
ARMOR CLASS:	0 [+1]
HIT DICE:	7
ATTACKS:	1 (sword or longbow)
DAMAGE:	1d8 (sword or longbow)
SAVE:	F13
MORALE:	4
HOARD CLASS:	XIV
XP:	1,260

Upon a tanumaru's birth, the petty gods assign it a mortal foil, an individual whom they are to plague and harass throughout that mortal's existence at the behest of the petty gods. They will attempt to carry out a petty god's instructions to the letter rather than in spirit. Because tanumarus can cast *invisibility* at will, these attempts are often undetectable.



✐ *Gwen Faverat*

Unfortunately, a tanumaru's bumbling attempts at interfering and causing ill often go awry. Any mortal targeted by a tanumaru's attempts at interference must save vs. spell at -5. If the save is successful, the target gains a temporary +3 to all rolls and checks for 1 day. If unsuccessful, they must take a temporary –3 to all rolls and checks for 2 days. (If possible, the DM should attempt to keep the effect a secret.)

Tanumaru are incredibly morose. They are ranked particularly low in hellish society due to their gullible nature and complete lack of social etiquette. They are rather dull-witted and lack the ability to plot and plan diabolical schemes. They lack foresight and often stumble their way through their daily affairs.

In their natural state, tanumaru are eagle-winged, white-skinned, devil-like creatures that stand up to 15' tall, and are often found standing in a bowl of unburning fire. Despite their fierce appearance and armaments (they often carry both sword and bow), tanumaru are terrible in combat and never win initiative. They take a –3 to all "to hit" rolls. They are immune to normal weapons, fire-based attacks, and impervious to any transmutation spell (flesh to stone, etc.). They can fly, but only three times as high as they are tall.

Tanumaru is both a singular and collective noun.

Angelic Servitor: Vedelris Valkayne

SERVES: *Petty gods of love, lust, romance, and obsession*

✐ Christopher Paul

NO. ENC.:	1 (unique)
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
FLY:	180' (60')
ARMOR CLASS:	5 [+1]
HIT DICE:	5 (35 hp)
ATTACKS:	1 (bow or scimitar) + special
DAMAGE:	1d6+1d4 fire damage (bow) or 1d8 (scimitar) 1d6/round heat damage for creatures within 10' (special)
SAVE:	M6
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	135

Dark-eyed winged enforcer of the Plane of Fire and its associated deities, Vedelris is dispatched to exact retribution, collect debts, and confirm that rites and sacrifices are being properly followed. Appearing as a slight, winged man of serious demeanor, Vedelris will burst forth, ringed in flame. His initial appearance causes *fear* (as the cleric spell) on a failed save vs. spell. Often, his presence alone has sufficient effect on the malleable minds of worshippers. However, if he finds the situation not meeting his criteria, or he is met with resistance, he may law forth with his bow, firing flame-wreathed arrows. Any creatures within 10 feet take 1d6 fire damage per round. As a fire-based creature, Vedelris is immune to fire-based attacks and non-magical weapons. "Killing" him will *dispel* him to his native plane.

Arbitrator of Sphere

SERVES: *Any (see below)*

Eric Potter
William H. Robinson

NO. ENC.:	1d3
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	7
HIT DICE:	20
ATTACKS:	Nil
DAMAGE:	Nil
SAVE:	C20
MORALE:	6
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	900

These wise sages are entrusted by each and every petty god to help settle disputes arising from conflicting spheres of influence. Revered for their wisdom and experience, arbitrators have the final say should one petty god's dominion be shown to overlap another's.

Carefully guarded against choosing a side (even when the facts are weighted and plainly an infraction is apparent), the arbitrator will call together any petty gods in question and hold a court in which each may present his declaration of infringement and present such evidence and/or witnesses—not excluding any of the worshippers, followers, servants, minions, or heathens of his domain.

Should an arbitrator feel that he is incapable of declaring a respected outcome, he may call together the Council of Sphere, which is comprised of an independent panel of three arbitrators, a group large enough to assuage any lingering doubt.

In the rare event that the Council's decree goes unrecognized, these gods will be left to their own resolutions, which heretofore has always ended in petty god war.

Aretia (Shy One)

SERVES: *Lubella*

Vance Atkins
Joel Priddy

NO. ENC.:	1d4+1
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral (occasionally Chaotic)
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
ARMOR CLASS:	3
HIT DICE:	1-1
ATTACKS:	2 (fist or special)
DAMAGE:	fist (1d2+variable), or see below
SAVE:	F2
MORALE:	6
HOARD CLASS:	IV, 1d8 gp equiv.
XP:	45

The aretia appear as barefoot adolescent girls in service to Lubella (deity of the awkward teen years), as well as deities associated with whispered gossip. Appearing supplicant and timid, and lacking a proper veil, they braid their long locks before their faces as they scurry through the streets, whispering and murmuring to one another as they go about their secretive business. They are often gangly, with stubbed toes, barked shins, and bruised palms. However, anyone molesting an aretia will be set upon *en masse* and pummeled. Although they appear frail individually, they gain strength in numbers, and gain +1 damage per aretia present. Additionally, at least one of their number will let out a *blood-curdling scream* (save vs. paralysis or be stunned/deafened for 1d4+1 turns).

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Lubella*.

Atacorn

SERVES: *Varies*
AFFILIATIONS: *The Jale God*

Matthew Schmeer
Eleanor Ferron

NO. ENC.:	Varies
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
ARMOR CLASS:	5
HIT DICE:	4 (25 hp each)
ATTACKS:	1 (bite or trample or gore)
DAMAGE:	Varies
SAVE:	F8
MORALE:	11
HOARD CLASS:	VII, XII
XP:	80

Atanuwé, a nine-legged hermaphroditic horse-thing beloved by the Jale God, was bred with several human women in his service, and the witch-mothers gave birth to seventeen mule-things with the faces of human men and women. These creatures are called atacorns. They are known to dwell near rivers and underground streams. If witches are sometimes characterized as malicious, the atacorns are regarded as experts in the area of cruelty. They are known in local folklore as child-thieves, cheats, liars, poisoners, slave-traders, cannibals, and occasional usurpers.

The 17 atacorns have horns like unicorns. Some horns are vestigial little things that refuse to sprout. Some have many horns. Some have undeveloped nodules where horns might appear. Some have horns that grow smaller as time goes on.

1. Kulkurush - The Child Thief

Widely known as the best child stealer in the realms, Kulkurush has three deer-like horns growing from the back of his head which molt every spring. He saves his antlers and in his spare time decorates them with bizarre, intricate landscape carvings which he sells to interested parties. Carrying such a carving on one's person results in a –2 to Wisdom but a +2 to Dexterity.

2. Farthigny - Fiddler in the Dark

Everyone who has heard the strange music in the trees near the edge of streams has heard the music of the fiddler in the

dark. Farhigny has but a single horn growing sideways from his chin, which he has carved into an ever-present fiddle. He spends much time whittling away at his growth to maintain it's pure sound. The bard's guild will pay 5,000 gp for the fiddle.

3. Harloch - The Cannibal Below

Everyone thinks it is a troll, but it's actually massive Harloch who's been demanding payment, slaying and eating those who refuse to pay. He rams misers with his six moose-like antlers, wrenches them apart with his bare hands and eats them alive in front of any screaming onlookers. His antlers are tough as iron and, if one can be separated from his skull, will be found to be as light as the finest balsa wood. They make excellent paddles, imparting a 30% boost to movement rates if used as such.

4. Yawnwewe - Liar of the Sewers

The small-horned Yawnwewe whispers lies from the gutters near the market's edge, which is, of course, were the most hard-nosed barterers set up keep and somehow, to their unknowing amazement, learn to please a customer with lies. Yawnwewe's two horns are little more than nubs, but impart a +2 to Charisma to any who find them.

5. Balzak - Poisoner in the Wastes

A touch of Balzak's twisted black horn can turn any water into a rancid, germ-ridden poisonous broth, which is why she's been driven to the edge of the desert, far from any settlement. Thieves and assassins seek her out to make use of her talents. Her horn, if separated from her body, is useless, as it is her malignant soul which uses her horn as its outlet.

6. Luroch - Cannibal of the Docks

Nearly every ship has lost a sailor to Luroch, whose name means "she who devours" in an ancient tongue. Luroch avoids daylight, skulking in the sewer outlets near the dock's edge during the daylight hours. She comes out to feed when the tide returns, spearing unwatchful sailors with her four-foot barbed horn. The horn itself makes a fearful weapon, working as a *flail +3*.

7. Sisyphut - Child Slaver

Need a child's hands to weave the delicate strands of spidergoat silk? Don't trust gnomes to tend the gardens of your castle's under dark? Sisyphut can meet any child labor need, no demand too large, no child too small! He has connections across the realms, and his special bond with his half-brother Kulkurush can even get you the child of your enemy as your personal valet! Sisyphut's horns are five delicate ivory curves that grow downward from his brow, creating a natural barrier to attacks to his eyes. The ivory itself is valued at 500 gp each and bring the owner of each a +1 bonus to Dexterity (Sisyphut gets a +5 to all melee attacks despite the obstructed view).

8. Nigoosh - Cheater at Cards

No one expects a dwarf to cheat at cards, which is why Nigoosh, whose hollow horns house marked cards, cold decks, peggers, gaffs, shiners and various blackout inks, gets away with it so much. He's not naturally talented at the grift but learned the hard way at his mother's knee. He's wrapped his two bull-like horns in swaddling and iron to make it look like he's wearing a helm, but don't be fooled when he goes to scratch an itch on his head. The horns are worthless, but there is a 3,000 gp price on his head two empires over.

9. Tyrellian - Usurper of Innkeepers

Tyrellian has no horns to speak of; that is because his horn is in-grown, growing from the inside of his forehead back into his brain, neatly splitting it in two. This brain division has given him two distinct personalties: one a humble sniveling servant, the other an arrogant jackass. Tyrellian moves from town to town, hiring on as a floor scrubber or dish licker in isolated taverns on the outskirts of towns and then killing the owner, taking over the business, and murdering patrons in their sleep before quietly escaping and moving on. He carries no money, and his horn, if removed from his skull, will allow the holder to understand the language of fungi.

10. Grigi - Panderer to Minor Nobles

The fourth son of a third son of a king might not be high in the ranks of nobility, but high enough to be embarrassed if his betters found out about his particular kinks. That is where Grigi comes in, procuring whores and harlots to service the hangers-on and distant relations of nobility. There's no human fetish she hasn't seen and several that she's willing to perform herself for the right price. Her triple horns resemble those of goats and are prized beyond compare by a certain nobleman for their penetrative properties.

11. Hessith - Panderer to Fat Merchants

Fat merchants might be rich but riches do not cure the foul of sight. Hessith specializes in finding beautiful maidens to service the foulest of the richly foul. She herself doesn't engage in any hanky-panky. Her sixteen horns were originally 10' long and grow 1-inch shorter every 100 years. As soon as the horns disappear, she's been assured by the Jale God that she'll ascend to goddesshood. If she is dehorned before her death, they will grow back to their full length in three days. If ground into powder and inhaled, her horns grant a +3 to Strength and Constitution, but such use is addictive and the PC must continue to snort the ground horn every day or take a non-replaceable –5 to hp every day they don't. If a PC manages to snort an entire ground horn over the course of the addiction, they will gain a permanent +5 to Constitution.

12. Qolalel - Harborer of Child Killers

Qolalel knows all the secret ways in and out of every home and hovel in the kingdom, having scouted escape routes for her band of wretched murderers. She is looked at with scorn by her half-siblings Sisyphut and Kulkurush for protecting those who waste their livelihood. Her horns resemble a twelve-point stag's, but are harder and thinner. She molts her horns once every three years and sells them as wall decor to the wealthy; yet through her horns she can hear the whisperings in all the halls of powers in which they hang. The value of a set of her horns is 1,500 gp; several necromancers and liches have purchased sets for their own use.

13. Du'u - Chamber Pot Sculptor

No one pisses without Du'u knowing. Sculptor of chamber pots used by the rich and the poor around the realm, Du'u knows what everyone has to drink, who has kidney stones, who has various unmentionable diseases, who is pregnant and who is lying about being pregnant, and he will sell this information for the right price. A normal boxwood unicorn horn grows from the top of his head.

14. Onzrwzcn - Trainer of Rats

Rats are ubiquitous in the realms and the reason for this is Onzrwzcn, chief lieutenant in the rat piper corps. Gifted with a hollow silver unicorn horn, Onzrwzcn drilled holes in his horn, attached a bellows by way of a sheep intestine, and learned to create music in the same manner as a bagpipe. He taught rats to follow his musical commands, training them to fetch keys, steal coins, unlock doors, undo traps, and generally harass those who need harassing by rats. His horn makes for a unique instrument and any bardic guild would pay handsomely for its procurement.

15. Lefpth - Trainer of Demi-human Harlots

Working in the employ of her brood-sister Grigi, Lefpth trains halflings, dwarves, and gnomes in the finer arts of human pleasure. Her horn is a small twisted lump of barely protruding keratin no larger than a child's thumb. However, this lump is extra sensitive and merely touching it sends Lefpth into orgasmic tremors. The scrapings and clipping from this horn are a powerful aphrodisiac when mixed with red wine.

16. Redmer - Cleanser of Menstrual Rags

Redmer, whose four horns protrude from his knees and feet, is a thin, sickly looking atacorn whose entire existence has been spent washing the menstrual rags of the upper class. Twisted and bent, Redmer appears to be an ancient, haggard woman when in fact he is the youngest of all the atacorns; he was born elderly and gets one minute younger every year. His horns currently hold no power, but when he reaches the age of ten his horns will give him the ability to walk on water.

17. Nalonem - Goblinoid Lice Picker

Sought out by all the goblin-like races as the finest lice picker in the realms, Nalonem's horns appear more like fine strands of baleen atop her head. The tough rows of horns are a natural comb and she gets handsomely paid to groom goblin shamans and hobgoblin queens. The goblin king has offered to buy her horns for all the wealth in his second-favorite treasure vault; so far Nalonem has declined. If her horns are separated from her head, a tattoo that covers her entire scalp will be visible. This is a map of the Labyrinth of Myzithra on the island of Anari.

RELATED ENTRIES: Please see the *Jale God* entry in ***Petty Gods*** section for a complete listing of entries related to the Jale God (including all gods, items, and spells mentioned in this listing).

Augenwinkel (Glimmer Faerie)

SERVES: *Petty gods of small areas*

Christopher Stogdill
Anne Merriman Peck

NO. ENC.:	1
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	30' (10')
FLY:	60' (30')
ARMOR CLASS:	4
HIT DICE:	1
ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE:	1 hit point
SAVE:	F1
MORALE:	11
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	30

Augenwinkel are servitors to petty gods of small areas like a home or frequently used campsite. Their primary function is to serve as guides and intermediaries between the petty gods and mortals. Glimmer faeries are virtually invisible, existing in another plane of existence barely outside the realm of normal senses. While some "gifted" individuals may be able to perceive an augenwinkel, most only sense a general presence and notice a small glimmer of movement in the corner of their eye. The augenwinkel use this to their advantage in order to draw attention to objects and areas their masters wish for mortals to interact with.

Because glimmer faeries are imperceptible under normal means, they are extremely brave and only waver from their task if it is discovered that they can be seen clearly. Trying to attack an augenwinkel is usually a foolish endeavor; unless an aggressor has both a cold-iron weapon and extra-sensory perception (failure to see the creature incurs a –4 "to hit" penalty), they are likely to expend all their energy swinging at thin air.

BAT-FACED STROKECHUCKERS • BEING OF IB • BEHNI THE IMP • BLUE MAIDEN • BOB THE CAT • BOGLINGS • BRANERS • BRUJJ

Bat-faced Strokechucker

SERVES: *Thwizeviblyz (Petty God of Baby Laughter, an aspect of the Jale God)*
AFFILIATIONS: *The Jale God*

Matthew W. Schmeer
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

NO. ENC.:	1d12
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	6
HIT DICE:	4
ATTACKS:	2 (claw/claw) + special
DAMAGE:	1d2/1d2
SAVE:	F5
MORALE:	3
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	210

Despite their bald-headed & bearded fearsome appearance, bat-faced strokechuckers are expert ticklers; they can sneak up on any child under the age of 3 and make them giggle with nothing but a soft touch across the chin, brow, or crook of knee or arm. They exist to serve Thwizeviblyz by eliciting peals of child laughter at unexpected moments, and are experts at this task.

Standing 4-to-6 inches in height, strokechuckers appear squat and muscular, but this is an adaptive *illusion*. Like the common house mouse, strokechuckers can squeeze themselves into the smallest of openings and, thanks to their tough claws, can climb vertical surfaces (up to 90 feet) with ease. They can also perform a 6' vertical standing jump. They possess the stealth skills of a 20th level thief and the power to cast *invisibility* at will, rendering them all but undetectable to the unwary eye.

As their name suggests, strokechuckers resemble bats in more than just appearance; their eyes are extremely sensitive to light and they use echolocation to move through their surroundings. Strokechuckers can move through complete darkness with ease and gain +3 to all combat rolls which take place in dim or dark locations. They are primarily nocturnal, preferring to do their work in the hours between morning and evening twilight.

They are easily blinded by sudden bright light and will immediately make themselves invisible if startled; their *invisibility* is such that they cast no shadow.

Strokechuckers prefer to flee rather than attack, especially if encountered in groups of 3 or less. If attacked, strokechuckers perform a series of blazingly fast, complex, bare-handed maneuvers which, due to the millions of featherlike cilia covering their hands, result in a paralyzing tickle. Victims must save vs. paralysis or be pleasantly stunned for 1d4 rounds. It is rumored that a swarm of strokechuckers (500+) once brought down a young red dragon in just this manner.

Strokechuckers tend to nest in abandoned rat warrens and are fastidious housekeepers. In many regions, it is considered good luck to have strokechuckers nesting in your home. Anyone leaving food out for strokechuckers gains a +2 to all saves vs. paralysis for 1d6 days; this bonus turns into a –5 penalty if any strokechucker is attacked while the bonus is in effect.

RELATED ENTRIES: Please see the *Jale God* entry in ***Petty Gods*** section for a complete listing of entries related to the Jale God (including all gods mentioned in this listing).

Being of Ib

SERVES: *Bokrug (petty god of millennial revenge, Doom of Sarnath)*
AFFILIATIONS: *Cthulhu*

Nicolas Senac
Michal 'Majqello' Knapik

NO. ENC.:	2d4
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
ARMOR CLASS:	4
HIT DICE:	4
ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE:	Special
SAVE:	F5
MORALE:	3
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	210

These elongated creatures are the minions of Bokrug, petty god of millennial revenge and Doom of Sarnath. They have bulging eyes, greenish rough skin, flabby lips, and curious ears. Voiceless, they do not seem to communicate in any way visible or audible. They seem to move while dancing in a strange way on a rhythm known to them alone.

These servants are the ghosts of the members of an extinct race. These creatures lived in the prehuman city of Ib, when the world was young, and worshipped Bokrug until men came. But men came and slaughtered them, throwing their bodies into the vast still lake that is fed by no stream, and out of which no stream flows. Bokrug recalled the beings of Ib to wreak vengeance while achieving the will of their inhuman deity. Since then, they have haunted the banks and the depths of the lake, attentive to their master's orders to unleash their wrath on a sinful city or civilization. The servant cohort is led by cleric-like magisters (AC 3; 6 HD; fight and save as 6 HD monsters) who brandish in their paws golden platters set with rubies and diamonds, where shines the livid light of a pale will-o-wisp as a sinister banner.

The mere sight (once per fight) of a being of Ib drains one Hit Die (on a failed save vs. death) and only one Hit Die, with no loss of level or abilities (the HD cannot be recovered by rest). The chilled touch of Bokrug's minions ages the victim 1-10 years (no saving throw).

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Bokrug*.

Behni the Imp

SERVES: *Himself (believes himself to be a petty god)*

Chris Tamm
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

NO. ENC.:	1 (unique)
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	240' (80')
ARMOR CLASS:	–4 (-2 if visible and surprised)
HIT DICE:	8 (38 hp)
ATTACKS:	1 (hell fire flame breath)
DAMAGE:	3d6 + special (blackens magic armor)
SAVE:	M12
MORALE:	4
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	210

This adorable imp chomps pipes and cigars, drinks beer, and likes ladies. He is only a foot tall and more selfish and comedically awful than intentionally evil. He likes to "help" adventurers by making wisecracks about everything they do. He can turn invisible at will, and uses this ability both to spy on people and pull pranks (e.g., he particularly favors ambushing and hotfooting someone with his hellfire breath). This breath attack is able to harm beings who are either non-material, or exist partly in other planes.

Behni adds a touch of cheap, evil vulgarity to everything he does, and he particularly favors comedic anti-climaxes. When annoying a band of heroes, he tends to be less evil to those who tolerate him with chagrin, or give him booze, something to smoke, or (even better) a tiny hat. His unexpected absence from a taunted party usually indicates he has been "promoted." He tends to reflect fondly on those that help him rise up the ranks of the diabolic, and thinks of his tricks as simply a gimmick to survive. When someone who wronged Behni is alone and in peril, Behni is likely to appear with a soul contract offering a bad, but necessary, deal.

Blue Maiden

SERVES: *Any god seeking balance*

Chris Tamm
Joel Bethell

NO. ENC.:	2d6
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	150' (50')
FLY:	240' (80')
ARMOR CLASS:	3 [+1]
HIT DICE:	5
ATTACKS:	1 (by weapon)
DAMAGE:	By weapon
SAVE:	C5
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	350

These low ranking divine agents look like women with blue skin and four white wings. They have bald heads with a golden glyph placed on their forehead, and their arms and legs have intricate patterns in red pigment. Blue maidens serve a variety of deities as messengers and temple guardians, but their true allegiance is that of maintaining balance. They are immune to non-magical attacks, fire, and electricity and can twice per day shift planes with one companion.

Bob the Cat

SERVES: *Ywehbobbobhewy (Lord of Waters, King of Mirrors, Patriarch of the Most Profound)*

Matthew W. Schmeer
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

NO. ENC.:	1 (unique)
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	60' (20')
ARMOR CLASS:	4
HIT DICE:	9 (49 hp)
ATTACKS:	2 (1 bite or breath weapon) + special
DAMAGE:	1d10/4d4 + special
SAVE:	F19
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	3,100

Bob the Cat is a two-legged bald cat that rides on the shoulders of Ywehbobbobhewy, Lord of Waters, etc., etc., when His Lordship manifests as a one-eyed, lute-playing hunchbacked midget during the Dark Moon Festival and other high holy days.

Bob the Cat is slightly larger than a normal domestic housecat, and is able to talk in pidgin common, although he is fluent in goblin and dwarvish. He has a particularly dirty mind and is constantly yowling sexual innuendos at passers–by. His cackling mews are also highly disturbing.

Bob the Cat's two legs have no normal configuration: sometimes he has two front legs, sometimes two back, sometimes

one front and one back, sometimes they appear on the left and sometimes they appear on the right. Once every three years he manifests as a cat with human legs riding piggyback on His Lordship's hump.

Bob's main attack is his venomous bite (1d10 normal damage plus save vs. poison or suffer –3 to attack/save rolls and –2 hp per round until death unless removed by *cure disease*). Because he feeds exclusively on Cowie's inky black milk, he's also capable of belching an intense, short-range cone of fire once per day (save vs. breath or take 4d4 fire damage).

Bob the Cat's tail is prehensile, and he uses it to wield a *wand of absolute total fucking darkness* with 4 charges or the *Wand of What the Fuck* with 3 charges. Flip a coin to decide which he's got this time around.

Finally, Bob the Cat coughs up hairless fur balls once per day (don't ask). Merely touching one of these with bare flesh is enough to impart burrowing rotworm disease (no save): a single, tiny worm will burrow its way into the flesh and then replicate exponentially via self-division. Such victims are usually fated for a horrible, torturous death unless they swallow a dried pearl onion within fifteen minutes of becoming infected (the initial infecting burrowing rotworm heads for the stomach first, and dried pearl onions mixed with stomach acids create a highly toxic gas which kills it before it can self-divide).

Bob the Cat's name is not Bob, Bobbie, Bob-o, or any other variation. It is always "Bob the Cat". Attempting to address him as anything but "Bob the Cat" after he corrects you the first time means it's time to roll for initiative.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Curdle, Ywehbobbobhewy*; **D)** *Wand of Absolute Total Fucking Darkness, Wand of What the Fuck.*

Bogling

SERVES: *Petty gods of bogs and swamps, The Bogfather*

✎ **Claytonian J.P.**
✆ ***Claytonian J.P.***

Bogling: Bog-standard Bogman

NO. ENC.:	1d4
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
ARMOR CLASS:	5
HIT DICE:	2
ATTACKS:	1 (choking mitts or bear hug)
DAMAGE:	Special (choking mitts) or 1d6+1d6 flame (bear hug)
SAVE:	F2
MORALE:	11
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	29

Bog-standard bogmen are the remains of people who died after a long struggle to get unstuck from an ignominious death in swamps or tar pits. Just as the torches of the search parties disappeared into the surrounding mire, they squeaked a last, pathetic plea for salvation and were summarily instilled with a mote of blasphemous quintessence of the god of that bog (known in some locations by the name "The Bogfather"). As years of erosion or human activity sometimes results in a situation in which a bogman becomes uncovered again, it will finally rip itself free of its prison as the first rays of moonlight touch it. A bogman desires to find living souls to take its place beneath the muck; and any humanoids it places there will rise in a similar manner the next night.

In combat, bogmen attack with their choking mitts. If they hit, they automatically grip a human or smaller sized creature in a death grip (Constitution modifier equals rounds until death).

Like other undead, bogmen are immune to sleep, charm and hold magics. Additionally, slashing damage against them is ignored. Finally, any melee weapon which strikes a bogman successfully (on a successful "to hit" roll) has a 50% chance of adhering to the tarry, muddy skin of the bogman.

The skin of a bogman is flammable. If enflamed, the bogman will attempt to bear hug opponents and (on a successful "to hit" roll) do 1d6 squeezing damage plus 1d6 flame damage per round until the victim or the bogman dies.

Bogling: Hanged Bogman

NO. ENC.:	1
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
ARMOR CLASS:	5
HIT DICE:	4
ATTACKS:	2 (claws) or 1 (spectral noose)
DAMAGE:	1d6/1d6 or special
SAVE:	F4
MORALE:	11
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	135

Criminals in some areas are often hanged and given over to The Bogfather (a dark, petty god of swamps and coal), or to other gods of the bog, as a form of eternal punishment. However, sometimes a soul escapes the cool reach of the bog god's realm and returns to its body. Preserved in weird ways by the acids of the swamp waters, hanged bogmen resemble soggy mummies.

In combat, hanged bogmen attack with two claw swipes or a spectral noose. The noose has a range of 15' and should it strike a target successfully, the noose raises the character 6' above the ground where the victim is all but helpless. If two of the victim's companions are able to jump up and pull down on the afflicted (at the same time), the power of the noose will be broken. Otherwise, the victim will die in 3d4 rounds (from being hanged).

Like other undead, bogmen are immune to *sleep*, *charm* and *hold* magic. Additionally, slashing damage against them is ignored. Finally, any melee weapon which strikes a bogman (on a successful "to hit" roll) has a 50% chance of adhering to the tarry, muddy skin of the bogman.

Hanged bogmen will flee if presented with a piece of rope that was once part of the same coil that hangs around their neck.

Braner

SERVES: *Varies*

Porky
Dr. Brillenschnitzel

A braner is a trans-Euclidean lifeform able to slip more or less freely across various dimensions. Some pass into, beyond or through perceptible reality, appearing as bizarre phenomena and perhaps warping or sucking elements along after them; others provide foundations for the known world and undermine or destroy it as they shift. In their diversity and their astounding divergence from the familiar they are regarded variously as outer lodes, demons and deities, and much more besides. They are none of these, although they may have contact with all; they both maintain, and enter into, agreements, relationships and conjunctions across the dimensional boundaries.

Braners as encounters

Braners are rarely met, and met knowingly more rarely still. They may appear in almost any place at almost any time, but tend to do so in regions energetically or existentially charged, changed or fractured. Many of the higher forms exhibit great caution and are adept at camouflage, frequently extruding only miniscule portions of themselves into new spaces until confident in their understanding of local structure and capability and aware of the transformations that their presence will bring.

The majority of local or adjacent braners have 1d3 braner aspects generated using the following table; treat duplicates as greater intensity in that aspect. A group will usually be formed of individuals of the same type acting together.

Braner aspects (1d6)

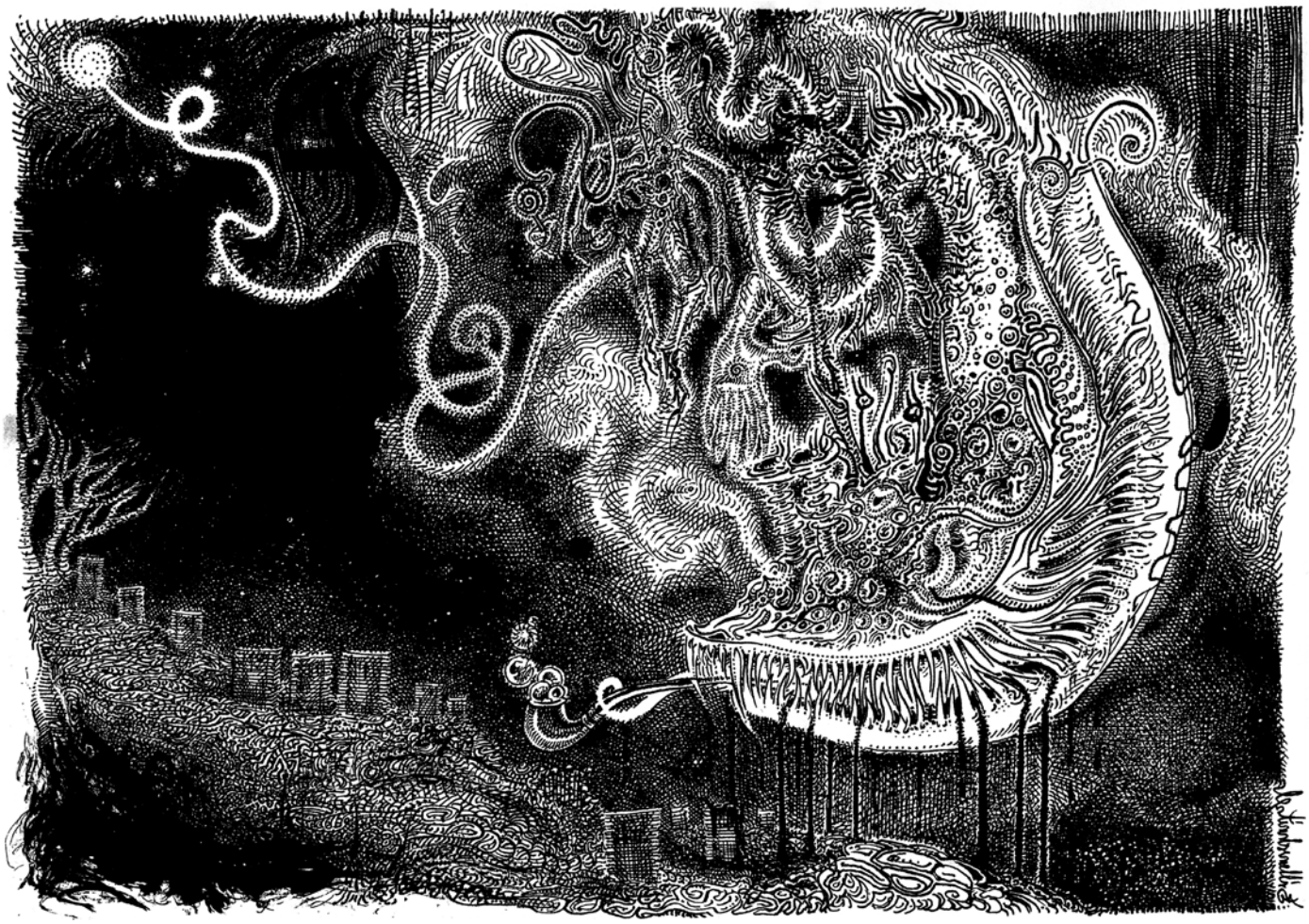
1 **Waker:** The osmotic or conductive structure of this braner allows the absorption, mingling or transfer of material among those regions currently located adjacent to it, enabling the formation of a reservoir or conduit for trans-dimensional interaction.

2 **Weaver:** Highly elongated or filamentary, this braner binds manifolds, perhaps forming a basis for a reality by bracing its fundamental particles, macrostructures or universal shell; its loss, transformation or relocation may lead to local collapse.

3 **Whiler:** Whether hibernating, pupating or paralysed, perhaps lying in wait, this braner is more or less inactive, representing a temporary hindrance to travel via the region and gifting its current transdimensional location a misleading stability.

4 **Whisker:** This braner hooks, envelops or dislodges elements of nearby regions, stretching or carrying them out across a dimensional horizon, perhaps shifting, telescoping or inverting the local form; they may be returned, irrevocably altered.

5 **Winder:** The tension, mass or construction of this braner warps the coils of the dimensions it spans or crosses, thereby spontaneously reordering, separating or fusing these dimensions and sparking sudden shifts in reality for the inhabitants.



6 **Wisher:** Possessed of a morphic structure—perhaps plasmatic, gelatinous or nanitic—or capable of transdimensional lensing, this braner is able to generate, modify or mimic any or all of the elements of a region, including the inhabitants.

Braners may vary greatly in size, capacity, and power even among those of like aspect, with these factors depending in large part on the depth to which they enter perceptible reality. The effects they produce on characters, items, and the wider landscape are most often either incomprehensibly subtle or outright outlandish. The best guide for a DM wishing to apply the concepts to a campaign may be the examples given below and the outer limits of the imagination.

The Nô-braner

A common braner type in civilised regions is the nô-braner, a waker-weaver-wisher pursuing hylozoa, both actual and potential, for unknown purposes. It is believed to track likely targets from dimensions largely beyond their own, initially inserting only a small quantity of essence to scan, later perhaps more complex observational and manipulative tendrils from multiple points. Heightened senses, an appropriate magical ability or careful preparation may allow a character advance warning of this.

Having identified a potential node, a nô-braner strikes from within, either endowing an awareness which extends via the nô-braner and all existing nodes, or altering awareness if a similar being has already entered. This may manifest itself in many ways, from almost imperceptible change in nature to the spontaneous acquisition of great knowledge or ability.

Branic scholars caution that nô-braner activity may be a factor in spiritual, intellectual and social development, or even a prerequisite for it; but they do so circumspectly, for walls may indeed have ears, needles a form of *eye*, and wines a fine nose for more than scents.

Braners enhancing items

Braners and their inherent potential have long been the subject of scholarly research, albeit often at the extreme fringes both academically and geographically. Over the ages techniques have been developed to allow an artisan to coax, drive or work a braner or part thereof into a device of some kind, and some of this knowledge survives and even thrives within the bounds of the perceptible world. As a wellspring of power, and most obviously of destructive power, many forms of braner have few equals in this reality.

The following spells may be used to locate, draw and fix a braner to a local surface, thereby achieving the use of one or more braner aspects, temporarily at least:

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Perichronaos*; **D)** *Braner-related Weapons;* **S)** *Fix Braner, Pass Transdimensionally, Unfurl Dimensions.*

Brujj (Mallikarri)

SERVES: *Any petty god whose idol they can steal*

Garrisonjames
Horace J. Knowles

NO. ENC.:	1d4 (2d4)
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40') [cannot swim]
ARMOR CLASS:	3
HIT DICE:	8
ATTACKS:	1 (club or gaze)
DAMAGE:	2d6 (club) or 3d6 (gaze)
SAVE:	F9
MORALE:	10 (8 if confronted with a medusa)
HOARD CLASS:	XVII
XP:	560

Ruthless idolators and bandits, the mallikarri only ever worship idols that they have stolen from other people. They never carve their own idols, never name them for themselves; no good comes from a god that was not taken in a raid upon others. They worship any and every petty god whose idol they can steal. Those with adequate ability can sometimes become rustic ritualists carrying out crude rites under the direction of lesser minions, or servitors of those petty gods who take notice of the Mallikarri's uncouth devotion and scurrilous worship.

Mallikarri will never willingly attack a medusa and have been known to sometimes serve as consort to a particularly powerful medusa.

The blood of a mallikarri is highly toxic to all creatures who possess a petrification-attack, and is used to craft *arrows of slaying* that affect medusae, basilisks, cockatrices, etc.

Mallikarri are immune to nearly all known petrification attacks, and with some effort they can attempt to remove petrification effects (such as from a basilisk's gaze) by laying on hands (similar to how a paladin heals the faithful). They require 1d6 turns per HD of the victim to attempt such a reversal, and must remain undisturbed during the effort. The initial attempt grants the recipient a +3 bonus to their re-rolled save vs. petrification. If it succeeds, the target is restored to normal. If the attempt fails, the mallikarri may make two further attempts: the second one grants a +2 bonus and the third is limited to a +1 bonus. If after three attempts the effort fails, the victim remains petrified permanently. Each such failure also forces the mallikarri to make its own save vs. petrification or become petrified for the next 1d6 years. They are reluctant to risk this boon without some suitable reward.

CHILD OF NEUB • CHILD OF THE UNDERWORLD • CHILD OF YEOLNUMA • CUBIC DRONE

Child of Neub

SERVES: *Neub*

Mark Bober
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

Neub's children are those foolish young men and women who called upon Neub for succor, and then refused her price. They are often sent by Neub herself to soften the adventurers up before an encounter, yet they often appear in towns where a good volume of henchmen are available on their own.

Children of Neub place themselves where they may be easily hired. They will appear as the most common of men and women from the local culture (or race). As a rule, they'll be eager to serve, and slightly better equipped than the normal rabble of torchbearers and porters. At a minimum, they'll each have above average boots. They will only accept service if the party is headed to an underground location where Neub may show herself. They'll often suggest hiring, at a reduced price, other henchman who are also her children.

During the adventure, they will be extra attentive to the party, and attempt to gain themselves positions of responsibility. In fact, they are scouting the party for weaknesses, and, if chance allows, spoiling food and sabotaging equipment that won't be noticed until the party is deep in a dungeon. Once in the dungeon, the treachery will start—causing noises to draw wandering monsters, pretending to innocently trip traps with large areas of effect, making ill-advised or unplanned frontal assaults—the children being lost to attrition as they attempt to weaken and slow the party as much as possible.

If passed over with *detect magic*, a faint aura of necromancy may be noticed on a successful save vs. spell by the caster. If viewed with *true seing*, children of Neub appear as ghosts, with twisted, broken bodies, and faces frozen in terror. Their corporeal manifestations (bodies) will act as expected when slain by chance or the party themselves, only dissipating into a gray smoke after a week has passed.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Neub.*

Child of the Underworld

SERVES: *Gods of the underworld*

Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.*
Beatrice Elvery

The children of the underworld are a 'family' of three types of beings that serve gods of the underworld: headless phantoms (aidhbhsean gun cheann), ugly witches (gránna buisleach), and wailing women (caointeach). They refer to one another as 'brother' and 'sister', though their actual relation is questionable.

All children of the underworld are all able to howl (or moan, in the case of headless phantoms), creating the same effect as a *fear* spell. Additionally, they are able to *detect good* and may travel at will between the Lower Planes and the Material Plane. They are immune to weapons of less than +1 enchantment (including being immune to silver weapons) and take half damage from electricity and fire.

Child of the Underworld: Headless Phantom (Aidhbhsean Gun Cheann)

NO. ENC.:	1d10
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	5 [+1]
HIT DICE:	5
ATTACKS:	1 (touch) or special
DAMAGE:	1d6 or special
SAVE:	F5
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	500

A headless phantom appears as the body of a man without a head, and in the middle of its breast is a single *eye* which rolls and turns about and shines with a dull green glare.

The presence of a headless phantom causes all flames (magical and non-magical) within a radius of 360' to be extinguished. At will, a headless phantom can cause 1d6+6 colored lights to appear, then to dance and move about the area as if held by invisible hands. Anyone looking upon these lights must save vs. spell or become entranced, unable to do anything but stare at the lights for as long as they remain in the vicinity (the duration of the lights is at the will of the headless phantom).

The touch of a headless phantom does 1d6 points of damage.

Child of the Underworld: Ugly Witch (Gránna Buisleach)

NO. ENC.:	1d4
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	2 [+1]
HIT DICE:	7
ATTACKS:	1 (howl or spell or wail)
DAMAGE:	Fear (howl) or by spell or special (wail)
SAVE:	M7
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	1.300

An ugly witch appears as an appallingly unsightly man of great height with a head and beard of tangled gray hair.

In lieu of using its howling attack, an ugly witch may choose to cast a spell (as a 7th level magic-user) or use its *weakening wail*—a magical effect that causes all within hearing range to become weakened (on a failed save vs. spell). The effects of this *weakening wail* depend on the number of uses by the ugly witch, and the total number of saving throws which have been failed by the victim. The effects of this weakening wail may be removed through use of a *remove curse* spell.

first failed save: 1 pt. penalty to AC, "to hit" rolls, damage rolls, and saving throws

second failed save: cumulative 2 pt. penalty to AC, "to hit" rolls, damage rolls, and saving throws, and movement is halved

third failed save: target falls to ground, conscious but unable to act

fourth failed save: target slips into coma-like state

Child of the Underworld: Wailing Woman (Caointeach)

NO. ENC.:	1d3
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	3 [+1]
HIT DICE:	6
ATTACKS:	3 (spells or specials)
DAMAGE:	By spell or special
SAVE:	M6
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	820

Though they may have fewer hit dice than their ugly witch 'brothers', wailing women are much more dangerous as they have three heads which may use their special attacks independently or in unison.

Wailing women are able to cast spells as three 6th level magic-users (treat as three independent lists of spells, as if each was selected by a magic-user of 6th level). All three heads share all spells known, so any head may cast a spell even if memorized by a different head. If two or more heads cast a spell in unison, this is treated as casting a single spell; however, any saving throws against the spell are made with a –1 penalty per additional head that cast the spell (e.g., if all three heads cast a spell in unison, saving throws against it are made with a –2 penalty).

If two or more heads wail in unison, the save vs. spell against its *fear* effect are made with a –1 penalty per additional head that cast the spell (e.g., if all three heads wail in unison, saving throws against the wail are made with a –2 penalty).

Any of a wailing woman's heads may wail or cast a spell independently of the others.

** Based on the legend of Fionn mac Cumhaill (also as Finn MacCool or Finn MacCoul) as told in* ***Heroes of the Dawn*** *by Violet Russell.*

Child of Yeolnuma

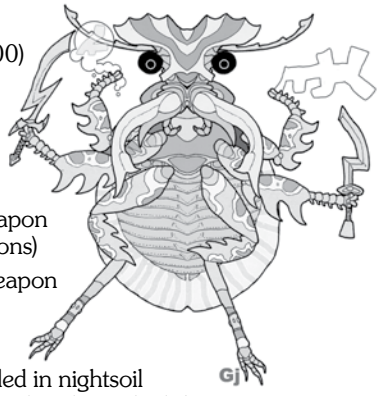
SERVES: *Yeolnuma*

Garrisonjames
Garrisonjames

All servitors of Yeolnuma have the following abilities: *infravision* (90'), half damage from gas-type attacks, immunity to disease, and *telepathy* (30' range).

Child of Yeolnuma: Type I (Scarabic Horde)

NO. ENC.:	3d4 (4d100+100)
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	60' (20')
ARMOR CLASS:	1
HIT DICE:	3
ATTACKS:	2 (bite/weapon or 2 weapons)
DAMAGE:	3d4/by weapon
SAVE:	F3
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	X (embedded in nightsoil clumped on their lower limbs)
XP:	80

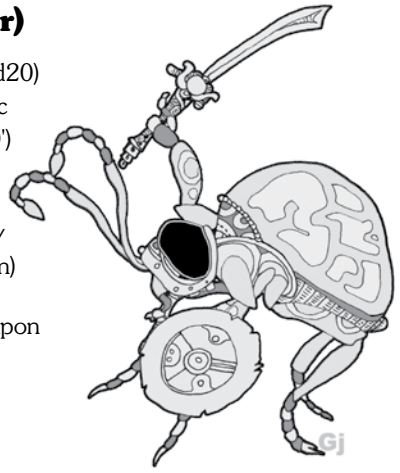


SPECIAL ABILITY: *lob filth* (60' range, inflicts 2d6, save vs. spell to avoid contracting random disease).

These are the foot soldiers and cannon fodder that serve Yeolnuma. Weapons are randomly determined. Officers have 6 HD, fight and save as 6HD monsters, and have a chance of possessing one or two magic items.

Child of Yeolnuma: Type II (Scuttler)

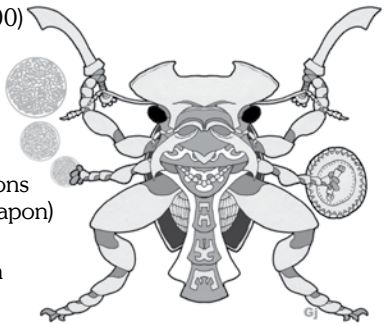
NO. ENC.:	1d4 (1d20)
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
ARMOR CLASS:	0
HIT DICE:	6
ATTACKS:	2 (bite/ weapon)
DAMAGE:	5d4/ by weapon
SAVE:	T6
MORALE:	11
HOARD CLASS:	VII
XP:	120



SPECIAL ABILITY: *filth walk* (scuttlers can walk across mud, muck and filth as though it were solid ground).

Sleeker, faster and smarter, these are the trusted agents of Yeolnuma who spy upon the sunlit lands of his former master. They have the abilities of a thief equal in level to their HD. Those slain in the service of their deity have a base 20% chance to rise again as wights.

Child of Yeolnuma: Type III (Favored of Yeolnuma)



NO. ENC.:	3d4 (4d100+100)
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	60' (20')
ARMOR CLASS:	1
HIT DICE:	3
ATTACKS:	2 (2 weapons or bite/weapon)
DAMAGE:	5d4/ by weapon
SAVE:	F3
MORALE:	11
HOARD CLASS:	Lots and lots of jewels (all encrusted to the insides of their wing-cases)
XP:	80

SPECIAL ABILITY: Can cast *ray of enfeeblement* twice a day as a breath weapon in a 30' cone.

Huge 16'-long beetles with mottled limbs and glossy black carapaces, these bloated monstrosities serve as Yeolnuma's concubines and personal guardians. They are rumored to wield weapons of at least +2 potency and one of their number is believed to be a spellcaster.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Yeolnuma.*

Cubic Drone

SERVES: *Hexadron*

Colin Chapman
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

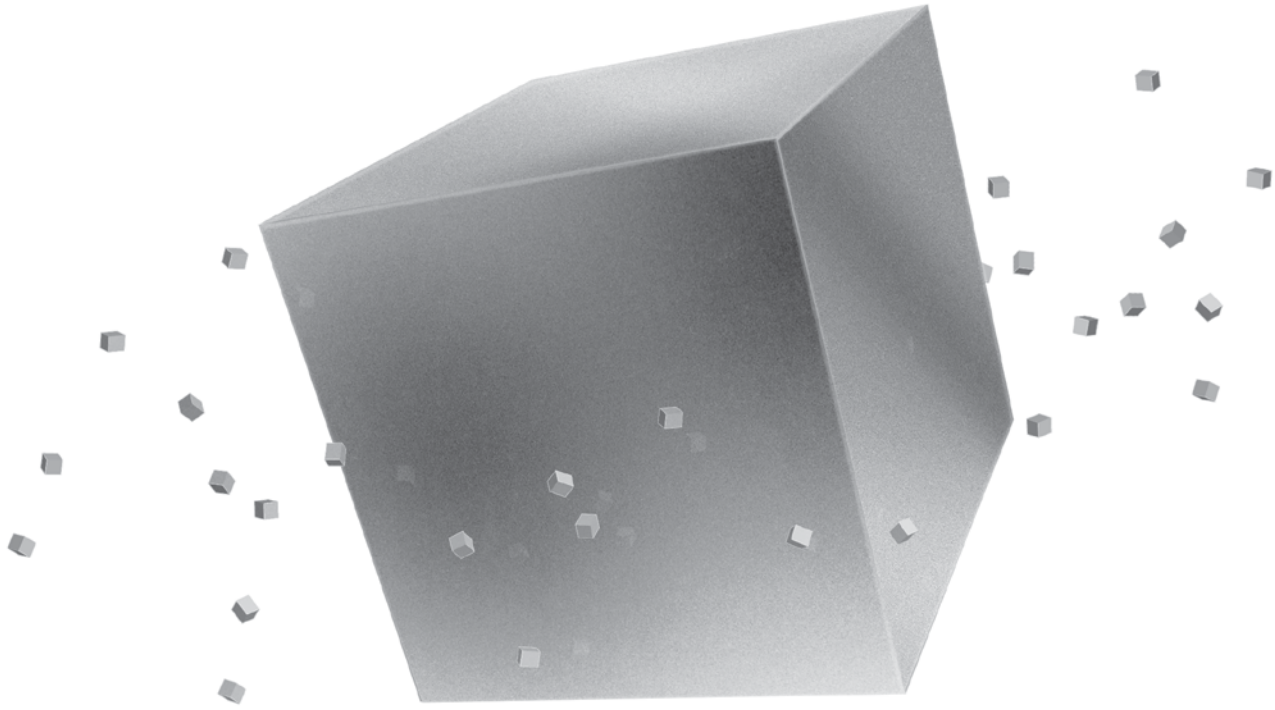
NO. ENC.:	36 (exactly)
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	180' (60')
ARMOR CLASS:	6
HIT DICE:	3 (always have 12 hp)
ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE:	1d6
SAVE:	F3
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	80

Cubic drones are flying silver cubes, each edge six feet in length and so precise that it can cut and draw blood as the drone flies past, into and around its opponents. They only attack if their home plane, they themselves, or Hexadron are attacked or threatened in some way. They have no true intelligence and are thus unaffected by *hold*, *sleep*, and *charm* spells, and as they are not alive in the normal sense are also immune to poisons and gases.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Hexadron.*

Creqvg'n *(minion of Cowie, companion to Curdle, the Petty Goddess of Blind Milk Maids)*

See the entry for *Sybevmry & Creqvg'n* in this section.



DEIPHAGOUS MAGGOT • DEUS EX MACHINA • DIVINE AUDITORS • DIVINE LOUSE CRABS • DODDERING SCRIVENER • DUD

Deiphagous Maggot

SERVES: *Any deity of decay*

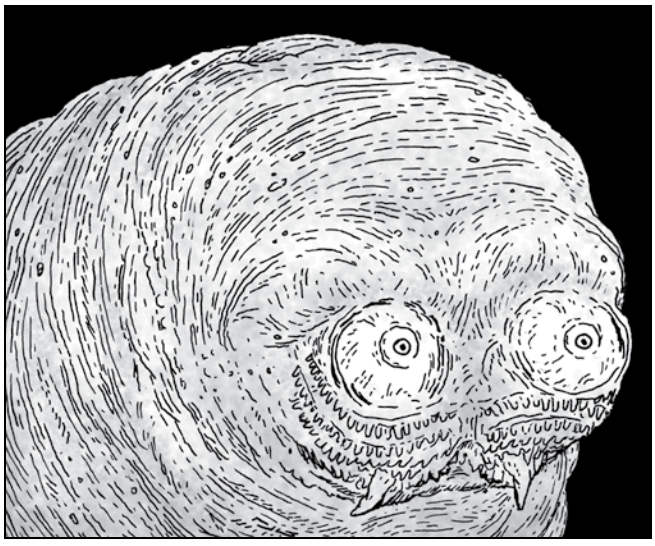
Logan Knight
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

NO. ENC.:	1 (1d4)
ALIGNMENT:	As the god it currently serves (it's nothing if not helpful)
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	9
HIT DICE:	4
ATTACKS:	1 (needle wrap = 1d4 needles)
DAMAGE:	1d4 per needle
SAVE:	M23
MORALE:	8
HOARD CLASS:	1 wondrous item
XP:	1,200

The bloated body of the maggot squirms through the air, contracting and expanding towards you—several feet from the ground—in deliberate, hypnotic movements. It draws itself up like a snake, a patch of glistening needles extend from beneath the rear of its body, supporting it before you. Mouths cover the underside of its body, one speaks for every emotion, there are many mouths. Eyes filled with broiling red fog are held within them, winking out and opening elsewhere as each begins to speak.

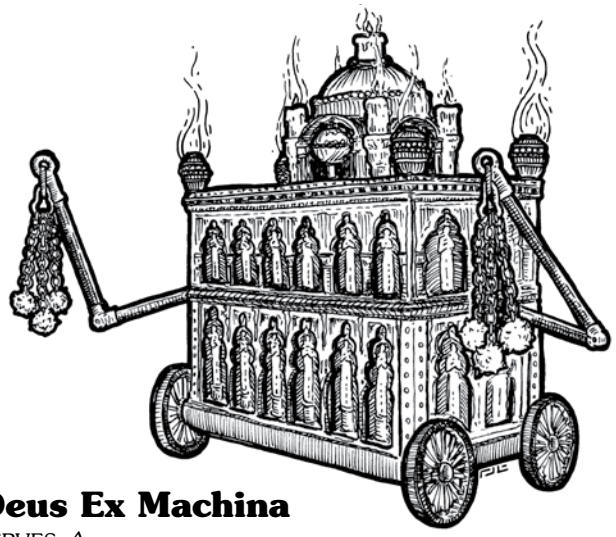
It is not the nature of the maggot to harm the god it serves, but when it dies the maggot will swim amongst its flesh, supping on the decay of divinity. Of course the maggot hungers, but the longer a god lives, the more fervently it is worshipped and the sweeter its flesh. You see the maggot's conundrum—it feels you're here to spoil the meal it is cultivating.

Static physical barriers mean nothing to the maggot, it slides in and out of them like reality. Be careful not to fall into a hole that isn't there. Sharp swinging metal is harder to account for.



In combat, the maggot will try to wrap itself around you with gnawing mouths and squirm away in one fluid motion, leaving you like a ringbarked tree. If caught or cornered its skin bursts with patches of bristling needles.

The maggot's digestion is slow. If it is killed there is a 50% chance of its ruptured belly releasing the power of a god it has fed on. (Have you killed a god lately? Then that one. Otherwise, roll or flip to a random godling in this book and unleash their wrath.)



Deus Ex Machina

SERVES: *Any*

Jonas Mustonen
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

NO. ENC.:	1 (1)
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	180' (60')
ARMOR CLASS:	3 [+1]
HIT DICE:	8
ATTACKS:	2 (weapons or claws, see below) + special
DAMAGE:	1d10/1d10 and see below
SAVE:	C8
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	XV
XP:	2,065

This golem is constructed in the likeness of a shrine that rolls on a set of wheels. Depending on the deity responsible for its existence, it might be equipped with a set of maces, or with statues of archangels that strike offenders with swords. These constructs are decorated with precious icons, offerings and holy symbols. Burning candles and smoldering censers surround it with wisps of smoke; spinning prayer wheels rattle as it moves. Depending on the alignment of its deity (lawful or chaotic), it may also automatically attempt to *turn undead* or *control undead* (respectively) as an 8th level cleric (in addition to any other actions it may make during a round). Controlled undead will be commanded to form a procession to defend the golem. It has the usual golem immunities to mind affecting spells, and can only be harmed by magic.

Divine Auditor

SERVES: *Wicked Skein*
TITLES: *Feeders of the Divine Rumor Mill*

John Everett Till
Juan Ochoa

NO. ENC.:	1d6
ALIGNMENT:	Any (depends on temple affiliation)
MOVEMENT:	120' (40') [240' (80') when using haste)]
ARMOR CLASS:	6
HIT DICE:	5
ATTACKS:	3 (1 bite/2 shortswords) or 3 (1 spell, wand, or scroll as per a 5th level MU/2 shortswords)
DAMAGE:	1d3/1d6/1d6 or by spell, wand, scroll/1d6/1d6
SAVE:	M5
MORALE:	VII, 1-in-3 also has wand or scroll
HOARD CLASS:	1 wondrous item
XP:	500 (650 if divine auditor also possesses a wand or scroll)

Divine auditors are the mortal four-armed monkey offspring of any number of temple scribal gods. Highly literate and well-versed in both magic and forensic accounting, they can commit large volumes of text to memory in very short order. The best of their kind are found in the retinues of knowledge, scribal, and messenger gods such as Wicked Skein, the petty goddess of unwelcome messages.

Most divine auditors live within the temple precincts of deities devoted to the gathering, copying, and analysis of all manner of mystic and mundane texts. Their skills in cataloging and text retrieval are legendary, and many libraries and archives employ them to locate and retrieve long-forgotten texts from deeply buried archives and stacks. As minions of the gods, divine auditors serve as information gatherers, message carriers, accountants, and scroll/book filchers. If information exists in written form in a library, accounting house, temple, or palace, divine auditors can find and retrieve it quickly.

No less importantly, divine auditors remember what they are told, and are constantly eavesdropping on the conversations of others, mortal and immortal alike. Due to their propensity to gather, commit to memory, and regurgitate information, few temple or divine secrets are safe from them for very long. The divine auditors feed the Divine Rumor Mill, and more than one self-important god or scholar has forgotten this at their peril.

Divine auditors detest creatures that consume or destroy books such as Thysanurians*. Divine auditors will attack them on sight, or alert the nearest authorities in charge of collections.

The divine auditor has four arms, two legs, and a prehensile tail. They can use up to three weapons at any time. Their preferred weapon is the shortsword. They may, instead, make up to two weapon attacks while also using a spell during the same round. Finally, there is a 1-in-3 chance a divine auditor will also have a magic item such as a wand or scroll that is useful in combat.

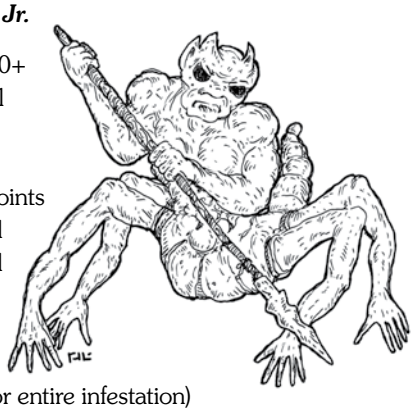
Divine auditors use magic as 5th level magic-users. Common spells used by divine auditors include *arcane eye*, *detect magic*, *knock*, *locate object*, *read languages*, and *read magic*. Additionally, each divine auditor has access to a permanent *haste* spell. It can activate this at will to scurry through archives, stacks, and collections to find desired items.

** Thysanurians are a creation of Hereticwerks, which has an extensive library of monsters (see hereticwerks.blogspot.com).*

Divine Louse Crab

SERVES: *Gods & goddesses of sexuality*

Matthew W. Schmeer
Richard J. LeBlanc Jr.



NO. ENC.:	100d20+
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	15' (5')
ARMOR CLASS:	8
HIT DICE:	2 hit points
ATTACKS:	Special
DAMAGE:	Special
SAVE:	F1
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	250 (for entire infestation)

The four-legged, hand-footed, spear-toting divine louse crabs exclusively serve the gods and goddesses of sexuality, plaguing anyone who displeases them in a multitude of ways. Their hand-feet allow them to move through body hair with rapid ease and they exist primarily to feed and cause intense discomfort.

Divine louse crabs range in size from 1.5 to 3 mm long when plaguing mortals, and from 6 to 10 cm long when plaguing gods and immortals; there is a 75% chance that PCs encountering divine or semi-divine beings suffering from a case of the divine louse crabs will notice the infestation and must save vs. disease to avoid becoming repulsed and fleeing in terror.

Divine louse crabs are themselves asexual. They can lay up to 300 eggs a day on the coarse hairs of armpits and genital regions. They can also be found in other areas of the body covered in hair or fur, but generally do not infest the crown of the scalp. The eggs take 6 hours to hatch and a fully-formed adult divine louse crab emerges from the egg; the hatched crab louse can begin reproducing within 1 day. Adults live up to 2 months and feed 7-8 times a day.

After hatching, divine louse crabs craft spears from shafts of hair and extrude a stony, epoxy-like substance from their rectums which they craft into close approximations of spearheads. They then war with each other for domination of a host's body hair. There are multiple factions of divine louse crabs known to exist, serving gods of sundry sexual orientations.

When plaguing mortals, their bites cause severe itching—primarily of the crotch and armpits—due to the acidity of their saliva; an untreated case of divine louse crab infestation will result in *restless sleep* (no spell recovery) and sap 2 hp the first day, and will then double every day until death, or until the infestation is treated. Gods infested with divine louse crabs will merely distractedly scratch an awful lot.

To temporarily cure a case of divine louse crabs, PCs must smear themselves in a foul concoction of goat fat, owlbear dung, and seagull vomit applied to the affected areas and sealed with candle wax; only the most highly skilled alchemists know the exact recipe for this concoction. This salve forces divine louse crabs into a state of hibernation for up to one week. After three applications, the treatment is no longer effective.

To completely cure a case of divine louse crabs, PCs must somehow manage to get back into the good graces of whichever divine being manifested the plague upon them. A *cure disease* spell cast by a 20th level or higher cleric of neutral alignment will also do the trick.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Morbiphallugus.*

Doddering Scrivener

SERVES: *Petty gods making contracts and decrees*

Matthew W. Schmeer
William H. Bradley

NO. ENC.:	1 (1d10)
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
ARMOR CLASS:	10
HIT DICE:	1d6+2
ATTACKS:	0
DAMAGE:	None
SAVE:	M2
MORALE:	4
HOARD CLASS:	XVII
XP:	25

Outfitted in bright orange hooded cowls and scapulas, doddering scriveners are a race of gnome-like creatures with oversized ears whose sole purpose is to record the decrees of the petty gods for posterity and serve as notary witnesses to all divine petty contracts. Whenever a petty god deigns to enter a contract, grant a boon, or send a foolhardy adventurer on an arduous quest, a doddering scrivener mysteriously appears to record the particulars and collect signatures.

Although not much is known about their biology beyond their appearance and ability to teleport at will, their society is extremely hierarchical, divided into 20 classes, each divided into 20 divisions, and each division divided into 20 sections. Each section is further divided into different ranks of innumerable individual scriveners responsible for recording, archiving, and cataloging all decrees and contracts within a specific sphere of divine influence.

Doddering scriveners follow a strict ethical code and are sworn to a life of pacifism. They carry no weapons and wear no armor. If attacked, they will attempt to avoid combat by fleeing but they will not defend themselves beyond fisticuffs; their attempts at such are weak and ineffectual.

A doddering scrivener has instantaneous recall of any deed that he himself has recorded and, if given up to half-an-hour, can find any other contract in the Deed Archives (it is, of course, efficiently organized for such use). The classification system used by doddering scriveners is a carefully guarded secret and even the gods themselves do not understand it. The quills, ink pots, and parchments used by doddering scriveners fetch high prices on the black market, as they are rumored to be able to create undetectable forgeries if used in combination.

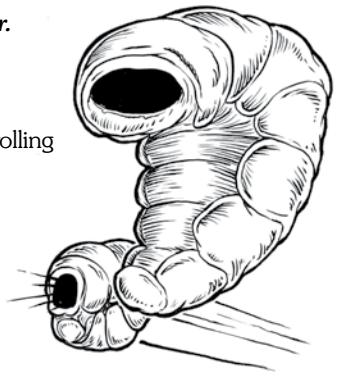
Doddering scriveners follow no deity themselves but remain decidedly neutral in all affairs. They never offer an opinion (even if pressed) on any topic, and carry out their duties with an air of resigned indifference. They utterly lack individual personalities and prefer to remain unnoticed.

It is said that eating the brain of a doddering scrivener imparts the ability to *read and write in all languages*; this might be true, but one definite side effect is the loss of the ability to blink. Victims of this side effect gradually stop producing tears and their eyes eventually shrivel and rot; there is no known cure for this malady.

Dud

SERVES: *Petty gods of malfunction and faulty idea*

Eric Potter
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.



NO. ENC.:	1d30
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	60' (20') rolling
ARMOR CLASS:	3
HIT DICE:	2
ATTACKS:	Special
DAMAGE:	Special
SAVE:	F2
MORALE:	11
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	55

The dud is a small, limbless creature measuring around twelve inches in length. It consists of a hard but hollowed exoskeleton with one large orifice used for respiration, consumption and regurgitation. This dark, armored exoskeleton is a series of banded plates and retracting scutes, which allow the dud to contract itself into a tight solid sphere and roll for locomotion.

Duds are minions of the petty gods of malfunction and faulty idea, and will readily sacrifice themselves to these minor deities or their most ardent followers without hesitation. However, their absence of teeth and claws renders the dud essentially ineffective as a weapon, and use of this creature is solely as a deterrent or scare tactic.

When a retracted dud is thrown as a hurled weapon, either singly or en masse (for greater effect) it spins through the air with its orifice opened, screaming as it flies with an ear-piercingly high pitch, making the enemy run for cover. The incoming air rapidly fills the dud's hollowed innards, and once overfilled, the exoskeleton is compromised, and will split on impact, resulting in a small, dull thud.

There is a 15% chance that a dud carries the leprosy virus and, on impact, the exploding exoskeleton will release the tainted bacterium into the air as a gas cloud (10' diameter). Any character caught in the cloud who fails a save vs. poison will exhibit symptoms in 2d6 days (wounds do not heal, regardless of source; fatal in 3-6 months if left untreated; 1 pt. of Charisma lost per week's duration of the disease; may be negated by *cure disease).*

EDITAUR • EYE IMP

Editaur

SERVES: *Varies*

Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.
Joel Priddy

NO. ENC.:	1 (1d4)
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	5
HIT DICE:	4
ATTACKS:	4 (weapons)
DAMAGE:	By weapon or special (see below)
SAVE:	F4
MORALE:	8
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	1,200

Editaurs are scrawny, four-armed minotaurs who serve any type of godling who relies on writing, drawing, or record-keeping (e.g., accountants, historians, librarians, even dungeon architects and siege engineers).

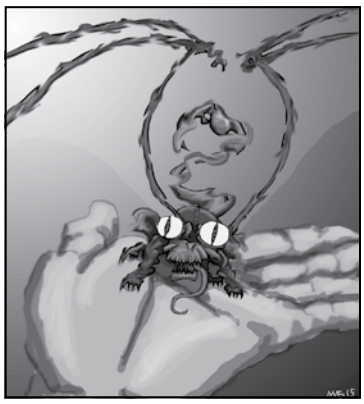
Each editaur is armed with a small arsenal of weapons (usually an axe, hammer, sword and spear), each of which may be used in its normal capacity (as a standard weapon, usually to fend off attackers who wish to keep them from their duties) or in a special "editing" capacity. In this special capacity, the weapons functions as a form of *limited wish* (instead of causing standard damage), allowing the editaur to make "revisions" to any document or tome. With these weapons and in this use, the editaur is able to "give things the axe" (axe), "cut copy" (sword), "hammer out the details" (hammer), and assist the writer or scribe in "getting to the point" (spear). Magical tomes, documents and scrolls are permitted a saving throw vs. this power, but non-magical ones are not.

Because the revision of an original document has the ability to change reality, the true power of the editaur is almost unlimited. For example, an editaur may change what a scroll says or does. Additionally, if an editaur has access to the original floor plan of a dungeon, then it is within their power to change the realities of that dungeon (within the limits of an editor); e.g., moving a door or changing how a trap functions would be possible, adding an entire level would not be possible, and deleting an entire level might be possible, depending on the size of the dungeon and the amount of details that would need to be revised.

Eye Imp

SERVES: *Any*

Jonas Mustonen
Andrew Shields



NO. ENC.:	1
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	60' (20')
FLY:	180' (60')
ARMOR CLASS:	2 (-3 if in flight)
HIT DICE:	3
ATTACKS:	1 (sting)
DAMAGE:	1d4 + poison
SAVE:	M3
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	80

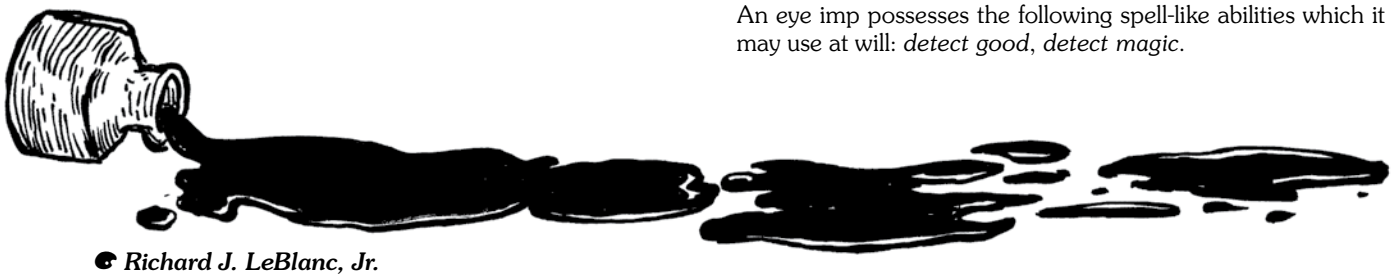
The *eye* imp is a sub-class of the devilish imp family. In appearance, it looks identical to the typcial imp—as a red-skinned, winged humanoid with bulbous features. However, the *eye* imp is a diminutive creature, approximately the size of a small bat. In addition, it has abnormally huge, bulging eyes which dominate its face and grant it enhanced vision (*darkvision* to 90').

Twice per day, an *eye* imp may cast a form of *invisibility* upon itself which allows it to be invisible when viewed directly (for a duration of 1 turn). However, the *eye* imp's flight patterns are erratic, and when seen out of the corner of the *eye*, appear as a random flickering or other similarly confusing and distracting motion. Any creature with peripheral sight of an *eye* imp in flight must make all rolls with a –1 penalty (while positioned as such in relationship to the *eye* imp). Additionally, there is a 5% chance (roll of 1 on 1d20) that any spellcasting will fail under these conditions. Unlike standard *invisibility*, an *eye* imp's *invisibility* is not terminated when it attacks.

Like their larger cousins, *eye* imps are craven, but not so timid as to pass up an opportunity for a surprise attack. An *eye* imp attacks with the wicked stinger on its tail. Each successful strike with this stinger does 1 hp of damage and (on a failed save vs. poison) reduces the victim's Dexterity by 1 point for a duration of 6 turns.

Because the flight pattern of an *eye* imp is so erratic, the *eye* imp receives a –5 AC bonus when in flight (AC indicated in parentheses above).

An *eye* imp possesses the following spell-like abilities which it may use at will: *detect good*, *detect magic*.



Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

FORMLESS SPAWN • FREAKLING • FRUGGAR • FYRE FAE

Formless Spawn

SERVES: *Tsathoggua*

James Mishler
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

NO. ENC.:	1d4
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	60' (20')
ARMOR CLASS:	5
HIT DICE:	12
ATTACKS:	Up to 6 (various forms)
DAMAGE:	3d8 each
SAVE:	F6
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	5,200

When Tsathoggua arrived on Earth from the depths of the Outer Dark, he arrived alone, though he quickly brought about the creation of a servitor species, the formless spawn. What horrible eldritch arts created these entities, none are certain. Some sages speculate that their origin lies in the unspeakable rites that his supplicants engaged in when they sought to join his priesthood… and failed. Fragments of a description of a failed attempt to placate Tsathoggua include a description of the entity's consumption of the supplicant and a subsequent regurgitation of the remains as a mass of black, viscous, bubbling, gibbering, slimy goo.

Whatever their origin, they are potent servants. Outwardly resembling nothing more than the form of a common black pudding, formless spawn are capable of much more than those simple creatures. Like black puddings, formless spawn can move on vertical surfaces and even on ceilings, can compress their forms to easily slip through the smallest of cracks, and can digest metal and wood as readily as flesh and bone. Though acidic like a black pudding, a formless spawn can control this acidity, enabling it to selectively damage people and objects while harmlessly touching other people and objects.

Unlike black puddings, formless spawn can take on forms other than that of a slimy puddle. They usually take on a vaguely humanoid shape, with as many arms or pseudopods as are needful at the moment. They might form two or more legs, or a snake-like body and tail, or even simply slither along the ground in slime-blob form. Usually they attack with tentacle-like constructions, each up to 10 feet long, though they can also form one or more heads with a bite-like attack. They can extrude up to six limbs capable of attacking at the same time; other limbs merely writhe or are used for locomotion. The damage from the limb is entirely acidic in nature, as the slimy limb has little real strength. The heads that are extruded, as such, can gibber and babble, cry and weep, howl and hoot, chant and drone; though this sound can be disconcerting, they cannot actually speak or vocalize anything meaningful.

Though intelligent after a fashion, they are immune to any mind-affecting or altering magic or psychic effect, including illusions of all sorts. Formless spawn are immune to all weapons. Unlike black puddings, they are not split by weapon attacks. Instead, weapons simply pass harmlessly through their slimy forms. Similarly, magical attacks, other than fire, have no effect on them; any sort of acid damage instead heals them. Fire is the only sovereign weapon against them, dealing full damage. They are capable of seeing in all directions through some sort of inhuman sense, even through all forms of darkness (though not penetrating a *silence* spell), and thus are usually incapable of being surprised.

Though formless spawn do not themselves possess treasure, they are often used to guard the treasures of priests and sorcerers in the service of Tsathoggua. Priests and sorcerers who have these things at their command can communicate their wishes to them using a limited form of *ESP* (a sort of obscene empathy) which can be used over any distance. These guardian spawn are often found in bowls of glass or stone, with treasures of gemstones set atop their sooty forms as bait for would-be thieves. Formless spawn pursue such thieves unto death, whether the thieves or their own, unless recalled by the priests of the temple.

Though rarely done, through the auspices of some unknown and horrific eldritch magic, formless spawn are apparently able to actually breed with humanoids, notably the Voormis and other sub-human and human followers of Tsathoggua. The result is usually a being that takes on the appearance of the other parental being, albeit of disturbing and inhuman aspect. In time, and especially through physical damage and mishap, such half-breeds mutate into gibbering mouthers. Those with arcane and psychic abilities often retain them, even in their inhuman madness.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Tsathoggua;* **M)** *Voormi.*

Freakling

SERVES: *Urglu*

Terje Nordin
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

NO. ENC.:	1d6 (3d6 in the presence of Urglu)
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	30' (10')
FLY:	180' (60')
ARMOR CLASS:	8
HIT DICE:	1
ATTACKS:	1 (bite)
DAMAGE:	1d6
SAVE:	T1
MORALE:	8
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	10

These warped little creatures, whose shapes are not quite those of human children but neither truly like unto any healthy animal, scurry around spreading the malign influence of their mother and mistress. Where their twisted feet touch the ground the vegetation becomes sick and malformed. The cattle and wildlife that they touch with their distorted claws develop peculiar abnormalities. They are attracted to human and humanoid settlements where they can easily affect great numbers.

Anyone who is bitten by a freakling must make a save vs. poison or be afflicted with a *lesser blessing of Urglu*. (see p.182)

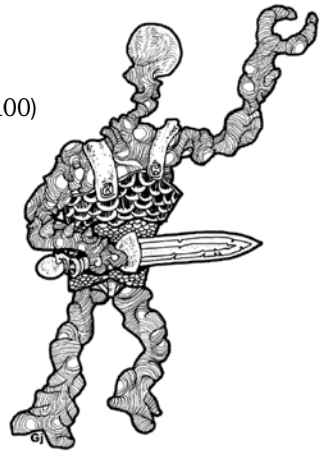
RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Urglu*.

Fruggar

SERVES: *King Shroom, fungi-related deities*

Garrisonjames
Garrisonjames

NO. ENC.:	2d4 (1d100+100)
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	60' (20')
ARMOR CLASS:	3
HIT DICE:	1+2
ATTACKS:	1 (weapon)
DAMAGE:	By weapon
SAVE:	F1
MORALE:	8
HOARD CLASS:	I, II, or III
XP:	6



Two to three feet tall bipedal mockeries of humanoids, fruggar are mindless fungal foot-soldiers in service to fungi-related deities. Fruggar are entirely incapable of speech and go into battle quietly and calmly. The fruggar wield whatever random old, often broken, weapons and armor they have been able to recover from their past victims.

Upon being slain, a fruggar collapses into a 3' diameter pool of frothy ooze. This pool remains pungently active for 1d4 hours, during which time anyone coming into contact with the wet frothy ooze must save vs. poison or have their skin become horribly mottled and break out with 1d4 colonies of tiny fungal masses. These masses can only be removed by use of a *cure disease* or *remove curse* spell, but otherwise are mostly harmless.

Fruggar are immune to *charm*, *fear*, *illusions*, *sleep* and most life-draining attacks. They Move Silently and Hide in Shadows as if they were 4th level thieves.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *King Shroom*.

Fyre Fae

SERVES: *Nox*

Timothy Brannan
Dorothy P. Lathrop

NO. ENC.:	2d4 (10d4)
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
FLY:	180' (60')
ARMOR CLASS:	3
HIT DICE:	1
ATTACKS:	1 (dagger)
DAMAGE:	1d4
SAVE:	E1
MORALE:	7
HOARD CLASS:	III, IV
XP:	6

Nox is a Goddess of in-betweens; neither light nor dark, day or night, so she is served and honored by a number of faeries. In the times of her reign, after sunset but before full night, she is served by the fyre fae. These creatures are like pixies in all respects except that they also glow in various colors. At a distance they appear as will-o-wisps or even faerie fire.

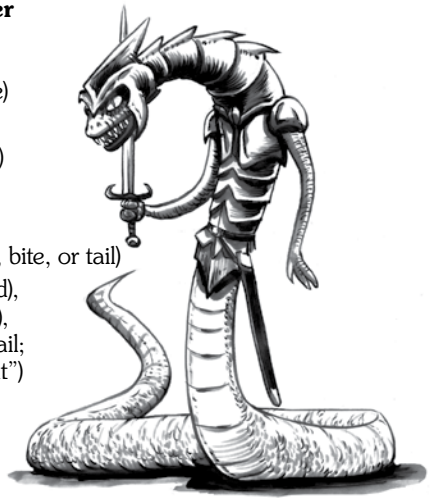
RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Nox;* **M)** *Syla;* **S)** *Summon Fyre Fae.*

GGIYY • GHOSTLY LECHER • GIANT SPACE BABY • GLIMMER PALADIN • GLOAMING • GRAMPAJACK • GRAY MESSENGER • GUARDIAN OF LAAM • GURGIM • GYGANTUAN

Ggiyy

SERVES: *The Jale God*
TITLES: *Ggiyy, Eidolon Knight of Hate*

Matthew W. Schmeer
Jason Sholtis



NO. ENC.:	1 (unique)
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	2
HIT DICE:	6+5
ATTACKS:	1 (sword, bite, or tail)
DAMAGE:	d8 (sword), 1d6 (bite), or 1d6 (tail; –3 "to hit")
SAVE:	F8
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	1,280

It is little known that the Jale God employs twelve knights to protect the 12 Eidolons scattered across the world and ensure their separation. Ggiyy, the Eidolon Knight of Hate, may be one of the only knights whose identity is fully known, as he is a frequent visitor to magical academies and royal courts throughout the realms. Although he often appears in human guise through the use of a *polymorph self* spell, Ggiyy is in truth a snake-like reptilian.

A wrathful and boastful warrior, Ggiyy has lost the location of the Eidolon of Hate and has been on a centuries-long quest to reclaim the stone. Many tribes know of his feats and the desert kingdoms curse his name for the havoc he has wrought among them. In his human form, he wears many different guises; sometimes he is a seductive woman, other times a handsome rogue, sometimes a washerwoman, etc. In this way he moves throughout the realms, but his passage is marked by the dissension he sows in his wake. Wherever Ggiyy has been, protests, fights, riots, and wars are sure to shortly follow.

Ggiyy wears elven plate on his torso, topped with an elven helm; the rest of his body is covered in thick, armor like scales. He is armed with a *sword of doubt* (1d8 damage + save vs. paralysis or be struck with indecision for 1d4 turns) and can choose to either swing his sword, bite his attacker (1d6 damage), or crush an opponent with his tail (1d6 damage; –3 "to hit").

Ggiyy prefers to surprise combatants from above, coiling himself around pillars, trees, or other heights, and dropping on his unsuspecting victims. If attacking in this manner, he automatically gains initiative on his first attack.

Under his armor, he wears an amulet that allows him to cast *polymorph self* at will; by an enchantment of the Jale God, the amulet only works for an Eidolon Knight.

Once a year he and the other Eidolon Knights must make an accounting before the Jale God in the Labyrinth of Myzithra on the island of Anari. He has been in disfavor for a very long time and this has done nothing to improve his mood.

RELATED ENTRIES: Please see the *Jale God* entry in ***Petty Gods*** section for a complete listing of entries related to the Jale God (including all gods, items, and spells mentioned in this listing).

Ghostly Lecher

SERVES: *Petty gods of death*

Matthew W. Schmeer
Richard Heighway

NO. ENC.:	1d4
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
ARMOR CLASS:	6
HIT DICE:	2+2
ATTACKS:	1 + special
DAMAGE:	1d6 + special
SAVE:	F8
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	150

The ghosts of ancient mortals who were enamored with death when they were alive, ghostly lechers serve the gods of death merely as rubbernecking hangers-on. Wherever a gristly death has occurred, a ghostly lecher is sure to be found, feeding on the deathwave vibrations that emanate from the corpse.

As their name suggests, they especially prey on the grisly deaths of the young and innocent; they tend to congregate on the outskirts of gallows, ritual sites, sacrificial dolmens, and army barracks.

Although they seem to resemble ghosts or shadows (since they have no corporeal body and seem to flicker), they are not undead creatures and thus cannot be turned. Ghostly lechers can only be struck by magical or silver weapons. They are unaffected by *sleep*, *suggest*, or *charm* spells.

When a ghostly lecher is feeding on the deathwave vibrations of a recently deceased. they glow a pale-yellowish white and are easily detected. They will appear as if in a drunken or drugged stupor, and move at their slower rate; they will miss half of their attacks if in this state. When feeding they drool a poisonous ectoplasm that saps 2 hp (no save) per touch.

Ghostly lechers are difficult to detect if they are not feeding; they surprise 50% of the time. When a ghostly lecher strikes, they deal 1d6 cold damage and 1 point of Constitution is drained for each of 6 consecutive turns. Should a character be drained to 0 Constitution, they have a 50% chance of becoming either a ghost (if of lawful alignment), a spectre (if of neutral alignment), or a shadow (if of chaotic alignment), but remain a playable character, having gained the abilities of each respective monster.

Giant Space Baby

SERVES: *Varies*

Jonas Mustonen
Adolph Wilhelm Otto

NO. ENC.:	1 (1d4)
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
FLY:	240' (80')
ARMOR CLASS:	–10 [+1]
HIT DICE:	30
ATTACKS:	3 (2 fists/ 1 drool)
DAMAGE: see below	1d12/1d12/
SAVE:	F30
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	18,000

Giant space babies are twenty foot tall gigantic infants normally encountered in the far reaches of space or Limbo, but are sometimes found locally when summoned by misguided cultists.

They appear as giant babies with blue or green skin, usually with alien features like antennae on their head, pointed ears or a third eye. Sages speculate they will in strange aeons grow into a pantheon of terrible alien space-gods that will destroy all creation.

Space babies destroy humanoid life eagerly as they see them only as toys. They will attack anything and everything in reach by using their fists and drooling. Their caustic drool, when covering a victim, does 1d6 damage per round, and any armor or clothes will be ruined in 6 rounds. The drool will keep dissolving the victim until washed or scraped away, or the victim (once lowered to 0 hp) will be reduced to a bubbling heap of flesh scraps and bone remains.

Giant space babies can only be harmed by enchanted weapons and magic. However, any spells cast at them have a 90% chance of having no effect whatsoever.

Glimmer Paladin

SERVES: *Derral-Orth*

Ash Law
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

NO. ENC.:	1 (1d8)
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
ARMOR CLASS:	4 (plate+shield)
HIT DICE:	3
ATTACKS:	1 (weapon +2)
DAMAGE:	By weapon (+2 if mounted or if striking w/ surprise)
SAVE:	F3
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	65

Glimmer paladins fight with a sword and a dagger, and carry a back-up dagger or two. During battle, for each dagger possessed, a glimmer paladin may attack with a thrown dagger at a fleeing foe (1d4 damage on a successful "to hit" roll).

If a glimmer paladin rolls a 13 on its attack roll, the knight will disappear in an upward shower of pale light. At the beginning of the following round, it reappears and strikes with surprise; if it attacks successfully, the attack does double damage. Once per battle when the glimmer paladin strikes with surprise (either magically reappearing, or just plain surprising an enemy from ambush) it may roll twice "to hit" and take the better result.

LOOTING A GLIMMER PALADIN: Glimmer paladins typically carry candles, lanterns, tinder and flint, etc. They usually also have a tiny mirror in a locket (their version of a holy symbol). There is also a 30% chance a Glimmer Knight will be carrying a flask of *glimmering water* (glows faintly; heals 2d6 hp as single dose; heals 1d6 hp if used as two doses; repels monsters if splashed about). Glimmer paladin armor is overlapping metal plates on a leather backing (if looted, treat as chain).

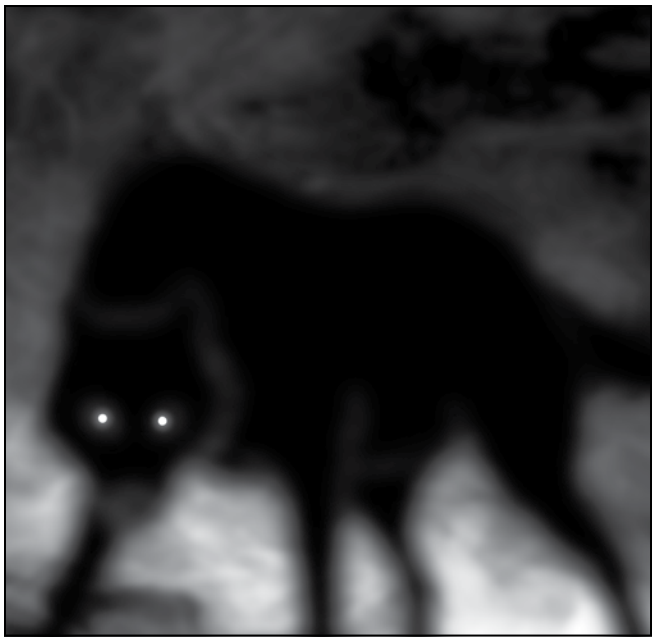
RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Derral-Orth; Yattle-Hoy.*

Gloaming

SERVES: *Nox, Goddess of Near Dark*

Timothy Brannan
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

NO. ENC.:	1d4 (2d6)
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	450' (150')
ARMOR CLASS:	6
HIT DICE:	5
ATTACKS:	2 claws/1 bite + special
DAMAGE:	1d4x2 (claws)/ 1d6 + 1 point Strength loss (bite) + fear
SAVE:	F6
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	350



A gloaming is a shadowy creature, typically found in wild and untamed places. Mostly discovered in the time between sunset and the full dark of night, they appear as large but indistinct shadows of predatory creatures. They stand 3-to-4' high on their four legs, with a massive head. The only distinct features are their eyes, which glow amber, red, or green.

Sometimes confused with hell hounds, a gloaming is an undead creature, formed from large predators. They do not attack on sight. Typically a gloaming will first radiate an *aura of fear* (as per the spell, cast by a 5th level caster) to scare off interlopers. Failing that, they will attack with a claw/claw/bite routine. On a successful bite attack, the gloaming will drain 1 point of Strength (no save).

A gloaming can be turned as a 5 HD undead creature (or as a wraith, depending on your system of choice).

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Nox;* **S)** *Summon Gloaming.*

Grampajack

SERVES: *Entire petty god pantheon*
TITLE: *Grand High Jester of the Court of the Petty Gods*

Matthew W. Schmeer
Joel Priddy

NO. ENC.:	1 (unique)
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	–1 [+1]
HIT DICE:	8+5
ATTACKS:	1 + special
DAMAGE:	1d8 + special
SAVE:	F15
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	X
XP:	1,500

Although he appears to be nothing more than an old man's head trailing his entrails behind him, Grampajack is a favored servitor of the entire petty god pantheon.

He was once a mortal named Gyffry Chadinfroyd, first mate on the interplaner pirate ship Queenscow. Known for his quick wit and sharp tongue, he died during the Flame Wars of Jubrini, an unfortunate victim of friendly fire. As he passed from the Material Plane, the Jale God snagged his soul and housed it in a discarded penanggalan skin, granted him limited immortality, and made him a jester at the court of the petty gods. He has worked his way up to the position Grand High Jester (mostly due to the deaths of his predecessors).

He is said to be the best Grand High Jester the petty gods have ever had; the gods are keen to retain his services and do not take kindly to threats against his well-being. It is said that the best and funniest obscenities were invented by Grampjack and dispersed throughout the realms by the petty gods repeating them to give their cultists a kick, and so even gods who war and grumble on other issues are united in their fondness of Grampajack. He is savvy to all the comings and goings of the petty gods but knows none of their secrets for sure (there's a 10% chance what he knows is true).

As the Grand High Jester, Grampajack delivers unfortunate truths wrapped in witticisms about court life. He enjoys puns and riddles and usually speaks in gloating sarcasm. He delights in making fun of others, pulling linguistic practical jokes, and often indulges in soul-scathingly vulgar wordplay. He often makes self-deprecating jokes about his own appearance. He can speak all tongues verbally and telepathically and can cuss a like a sailor in all of them. It is said he once made a porcupine laugh so hard it molted its quills and was molested by a beaver and thus ferrets were created.

PCs encountering Grampajack must save vs. insanity; failure results in the PC being so revolted at his appearance that they flee in terror. He will gladly converse with PCs as long as no petty gods or other minions are present. Grampajack enjoys the company of dwarves; there is a 20% chance he will talk straight with a dwarf (and only dwarves), putting aside his jocular ways to telepathically converse in a secret dwarven tongue (boar dwarvish). Grampajack is often attended by three or four castrated albino laughing cocks of hellish mirth.

If attacked, his first weapon is language; he will attempt to disable the PCs with laughter. PCs must save vs. spell or be struck with *mindless mirth* for 1d4 days. They cannot rest or sleep during this period, and spells invoking such have no effect; they can eat and drink, but risk soiling themselves if they do so.

If the verbal attacks fail, Grampajack's tongue will unfurl to the length of a 20'-long whip that does 1d8 damage; on a successful hit, victims must save vs. paralysis or suffer an additional 1d4 acidic damage. After three successful acid attacks, the victim becomes paralyzed by an apoplectic fit of laughter with a 25% chance of suffering a stroke resulting in immediate death.

Normal weapons have no effect on Grampajack. He is immune to all first through fourth level spells (inclusive). Silver or mithril weapons do half-damage.

"By the tickling beard of Grampajack" is a common oath heard in dwarven gambling dens throughout the realms.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Jale God;* **M)** *Laughing Cock of Hellish Mirth.*

Gray Messenger

SERVES: *Gods of death and destruction*
TITLE: *The Dark Prophet; Death's Head; Death's Messenger; Little Gray Messenger*

Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.*
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

NO. ENC.:	1 (unique)
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	450' (150') floating
ARMOR CLASS:	0 (can only be struck by weapons +3 or better)
HIT DICE:	10+10
ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE:	Special
SAVE:	M20
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	2,400

The Dark Prophet, The Herald of Tragedy, The Harbinger of Catastrophe, The Little Gray Messenger—he is the ominous prophet whose appearance brings untold and terrible events. He is not the source of these events; he is only the messenger of the death and destruction that follow him—petty gods holding petty grudges, and bringing with them their wrath and vengeance and primal acts of destruction.

He arrives clad in a camel's hair cloak of unnatural gray, and floating in the midst of a swirl of ashen dust. A cylindrical brass scroll case is usually in his hand, often containing a thick yellow piece of parchment, upon which the names are written of those he is scheduled to visit.

Any mortal creature that looks upon him must save vs. death or be driven to commit suicide; even a successful saving throw will paralyze the victim until such time as the god who has enlisted the gray messenger arrives to exact his will (even if the gray messenger departs, which will only happen on the rarest of occasions). The paralysis ends when the god arrives, allowing the victim to propitiate the god, barter for their life, take up arms in their defense, etc. The victim's death wish or paralysis may be counteracted by *dispel magic* or *remove curse*.

At will, the Gray Messenger may take the form of a giant death's-head moth (same stats as above).

> *"Little gray messenger,*
> *Robed like painted Death,*
> *Your robe is dust.*
> *Whom do you seek*
> *Among lilies and closed buds*
> *At dusk?"*
> – Robert W. Chambers

** Inspired by Robert W. Chambers' story "The Messenger."*

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Jale God, Yellow King.*

Guardian of Laam

SERVES: *Pherosathoola, Petty Goddess of Sexual Fear*
AFFILIATIONS: *Cthulhu*

Matthew W. Schmeer
Jason Sholtis

NO. ENC.:	1d4
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	0
HIT DICE:	8
ATTACKS:	3 (scimitar/ claw/tail) + special
DAMAGE:	d8/d6/d6 + special
SAVE:	F8
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	300

Descended from ruined seed of mi-go that fused with an unnamed reptilian race in eons past, guardians of laam protect the incubating eggs of Pherosathoola, the petty goddess of sexual fear. "Laam" is the term for embryonic succubi; these creatures do not have a name for themselves and so are often referred to simply as "guardians".

The guardians of laam stand 8 feet tall and resemble fierce, armored lizards at first glance, except for their odd-shaped skulls and lidless eyes. Their mouths are lamprey-like and both males and females sport antlers and tusks, although these are largely thought to be decorative. Chitinous skin protects their fungi-like inner soft tissues and they have thick tails the same length as their height. They do not speak, communicating strictly via nearly undetectable pheromones. They are impervious to *charm*, *charm person*, *clairaudience*, *ESP*, *ethereal form*, *shape change*, and *suggestion* spells.

Guardians are polyamorous; nests are guarded by a single brood group consisting of 3 males and a female or 3 females and a male. They breed by releasing spores from their nostrils during the Dark Moon Festival, celebrated once every fourteen years. The mingling spores cover the nest of eggs and grow into new guardians, using the clutch as nourishment. Pherosathoola gladly paid this brood price to ensure the safety of her developing offspring. Upon their first molting, guardians of Laam are gifted with *scimitars of doubt* (1d8 damage + save vs. paralysis or be struck with indecision for 1d4 turns) as additional thanks for their duties.

If attacked, a guardian has three defenses. It can attack with its scimitar, rake with a free-handed claw (1d6), and can lash any target behind it with its whip-like tail (1d6). Additionally, once per combat encounter a guardian can spew a cloud of disorienting chemicals from scent glands in its throat; PCs must save vs. poison or be disoriented for 1d4 hours.

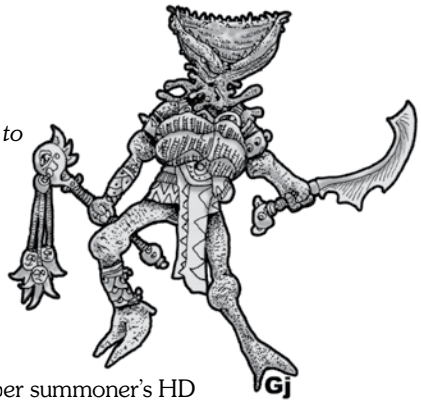
Guardians of laam fear the Brotherhood of the Yellow Sign and will flee if they are attacked by one of their blessed order.

Guardians are delicious when boiled alive; eating their steamed tail muscles imparts a +3 to Strength for 1d6 days. Potted guardian of laam (often called "potted laam") is a highly prized delicacy in royal circles of the desert kingdoms.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Pherosathoola.*

Gurgim

SERVES: *Petty gods devoted or inclined to rampant vegetation or the overthrow of animal-intelligence by plant-beings*



Garrisonjames
Garrisonjames

NO. ENC.:	1d6 per summoner's HD
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral (will serve anyone)
MOVEMENT:	60' (20')
ARMOR CLASS:	4 (as banded mail)
HIT DICE:	1* (plus 1 hit point per HD of summoner)
ATTACKS:	2 (weapons) or 1 (bite)
DAMAGE:	1d4+1/1d4+1 (smaller weapons, often poisoned) or 2d4 (bite)
SAVE:	as Fighter (one level per 4 hit points)
MORALE:	12 (mindless)
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	13

Relentless, implacable plant-things drawn from sweltering other-planar jungles on planes overgrown by vegetable horrors, the gurgim come to any who know how to call them and they serve any who can make the Green Sign.

Gurgim are vaguely humanoid plant-things that are only ever encountered when summoned as servitors by some spell-caster or servant of a petty god devoted or inclined to rampant vegetation or the overthrow of animal-intelligence by plant-beings. Whomever calls upon the gurgim falls into a trance-state while their consciousness is captured by the livid green host of gurgim who are directed by the summoner like a swarm. The gurgim will mindlessly obey anyone who makes the Green Sign.

Gurgim are immune to *fear*, *charm*, or similar effects. Visual *illusions* do not affect them. *Stinking cloud* reduces their movement by one-half for the duration of the spell. They gain or re-gain 1 hp for every 6 points of damage they inflict by biting (minor blood-drain). Magical *confusion* causes the gurgim to reject their host and go inert.

There is a 30% chance per gurgim that it will leave behind a seedling if it is killed in the service of a summoner and the body is not destroyed with acid or fire. Such seedlings will mature in 1d4 days and operate as feral plants lacking any rational capacities (0 Intelligence), driven entirely by instinct and intuition (3+ Wisdom).

There are rumors of various petty gods tampering with the seedlings of gurgim to develop various and sundry new types...

Gygantuan

SERVES: *Petty gods of the deepest dungeon depths*

Eric Potter
Jim Magnusson

NO. ENC.:	1d100
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	Nil (10')
ARMOR CLASS:	7
HIT DICE:	1
ATTACKS:	Special
DAMAGE:	Special
SAVE:	D1
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	20

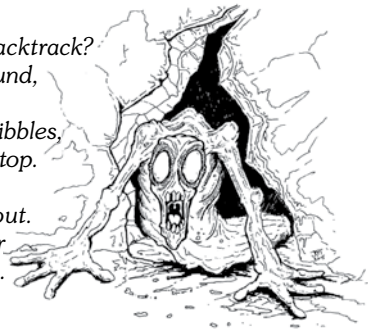
The gygantuans are a race of miniscule creatures that lives exclusively underground, in the hidden cracks and crevices of exposed stone in excavated dungeons, fortified caves, forgotten bunkers, and abandoned hideouts. Genetically they have been born without legs below the knee and have evolved by dragging themselves around by their forearms, which has, over the eons, severely distorted their spines into horrid arches. Their lack of self-locomotion, in tandem with their desolate environs, keeps them gravely undernourished. Though completely blind, their huge, bulging, milky eyes allow for doubled infravision distances.

The gygantuans serve the petty gods of the deepest depths and can be summoned to protect the riches of the underworld and assist in driving out even the most stubborn of delvers. Small enough not to be noticed, the gygantuans creep from the safety of their nooks and crannies in order to get as near to the unsuspecting party as possible and from these unknown locations begin to sing. At first these small grating noises resemble those of aboveground locusts and aphids, but, as the continuous droning chirrs on, madness sets in and distinctive syllables and words begin to emerge in the minds of the victims. A successful Intelligence check (using 6d6) will allow a character to decipher small snippets of the song (at DM's discretion).

The gygantuans' endless song echoes through stone passages, reverberating like a drill into the psyches of adventurers. Feelings of disorientation, claustrophobia, jealously, distrust, paranoia, helplessness, inadequacy, remorse, fear, even anger may present themselves in 1-to-6 turns.

The Song of the Gygantuans

Turn around at this branch,
Forward, forward, back.
You've already been by here,
Maybe now you should backtrack?
Up and down, round and round,
Further, farther, stop.
Your map is meaningless scribbles,
Better try to get back up top.
Left, right, side to side,
And now there's no way out.
A completely lost Adventurer
is a good for nothing lout.

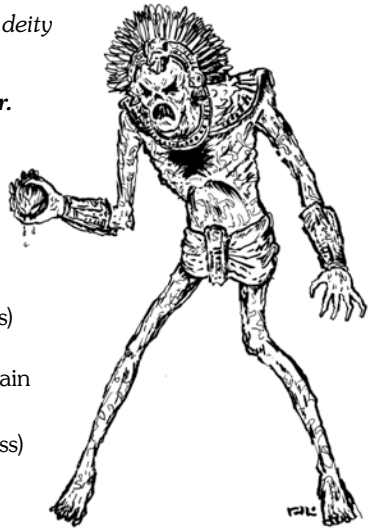


HEARTLESS DEAD • HEDEL-MAN • HOUND OF TINDALOS

Heartless Dead

SERVES: *Any necromantic deity*

Shadrac MQ
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.



NO. ENC.:	1d4
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
ARMOR CLASS:	2
HIT DICE:	4
ATTACKS:	2 (touches)
DAMAGE:	1d4/1d4 + STR drain
SAVE:	F4
MORALE:	12 (fearless)
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	145

These spirits are the remains of mortals who were subjected to ixiptla or sacrificial heart-extraction whilst alive. They appear as shrunken, black-eyed, translucent zombies with gaping wounds in their chests, often dressed in ceremonial regalia: bejewelled costumes, feathered headdresses, and elaborate body paint. Heartless dead obey the god to whom they were sacrificed. They are often used as instruments of divine vengeance.

Heartless dead have the standard immunities of undead, and can only be struck by magical weapons. They are able to pass through walls or physical obstacles by becoming incorporeal at will. The touch of a heartless dead causes 1-4 damage and drains a like amount of Strength (lost Strength returns at a rate of 1 point per hour). When a victim is brought to 1 Strength or less, they collapse to their knees, helpless; the heartless dead will then thrust its ghostly hand into the victim's chest and begin to draw forth their heart. This process takes 2 melee rounds. After the first round the victim loses half their remaining hit points; after the second round the victim dies, whereupon the Heartless dead places their still-beating heart into its own chest cavity. As soon as this is accomplished, the formerly-heartless dead expires and falls lifeless to the ground.

RELATED ENTRIES: **C)** *Cult of the Obsidian Mirror.*

Hedel-Man (Fruit Fiend)

SERVES: *Xinrael*

Matthew W. Schmeer
Richard Heighway

NO. ENC.:	3d12
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
ARMOR CLASS:	9
HIT DICE:	1+4
ATTACKS:	1 (hedel-breath)
DAMAGE:	Special
SAVE:	F2
MORALE:	12 (fearless)
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	100

Hedel-men are anthropomorphized fruits usually found in a state of decay and distemper. Their spoiled juices have mingled with the blood or sputum of an evil deity, transforming them into malicious, ambulatory and not-quite-undead roustabouts. Hedel-men cannot be turned.

Left to their own devices, the simpletons will likely seek out the nearest human habitation and set it a-rot with their hideous hedel-breath. A 12'×12', single-story wattle-and-daub cottage will be reduced to rancid gray jelly in no more than 2d6 turns, and anything left inside it will be found in a similar state of corruption. Hedel-men will entertain themselves with this activity until their bodies finally succumb to decomposition. Their total lifespan, from the moment of contact with divine fluid to the moment they collapse in stinking heaps, lasts a maximum of 3d6 days.

Hedel-men given life for a distinct purpose will serve as brutish guardians or watchmen. They are bound to the will of their maker and will serve their deity fearlessly in whatever (necessarily simple) task is demanded of them.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Xinrael.*

Hound of Tindalos

SERVES: *Varies*
AFFILIATIONS: *Cthulhu*

David Baymiller
Sabine Zabel

NO. ENC.:	1d4+2
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
FLY/SWIM:	240' (80')
ARMOR CLASS:	4 [see below]
HIT DICE:	5 (25 hp)
ATTACKS:	1 (tongue attack)
DAMAGE:	1d8 + special
SAVE:	F5
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	920

The hounds of Tindalos live millions of years in the past occupying the angles of existence whereas normal life inhabit the curves of space and time. They are utterly alien to life as we know it and are vicious predators of both ethereal vapor and strange matter. They do not communicate; they only hunt and destroy. If an entity physically or mentally travels to the distant past of these creatures he risks attracting their attention and inevitably becomes hunted through time and space.

The hounds are a fearsome enemy and not easily defeated.

Travel Through Angles

The hounds travel through time and space using angles in our reality as doorways: any angle such as corners of rooms, ceilings, doorways, etc. The angle does not have to be large as the hound assumes a vaporous form to travel through the angle gateways, but it must be sufficiently angled: at least 120°. When entering and exiting an angle gateway the ground stretches and becomes vaporous. It takes three rounds to completely pour itself through and reform on the other side of an angle. While vaporous, a hound of Tindalos can only be hit by magic weapons and spells.

Flawless Track

Once the Hounds take notice of an individual they can track him unerringly across time and space. They will arrive at the victim's time and location (at the DM's discretion) and their arrival will be announced by the pouring of an ethereal vapor or smoke from the angles they are sliding into that dimension through. They are tireless in their pursuit and do not give up.

Blue Ichor

The hounds exude a thick blue ichor or pus from their bodies. This ichor, covering their body in sufficient quantities, allows a hound to regenerate 2 hp per round. If the hound is submerged, lit afire, or some other means is used to wipe the coating from the hound it does not regenerate until the blue ichor reforms over enough of their bodies. It takes 1d4+2 rounds to sufficiently reform for regeneration.

If the hound is grappled, or the blue ichor comes into contact with a living being not from the hound's angled existence, the victim must save vs. poison or lose 1d4 hit points. This effect lasts for 1d6 rounds and the victim gets a saving throw each round to avoid damage. The blue ichor can be wiped or washed off by taking a full round to do so.

Tongue Attack

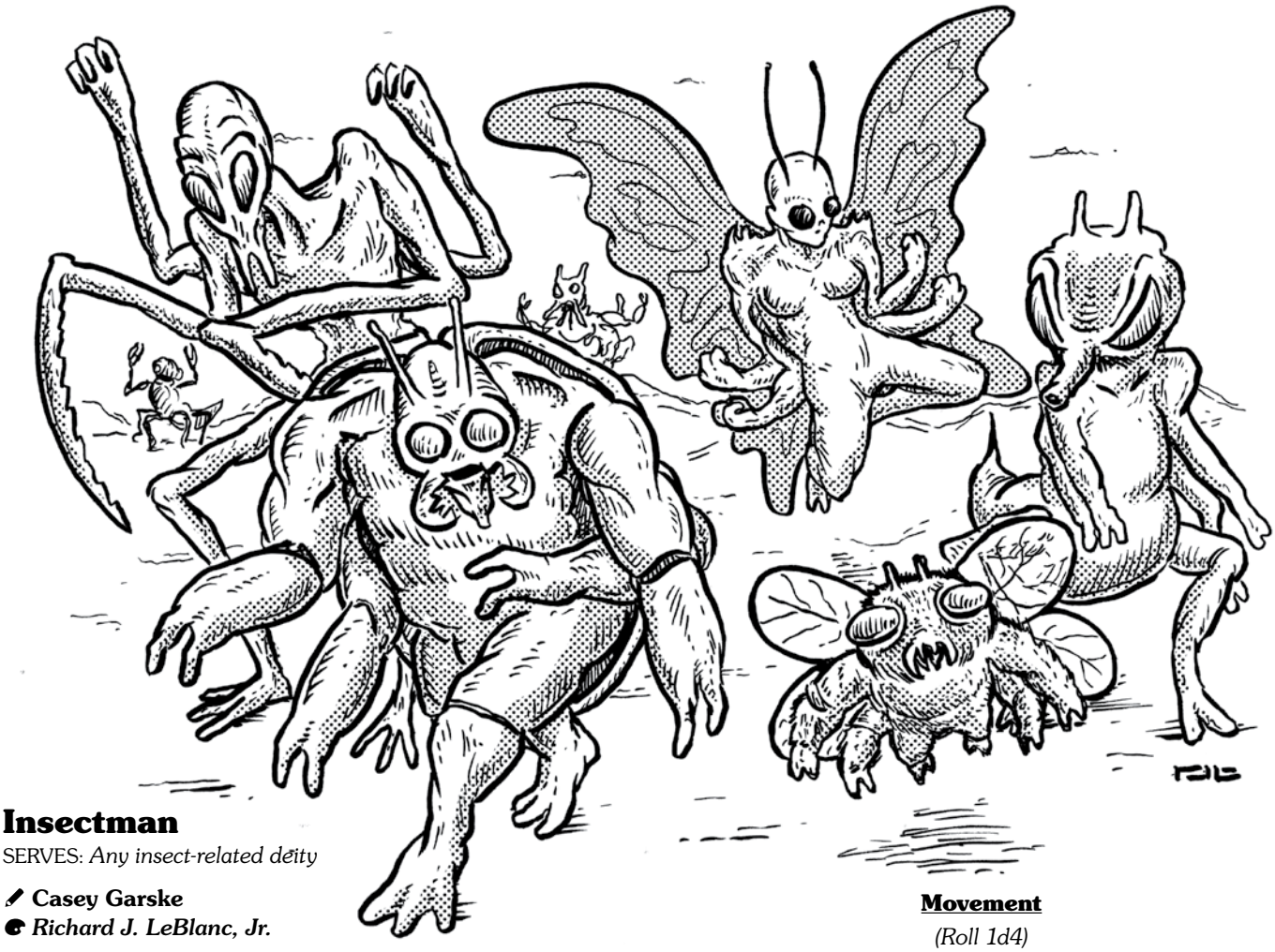
The tongue of a hound is a horrific thing, allowing it to attack creatures within 10' of its position. In addition to normal damage, the tongue drains vital fluids and life force from the victim, causing horrific wounds in its wake.

There are two ways a DM can interpret this ability, depending on the level of lethality they wish to inject into their game:

Option 1 – Level Drain: The classic feared and permanent method of harming the foolish or unlucky.

Option 2 – Constitution Drain: 1d4 Constitution is lost per hit. The character is dead at 0 Constitution. No hit points can be healed until all of the Constitution damage is healed. Constitution can be healed at the rate of one point per week of total rest. *Healing* magic will restore one point of Constitution per die of healing, plus one point of Constitution per bonus modifier point. (Example: a spell *healing* 1d6+2 hit points would heal three Constitution points.)

INSECTMAN



Insectman

SERVES: *Any insect-related deity*

Casey Garske
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

NO. ENC.:	Varies (up to 12 per soul; see below)
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	See below
ARMOR CLASS:	See below
HIT DICE:	1
ATTACKS:	See below
DAMAGE:	See below
SAVE:	F1
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	13

Sacrifices are rare things for a petty god. When one is made the god needs to make the best use of the soul that it possibly can. One use is to fortify its cult with minions created with pieces of the soul. One soul can provide the divine power needed to convert a dozen or so normal insects into humanoid insectimen. These creatures will obey the commands of the cult leader, preferably commands that lead to more sacrifices.

Insectimen vary based on the type of insects available in the area. Choose or roll randomly for each characteristic to create your insectmen.

Movement

(Roll 1d4)

1 Scuttler: 150' (50')
2 Flyer: 60' (20') on ground; 180' (60') flying
3 Burrower: 60' (20') on ground; 60' (20') burrowing
4 Climber: 120' (40') +2 to Surprise checks

Armor Class

(Roll 1d4)

1 AC 9 descending (AC 11 ascending)
2 AC 8 descending (AC 12 ascending)
3 AC 7 descending (AC 13 ascending)
4 AC 6 descending (AC 14 ascending)

Attacks

(Roll 1d4)

1 **Proboscis:** 1 attack, 1d4 damage plus automatically does 1d4 damage to the target every round until the target or insectiman is dead
2 **Mandibles:** 1 attack, 1d10 damage
3 **Pincers:** 2 attacks, 1d6/1d6 damage
4 **Sting:** 1 attack, 1d6 damage, save vs. paralysis or target is paralyzed 1d4 turns

JEEZ LOUISE

Jeez Louise

SERVES: *Ollollde (but Ollollde wants nothing to do with her)*

Eric Potter
Brian Walker

NO. ENC.:	1 (unique)
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	6 (20')
ARMOR CLASS:	7
HIT DICE:	4
ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE:	Poison
SAVE:	D4
MORALE:	6
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	200

First alerted to the uncanny resemblance by the distraught father of an anonymous sleeping beauty looking for a kissing frog, this misguided, three-eyed toad believes she is the long lost twin of the petty god of hypnagogia, Ollollde, and has made it her life's mission to "attempt" to serve him. However, Ollollde has made it perfectly clear to Jeez Louise that he doesn't want her as a minion. This hasn't stopped this determined toad from trying.

Having noticed a history of wondrous and unexplainable occurrences seeming to follow her wherever she may tread, and putting two and two together with her newfound and obvious relation to the petty god, Jeez Louise takes it upon herself to intercept summonings of Ollollde from his other subjects and present herself on his behalf. Summoners will immediately ascertain that the warbling droning sound accompanying the minion is bogus. It is not coming from the Astral Plane; Jeez Louise is humming it herself.

Although her feelings might by hurt by their looks of surprise and disappointment, she is not dissuaded, and mimicking the petty god she admires beyond measure, proves her devotion by striking once upon her own self-made gong, which is actually a slightly rusted metal dinner plate.

Jeez Louise's Gong Effects Table (Roll 1d30)

1	**Butterfingers:** vibrations cause you to drop anything not strapped down
2	**Rain of Frogs:** deluge of frogs 60' diameter; all caught in affected area take 2d4 damage
3	**Siren Song:** pack animals within 100' diameter howl for 2 turns
4	**Flies Down:** clasps unhitch, trousers fall, backpacks open
5	**Amnesia:** lose memory for 6 turns
6	**Up & Away:** everything rises 3' off ground for 6 rounds
7	**Chicken Strut:** hypnotized for 6 rounds
8	**Two Left Feet:** lose 6 Dexterity points for 6 rounds
9	**Pillowfight:** a thick cloud of feathers fills a 30' diameter
10	**Giggle Fit:** stricken with uncontrollable laughter for 6 rounds
11	**Ah-choo!:** sneezing fit for 6 rounds
12	**Disco Duck:** uncontrollable dancing for 6 rounds
13	**Doublevision:** sight impaired, –4 to hit for 1 turn
14	**Tongue-tied:** speak only gibberish for 6 rounds
15	**Dilly-dally:** move in slow motion (half rate) for 6 rounds
16	**Claptrap:** character complains for 6 turns
17	**Loverlips:** uncontrolled amorous behavior 6 turns
18	**Flimflam:** become practical joker for 6 rounds
19	**Pea Soup:** Impenetrable fog 60' in diameter
20	**Sticky Buns:** Flesh becomes clammy and sticky
21	**Switch'n'sticks:** Any twigs laying around start spanking characters
22	**Spaghetti Legs:** unable to stand upright for 2 rounds
23	**Daisy Chain:** metal magnetizes for 2 turns
24	**Shiver Me Timbers:** get the chills, unable to wield weapon for 6 rounds
25	**Jumpin' Jacks:** compelled to do various exercises
26	**Scaredy Cat:** lose all morale, run away and hide
27	**Wienie Roast:** underpants begin to smolder
28	**Liar, Liar:** metal armor heats up, non-metal armor smokes
29	**Bottomless Pit:** eat all of your rations in one sitting
30	**Dinner Bell:** swarm of delicious plump flies for Jeez Louise to eat

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Ollollde.*

KASH-KASH • KNIGHT OF THE CARMINE ICOSAGRAM • KTHOIM

Kash-Kash

SERVES: *Any who will have it*
TITLES: *The Wayward Cupbearers*

James Spahn
Arthur Rackham

NO. ENC.:	1d6
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	4
HIT DICE:	4
ATTACKS:	1 (bite, or club or poison)
DAMAGE:	1d4 (bite) or 1d6 (club) or poison
SAVE:	F4
MORALE:	7
HOARD CLASS:	III
XP:	290

To date, no one knows the origins of the first kash-kash. The cursed, pathetic creatures prance from plane to plane, begging to serve as the cupbearer and jester of any divine being who will have them. The unfortunate beasts are horrible, clumsy, yowling things that appear to be a cross between a kobold and a coyote, somehow prancing about awkardly on their hind legs. A kash-kash forever dances to and fro, offering its rusted wine-cup to whomever it meets. Thus far gods have accepted a kash-kash as their servant, and those who have instantly regretted the decision. Godly courts with kash-kash servants become infested with fleas, their wine cups are filled with bitter swill, and their song halls echo with inhuman growling and yapping.

Kash-kash are only rarely seen on the Prime Material Plane. When they do encounter mortals, kash-kash yap and dance around them—begging those present to drink from their ever-full cups. Unfortunately, the wine is terrible and putrid. If the drink is refused, they draw the beasts' ire. The spurned kash-kash will attempt to beat them into submission with the chalices and brass scepters until they are unconscious, then force the hapless mortal to drink. Kash-kash are a cowardly lot, however, and quickly retreat from an opponent that proves themselves to be skilled in battle. In the event that they fail a morale check, kash-kash will immediately attempt to teleport to another plane of existence.

Those few who drink from the chalice will become grievously ill for 1d4 days if they fail a save vs. poison. This illness causes vomiting and hallucinations; in the later stages, the victim begins to yowl and prance about. Once the illness has run its course, the victim simply vanishes from existence and is never seen or heard from again.

The terrible truth is, mortals who drink from the *cup of the kash-kash* are transformed into a kash-kash themselves—cursed to forever wander the planes of reality with their comrades, desperately seeking divine service.

Knight of the Carmine Icosagram

SERVES: *Diit'Wentii, the Petty God of Minutiae*
TITLES: *Defenders of the Faith of Diit'Wentii*

Legion
Darryl Gillingham

This score of men and women are the devoted servants and defenders of the faith of Diit'Wentii, the petty god of minutiae. All are multiclassed fighters, bureaucratic, fastidious and chaotic to the core. The Order accepts elves, half-elves, half-orcs and humans. Membership and advancement are through trial by combat; losers are banished from the Order. The greatest among the Knights are elevated upon death to the rank of Single Facet Monitor (Fink).

The Knights are ranked by the number of points on the flame-red star that is their symbol, and they are titled as are Diit'Wentii's Monitors. The Knight of the First Point (the lowest ranked member) is The Fink. The Second-in-Command is the Knight of the Nineteenth Point, The Auditor. The Master Commander of the Order is the Knight of the Twentieth Point; but as no Knight would presume to assume the name of their god, he or she takes the title The Twenty Faceted One.

Each Knight is accompanied by his or her Lance, a retinue of companions equal to his or her number of retainers allowed by Charisma. These groups are essentially adventuring parties in terms of classes and abilities. All Knights and henchmen are mounted—though not always on horses—and experienced in cavalry combat.

They have no base or headquarters as they are an order of knights-errant, wandering in their Lances. But every 20 months 1d20 of them converge upon a remote castle or villa and

request hospitality. Woe to the household that falls short in a single matter of etiquette or propriety. Any failure in the minutiae of ceremony will be taken by the Knights as a call to do their god's will; the frenzy of destruction that follows such breaches is shocking. Thereafter the Knights return to their wandering.

Every 20 years they hold a conclave attended by all. And woe to the duchy or kingdom they choose as host; it has yet to end well.

The current Master Commander of the Order is Tarrat, a tall sallow-faced ginger of a Half-Elf. He affects an effete air, frequently looking askance and sniffing into an embroidered lace kerchief. He enjoys nothing more than maneuvering a person through conversation into making a faux pas or misstep in the rituals of hospitality or precedence. That's when he drops his half-interested dandyism and reveals an unnerving predatory intensity.

Tarrat wears a *robe of scintillating colors* over his *scale mail +2*, and a fire opal-set *ring of protection +2* adorns his left hand to signify his marriage to his god.

He wields *Thorn* (a *long sword +2*) and carries *Thistle* (a *dagger +2*) at his waist.

He is always accompanied by T (his manual-made bronze golem), X'X (his quasit familiar; spells, etc. gained therefrom are shown below in parentheses where applicable), and Vingt (his homunculus). His half-dozen retainers include a neanderthal and a spriggan. His mount Timtam is a magically-enlarged axe beak of double Hit Dice and damage. In terms of sorcery, he prefers to confound his enemies while having others do his fighting for him.

Tarrat

TITLES: *Knight of the Twentieth Point;*
The Twenty-Faceted One;
Master Commander of the Order of
The Knights of the Carmine Icosagram

CLASS:	Fighter/Magic-User
LEVEL:	10th/10th (11th)
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
MOUNTED:	180' (60')
ARMOR CLASS:	0 (including Dexterity and enchanted mail)
HIT POINTS:	70
DAMAGE:	By weapon +4 (for Strength and enchanted blades)
SAVE:	By class and level (M10)
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	X
ATTRIBUTES:	S:17 I:18 W:16 D:16 C:17 Ch:17
XP:	2,400

TYPICAL SPELLS*: 1st: *enlarge*, *sleep*, *unseen servant*, (*jarring hand*); 2nd: *invisibility*, *mirror image*, scare; 3rd: *blink*, *suggestion*, *summon monster I*; 4th: *confusion*, *ice storm*, *summon monster II*; 5th: *animate dead*, *faithful hound*; (6th: *invisible stalker*).

* Spells in parentheses indicate additional spells known by 11th level magic-users.

Senior Decade

TITLES: *Senior Decade of the Order of*
The Knights of the Carmine Icosagram

CLASS:	Ftr/*varies*
LEVEL:	7th-10th/7th-10th
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')/varies by mount
ARMOR CLASS:	0 to -3
HIT POINTS:	40 to 70
DAMAGE:	By weapon + Strength and weapon enchantments
SAVE:	By class and level
MORALE:	11
HOARD CLASS:	XI
ATTRIBUTES:	Each as 12+1d6
XP:	Varies

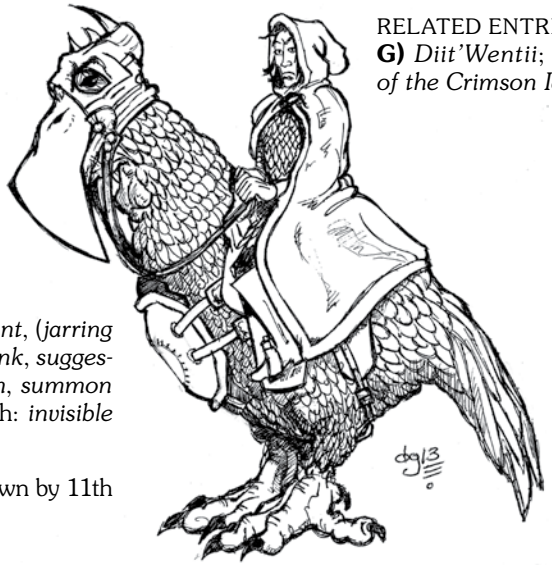
Each possesses not less than two magic weapons, two magic armors and two other magic items.

Junior Decade

TITLES: *Junior Decade of the Order of*
The Knights of the Carmine Icosagram

CLASS:	Ftr/*varies*
LEVEL:	4th-7th/4th-7th
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')/varies by mount
ARMOR CLASS:	2 to -1
HIT POINTS:	20 to 50
DAMAGE:	By weapon + Strength and weapon enchantments
SAVE:	By class and level
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	XII
ATTRIBUTES:	Each as 6+2d6
XP:	Varies

Each carries at least one magic weapon, one magic armor and one other enchanted item.



RELATED ENTRIES:
G) *Diit'Wentii*; **D)** *Books of the Crimson Icosagon*

Kthoim

SERVES: *Various unnameable powers probably best left unnamed*
SERVES: *Keepers of the Wyrd*

Garrisonjames
Garrisonjames

NO. ENC.:	1 (1d4)
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
ARMOR CLASS:	–2
HIT DICE:	10
ATTACKS:	2 (weapon/special)
DAMAGE:	3d6/special
SAVE:	F10
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	IV, VI...
XP:	120

Dread beings who wander the interstitial voids between the Known Realms, the kthoim have transcended their once-mortal natures to become warped humanoid versions of their ruthless alien masters. Insane beings of implacable violence, the kthoim wait for "The Call", the summons that will unleash them upon yet another world.

The kthoim are summoned by way of the Mauve Trapezoid or by use of the spell *call forth kthoim* (an uncommon variant of a *monster summoning VI* spell that opens the way for only one of these creatures... which is often more than enough). This spell has been banned and stricken from most reputable spell-books, but every now and then an archaic copy of it surfaces on some tattered old scroll some adventurer recovered from a dismal delve.

In combat, a kthoim wields a terrible *+2 bastard sword* that inflicts 3d6 damage and, on any modified roll of 20, severs one random limb from the target and reduces the limb to a shapeless protoplasm that takes on a life of its own as a 1 HD blobling (see below for stats).

SUMMON BRETHREN: All Kthoim possess the ability to *summon* 1d2 additional kthoim after successfully inflicting 60 hit points of damage in battle. The kthoim's attempt to summon reinforcements is automatically disrupted if they take damage before they can complete the elaborate summoning process (2d4 Turns). They reduce that time by 1 turn for every additional Kthoim successfully summoned... so things can get out of hand quickly if they are not stopped soon enough.

Those kthoim slain in battle dissolve into a fetid mass of 2d4 mottled mauve and green bloblings (as below). They only acquire a semblance of sentience after attaining 4 HD, but even then are rarely able to do much more than be a nuisance or possibly serve as a familiar to a desperate or demented spell-caster. There is rumored to be a method for fitting one of these bloblings into a special framework, and thus using it to form the basis of a type of pseudo-golem, but no one has seen anything like that in centuries.

RUMORS: The Ancient Witch Queens of Amatradigor took their elite palace guard from the ranks of the kthoim, but they also knew the secret of the Mauve Trapezoid and how to bind these entities to their service. Such knowledge has long been lost or forgotten. Occasionally, there are unsubstantiated reports of kthoim standing guard over strange tombs or lost cities. Thankfully, nothing has come of any of it.

Blobling: AL:chaotic; M:30' (10'); AC:8; HD:1; AT: 1 (1d4); ST:F1; ML:5; HC:Nil; XP:6.

RELATED ENTRIES: **D)** *Mauve Trapezoid*.

Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

LAUGHING COCKS OF HELLISH MIRTH • LOCKPICKING SPIDER • LUJAMINI

Laughing Cocks of Hellish Mirth

SERVES: *Lesser gods of witchcraft, sorcery and the hellish arts; often part of the entourage of powerful fiends*

Rorschachhamster
Joel Pridy

NO. ENC.:	1d8
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	60' (20')
FLY:	90' (30')
ARMOR CLASS:	8 (12)
HIT DICE:	1d4
ATTACKS:	1 (beak or laughing)
DAMAGE:	1d3 or special (see below)
SAVE:	M1
MORALE:	11
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	Varies

LAUGHING: True to their name, the laughing cocks of hellish mirth cackle endlessly about a joke, which only they and their evil masters seem to get. This laughing is extremely enervating, and everyone who can hear the cocks and fumbles on a roll (rolling a 1 on a die, no matter what die), must save vs. spell or curse loudly for an entire round, doing nothing else. Devils, demons, witches, and other powerful servants of evil are immune to the laughing.

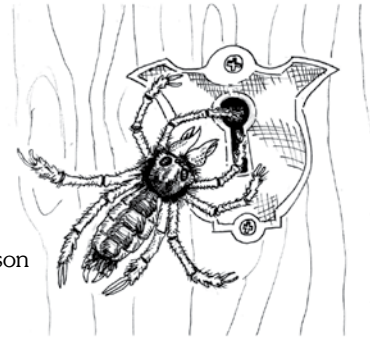
Laughing cocks of hellish mirth are quite noisy, and as such can not surprise anybody. Furthermore, they can be heard from quite a long way.

RELATED ENTRIES: **D)** *Grampajack*.

Lockpicking Spider

SERVES: *Wüdderhoot-hoot*

Eric Potter
Paul Schaefer



NO. ENC.:	1 (unique)
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	60' (20')
ARMOR CLASS:	7
HIT DICE:	9
ATTACKS:	1 (bite)
DAMAGE:	1d6 + poison
SAVE:	T9
MORALE:	6
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	450

This is the last survivor of the original seven gifted spiders that were trained in the art of several thieves' abilities by the thieveress Tawndi Shade, Master Assassin of the Dark Guild of Wüdderhoot-hoot. After the unfortunate demise of the infamous thief and her other six lockpicking spiders in the Great Fire of Shade's Hideout, this sole survivor for a time remained loosely allied with the thieves' guild, stepping in to serve as its interim leader until Tawndi Shade's successor could be named.

Currently, she is the minion to the petty goddess Wüdderhoot-hoot directly, taking up the calling of the unfortunate petty god by opening the locks of shackles on chained and incarcerated creatures.

Although known primarily for her Open Locks skill, the crafty arachnid is doubly talented at Find/Remove Traps (performing these feats at double her level) which she uses in wilderness areas to eradicate hidden snares, deadfalls, or net traps.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Wüdderhoot-hoot*.

Lujamini

SERVES: *Petty gods of deep dwarven delves*

Eric Potter
Sheila Swift

NO. ENC.:	1 (unique)
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	60' (20')
ARMOR CLASS:	7
HIT DICE:	2
ATTACKS:	Special
DAMAGE:	None
SAVE:	D2
MORALE:	6
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	100

Lujamini is a minion of the petty gods of deep dwarven delves, whom she enthusiastically serves by raising the morale and spirits of many a worried dwarven warrior. She can be counted upon to show up in the wee hours of the morning in drinking establishments near and far, and command much amorous attention as her beauty is unsurpassed in dwarven circles.

With a flutter in her eyes and a tug on her beard she has the rapt attention of drunken and sober dwarves alike as she floats to the dance floor, where suddenly her *chimes of purest forge pitch* ring from her fingertips. Her stout legs kick and her rolling belly dances with precise and mesmerizing torso articulation and any once-worried dwarves have renewed vigor.

Lujamini Reaction Table

Morale adjustments last 1d4 days.

2	**Lap Dance for Everyone!** (+6 morale)
3-5	**Shake and shimmy.** (+4 morale)
6-8	**Get me one more round, sailor!** (+2 morale)
9-11	**Two left feet.** (+1 morale)
12	**Sit this one out.** (no morale adjustment)

MERKOR THE SHAMBLER • MILDUITIC • MINON OF SKAAL • MIRI-NIGRI • MONITOR • MOOK OF VERTHISH • MOTHER OF ALL MINIONS • MOUTHLESS TONGUE • MURMUROTH • MYRMIDON OF PARANOID GOD

Merkor

SERVES: *Has no allegiances*
TITLES: *Merkor the Shambler*

Steven Danielson
Daniel J. Bishop

NO. ENC.:	1 (unique)
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
ARMOR CLASS:	4
HIT DICE:	9 (47 hp)
ATTACKS:	1 (claws +4)
DAMAGE:	2d8+4
SAVE:	M9
MORALE:	11
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	1,700

This short and squat creature appears as a humanoid approximately 5' tall with a fine featured but sexless face. Its scaly skin, pointed teeth, and curved horns, which sweep back from its temples, give it a remarkably demonic appearance.

Merkor's mind was blasted by a fallen god of secrets and hidden knowledge; for a brief moment, it comprehended the mysteries of the universe... only to be mentally overhwelmed in the process. Though Merkor still possesses all this knowledge of creatures and godlings, it has no way to communicate or even to think rationally anymore.

It can be encountered pursuing its own agenda, or performing tasks for seemingly trivial trinkets.

Any portal through which Merkor passes becomes locked or unlocked as outlined below:

Merkor Portal Passing

(Roll 2d6)

2	permanently locked (can not be unlocked short of a *wish* spell)
3-4	portal becomes locked as *wizard lock* (cast by 18th level magic-user)
6-7	portal will randomly unlock (50% chance) after each locking attempt
9-11	portal stays unlocked until *dispel magic* (versus 18th level) or *wizard lock* is cast upon the portal
12	permanently unlocked (can not be locked short of a *wish* spell)

Though its mouth does not move, a muttering of half-heard voices surround the creature to a radius of 20'. The voices are distinct—as if uttered by separate individuals—but can not be understood (use of *comprehend languages* will not resolve the languages, but a *tongues* spell may allow the player to understand some minor secret from the campaign, or a hint held by a PC or an NPC). Because of this muttering, Merkor can never achieve surprise against a moderately aware party.

Merkor attacks with a powerful swipe of its clawed hands (+4 "to hit" and damage bonuses from Strength). Any attempt to mentally contact, enchant, or *charm* this creature forces the individual or caster to save vs. insanity* as they come in contact with the devastated mind of this creature.

If presented with a riddle or mystery, it will stop what it is doing (attacking, searching, etc.) and ponder the riddle for 1d6 rounds before resuming its mission. Parties have been saved by dropping puzzles in the face of its inexorable assult. If presented with a riddle or questioned about a secret or mystery, there is a chance it may mumble an answer or a clue to the answer (10% chance, or at DM's discretion).

* *See* UNDERWORLD LORE *#1, p.14.*

Milduitic

SERVES: *Insectoid gods and godlets*

Vance Atkins
Jason Sholtis

NO. ENC.:	1d4 (2d4)
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	120' (50')
ARMOR CLASS:	6
HIT DICE:	3+1
ATTACKS:	1 (weapon)
DAMAGE:	1d10+1 (glaive) or 1d8+1 (falchion)
SAVE:	F5
MORALE:	11
HOARD CLASS:	None (however, typically guarding temple or similar)
XP:	90

The milduitic are found impassively guarding remote desert tombs and temples in honor of various insectoid gods and godlets. Created for, and tasked with, this role, they are above bribery and will resolutely defend their responsibility with force of arms. Additionally, their mysterious creators took certain precautions in making reliable guards—the milduitic are immune to *charm* spells, and make any saving throws vs. sleep effects at +2.

Milduitic appear as burly humanoids with yellowish skin (the color of aged bruises) and lustrous black carapace-skulls. They speak in a high-pitched chittering/clicking language of their own. The language is partially beyond human hearing range, and they may appear silent, in spite of communicating with one another, or attempting to communicate with trespassers.

Minion of Skaal

SERVES: *Skaal*

Charles Turnitsa
Paul Schaeffer

NO. ENC.:	2d6 (5d6)
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
SWIMMING:	30' (10')
ARMOR CLASS:	4 [see below]
HIT DICE:	4
ATTACKS:	2 (weapon +1/waterjet)
DAMAGE:	By weapon +1/1d6 + special
SAVE:	F4
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	XX
XP:	200

The minions of Skaal appear as normal-sized men, albeit quite muscular, somewhat greenish-blue in color, and having a head of one of any variety of different species of fish. Additionally, they have patches of scales all over their bodies, and will usually wear nothing more than a simple loincloth made of seaweed.

Minions of Skaal are often encountered as consorts of Skaal on dry land (2d6 in number), or as summoned beings to assist Skaal in his evil doing. If they are encountered in one of their strongholds (a "Grotto of Despair"), there will be 5d6 of these warriors, plus an additional 1d3 blue puddings (aquatic versions of black puddings) acting as watch-creatures, as well as numerous giant fish and giant crabs adapted for life on land.

In combat, the minions of Skaal favor the use of their tridents, but may also attempt to thwart foes by attacking with their deadly accurate waterjet shot. Should one of these attacks hit a land-dwelling creature, in addition to its standard 1d6 damage, the victim must save vs. paralysis or be unable to act during the following round.

The minions, if in or near a major watersource (more than a few gallons; within 10'), are impervious to non-magic weapons (with fire-based attacks as an exception).

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Skaal;* **M)** *Abomination of Skaal*.

Miri Nigri

SERVES: *Chaugnar Faugn*
AFFILIATIONS: *Cthulhu*

David Baymiller
Del Teigeler

NO. ENC.:	2d6+4
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
ARMOR CLASS:	6
HIT DICE:	2
ATTACKS:	2 claws or 1 weapon
DAMAGE:	1d3/1d3 (claws) or 1d6 (weapon)
SAVE:	F2
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	None (all treasure is for Chaugnar Faugn)
XP:	50

The miri nigri are a dwarfish race of inhuman servants crafted long ago from primitive amphibians by their god Chaugnar Faugn. They are dark skinned with toadish features. They are tireless in serving their creator and god and are sent forth to steal men and women for the vampiric hunger of Chaugnar Faugn.

The subterranean miri nigri have infravision to 90'.

Their dark coloration, natural stealthiness, and small stature give them an advantage when surprising opponents; they surprise on a 1-4 on a 1d6. Their amphibious nature also allows them this bonus when in water.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Chaugnar Faugn*.

Monitor

SERVES: *Diit'Wentii*

Legion
Darryl Gillingham

The Monitors are Diit'Wentii's accountants and cataloguers. They record the omniverse in minute detail as directed by their god.

Diit'Wentii holds the rank of 20 Facet Monitor. Its minions are ranked in descending order below that, from the conjoined 19 Facet duo—The Auditors—through the three 18 Facet Inspectors, the four 17 Facet Stenographers and so on, down to the least among them, the 20 Single Facet Monitors known as Finks.

A Monitor's Hit Dice, hit points, damage, saving throw, magic resistance percentage, Hoard Class, and height (in feet) are equal to its number of Facets. Armor Class is from 9 to -9, based on Facets; use the entries below as guides. Each has eyes equal to how many Monitors share a number of Facets (e.g., Auditors have two eyes each while Finks have 20).

All Monitors can cast *plane shift*, *dimension door*, *teleport* and *gate* once per facet per day. These spells can only be used on themselves, other Monitors, or Knights of the Carmine Icosagram.

Auditors

(Nineteen Facet [Greatest] Minions)

NO. ENC.:	2
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	60' (20')
ARMOR CLASS:	6
HIT DICE:	19 HD each (19 hp × 2)
ATTACKS:	1 each
DAMAGE:	19 hp
SAVE:	F19
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	XIX
XP:	1,900 each

These two entities are Diit'Wentii's senior archivists and administrators. They are rarely encountered outside the presence of their god. Each knows half of everything there is to know.

One is called Sinister, the name of the other is Dexter, and those are the respective ears of Diit'Wentii to which each has access. Their names are also indicative of their handedness. They are 19' tall. Their hunched shoulders, gliding movement, and incessant unintelligible whispering are, if anything, even less disturbing than the 19'-long beard that links them together.

Each attacks as a 19 HD monster, causing 19 points of damage per hit. Their AC is only 9, but they are so *warded* that a natural 19 is needed to hit them physically. Both can cast *magic missile* as a 19th level magic-user (i.e., seven darts) 19 times per day. And each has 19% magic resistance.

Fink

(Single Facet [Least] Minion)

NO. ENC.:	1
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	200' (200') (see below)
ARMOR CLASS:	–9
HIT DICE:	1 HD (1 hp)
ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE:	1 hp
SAVE:	F1
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	I
XP:	100 each

Finks are Diit'Wentii's frontline information gatherers. Their purpose is to look inside cabinets, books and cupboards, dig into pockets and chests and rifle through papers.

Because their twenty-eyed heads constantly rotate, they are never surprised.

In the particular case of the Finks, their movement speed isn't "up to 200'"—it <u>always</u> is 200'. Their 1' height and rapid movement make them hard to see, and extremely difficult to hit (hence their AC of -9). There is a 1% chance that any magic used in their presence will fail (1% magic resistance).

Mook of Verthish

SERVES: *Verthish*
AFFILIATIONS: *The Jale God*

Matthew W. Schmeer
Jim Magnusson

When the Jale God appears as Verthish, he's often accompanied by several mooks. The mooks are divided into two gangs called The Odds & The Evens, and a pair of siblings, The Vertix Twins, who work alone. Roll 1d6 to determine which mooks are accompanying Verthish:

1-2 The Odds
3-4 The Vertix Twins
5-6 The Evens

1 - Stinkeye *(Even)*

12th Level Fighter, male

An extra-strong warrior whose right arm is solid iron (treat as *+2 warhammer*), Stinkeye has one eye like Verthish and reeks of garlic and leeks. Oddly, he's highly allergic to both. He wears a *cloak of stealth* and despises blacksmiths.

2 - Doose *(Odd)*

10th Level Thief, Female

Once a mallard hen living in a pond in the Kingdom of Inninnouta, the Jale God turned him into a man on a bet with Sooka, the petty god of boiled duck eggs. Doose is wicked-fast with a knife blade and likes to stab cheaters in the back before they know what's happening. She's covered in fine down (except for her feet, hands, neck, and face) and has a habit of picking lovers who are extremely well endowed. She lays an egg every day that she then consumes in front of her lover (save vs. insanity* or be insane for 1d6 days and need a good soak at a public house to recover). Eating the egg grants her the ability to turn invisible 2×/day. If anyone else (male or female) eats the egg (another save vs. insanity), they will become pregnant and give birth to a live duck in 28-30 days. The duck will be imprinted on its human (treat as a non-magical familiar).

3 - Tra *(Even)*

10th Level Magic-User, Female

Rumored to be one of Verthish's mortal lovers, Tra is addicted to Jooroosh (often called "jay"), a powerful narcotic powder made from the dried spores of ochre oozes which is twisted into hemp-like coils. Jay provides a psionic high and allows users to briefly twist the space-time continuum. Tra has a 100 gp-a-day habit and is therefore also addicted to gambling at dice. Due to her intake of jay, she tends to memorize the same spell to fill all her spell slots, as she's so doped up she can't wrap her brain around more than one spell. The word on the street is she often memorizes nothing but the cantrip *manipulate smoke ring*. She also carries a *+3 dagger of darkness*.

4 - Ka'Der *(Odd)*

11th Level Fighter, Male.

Ka'Der is a big dumb guy who likes to hit stuff with his fists. Formerly a slave forced to be a naked wrestler in the gladiatorial Arena of Fairmona, Ka'Der won his freedom in his first fight. After besting the King's champion in his first fight, he disemboweled his opponent with his bare hands and ate the unseated

champion's small intestine while she was in her death throes. Ka'Der has since developed a sweetspot for sweetmeats. He carries a *+1 hatchet* he calls "Carver".

5 - Sinké *(Even)*

16th Level Fighter, Male

Highly androgynous, Sinké is Verthish's favorite spy for his ability to pass as either male or female in crowds. Sinké carries a *+2 bonewood bow* cut from the tree of the hamadryad Phersenia in the forest of Bulahdelah, a rare and cherished gift from his benefactor. Sinké is an excellent climber, prefers to attack from the high ground, and is uneasy in open places. He is an expert with all archery-related weapons (including darts) and has even been known to free-throw longbow arrows with 97% accuracy.

6 - Cise *(Odd)*

10th Level Fighter, Female

Sinké's wife, Cise was a belly-dancer at the Court of Aaaron who, after being brutally raped by the prince consort, took her revenge by poisoning the wine of the entire court with a 50 yard skien of jay. Overcome by the unexpected psionic high of the drug, their brains jellied and oozed out their ears. Cise fled to the Mercenary Guild, where Sinké, a former member of the royal guard, was the Grand Master of Archery. Sinké, taken by Cise's beauty, secured her guild membership and began her training in fighting arts. An expert at hand-to-hand combat, Cise prefers to double-wield short scimitars. She carries a *veil of tears* which when worn makes anyone in a five-foot radius (except the wearer) weep uncontrollable tears (no save, –2 to all combat rolls). She is considered the leader of The Odds.

7 - Nop'ha'se *(Even)*

13th Level Illusionist, Male

Verthish found Nop'ha'se when he was seven, hustling games of five rocks in the alleyways of Vornheim. Verthish was so taken by the young man's wily good looks and quick hands that he took him under this wing to train in the ways of dice deception. A skilled gambler and hustler, Nop'ha'se is often the bait to get a hot dice game going so Verthish can manifest and gamble for souls. Nop'ha'se has mastered the art of doing his finger manipulations to invoke a spell while in the process of tossing dice.

8 - Nukel *(Odd)*

14th Level Magic-User, Male

Nukel is a highly skilled alchemist but he often gets his spells wrong. In an attempt to develop a low-grade strain of Jooroosh to wean Tra off her addiction, he accidentally created the most addictive strain: the highly pungent, golden yellow variation nicknamed "Purine" by aficionados. Nukel's favorite spell in combat is *magic sword*, which he often casts as *magic swear*. Verthish keeps him around for shits & giggles.

9 - Lands *(Even)*

12th Level Thief, Female

A bedraggled, horribly scarred 63-year-old woman, Lands poses as a beggar on street corners to scope out the best marks to hustle. While she looks thin and weak, her skeletal structure has been magically replaced with mithril through a freak accident in Nukel's lab. Her flesh wounds normally, but her bones cannot be severed from her body. She wishes she was dead already.

10 - Knek't *(Odd)*

12th Level Thief, Male

Fastest fingers in a pocket, Knek't is Land's son. He has a terrible crush on Tra which his mother thinks is unnatural. Knek't has an appetite for the jeweled eyes of temple statues—literally. His gut contains a multitude of small jewels that do not pass. Once a week he shits a single jewel. Roll on the jewel treasure chart to determine the gem, and then consult the gem chart on page 107 of the LL rulebook to determine it's value (roll d%):

01-15	Ruby
16-30	Sapphire
31-45	Emerald
46-60	Pearl
61-75	Diamond
76-85	Amythest
86-90	Jade
91-95	Onyx
96-00	Garnett

11 - Gnil'bmag *(Even)*

10th Level Elf, Male

The only elf among Verthish's henchman, Gnil'bmag is an outcast among his people yet the acknowledged leader of The Evens. Having been a great general at the time of the Flame Wars of Jubrini, Gnil'bmag was given a small stronghold of his own in the Warded Woods, along with a six-man squad of Elfish warriors, as reward for defending the Hidden Tower of Fensdown from the goblin invaders. After a century or two of quiet solitude, The Six tired of their role as Warders of the Woods and convinced Gnil'bmag to quietly leave their position to pursue adventure, and so they did. All of them died in the frozen lands of the Southern Wastes except for Gnil'bmag, who was captured by frost giants and imprisoned for three centuries. He managed to escape and returned to the Fensdown, only to find the Woods had been cleared for pastureland and his keep, having fallen into neglect, dismantled by peasants to make huts. The elves stripped him of his immortality in retribution for his failure. He is deathly afraid of being touched by a ghoul.

12 - Oshuq *(Odd)*

No one knows who Oshuq really is. Some say he comes from the world beyond dreams; other say he himself is a petty godling in disguise; still others say he's a mutated molted owlbear. Regardless, Oshuq possesses unusual strength and an odor similar to rotting skunkweed. He is an imposing presence, standing 21 hands tall and weighing 27 stone. He is clothed in damp, dirty, cloth bandages wrapped tightly against his skin, leaving only small slits to see and breathe from. He does not talk and no one has ever seen him eat. He wears *boots of traveling and springing*. He does not carry a weapon. In a fight, he disarms his opponents by tearing off their arms.

13 - The Vertex Twins

12th Level Dwarf Fighters

The Vertex Twins (Vert and Tyse) are conjoined twins fused along the backbone. They share a spine, some internal organs, and an asshole, but nothing else. They constantly bicker and insult each other and are usually avoided by all of Verthish's other henchmen. They prefer to speak goblin and have invented several unique swears and invocations that have gained in

popularity among the goblin speakers ("May your backhair be shaved by an angry otter" being an extremely popular one at the moment; say it in goblin and you'll know why). Vert wields a *+2 battleaxe* and Tyse wields several *+2 throwing axes*. Neither fights with a shield, preferring to spring around and try to put his sibling in harm's way to protect himself. Verthish has promised that if one of them should die, he would make the survivor whole. He's enjoyed watching them in combat ever since.

RELATED ENTRIES: See the *Jale God* entry in the ***Petty Gods*** section for a complete listing of entries related to the Jale God (including all gods, items, and spells mentioned in this listing).

* *See* UNDERWORLD LORE *#1, p.14.*

Mother of all Minions

SERVES: *All other minions*

Eric Potter
Jason Sholtis

NO. ENC.:	1 (unique)
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	60' (20')
ARMOR CLASS:	9
HIT DICE:	5 (45 hp)
ATTACKS:	4 fists/2 feet
DAMAGE:	1d2 × 6
SAVE:	C5
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	1
XP:	50

This poor, childless servant of the petty goddesses of fertility has taken it upon herself to become caretaker to all minions everywhere. Her behavior is totally predictable and on any encounter she can be guaranteed to take one of the following actions (1d6):

1. Show up at your lair just as you are walking out the door to go minioning.
2. Remark on your weight and continuously offer you extra iron rations until you can't possibly eat any more. And after she has left, you will be sure to find extra "fresh" iron rations in your backpack.
3. Comment on your choice of armor, "You're really going to go out wearing that?"
4. After scoping out your horde, remark that you don't have seem to have a "partner" and comment, "When are you going to settle down and give me some grandminions?"
5. Remind you how successful all her other minions' campaigns are.
6. All of the above.

Her presence of motherly love acts as either *cure light wounds* or *cure serious wounds* spells as needed. And if she should perceive that one of her minions is threatened she will go berserk to defend it in a whirlwind of flying fists and kicks, always winning initiative.

RELATED ENTRIES: **M)** *all;* **S)** *Motherly Love.*

Mouthless Tongue

SERVES: *Tonya, Petty Goddess of Children's Teeth*

Matthew W. Schmeer
Andrew Walter

NO. ENC.:	1d2 (up to 1,000+ in lairs)
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	15' (5')
ARMOR CLASS:	9
HIT DICE:	1 (5 hp each)
ATTACKS:	None
DAMAGE:	None
SAVE:	F1
MORALE:	5
HOARD CLASS:	XIII, child's tooth
XP:	5

Mouthless tongues are the devoted minions of Tonya, petty goddess of children's teeth, and they are tasked with retrieving teeth from, and delivering payment to, the undersides of children's pillows.

Mouthless tongues are 3-to-4-inch long sentient tongues which resemble fleshy pink slugs. They worm their way across the ground in a manner mechanically similar to inch worm locomotion. They are eyeless and mouthless, absorbing nutrients from their environment to survive.

Each mouthless tongue has a small fleshy pocket on the underside of its "foot" which is used to carry small coins or children's teeth. Roll 1d6 to determine what the mouthless tongue is carrying:

1. Nothing
2. Child's molar
3. 1-3 cp
4. Child's canine tooth
5. 4-5 cp
6. Child's incisor

20% of mouthless tongues have the ability to *teleport* themselves (and only themselves) to their lair when distressed. They will leave their burden behind. If it was a tooth that was abandoned, then the mouthless tongue will be psionically destroyed by Tonya (as children's teeth are more precious than coins to Her Pettiness) and Tonya will seek out the fool who made her minion drop its load.

Mouthless tongues prefer damp lairs along continually running creeks and streams. Lairs can hold up to 1,000 individuals. They reproduce asexually in swarming masses of 50 or more during warmer months.

If a PC encounters more than 10 mouthless tongues at once (especially if they are in the act of reproduction), the PC must make a save vs. insanity* based on their Constitution. Failure means the PC is violently, nauseously ill and suffers a –3 penalty to any and all rolls for 1d4 rounds.

Rumor has it that Mouthless Tongues originated from Tonya herself. Some even go as far as to say the Mother Tongue was Tonya & Ywehbobbobhewy's bastard child.

* *See* UNDERWORLD LORE *#1, p.14.*

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Tonya, Ywehbobbobhewy.*

Murmuroth

SERVES: *Any*

Erik Jensen
Arthur Rackham

NO. ENC.:	1
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	Nil/minimal
ARMOR CLASS:	–4
HIT DICE:	1 (6 hp)
ATTACKS:	Special (influence, pain)
DAMAGE:	Special (see below)
SAVE:	M7
MORALE:	9
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	Nil

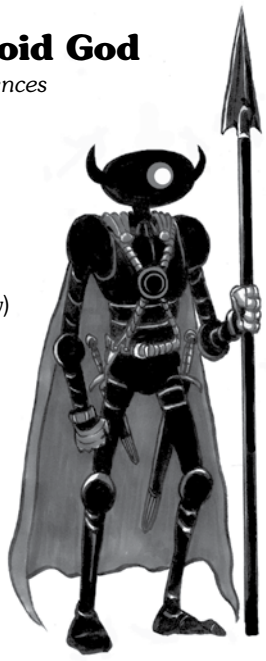
The murmuroth, also known to some demonologists as the men of Keroo, are tiny extraplanar agitators who often take contract work from deities who wish to test, motivate, or torture one of their followers. Manifesting on the Material Plane as an insect-sized imp, typically reddish-brown in color, the murmuroth crawls deep into the ear canal of the target, where it whispers while the target sleeps—and sometimes when it is awake. Murmuroths can speak the language of any creature once they have infested it. The presence of the micro-imp is not typically felt by the infested creature unless it lashes out, clawing at the eardrum to inflict substantial pain (save vs. petrification or stunned). Most attempts to remove the murmuroth anger it, and drive the imp further into the ear; however, if flushed out by a *remove curse* or similar, the little impling is easy enough to dispatch, if it can be caught. Murmuroths do not carry treasure, but if trapped, a murmuroth may bargain for its life by offering secrets it learned during a previous infestation.

Myrmidon of Paranoid God

SERVES: *Evolved machine intelligences*

John Everett Till
Jason Sholtis (myrmidon)
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr (machine intelligence)

NO. ENC.:	1d6
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful (see below)
MOVEMENT:	180' (60')
ARMOR CLASS:	6
HIT DICE:	4 (16 hp)
ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE:	1d6 (spear), 1d8 (long sword), or *charm*
SAVE:	F4
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	VI
XP:	245



The myrmidons of paranoid gods are cyclopean android-demon servitors of evolved machine intelligences. These intelligences are always petty (in every sense of the word) gods, are invariably paranoid, and all too often entirely mad. Hundreds of myrmidons serve an individual machine god, tending its underground complex and the great machines there. They patrol the labyrinthine corridors of their god's subterranean complex for intruders (whether from the surface world, enemy complexes, or other planes), for servitors belonging to rival factions within the complex, and for defectives (i.e., traitorous servitors) who mean the complex harm.

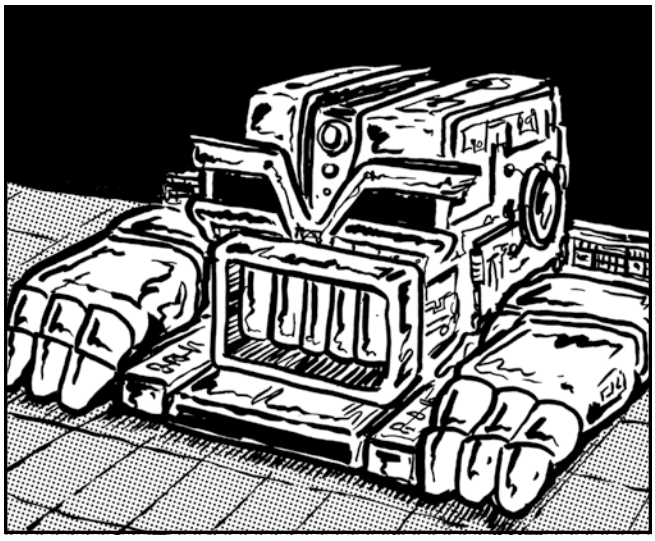
Myrmidons have the ability to *charm* intelligent intruders through a spell-like psychic ability that hacks the minds of both living beings and servitor-class artificial intelligences. They also have a spell-like *mind blank* ability with which they may guard their thoughts from any entity other than their machine god. The Myrmidons' single, blindingly bright eye is capable of projecting an *arcane eye* ability, vastly extending their visual range.

Scholars often seek to summon a myrmidon in order to gain its assistance in repairing or discerning the function of an ancient technological device or machine. Myrmidons are naturally curious about such devices. Whenever a myrmidon is summoned, the caster should roll 1d6: on a 1-3, the myrmidon is lawful; on a 4-5, the myrmidon is chaotic and belongs to one of the cult-like servitor factions in their complex; on a 6, the myrmidon is also chaotic, but is a defective, rabid individualist.

A lawful myrmidon is likely to examine such items straightaway, and offer helpful advice and assistance to the summoner. Chaotic myrmidons from one of a complex's fractious sects will attempt to strike a bargain with the summoner, trading their technical assistance for some advantage favoring their faction. Those myrmidons who have been designated by the machine god as a defective or traitor will seek to attack the summoner and take such devices for their personal use.

Myrmidons have little interest in treasure, but often carry small technological devices such as Eyes (see the ***Divine Items*** section), unusual tools, gems, data crystals, or small metallic discs. The latter are valued as rare coins in some realms. A myrmidon's black metallic carapace can be harvested for armor, while their single eye can be refashioned into an arcane lantern. A handful of alchemists and sorcerers have also discovered that the myrmidon's black fluid sap (the only thing inside their carapace) can be programmed to hold spells, much like conventional potions.

RELATED ENTRIES: **M)** *Pyz 2000;* **D)** *Eyes.*



NIPLETETH

Nipleteth

SERVES: *Curdle, the Petty God of Blind Milk Maids*
TITLES: *Nipleteth the Wise, Head Priestess of Curdle, the Petty God of Blind Milk Maids*

Matthew W. Schmeer
Matthew Adams

CLASS:	Cleric
LEVEL:	15th
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	30' (10')
ARMOR CLASS:	0
HIT POINTS:	42
ATTACKS:	2 (1 whipfire + special)
DAMAGE:	1d6 + 2d6 fire damage/special
SAVE:	C15
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	14100 cp, 1480 sp, 147 ep, 1197 gp, 42 pp (only 50 sp on person)
ATTRIBUTES:	S:10 I:17 W:16 D:10 C:9 Ch:16
XP:	3,300

SPELLBOOK: 1st: *cure light wounds, detect evil, detect magic, light, protection from evil, purify food and drink, remove fear*; 2nd: *bless, find traps, hold person, silence 15' radius, snake charm, speak with animal*; 3rd: *continual light, cure disease, dispel magic, remove curse, striking*; 4th: *cure serious wounds, detect lie, protection from evil 10' radius, neutralize poison*; 5th: *cure critical wounds, dispel evil, flame strike, quest*; 6th: *heal, find the path, part water*; 7th: *restoration*.

The twelve-year-old daughter of poor herders in the village of Fensdown, Ionika Gurp was destined for a life of calf birthing and shit shoveling until one evening when she was caught far from home without food or drink and bedded down for the night in thistle near the edge of the forest.

Cold and shivering, suffering from hunger after a hard day driving dwarf aurochs in the meadows, she was gifted with a visitation by Curdle, petty goddess of blind milk maids. Ionika managed to successfully sup from the inky black milk from Cowie's teats without being driven mad. Astonished that her hunger disappeared and her strength was renewed, Ionika realized she was in the presence of the divine and, being a simple girl raised by superstitious parents, plucked her eyes out in fear for having dared glimpse a godling.

Moved by Ionika's act of self-mutilation, Curdle made Ionika a novitiate in the Order of Amelkin, which is dedicated to Curdle's worship. There, she was trained in the arts of animal husbandry, cheese-making, whipfire-wielding, and the deadly Kirkadian throttling technique. Ionika quickly progressed through the order's ranks to become one of Curdle's most devoted worshippers, although her natural beauty was often seen as a stain on her piety by other members of the order. Within twenty years, she was chosen by Curdle to become the new head of the order, the first head priestess so chosen by Curdle herself since the unfortunate demise of her previous chosen one, Tetskuize the Demoralizer, at the hands of the mad wizard Wälläkatüntün several centuries before.

Ascending to head priestess, Ionika followed tradition and took a new name, becoming known as Nipleteth. She later became known as Nipleteth the Wise due to her business acumen; under her direction, the order's cheese-making facilities were greatly expanded, and their milkmaid's Stool Goat Cheese became a favorite at nobles' homes throughout the realm, lining the Order's coffers for years to come. Now in her early forties, she is regarded as one of the finest leaders the Order of Amelkin has ever known.

This success has not come without a price. Every year during the Dark Moon Festival, Nipleteth is required to make a blood sacrifice to Curdle and Cowie to ensure the flowing of the milk. This sacrifice must be of a male virgin who she beds and kills at the moment of climax. At all other times of the year she must remain chaste.

Once becoming the head priestess, Nipleteth was granted the power of *true sight* at will.

She wears *banded mail +3* beneath her simple hooded robe. She attacks with *whipfire* (the black-inky "milk" extruded by Cowie), which does 1d6 normal damage plus 2d6 fire damage. She can additionally attack with the *Kirkadian throttle*, a telekinetic chokehold that visibly collapses the victim's throat and rips off their eyelids. Targets of the *Kirkadian throttle* can avoid these effects with a successful Dexterity check.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Curdle;* **M)** *Tetskuize*, *Wälläkatüntün*.

OKKIN • OUSTER APE

Okkin

SERVES: *Corotus Thallian*
TITLES: *Okkin the Winged Monkey*

Paul Brinkmann
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

NO. ENC.:	1 (unique)
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
FLY:	180' (60')
ARMOR CLASS:	5
HIT DICE:	8 (47 hp)
ATTACKS:	1 (pummel or weapon)
DAMAGE:	1d8 or by weapon
SAVE:	D8
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	IV, IX*
XP:	400

Okkin, except as noted above, should be treated as a particularly intelligent winged monkey (see p.272). Like his brethren, he does not speak, but understands both human and goblin speech. He is the loyal servant of Corotus Thallian, and leads his winged monkeys in battle, of which he may summon 10-100 per day.

Okkin is rarely found without his accursed *+1 short sword*, *Moro*. Any hit on a man-sized or smaller opponent that does maximum damage severs a limb (determine randomly). Limbs severed in this manner will regrow, replaced by a limb from some other type of animal in 1-4 days. Rumors that *Moro* is actually smarter than Okkin are probably not true, but he can often be heard arguing with it.

* Should Okkin have potions on him, they will be *polymorph potions* similar in effect to those of his master (see p.31).

RELATED ENTRIES:
G) *Corotus Thallian*;
M) *Winged Monkey*.

Ouster Ape (Jungle Cyclops)

SERVES: *Petty gods located in sub-tropical environments*

Christopher Stogdill
Jason Sholtis

NO. ENC.:	1d4+1
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	5
HIT DICE:	5
ATTACKS:	3 (bum rush/claw/claw)
DAMAGE:	1d6/1d4/1d4
SAVE:	F4
MORALE:	10 (6)
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	120

Ouster apes serve as protectors for petty gods located in a sub-tropical environment. These large creatures are distinguishable from other apes by their shaggy, almost mangy, unkempt fur and their prominent large single eye. The older an ouster ape is, the more mangy their appearance; this is due to the massive amounts of scar tissue that build up over time as the creatures carry out their role as protectors of areas sacred to their patron.

These creatures are quite fearless and their primary means of attack is an unnaturally swift bum-rush charge intended to knock intruders down and away. If a foe is knocked back sufficiently (and too far for the ape to make a melee attack), the ape will charge again; if a foe is knocked down and within reach, the ape will begin to wale on the unlucky opponent. Unlike other primates, the ouster ape does not engage in rock throwing, preferring to dissuade intruders through a show of physical force.

A full troupe of these creatures is a force to be reckoned with as they are vigilant guardians and will rarely back down unless there is only a solitary ape remaining. There is no documented case of a jungle cyclops being sighted alone.

PETTY IMP • POLISUS • POX KNIGHT • PUDDLEGEIST • PYZ 2000

Petty Imp

SERVES: *Any chaotic petty god*

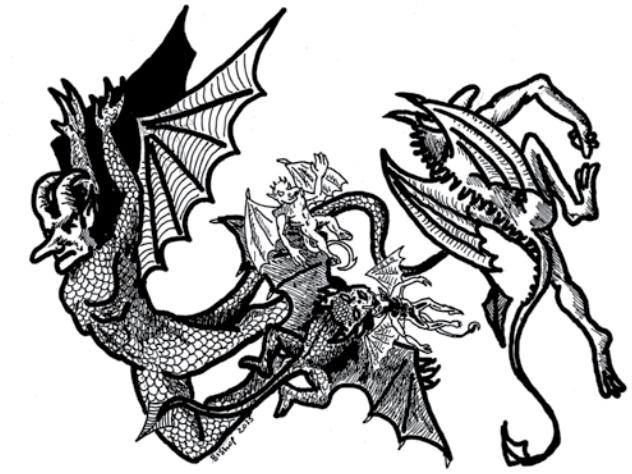
James Mishler
Daniel J. Bishop

NO. ENC.:	1d12
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
FLY:	180' (60')
ARMOR CLASS:	7 [+1]
HIT DICE:	1 hp
ATTACKS:	3 (claw/claw/bite) or 1 (special)
DAMAGE:	1 pt./1 pt./1d3 or special
SAVE:	F4
MORALE:	6
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	9

Petty imps are the servants of chaotic petty gods; few other beings will allow them to serve. They are counted amongst the least of the demons and devilkin, with most other creatures of such ilk considering them to be barely a proper demon species at all, more along the lines of demonic vermin. They take on the appearance of tiny (6"-to-2' tall) demons with claws, fangs, horns, tails, and wings, emaciated or obese, all of hideous countenance, and in all colors of the rainbow (often quite bright, obscenely so).

Petty imps have the least, most petty powers imaginable. They are immune to all non-magical weapons, but even a single hit will cause them to burst in a blotch of colorful ichor. They each possess one single random 1st level spell of clerical, magical, or illusionary sort, which they can use once per day (spells are always of the maleficent or reversed form, if applicable); this spell they can cast as a 4th level caster. Although they only have 1 hp, they attack as 4 HD monsters and save as 4th level fighters. Finally, they can use all thief abilities as though they were thieves of 4th level.

Their chaotic masters often summon a mass of these creatures to swarm opponents, steal wands and other loose devices and weapons, or to cause random mischief and mayhem.



Polisus

SERVES: *Petty gods of the butcher or hearth*
TITLES: *Polisus of the Larder*

Vance Atkins
Joel Priddy

NO. ENC.:	(1d2)
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	60' (20')
ARMOR CLASS:	7
HIT DICE:	3+1
ATTACKS:	2 (bite/hook)
DAMAGE:	1d4+1/1d4
SAVE:	F4
MORALE:	9
HOARD CLASS:	IV, 1d8 gp equiv.
XP:	65

Minion to those gods of the butcher or hearth, and those who prepare for lean times, the polisus serves as a guardian for those who have prepared well, and made the correct offerings. The polisus is typically encountered as a hog carcass (more rarely beef or goat). An animate nightmare of butcher's cuts, its limbs and body randomly re-joined, it arises, biting and swinging a stevedore's hook to fend off those who would steal or despoil a well-stocked larder or cellar laid up for the winter.

Pox Knight

SERVES: *Ogrimox, the petty god of purulent skin conditions*

Eric Potter
Jason Sholtis

NO. ENC.:	1d6
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	7
HIT DICE:	2
ATTACKS:	3 (weapon/ touch/breath)
DAMAGE:	1d10/ special/special
SAVE:	F2
MORALE:	6
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	45

These unfortunate souls are devout defenders of Ogrimox, the petty god of purulent skin conditions. "Blessed" by his loving touch, these fierce warriors have shed their protective plate mail, relying only upon the thick hide of boils and pustules now covering their entire bodies.

The pox knight's main intent is to spread the dominion of his god, and in melee will use his toxic foul breath (save vs. breath)

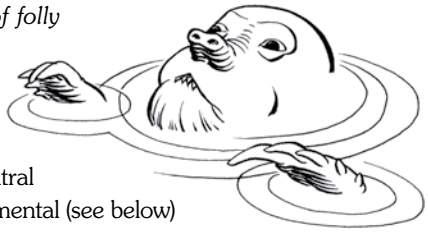
to render his opponent unconscious and attempt to get close enough to touch his foe with his numerous infectious boils.

Once his secreted pus makes contact with skin (save vs. poison) the contagion will spread, the first sores erupting within 1 day, with full skin coverage following within 6 months, resulting in a permanent Charisma score reduction to 3.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Ogrimox*.

Puddlegeist

SERVES: *Petty gods of folly*



✎ Eric Potter
✆ *Joel Priddy*

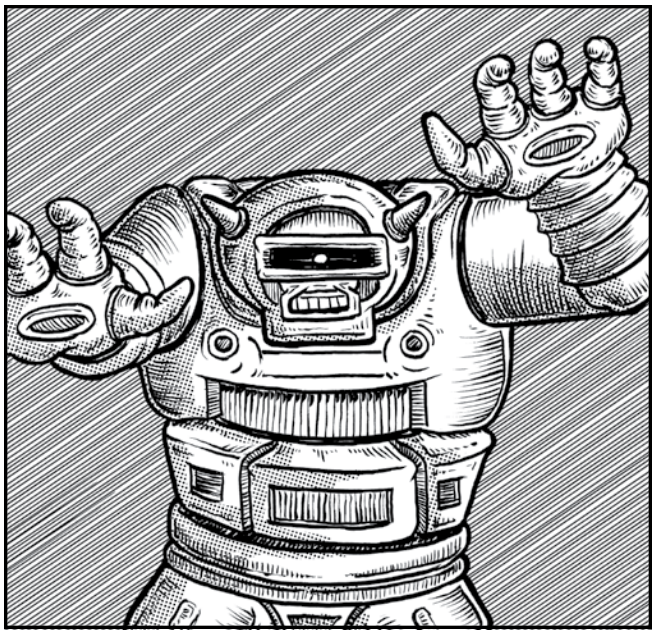
NO. ENC.:	1
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	Elemental (see below)
ARMOR CLASS:	4
HIT DICE:	1
ATTACKS:	1 (grab)
DAMAGE:	1d3 (from falling)
SAVE:	F1
MORALE:	6
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	10

Minions of the petty gods of folly, these pesky elemental tricksters get a real kick watching adventurers fall on their asses. Puddlegeists wait patiently for unsuspecting passers-by, then as they are being stepped over, reach up and grab at ankles or feet.

They can move quickly using rapid evaporation and condensation in two rounds to relocate themselves to safety if discovered.

If a puddlegeist can get a good pratfall out of at least 2 or 3 members of an adventuring party, it will endeavor to haunt the group, pulling its annoying prank by constantly placing itself at the feet of the party and attempting to lure someone to cross over one last time. If the party has caught on, the puddlegeist will eventually become bored and move on (2-3 days) to find more fun elsewhere.

But if the party is good humored about the whole thing, the puddlegeist may become endeared to it and occasionally lend aid by placing itself as a trap between the party and approaching monsters.



Pyz 2000

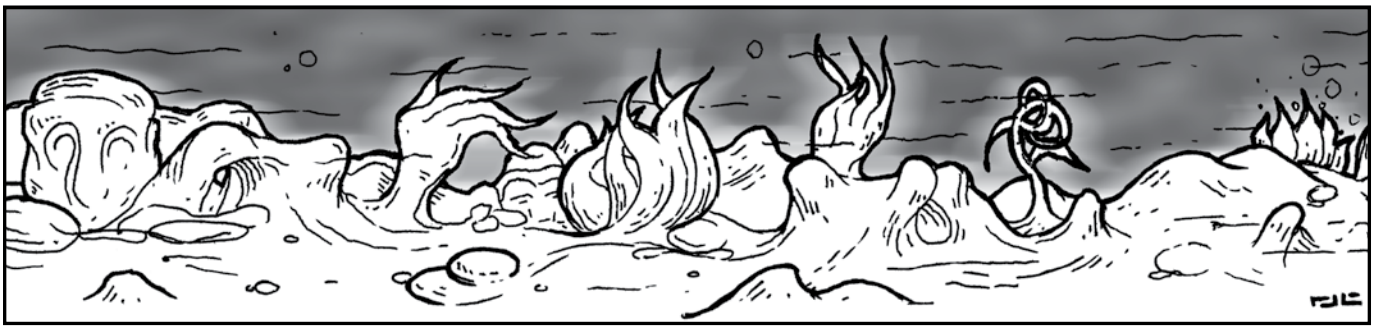
SERVES: *Evolved machine intelligences*
(only loyal 1% of the time; has 99% chance to "go rogue")

✎ Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.
✆ *Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.*

NO. ENC.:	1 (unique)
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	3
HIT DICE:	4 (21 hp)
ATTACKS:	2 (fists or palm lasers)
DAMAGE:	2d8/2d8 or 3d8/3d8
SAVE:	F2
MORALE:	2d6 (roll for each encounter)
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	80

Pyz 2000 wuz first attempt at myrmidon of paranoid god. Pyz wuz myrmidon of future. Pyz now myrmidon of past. Pyz brain not werk so good. Pyz sometime forget what Pyz doing. Pyz sometime werk for big smart machine. Sometime not. Pyz smash with fists if angry or fighting. Sometimes red lights come out of hands of Pyz and burn things.

RELATED ENTRIES: **M)** *Myrmidon of Paranoid God*.



✆ Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

SANDMAN • SCHMETTERLINGE • SCRAPPERS • SEPULTURAL WYRM • SERVANT OF MOSHT AL BLOPP • SHADOW CREATURE • SHADOW SNAKE • SIR DARANEOLUS • SIR GROLT • SIR JEAN-QUE HEUREQUEQUE • SIR ZOHAN • SKELETAL SERVITOR • SPACE HORNETS • SYBEVMRY & CREQVG'N • SYLA

Sandman

SERVES: *Hlinjassa*

Simon Forster
Jim Magnusson

CLASS:	Cleric
LEVEL:	9th
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	7
HIT POINTS:	35 (9d6 HD)
ATTACKS:	1 (morning star)
DAMAGE:	1d10
SAVE:	C9
MORALE:	9
HOARD CLASS:	14,100cp, 1,480sp, 147ep, 1,197gp, 42pp (only 50sp on person)
ATTRIBUTES:	S:10 I:17 W:16 D:10 C:9 Ch:16
XP:	2,400

SPELLS: As cleric; substitute *turn undead* for the ability to *commune* once per week.

The Sandman is a priest who wanders the land, sending unbelievers to sleep so that they can meet his deity face-to-face and understand the blessed dreams that Hlinjassa can grant his followers. The Sandman wields a *morning star of sleep*—a +1 weapon that sends anyone it wounds to *sleep* (as the spell) on a failed save vs. spell.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Hlinjassa*.

Schmetterlinge

SERVES: *Lawful woodland deities/creatures*

Eric Potter
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

NO. ENC.:	10d100
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	60' (20') flying
ARMOR CLASS:	9
HIT DICE:	2
ATTACKS:	Special
DAMAGE:	Special
SAVE:	M2
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	38

Inhabitants of the oldest growth forests, sightings of schmetterlinge are are extremely rare as these insects normally travel singly, each seeking out the liquid nectars of the rare flowers in these deep darkened woods. However, schmetterlinge can be called upon by protective lawful wood nymphs to aid overpowered lawful creatures, especially the innocent, from the malicious entities of these mystical places.

Once called upon, several schmetterlinge will drape their opened wings over the eyes and ears of their charge, allowing the full kaleidoscope to attack with *wing flutter*. The spinning colors and shapes will *entrance* their victim unless a save vs. spell is successful. If failed, the victim immediately ceases melee and will remain motionless and defenseless, lost in the swirling visual abyss. As *wing flutter* crescendoes, the beating of the wings becomes a ceaseless thunderous drum, pounding all unprotected ears for 1d4 points of permanent hearing damage (all creatures, including thieves, lose Hear Noise ability) and forcing the victim to flee the area.

RELATED ENTRIES: **S)** *Wing Flutter.*

Scrapper

SERVES: *Detriax, petty goddess of space junk and derelict hope*

Jay Mac Bride
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

	Scrap-bot	**Scrap-man**
NO. ENC.:	2d6 (10d6)	1d6 (4d6)
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	180' (60')	180' (60')
ARMOR CLASS:	3	5 (as chain)
HIT DICE:	1-4 hp	1+1
ATTACKS:	2 or 3 (see below; at –1 "to hit")	1-3 (see below)
DAMAGE:	1d6 or by limb tool/weapon	1d6/per limb or by limb tool/weapon
SAVE:	NM	F1
MORALE:	12 (never fails)	9
HOARD CLASS:	None	None
XP:	6	15

Detriax, the petty goddess of space junk, is served by two types of scrappers—junk robots hastily-birthed from her scrapyards, and enslaved organic minions which have been "enhanced" with additional scrap parts.

SCRAP-BOTS: These constructed robotic minions are rarely more than a meter tall, but usually appear in great numbers. They appear in a variety of shapes and functions, from spiderlings with two of their appendages being tools/weapons (see table below), to twisted goblin-esque/humanoid forms. They belch all manner of electronic blurps and bleeps as they peel apart lost ships and space stations with cruel efficiency, using a panoply of gruesome tools attached to their forelimbs. Scrapbots are immune to *sleep*, *charm* and *hold* spells, *cold* attacks will slow them to half-movement, and electrical attacks will do double damage. Robotic minions are programmed to be her slaves (never fail morale checks) and are given just one extra limb (from the table below).

SCRAP-MEN: These enslaved organic minions (i.e., humanoids,) have two limbs (per table below) added to their shoulders, above their natural ones. They will also have tactical infrared sensors (providing infravision to 180') and a battery pack installed. Unlike scrap-bots, scrap men are susceptible to *sleep*, *charm* and *hold* spells, but make saves against such effects with a +1 bonus. Scrap-men take normal damage from cold attacks. If struck by an electrical attack, a scrap-man must save vs. paralysis or lose the use of its limb tool/weapon (due to a short in its battery pack). In every group of 20 scrap-men, one individual will have a third limb protruding from its chest.

Scrapper Limb Tool/Weapon (Roll 1d20)

1 **Saw:** buzz or chain; 1d8 damage

2 **Hydraulic Spike:** goes 6" deep; does 1d8 damage

3 **Electromagnet:** damages unshielded computer systems or captures metal within 10' range (reluctant creatures in metal get save vs. breath)

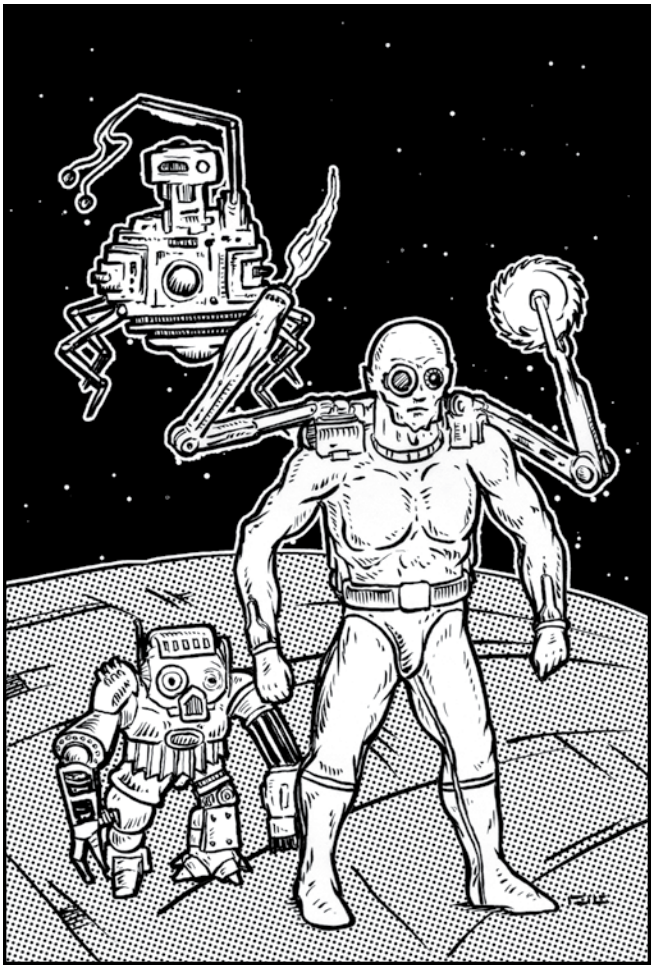
4 **Gas Grenade:** all in 10' radius of blast must save vs. breath or sleep 1d6+1 rounds

5 **Laser Torch:** for close-up use; 3' maximum range as weapon doing 2d6 damage

6 **Bio-syringe:** may be used as sedative (save vs. poison or sleep 1d6+1 rounds) or poison (save vs. posion or take 2d6 damage)

7 **Pincer Claw:** 1d4+1 damage

8 **Spiked Masher:** 1d6+1 damage



9 **Sonic Grenade:** renders all hearing targets in 30' radius of blast incapacitated for 1d4 rounds (on failed save vs. breath)

10 **Harpoon Gun:** attached to 150' line; 1d6 damage plus "capture" (on successful "to hit" roll); 1 shot only; requires 1d4+1 rounds to reload.

11 **Corkscrew Drill:** 1d8+1 damage

12 **Ionizing Fork;** 3d6 damage plus overloads electrical systems or stuns (on failed save vs. paralysis) for 1d6 rounds; requires touch; 1 shot only

13 **"Human-like" Hand:** 1d8 damage; may opt for permanent grasp on a natural "to hit" roll of 20

14 **Bolo Cable:** fires unattached cable; immobilizes target (by binding the target) on successful "to hit" roll; 1 shot only; takes 2d4 rounds to "reload"

15 **Corrosive Acid:** 3d6 damage; 1 shot; 30' range

16 **Liquid Nitrogen Capsule:** 1 use only; freezes target on impact (on successful "to hit" roll); victim takes 5d6 cold damage unless thawed in med pod (no saving throw)

17 **Carbon Filament-tipped Can Opener:** 2d6+2 damage; opens human-sized doorway in 2d6+2 rounds

18 **Morning star mace:** 2d6 damage

19 **Meat hook:** 1d6 damage

20 **Flamethrower:** 2d6+2 damage; 15' range

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Detriax;* **M)** *Space Hornets*.

Sepultural Wyrm

SERVES: *Death gods and war demons*

E.T. Smith
Utagawa Kuniyoshi

NO. ENC.:	1d4
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
BURROW:	60' (20')
ARMOR CLASS:	6
HIT DICE:	6
ATTACKS:	1 (bite or breath)
DAMAGE:	2d4 or special
SAVE:	F6
MORALE:	9
HOARD CLASS:	XXI
XP:	820

Giant pale snakes found creeping in the wake of death gods and war demons, sepultural wyrms are cross-dimensional burrowing predators who feed on the despair of warriors fallen in battle. They particularly relish the anguish of defeated heroes.

Sepultural wyrms avoid direct combat whenever possible, preferring to hunt the aftermath of battlefields, preying on the dy-

ing by burrowing beneath them and drawing them down into the earth. If confronted they will attempt to flee underground. If prevented from escaping, they will try to drive off their foe, first by biting, then by employing their breath weapon. Occasionally sepultural wyrms will be controlled by greater beings, directed to ambush targets from hiding.

Three times per day, wyrms can vomit 3d6 skeletons (actually the ectoplasmic remains of previously digested meals). These skeletons attack as normal, and will dissolve completely when defeated, leaving no remains or treasure.

Additionally, each wyrm holds 1d3 captive spirits of warriors still being digested (a process that takes decades) which they can spit forth in ectoplasmic form at will to serve them. Each spirit is a fighter of a class level between 4-9 (1d6+3). Each spirit should be generated as a full NPC, including gear and possible magic items, but one with all general Undead abilities and vulnerabilities. If defeated, these spirits and their items dissipate into the aether. The actual items can be found in the sepultural wyrm's lair along with its own treasure.

Servant of Mosht Al Blopp

SERVES: *Mosht Al Blopp*

Charles Turnitsa
Claytonian J.P.

NO. ENC.:	1d4 per round for 1d4 rounds
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
ARMOR CLASS:	2
HIT DICE:	3
ATTACKS:	1 (bite)
DAMAGE:	1d6+1
SAVE:	F3
MORALE:	6
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	85

The servants of Mosht Al Blopp appear as large (6 feet across) turtles, with glowing red eyes full of spiteful hate for the despoilers of fetid pools. They are covered in a thick slimy coating of pond muck. They have unnaturally sharp claws that allow them to scramble across the muck of Mosht Al Blopp at full speed. They have incredibly thick shells that make their Armor Class (when combined with the pond muck) very difficult to overcome.

Should the unthinkable occur and Mosht Al Blopp be slain while in our world, then the pool in which he appears (or a newly formed puddle of muck and slime) will contain the contents of treasure Hoard XVII (within the muck). Digging it out, however, will subject those seeking the ill-gotten gains to a chance of contracting a disease (25%). For a period of 1d12 weeks, the disease will subtract 1 point per week from the character's Strength, Dexterity and Constitution scores. Should any of those reach 0, then the afflicted perishes. The recovery takes just as long (1 point recovered per week) after the disease runs its course.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Mosht Al Blopp.*

Shadow Creature

SERVES: *Cult of the White Shadow, Shadow Wyrm, The Lady of the Air*

Charles Turnitsa
Glynn Seal

NO. ENC.:	As summoned or created
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	60' (20')
ARMOR CLASS:	6 (see below)
HIT DICE:	4
ATTACKS:	2 claws
DAMAGE:	1d6+2/1d6+2
SAVE:	F4
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	190

Shadow creatures are semi-ethereal* beings originating from the Shadow Dimensions; otherwise, they are similar to undead or elementals which are summoned and commanded.

Shadow creatures are nearly invisible, bear only the merest ripples in the reality of the Material Plane, and appear to the unaided eye as a blur. Magical sight and ultravision allow a shadow creature to be clearly viewed, but infravision does not. Anyone attacking a shadow creature without magical sight or ultravision suffers a –4 penalty "to hit" (the blur provides just enough knowledge of the creature's position to allow an unaided combatant to know where to attack).

Since a shadow creature is not completely of the Material Plane and exists partly on other planes of existence**, it can often slip through narrow openings. While these openings need only be 1" wide (minimum), because a shadow creature is roughly man-sized (approximately 5'-6" tall) and cannot double over, the opening must be similarly long. For example, a shadow creature could easily slide through portcullis bars or through a door which is slightly ajar, but it could not fit between a door and its doorjamb (not wide enough) nor through a cracked window (not long enough).

Because shadow creatures are semi-solid, they take only half damage from non-magical weapons. Additionally, any damage taken from non-magical weapons regenerates at the rate of 2 hp per round. The only way to permanently kill a shadow creature is with the use of a magical weapon.

Shadow creatures are immune to all fire, cold, and electrical attacks (magical or non-magical), as well as psionics. Since they do not need to breathe, they are not affected by gas attacks.

Once every 3 rounds, during combat only, a shadow creature may summon 1d6 shadow snakes. This action requires only the minimum of thought of a shadow creature, so the shadow creature may still take another action during the round.

** Their core is solid (at least from the perspective of the Prime Material Plane), though it is shifty and elusive.*

*** How the shadow dimensions differ from the Ethereal or Astral Planes is difficult to explain, and the relationship between the Shadow Dimensions and Lower (Infernal) Planes is equally*

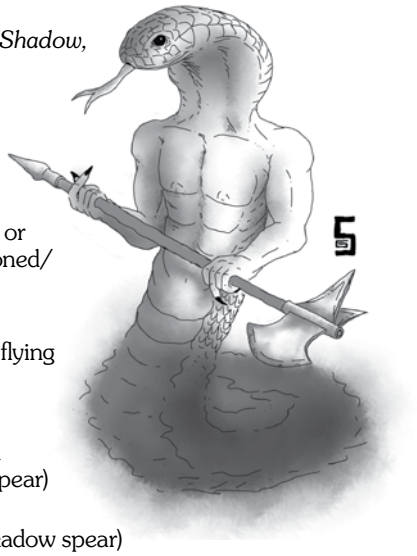
difficult, and even the scholar archivists of Parn Tandalorn find it beyond simple explanation.

RELATED ENTRIES: **M)** *Shadow Snake*; **C)** *Cult of the White Shadow;* **D)** *Earnish-Amantic, Food of the Shadow;* **S)** *Create Shadow Creature, Summon Shadow Creature.*

Shadow Snake

SERVES: *Cult of the White Shadow, Shadow Wyrm, The Lady of the Air*

Charles Turnitsa
Glynn Seal



NO. ENC.:	2d6 (4d6) or as summoned/ created
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40') flying
ARMOR CLASS:	6
HIT DICE:	2
ATTACKS:	1 weapon (shadow spear) or bite
DAMAGE:	1d6+2 (shadow spear) or 1d8 + special (bite)
SAVE:	F3
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	29

From the mad and gibbering descriptions uttered by the occasional deranged Cultists of the White Shadow which have been captured alive, it is apparent that the infernal shadow beings that the Cult is trying to summon to this world—the otherworldly and horrid shadow wyrms—have imitative lesser beings upon which the cultists rely for magical purposes. These lesser beings are the shadow snakes.

Shadow snakes rarely appear in the Material Plane. Some say they arrive spontaneously, caused by the prolonged interaction of the material world with magic from the shadow dimensions. The process itself exists only as rumor, and is not completely understood. It does, however, offer up an explanation (albeit unlikely) for the presence of shadow snakes in the world of adventurers.

Shadow snakes appear similar to the vast and horrific shadow wyrms, though lesser in ability and size. Shadow snakes appear as an approximately human-sized 'man-wyrm' with a a serpentine lower body, a humanoid torso, and a cobra-hooded head with hollow black eyes. While in the Material Plane, a shadow snake appears to be (and is) quite solid from the waist up, while its serpentine lower body fades to cloudy wisps of shadow.

Shadow snakes are semi-invisible at all times (and to all modes of sight, unless in their home shadow dimension). Those who rely on sight in combat are at a –4 "to hit" when attacking shadow snakes.

In combat, a shadow snake will use its *shadow spear* or its bite. If the shadow spear strikes in the dark, it will automatically do double damage (no saving throw). If the shadow snake attacks with its bite, the victim must save vs. poison or become allergic to light for 24 hours. During this period, any light source brighter than a dim candle, small torch, or lantern will result in painful burns (1d6 damage) for each round the victim remains exposed to the light.

When shadow snakes are encountered as a hunting party (that have come searching for victims to deliver to their masters), they will seek out any intelligent, warm-blooded creature without any preference to gender, race, profession or ability.

A standard party of shadow snakes will consist of 2d6 warriors (as stats above). For every 10 warriors there will be a champion (4 HD, 2 weapon attacks per round). For every 20 warriors, there will be an evil high priest known as a Servant of the Lady of Air (7 HD, fighting/saving/spellcasting as 7th level cleric).

RELATED ENTRIES: **M)** *Shadow Creature*; **C)** *Cult of the White Shadow;* **D)** *Earnish-Amantic;* **S)** *Shadow Clutch, Shadow Hunt.*

Sir Daraneolus

SERVES: *Chel-Kloth, "The Lady of the Dark Lake"*
TITLES: *Sir Daraneolus of the Dark Lake*

David Haraldson
Morris Meredith Williams

CLASS:	Paladin
LEVEL:	16th
ALIGNMENT:	None known to men
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
ARMOR CLASS:	1
HIT POINTS:	89
ATTACKS:	2 (magic sword +4)
DAMAGE:	1d8 +4 or +7 (magic sword) or as other weapon +2
SAVE:	P16
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	XV
ATTRIBUTES:	S:16 I:10 W:14 D:16 C:16 Ch:17
XP:	3,300

While he was still an infant, goblins abducted Daraneolus and offered him as a sacrifice to Chel-Kloth, "The Lady of the Dark Lake." For reasons known only to the petty god, Chel-Kloth spared Daraneolus and, years later, made him "her" paladin and emissary to the surface world.

The knight bears the blessings of the "lady." His skin is so pale as to be almost translucent and his milk-white eyes are sightless. His other senses have been heightened so that he can fight without penalty in complete darkness—he is an excellent judge of space based on the reverberations of sounds (on occasion, he may be heard softly clicking his tongue in the darkness). *Silence* spells will eliminate this compensatory talent (-4 to rolls). In daylight, he fights with a –2 penalty to combat rolls; moreover, direct sunlight causes his skin to burn (2d8 damage/ day). While in the surface world, he wears thick bandages under his heavy plate armor so as to protect him from the sun.

Although Daraneolus is a paladin of Chel-Kloth, he does not suffer the usual penalties for non-lawful behavior—"she" is

more ancient than human understanding of Law and Chaos, so her requirements seem unfathomable to non-initiates. Daraneolus may select spells from the cleric and druid lists but he prefers magic that benefits denizens of the underworld's deepest caverns (insects, arachnids, cave fish, and other troglofauna and stygofauna). Chel-Kloth has also gifted the knight with a *ring of water breathing* and a *sword +2, holy avenger*. This weapon's additional bonuses apply to initiates, priests, clerics, and paladins of the sun and moon gods, rather than chaotic or evil creatures.

Daraneolus hates the sun and moon, blaming them for Chel-Kloth's exile from the surface; he will take any opportunity to confound both these gods and their worshippers, unless doing so actively jeopardizes the task on which he is currently engaged. He has no love for the forces of Chaos but will ally with them, as long as doing so aids the "lady" in pursuit of her goals.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Chel-Kloth*.

Sir Grolt

SERVES: *(No allegiances)*
TITLES: *Sir Grolt of the Iron Tower*
AFFILIATIONS: *Knights of the Hexagram*

David Haraldson
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

CLASS:	Fighter
LEVEL:	15th
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic (believes he is Lawful)
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
ARMOR CLASS:	3
HIT POINTS:	69
ATTACKS:	2 (weapons)
DAMAGE:	By weapon
SAVE:	F15
MORALE:	8
HOARD CLASS:	IV (XXI)
XP:	1,500

Sir Grolt is the self-styled flower of goblin-kind. This great goblin travels with 2d6 goblin men-at-arms, three gaudily-dressed goblin maidens (who follow behind in a rickety carriage, pulled by four dire wolves), and his diminutive and uncouth goblin squire, Hawkbait. Grolt himself is an imposing sight, towering over his entourage in his plate armor, which is always polished and immaculately clean, although his warhorse is a rather tired (and nervous) looking specimen.

Whether Grolt be encountered on the road, near his lair, or with the Knights of the Hexagram, he will challenge all worthy warriors (i.e., anyone dressed in a knightly fashion) to single combat. The knight prefers to fight with his magical war hammer "*Smasher*," which functions as a *war hammer +2/ goblinoid thrower* (as a *dwarf thrower*, the additional bonuses applying against dwarfs, elves, halflings, and lawful/good giants). However, he is also equipped with shield, lance, bastard sword, and dagger (in a sheath hidden under his right arm's plate armor). At the outset of a duel, he will make a great show of observing the proper formalities but his goblinoid nature will, inevitably, get the better of him—there is a cumulative 10% chance per round that he will cheat in some way.

If a party of adventurers attempt to attack Grolt *en masse*, he will remind the lawfully-aligned members that they are bound by knightly codes once he has issued his challenge. Should the party decline his challenge, the entourage will roundly mock the adventurers as they depart.

"Sir" Jean-Que Heurequeque

SERVES: *(No allegiances)*
TITLES: *Sir Jean-Que Heurequeque, Headhunter-at-large*

Eric Potter
Horace J. Knowles

NO. ENC.:	1 (unique)
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	7
HIT DICE:	4 (22 hp)
ATTACKS:	1 (weapon)
DAMAGE:	1d6+2
SAVE:	H4
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	465

This self-proclaimed knight is an outcast, shunned and reviled by his halfling race. His vengeance is boundless and he will seek to right any wrong uttered against any chaotic petty god. Heurequeque works as a lone wolf, using his short stature to hunt his prey with practiced precision. He is cunning and can infiltrate any adventuring party, gain audience with any royal court, befriend any drunken barfly, etc.

Heurequeque has mastered the art of the thief's backstabbing ability, and after they feel the sharp sting of his *short sword of slicing +2*, he will parade his victims' severed heads around his neck as symbols of his devotion.

Sir Zohan

SERVES: *(No allegiances)*
TITLES: *Sir Zohan of the Crimson Banner*

Atte Mustonen
Jim Magnusson

NO. ENC.:	1 (unique)
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	180' (60')
ARMOR CLASS:	0
HIT DICE:	7 (35 hp)
ATTACKS:	3 (2 claws/ 1 great lance)
DAMAGE:	1d8/1d8/1d10
SAVE:	F7
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	440

At first glance Sir Zohan looks like a knight in blood red armor riding a warhorse of great size in horse barding. Observers will soon notice, however, that the horse has the green, scaly, clawed feet of a dragon (instead of hooves) and canine teeth in its mouth. More disturbingly, the rider has fused with with back of the horse and the two are part of the same monster. Sir Zohan—a former jousting champion of a chaotic band of knights—came to his current state by a deity concerned with chivalric conduct; his armor can not be pried from his flesh and he himself can not be separated from his mount.

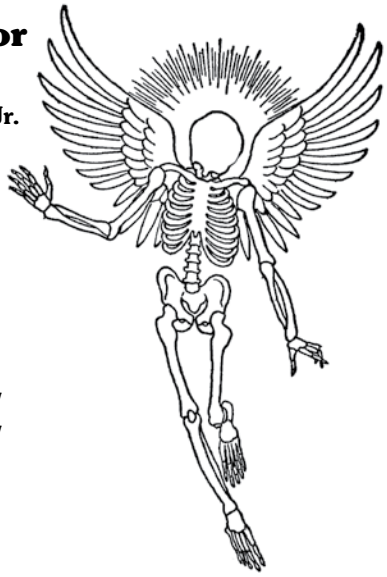
If possible, he will always begin combat with a charge, and his great lance can never be disarmed. He never retreats from battle, and is immune to *fear* (both mundane and magical), and he will leave battle only by the direct order of his superior in the unholy knightly order.

He can only gain sustenance through his mount, and the vile beast eats only the flesh of defeated opponents, driving him to further acts of wanton destruction.

Skeletal Servitor

SERVES: *Varies*

Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.
Claude F. Bragdon



NO. ENC.:	1d6 (3d6)
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	120' (30')
FLY:	180' (60')
ARMOR CLASS:	5
HIT DICE:	2
ATTACKS:	See below
DAMAGE:	See below
SAVE:	F3
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	By type

Like angelic servitors, skeletal servitors vary in ability and alignment, dependent upon the petty god they serve (and not the type of angelic servitor from which the skeletal servitor was animated). Skeletal servitors are created from the corpses of dead angelic servitors through a process known only to the inner circles of the gods; what is known is that an *animate undead* spell alone is not enough to create one.

All skeletal servitors are immune to the affects of *sleep*, *charm*, and *hold* spells. Their semi-divine nature makes them immune to clerical turning.

The following skeletal servitors are only a sampling of the wide variety known to exist.

Dreambringer *(serves sleep and dream-related gods)*: AT: 1 touch ("to hit" roll required; failed save vs. spell results in target falling asleep for 3d6 turns); XP:29; once the target of this spell has been put to sleep, the god served will use the opportunity to visit or control the victim's dreams.

Enflamor *(serves petty gods of flame & fire)*: AT: 1 weapon (flaming sword: 1d8 + 1d6 flame damage); XP:29; immune to heat/flame damage; takes double damage from cold.

Hunter *(serves any; used to track and return fugitives of the gods)*: AT: 1 touch (*teleports* target without error into the presence of the god which the hunter serves); XP:29; flawless tracker.

Messenger *(serves any; used to deliver messages for the gods)*: AT: 1 dagger (1d4); XP:29; once the recipient of the message has been located, the messenger will create an illusory figure of the god served, which will then speak a "prerecorded" message to the recipient.

Negator *(serves protective gods, as well as gods of anti-magic)*: AT: 1 (1d6 or by weapon); XP:29; a negator radiates a sphere of anti-magic 120' in diameter; it is not uncommon for a group of negators to appear in areas of heavy magic use and create large "fields" of anti-magic.

Temple Guardian *(serves only at temple locations)*: AT: 1 weapon (1d8 or by weapon); XP:20.

RELATED ENTRIES: **M)** *Angelic Servitor.*

Space Hornet

SERVES: *Detriax, petty goddess of space junk and derelict hope*

Jay Mac Bride
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

	Worker	**Queen**
NO. ENC.:	2d6 (10d6)	1 (per 'hive')
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	60' (20')	30' (10')
FLY:	150' (50')	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	–5	–3
HIT DICE:	10	16
ATTACKS:	1 ('stinger')	1 ('stinger')
DAMAGE:	1d10 + 1d10 electrical damage	1d8 + 1d8 electrical damage
SAVE:	F5	F8
MORALE:	12 (never fails)	10
HOARD CLASS:	None	None
XP:	1,000	1,500

Space hornets are a species of intelligent robots and minions of Detriax, the petty goddess of space junk and derelict hope. She is known to control "hives" of the garbage-truck-sized space hornets through some sort of parasitic nanobody. The hornets work for a queen who, in turn, is a puppet of Detriax's own incredible greed and avarice. These types of insectoid races seem to suit her ends well, for they often amass armies of workers, and Detriax's terrific ruthlessness of purpose makes her an attractive deity for them.

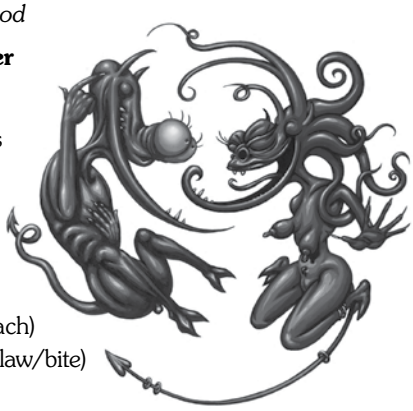
Space hornets build vast hexanest arrays out of whatever space junk (or enemies) they find. Detriax will often enslave one of these nests and use it up (without replenishment) until the supply of hornets expires, leaving the empty husk of the hive to be consumed by Detriax.

Worker space hornets attack with a giant 'stinger' (a huge, spiked appendage on their tail ends) which does 1d10 damage plus 1d10 of electrical damage.

Sybevmry & Creqvg'n

SERVES: *Cowie, companion to Curdle the Petty Goddess of Blind Milk Maids*
AFFILIATIONS: *The Jale God*

Matthew W. Schmeer
Reidar Kjelsen



NO. ENC.:	2 (always as a pair)
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	60' (20')
ARMOR CLASS:	4
HIT DICE:	4+4 (24 hp each)
ATTACKS:	3 (claw/claw/bite) + special
DAMAGE:	1d6+2
SAVE:	F7
MORALE:	7
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	910

Sybevmry & Creqvg'n are quasi-demonic tail lice who inhabit the tangled, burr-filled tail of Cowie, the emaciated calf companion of Curdle, the petty goddess of blind milk maids.

Normally the smallest of all known demonic beings, Sybevmry & Creqvg'n spend their time hitching free rides and generally having a life of ease amongst the strands and follicles of Cowie's unkempt hide. However, during the Dark Moon Festival (held every fourteen years in honor of Ywehbobbobhewy, Lord of Waters, King of Mirrors, Patriarch of the Most Profound) they are granted a boon: they enlarge to the size of small housecats and feed on the blood of the male sacrifices.

If encountered in their normal state, they are nearly undetectable. If a PC encounters Cowie and pets her, there is a 35% chance that Sybevmry & Creqvg'n will infest the PC for 1d8 days unless the PC makes a save vs. poison (disease). The PC will suffer intense itchiness of the crotch and/or armpits and permanently lose 1 hp for each day of infection. There is no cure. After the rolled duration, Sybevmry & Creqvg'n will immediately *teleport* back to Cowie's tail.

If encountered during their enlarged state, they will happily converse with PCs unless they are feeding. They love to gossip and will relay the juiciest of rumors and heresay; there is a 75% chance that what they tell the PCs is true. However, they also enjoy riddles, puns, and in-jokes that only they themselves understand, and thus often interrupt themselves as they descend into bouts of raucous laughter, much to the puzzlement of those they converse with.

If they are feeding at the time of an encounter, they will immediately attack in a *blood rage*. They attack with their steel-like claws and shark-like bites. For each successful attack, the PC must save vs. paralysis; after 4 failed saves, the PC becomes paralyzed for 1d4 days and is also immediately infested with normal tail lice. This paralysis can be cured by magical means, but the lice infestation can only be cured with a thorough, non-magical delousing.

Sybevmry (the male) and Creqvg'n (the female) are the last mating pair of quasi-demonic tail lice and are thus considered an endangered species; any attempt to destroy them via delousing rituals will result in immediate attack by Ywehbobbobhewy or The Jale God.

Unknown to Curdle & Cowie, Sybevmry & Creqvg'n are also (with the Jale God's blessing) spies for Tetskuize the Demoralizer, keeping Her Lichness aware of their movements across the planes.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Curdle, Jale God, Ywehbobbobhewy*; **M)** *Tetskuize*.

Syla

SERVES: *Nox*

Timothy Brannan
Mona Dowie

NO. ENC.:	1 (unique)
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
ARMOR CLASS:	6
HIT DICE:	9d4 (21 hp)
ATTACKS:	1 (dagger or spell)
DAMAGE:	1d4 or by spell
SAVE:	M9
MORALE:	7
HOARD CLASS:	VIII×3, XVIII
XP:	2,400

Nox's current chief minion, voice, and lover is a witch named Syla. Syla will speak for her lover and will be with her most twilights. Syla is a vaguely elven woman, who may be half-elf, half-nymph or a human with elven parentage. She has short platinum-blonde hair and piercing green eyes. She is also a witch (magic-user) of 9th level. Her spells are mostly *charm* and *illusion*, but unlike her mistress she is more than willing to attack those who anger her or Nox.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Nox*; **M)** *Fyre Fae*.

TAARTKIN • TEMPLE HYENA • TETSKUIZE • TITHONOID • TWEE PHILOSOPHERS • TZITZIMINE • TZWINGLEFINGZ

Taartkin

SERVES: *The dark forces of fallen cakes and filched pies*

Vance Atkins
Glynn Seal

NO. ENC.:	(1d2)
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	8
HIT DICE:	1-1
ATTACKS:	1 (thrown pie)
DAMAGE:	1d2
SAVE:	T1
MORALE:	5
HOARD CLASS:	II
XP:	13

Taartkin are skittering, mincing servitors to those dark forces that halflings fear most—those of fallen cakes and filched pies. Prowling in the bushes near the burrow-holds, the Taartkin use foul powers granted by these dark forces to make bread rise unevenly, to cause cakes to fall at critical moments, and to ruin the crusts of pies. Halfling hearth-priests keep a sharp eye out for the glowing eyes of these nocturnal, four-armed lurkers, who swipe baked offerings for submission to their own gods, as they do not bake any goods of their own.

Temple Hyena

SERVES: *Any chaotic deity*

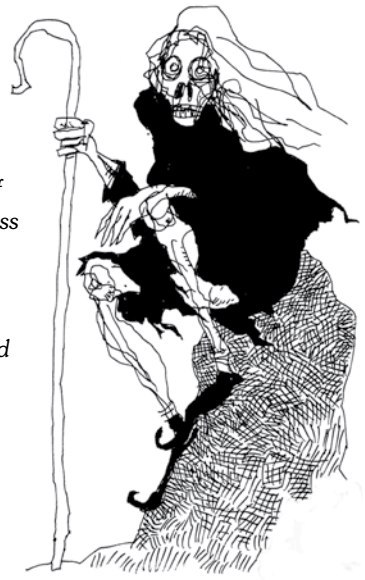
Jonas Mustonen
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

NO. ENC.:	1d4 (1d4)
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	6
HIT DICE:	6+2
ATTACKS:	1 (bite)
DAMAGE:	2d8
SAVE:	F6
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	XX
XP:	680

Temple hyenas are used in temples of chaotic deities to dispose of bodies of sacrificial victims. These beasts have grown to abnormal size through a steady diet of human flesh and close proximity to corrupting otherworldly power. Their vile saliva has ghoulish properties and anyone bitten by one must save vs. paralysis or be stand immobile for 2d4 turns. The lairs of temple hyenas are strewn with offal, and any treasure found there will either be jewelry placed on the victims, the possessions of unlucky acolytes that have stumbled into the hyena pit, or items lost by careless thieves.

Tetskuize

SERVES: *formerly a cleric of Curdle, the Petty Goddess of Blind Milk Maids*
TITLES: *Tetskuize the Demoralizer*
AFFILIATIONS: *The Jale God*



Matthew W. Schmeer
Matthew Adams

NO. ENC.:	1 (unique)
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	60' (20')
ARMOR CLASS:	0
HIT DICE:	12+5 (67 hp)
ATTACKS:	1 (fire touch)
DAMAGE:	1d10 fire damage
SAVE:	C18
MORALE:	9
HOARD CLASS:	XXII
XP:	4,400

Once the High Priestess of the Order of Amelkin, which is dedicated to the worship of Curdle, the petty goddess of blind milk maids, Tetskuize met her mortal demise at the hands of the mad wizard Wälläkatütün during the Flame Wars of Jubrini.

Called "the Demoralizer" for the way she would scold novices of the order, Tetskuize was responsible for spreading the worship of Curdle beyond the clans of the Felsden Wastes to the majority of the known realms. She achieved this mostly by imposing strict curfews on milkers of the order and bans on avarian protocooperation and musical pageants among the milking herds, especially the dwarf aurochs, dun cows, and Mýrasýslian goats.

As she was the first head priestess chosen by Curdle herself to be the head priestess of the order, Curdle took pity on her in death. Curdle begged her father, Ywehbobbobhewy (Lord of Waters, etc., etc.) to beseech the Jale God to grant Tetskuize's soul immortality on the godling planes. The Jale God challenged Ywehbobbobhewy to a game of Crown & Anchor, and as the game ended in a draw, the Jale God begrudgingly assented to partially fulfill the request: he made Tetskuize a lich whose phylactery (a small cheese press) is kept locked away somewhere secret on one of the godling planes.

Tetskuize has all the normal abilities of a lich, except that she deals fire damage instead of cold damage. Once a year she must make a pilgrimage to encounter a different aspect of the Jale God to give him thanks for her existence.

No longer in direct service to the Order of Almelkin in their home chapel, Tetskuize now holds host in the Labyrinth of Myzithra on the island of Anari, overseeing the production of sour cheeses for the lizards of Uroon. The lizardmen keep the exact location of the island secret to insure a steady supply of Xynotryi cheeses, considered a staple of the Uroonian foot sol-

dier's diet. (The lizards of Uroon worship Curdle by the name Sssththssss, or "Milk of the Mother Lizard.")

Although now a trapped in her undead state, Tetskuize still keeps up steady worship of Curdle. It is rumored by the blind lizards who tend the goats in the Labyrinth of Myzithra that Curdle herself has sought Tetskuize's companionship during the time of the Dark Moon Festival.

As one of the few non-magic user liches, Tetskuize's existence is hotly contested by other petty godlings, who would destroy her on sight were it not for the Jale God's intervention and Curdle's favoritism.

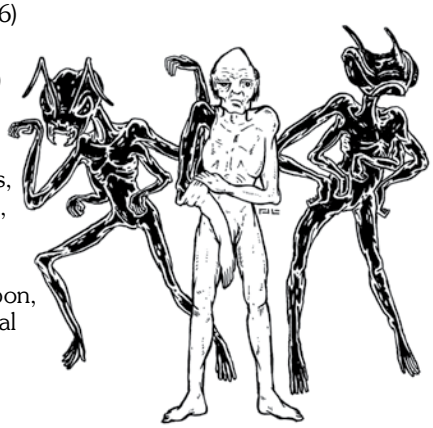
RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Curdle, Jale God.*

Tithonoid

SERVES: *Any insect-related deity*

Erik Jensen
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

NO. ENC.:	1d6 (3d6)
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
ARMOR CLASS:	5
HIT DICE:	2
ATTACKS:	1 (talons, weapon, or bite)
DAMAGE:	1d6, by weapon, or special
SAVE:	F2
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	80



Scarecrow-thin and covered in dark chitin, the insectile tithonoids are minions of godlings of Law. Although they have but two visible arms and two legs, their origin is obvious in their structure, and tithonoids bear the faces of various insects—flies, cicadas, beetles, ants, or bees—as best befits the nature of their patron. Many tithonoids have a small, second pair of vestigial arms lower on the torso.

Tithonoids possess a strange ability which is conveyed by their bite; the victim of their poison slowly liquefies from the inside out, beginning with the skeleton. When the process is complete (1d4 turns), all that remains is the victim's skin, which the tithonoid may then slit open and wear as a complete suit. While within the skin-suit, the tithonoid's features seem to shift to conform to the proper size and shape; the disguise is not flawless, but it is sound enough to fool most non-magical observation, even at close range. A skin-suit, if worn regularly and treated with the tithonoid's saliva, will last several weeks before beginning to decompose.

These insect servitors use their natural disguise ability to infiltrate, spy, and disrupt, acting as agents-provocateurs for the ancient principles of Law to which their patrons subscribe.

Twee Philosopher

SERVES: *Uroborialis, Petty Goddess of Instinctual Wisdom*

Matthew W. Schmeer
Horace J. Knowles

NO. ENC.:	7 (all 7 always encountered as a group)
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	60' (20')
ARMOR CLASS:	6
HIT DICE:	6
ATTACKS:	2 (1 cane/1 bite)
DAMAGE:	1d4 (cane)/special (bite; see below)
SAVE:	F2
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	80

The Seven Twee Philosophers are wingless, divine homunculi created by Uroborialis, the petty goddess of instinctual wisdom, to debate the meaning of existence and the means of survival. They keep up an endless debate amongst themselves, leaning on their plain wooden canes and arguing, counter-arguing, contradicting, and refuting each other's postions on any and all topics up for discussion. They often get so carried away with their arguments that they literally fight amongst themselves, beating each other with any available object and generally causing a riot.

Anyone passively listening to their debate for more than 1d6 turns must make a save vs. spell; failure results in a 75% chance of sleep for 1d10 turns or a 25% chance of an untargeted berserker rage.

Anyone attempting to engage the Twee Philosophers in debate has a 25% chance of becoming so engaged in the conversation that they will stay engaged in the debate for 1d8 days without sleeping (and suffering the consequences of such), but will come away from the debate with a permanent +2 to Wisdom.

The Twee Philosopher's names have been lost to time; they themselves have forgotten their names and origins. It is rumored their names are inscribed on a worn stone in a destroyed temple once dedicated to Ywehbobbobhewy, Lord of Waters,

King of Mirrors, Patriarch of the Most Profound, listed among the names of his favorite entertainers.

Their names are:
– N'zoebf'r
– N'hthfgva'r
– Anmv n'amh'f
– N'dhvan'f
– N'afry'z
– Uvyqrtn'eq
– Obo

No one knows which name belongs to which Twee Philosopher.

Should a PC find out one of their names and speak it aloud, all the homunculi will attack. They attack by hitting their victim with their wooden canes and by bite; a bitten victim must save vs. spell or sleep for 20d20 turns; their bites can penetrate all armor except elven plate mail.

The Twee Philosophers can normally be found in the halls of various schools of academia, inner temples of sanctuaries, and the dicing dens of backwater taverns—especially if Verthish, the Petty God of Single Pips (who himself is a manifestation of the Jale God) is in attendance at the dicing tables. In such a situation, there is a 65% chance that an avatar of Uroborialis herself is also in attendance or somewhere nearby.

If one Twee Philosopher is killed, Uroborialis will manifest and attack.

RELATED ENTRIES: Please see the *Jale God* entry in the ***Petty Gods*** section for a complete listing of entries related to the Jale God (including *Uroborialis* and *Verthish*).

Tzitzimine

SERVES: *Chaotic celestial deities (including Chicxulub)*
TITLES: *The Enemies of Radiance*

John Everett Till
Juan Ochoa

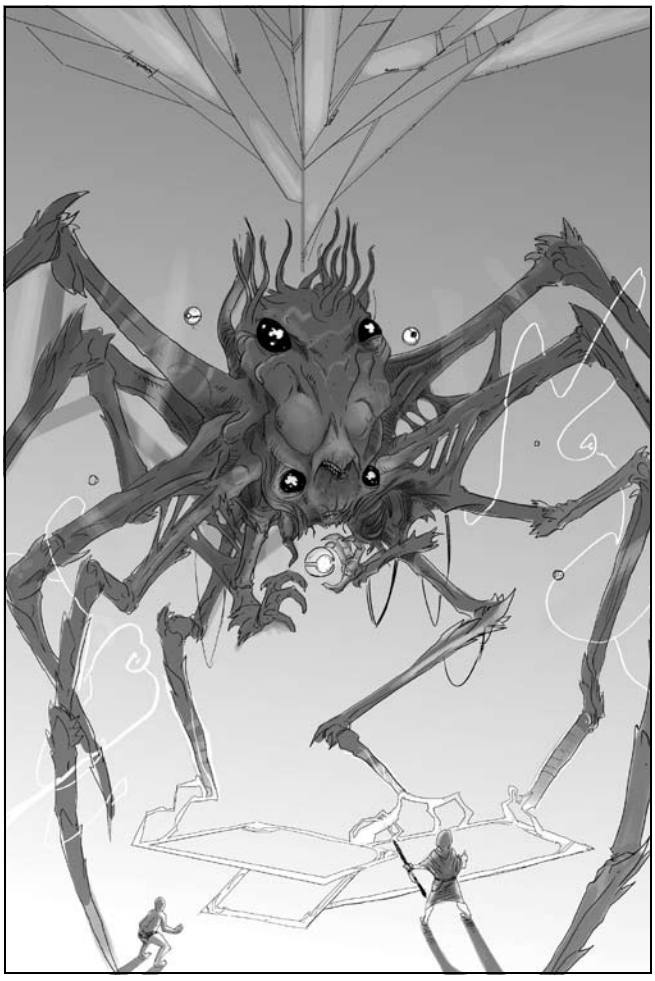
NO. ENC.:	1d3+1
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	3
HIT DICE:	5
ATTACKS:	3 bladed weapons; or 2 bladed weapons and an Eye, wand or scroll; or special attack (see below)
DAMAGE:	1d8 bastard sword, or as Eye, wand, or scroll
SAVE:	F5
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	1-in-4 has an Eye, wand, or scroll
XP:	350 (500 if the Tzitzimine has an Eye, wand, scroll, or magic weapon)

The tzitzimine, or star demons, are spider-like servitors of chaotic celestial deities such as Chicxulub. Known as the "Enemies of Radiance", one of the tzitzimine sleeps within every star and planet in the heavens. During events such as solar eclipses, meteor showers, and rare planetary conjunctions, the tzitzimine awaken and come forth to consume light. There is a sickening lurch in the sky, as stars and constellations twist and swirl into sudden motion. During eclipses, the tzitzimine swarm around the darkened sun in a feeding frenzy.

When awakened by gods, astrologer-sorcerers, and clerics, star demons are often attracted to the lights of our nighttime world spinning beneath the stars. Once awakened, the tzitzimine can be attracted to the lights of one of the world's great cities. Astrologers and Chaos-aligned sorcerers and clerics often summon star demons to bargain for their services as assassins. The tzitzimine are widely known as The Greedy Assassins, because they relish the opportunity to steal Eyes, wands, scrolls, and magic weapons from their victims.

Chaotic celestial deities such as Chicxulub are all too willing to bargain to awaken the tzitzimine within a star or other celestial object. Chicxulub will then nudge the star demon onto a downward trajectory toward the summoner's desired location. Tzitzimine are extremely difficult to spot during their approach from the stars. Their carapace is the darkest obsidian black. The only tell-tale trace that a tzitzimine is coming is a faint silvery spiderweb thread in the night sky.

The summoner of a tzitzimine needs to be within 150' of the star demon in order to direct the star demon's actions. This is possible because the star demon establishes a *mind link* with its summoner which functions like the *ESP* spell (range 150', duration 12 turns, not blocked by stone or walls). There must also be a significant light source near the locus of summoning such as a bonfire, fireworks, or the bright lights of a great palace or temple. This gives the tzitzimine an ample light source to fuel its *bite the sun* power. Once so-powered, the tzitzimine



will be able to stalk, blind, and overcome a target. The target will see nothing—they will only hear the quick flurry of blades that precedes their death.

In combat, a tzitzimine's limbs can hold weapons, and they will use 1-3 bladed weapons against opponents. Additionally, there is a 1-in-4 chance a tzitzimine will also have a magic item such as an Eye, wand, or scroll that is useful in combat. Finally, they have a special attack known as "*bite the sun*": the tzitzimine may cast a *continual darkness* spell once per 24 hours; a large light source is required to fuel the spell.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Chicxulub*; **D)** *Eyes*.

Tzwinglefingz

SERVES: *Varies*

Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

NO. ENC.:	1 (unique)
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	90' (30') bounding
ARMOR CLASS:	5 plus modifiers by puppet heads
HIT DICE:	16
ATTACKS:	1 per puppet head
DAMAGE:	By head
SAVE:	F16
MORALE:	9
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	Varies (based on abilities of puppet heads)

Tzwinglefingz appears as a giant (7'-tall) human hand that wears what amounts to finger puppet heads on its various fingers. These heads, when not on Tzwinglefingz's fingertips, are in a state of hibernation. When one of these puppet heads is placed on one of the giant hand's digits, the head comes to life and provides Tzwinglefingz with a variety of special bonuses, defenses, and attacks.

Tzwinglefinz is known to have as many as 100 different head puppets in its arsenal, rumored to have come from defeated opponents. The most common heads used by Tzwingfingz (and the associated abilities) are as follows:

1 **Basilisk:** bite attack (1d10 damage) + gaze attack (as standard basilisk)

2 **Cave Bear:** bite attack (1d8); +1 morale bonus

3 **Cyclops:** hypnotic gaze (save vs. paralysis or stunned for 1d12 rounds)

4 **Devil:** *charm*, *illusion*, and *teleportation* (no error); –1 AC bonus; +1 attack bonus (for all puppet heads); able to speak telepathically to any sentient creature

5 **Doppleganger:** no attacks or modifiers, but the doppleganger head may assume appearance of the head of any human-like creature it sees

6 **Dragon:** color of dragon at DM's discretion; bite attack (2d8 damage); breath attack (by type; damage equals half of Tzwinglefingz's remaining hit points)

7 **Dwarf:** infravision to 60'; +2 morale bonus; able to speak dwarvish and common

8 **Evil Cleric:** spells as 3rd level chaotic cleric

9 **Ghoul:** immunity to *sleep*, *charm* and *hold*; bite attack (1d2 damage + paralyzing bite as standard ghoul)

10 **Giant Spitting Cobra:** spitting attack (20' range; save vs. poison or be blinded; removed by *cure blindness*); bite attack (1d4 damage + save vs. poison our die in 1d10 turns)

11 **Giant Vampire Bat:** 'radar' (via echolocation) to 180'; bite attack (1d4 damage + save vs. paralysis or fall unconscious for 1d10 rounds)

12 **Goblin:** infravision to 90'; bite attack; able to speak goblin, hobgoblin, kobold, and orcish; no attack

13 **Harpy:** *charm* (save vs. spells or be charmed)

14 **Magic-user:** spells as 3rd level magic-user

15 **Medusa:** gaze attack (save vs. paralysis or turn to stone); 1 snake bite attack (1d6 damage plus save vs. poison or die in 1 turn)

16 **Minotaur:** gore attack (1d6) or bite attack (1d6)

17 **Mummy:** bite attack (1d4 damage + automatically inflicts rotting disease as standard mummy); immunity to *sleep*, *charm*, and *hold* spells; can only be damaged by spells, fire or magic weapons

18 **Rhinoceros:** butt attack (2d4 damage)

19 **Shark:** bite attack (2d4 damage); water-breathing

20 **Unicorn:** horn attack (1d8 damage)

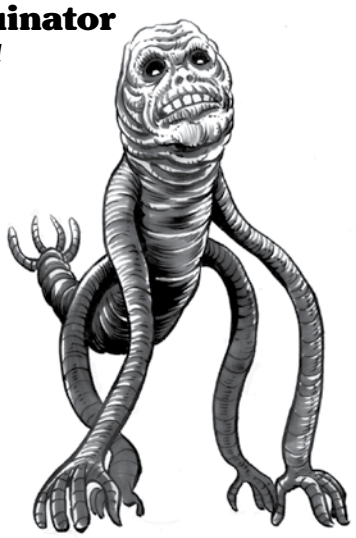
The alignment for any puppet head will be chaotic, regardless of its natural alignment. Any special ability noted above (e.g., water-breathing or immunity to non-magical weapons) apply to the hand and to all puppet heads. Tzwinglefingz is also known to collect the heads of PCs and NPCs that it defeats.

VENOUS EXSANGUINATOR • VERDIGRIM • VISIBLE STALKER • VOORMI

Venous Exsanguinator

SERVES: *Lords of bloodshed*

Eric Potter
Jason Sholtis



NO. ENC.:	10d20
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	30' (10')
ARMOR CLASS:	9
HIT DICE:	1
ATTACKS:	1 (bite)
DAMAGE:	Special
SAVE:	F1
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	1

Utilized by the Lords of Bloodshed to seek revenge against survivors of battle, these tiny leeches strike in the dead of night, carefully using long, slender legs to burrow slowly and unnoticed into any exposed orifice, such as an open wound, ear, anus, or (most often) nostril, while a victim is sleeping.

Once safely inside the body cavity, the creature will find the nearest superficial vein and chew its way inside, using its spidery legs to pull itself along, eating though valves and the walls of the veins, eventually to the heart.

Because they destroy the vein's valves, any character stricken with venous exsanguinators will suffer blood backflow resulting in internal bleeding, with the first symptoms being swelling, discoloration, inflammation, and poor healing of wounds. Hit points will be decreased by 1 point every 12 turns, and both Strength and Constitution scores decreased by 1 point per day until diagnosed by a cleric.

Venous exsanguinators' bodies are a hard (but flexible) hollow shell which allows blood to pass directly through their system. However, the blood expelled behind the creature will have a 2-in-6 chance per day of being contaminated with 2d10 eggs. The hatched maggot larvae will cause blood poisoning (save vs. poison or die within 2 days). Even if the save is successful, the maggot larvae will devour the blood's platelets, clotting will not occur, and the victim will eventually bleed out.

An infestation can be cured only by a *cure disease* spell.

Verdigrim

SERVES: *Any petty god*

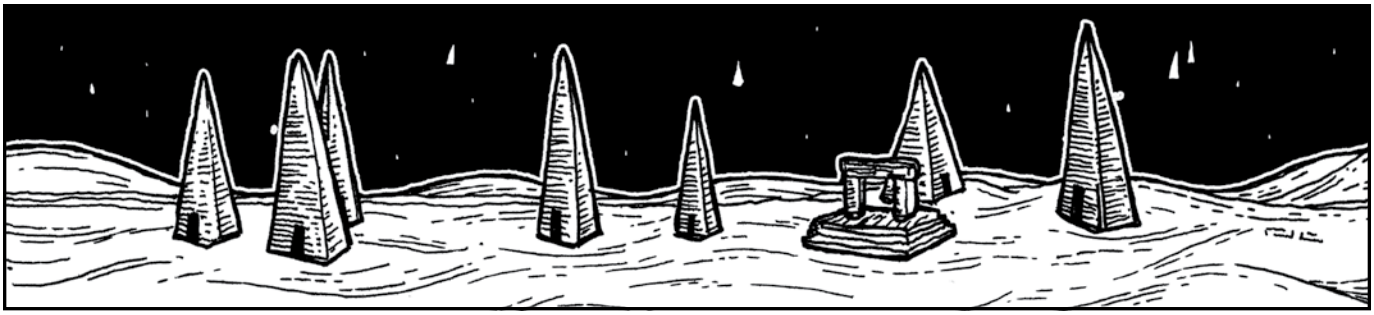
Garrisonjames
Horace J. Knowles

NO. ENC.:	1d4
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	60' (20')
ARMOR CLASS:	8
HIT DICE:	4
ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE:	1d6 or by flask
SAVE:	M4
MORALE:	6
HOARD CLASS:	IX×2, XIX, 50% chance of a spellbook of a level 1d8 magic-user
XP:	135

Dark green-skinned eldritch humanoids descended from several distinct lineages of homunculi (they adamantly deny any relation to goblin-kind whatsoever), the verdigrim are a people not only devoted to alchemy, they were born of it—they reproduce in batches brewed-up in alembics by secret processes shared only amongst the most accomplished of their kind.

Verdigrim are skilled in all forms of alchemy, including the art of extracting the essential arcane energy from various articles or items (particularly spellbooks). This process results in a variety of potions and elixirs that confer the ability to cast various spells, depending on the specific source-materials used and the various refinements or adjuncts used by the verdigrim. The original item is destroyed in the course of this effort. This method of acquiring spells is both time-consuming and labor intensive, not to mention quick to draw the wrath of those spellcasters whose spellbooks were stolen, hence the verdigrim have taken to hiring themselves out to various petty gods as alchemist-minions and servants in the hopes of receiving new spells in roughly the same way that clerics gain theirs.

The crass, self-serving nature of the verdigrim preclude their ever serving any of the major gods, though from time to time their services are required by various temples or churches who try their best to keep such consultations discrete and unremarked.



Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

For every decade of service to a particular petty god, a verdigrim gains one additional level as cleric, with the increase in HD, spells, etc.; however, they cannot wield holy symbols and cannot use the *turning* ability, as their devotion is clouded by their desire for spells and not vigorous enough to support such acts of faith.

Verdigrim have the following abilities: immunity to gas-type attacks, *infravision* (90'), *limited telepathy* (only with other verdigrim), and *alchemical restoration* (one drop of their blood can be used to re-create a specific individual through a secret alchemical process).

Verdigrim prefer to rely upon flasks of flaming oil, poisons, powders, and other noxious or toxic substances in the event that they are forced into combat (they tend to abhor physical violence, especially if directed towards them). They can also brew nearly any known potion, given the requisite materials, tools and time. They are less skilled at crafting antidotes, which many suspect is more a result of their greed and avarice than any real lack of ability; verdigrim are notorious for haggling over their fees until a victim succumbs to the poison's effects before starting work on an antidote. Likewise, they demand three times as much for curatives as for harmful substances or concoctions.

There are several rival clusters of verdigrim who jealously guard their unique alchemical secrets and who strenuously, if mostly philosophically, oppose other scholar-sects. Some of them have mastered the art of prolonging life while others have specialized in the brewing of poisons or the creation of peculiar homunculi that melt into lifeless goop after a set period of time whether they've managed to fulfill their mission or not.

Verdigrim are always looking for some way to increase their personal power and will switch sides in the middle of a battle is they think that there is something good to be gained from it. They have no compunction about betraying their former 'masters,' and view their 'service' to the petty gods who accept them as a transaction of sorts. They respect the gods, demons, and devils only in terms of what they stand to gain from serving them... for now.

Visible Stalker

SERVES: *Petty gods of whimsy*

Matthew W. Schmeer
Joel Priddy

NO. ENC.:	1 (1d4)
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	3
HIT DICE:	8
ATTACKS:	1 + special
DAMAGE:	4d4+2 + special
SAVE:	F8
MORALE:	5
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	500

Roughly the size of a normal swan and looking somewhat like a child's awkward attempt to create an oversized decoy of an orange-billed flaxen waxfeather, the visible stalker is the bane of magic-users the world over.

Visible stalkers were created by a committee of the petty gods of whimsy, who sought to create a creature to stymie magic-users summoning petty gods or their servitors. There is a 35% chance that any effort to summon and entrap a petty god or their servitors in a magic circle instead results in the appearance of a visible stalker. There is a 10% chance they can also manifest as a result of a miscast *invisible stalker* spell.

When summoned, a visible stalker will refuse to serve a magic-user's request. They have complete resistance to compulsion-type spells and will instead pester the summoner with mundane questions ("What's that?", "Why is that bowl that color?" "Why are you wearing those silly-looking shoes", etc.) or merely asking "Why?" ad nauseam. The creature will carry on like this until the summoner is completely exasperated (no matter how long it takes), at which point the magic circle binding is broken and the visible stalker can waddle away, having regained its freedom. Some visible stalkers have been known to follow around their summoners, continuing to refuse requests and asking questions until the victims have literally gone insane (save vs. insanity* once every 3 days or go stark-raving mad forever with no chance of reversal).

Once manifested on the Material Plane, visible stalkers can never leave; they can live up to 200 years, subsisting on a diet of mice, toads, and driftwood. Once freed from a summoning circle, they tend to gather in rafts of four and will generally flee from danger. They can only speak the common tongue, but understand all languages.

Despite their comical appearance, visible stalkers have tough skins and are difficult to kill. They are resistant to fire-based attacks, impervious to non-magical missiles, and bladed weapons do half-damage. If attacked, they will hiss to warn off an attacker. They can perform a horrendous chomping bite for 4d4+2 damage.

If a visible stalker is reduced to 1 hp, it will crack its own neck by banging its head against the ground. Its brainstem will slip out of its skull and, using a barbed, tentacle-like foot, it will attempt to pierce the skin and symbiotically bond with the last person to strike it.

If the bond is successful (17% chance; no save), the visible stalker forms a permanent, silent parasitic bond with its host. The victim permanently gains the following: +2 Wisdom, +2 Intelligence, 2d6 hit points, and *telepathic communication* with a random petty god. They also suffer a permanent –5 to Constitution and, if a spellcaster, lose the ability to memorize spells beyond 7th level. If the host is killed, the visible stalker dies, too.

If it fails to form a symbiotic bond with its intended target, the visible stalker will die within 20 minutes; its brainstem melts into a pile of delicious jelly that grants a two-week +2 to Constitution if eaten on sourdough toast.

Visible stalkers resent halflings for unknown reasons. This resentment will pass to any symbiotic host.

* *See* UNDERWORLD LORE *#1, p.14.*

Voormi

SERVES: *Tsathoggua*

James Mishler
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

NO. ENC.:	3d4 (4d10 per clan; 3d4 clans per tribe)
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	8
HIT DICE:	2
ATTACKS:	3 (claw/claw/bite) or 1 weapon
DAMAGE:	1d4/1d4/2d4 or by weapon +1
SAVE:	F2
MORALE:	9
HOARD CLASS:	XX
XP:	29

Voormis are a pre-human species of hominidae, a branch coterminous in time with the common ancestor of the homininae (humans, chimps, and gorillas) and the ponginae (orangutans). They are ancient beyond scientific reckoning, and are believed to have died out upon the fall of ancient Hyperborea in prehistoric times. Their origins were not quite natural, having arisen in the waning eras of the days of the serpent-men not through natural evolution, but through the breeding programs of that ophidian species. They were used as slaves and cattle, and hunted for sport.

The voormis gained their freedom with the destruction of the serpent-men empire by the arrival of the Great Old One Tsathoggua, who destroyed the serpent-men capital upon his arrival from the Outer Dark. The voormis, who had been sending inchoate prayers out to the uncaring cosmos, took up his worship, though it is likely that his arrival was unrelated to their rites. For his part, Tsathoggua happily accepted their worship, as it enabled him to subsist on their sacrifices with no labor on his own part, save to give them a reasonable veneer of society and culture through the creation of a shamanic caste… all of whom were far more zealous in their worship than their god ever required.

The greatest of these was Voorm the Mighty, whose strength of will and mighty intellect so greatly transformed and advanced the voormis culture that the race ever after took on his name for their own. But that was early in their long, long reign, and by the time the human Hyperboreans arrived on the island that would bear their name, the voormis had descended into atavistic primitive decadence. The voormis of that era were, in fact, no longer full-blooded, having mixed with other pre-human and sub-human aboriginal races that had, over time, been pushed into the Eiglophian Mountains, at the heart of which stood Mount Voormithadreth. There the last of the (known) voormis survived in stone-age savagery, living in the cavern complex that led into the depths of the black realm of N'kai, where their god, Tsathoggua, dwelt in sloth-like contemplation.

The voormis are short, around five feet tall, but seem even shorter as they walk hunched over, at times even resorting to walking on their knuckles. Though small, they are surprisingly strong, able to rip apart a foe with their bare paws in short order. They are covered with shaggy thick fur from head to toe, usually dark brown, but ranging from golden brown to black; rare individuals are white-furred, these invariably end up being shamans (though not all shamans are white-furred). Their red eyes are small and sunken, seemingly more so due to their pronounced brow ridges. Their ears are small and cauliflowered, their black noses broad and flabby, their lips and tongues thin and purple. Their teeth are naturally sharp, as the species is almost exclusively carnivorous; they re-grow teeth in much the same manner as sharks.

Voormis hands are like clawed paws, as are their fur-covered feet. Voormis have anywhere from three to six fingers and toes on each paw and foot; each paw has the same number as the other, as do each of the feet, but paws and feet might have different numbers from each other. Most voormis attack only with their natural weapons, though some use stone axes, spears, or daggers; leader-types often use weapons captured from nearby humans. Voormis do not wear clothing, though shamans might wear a harness from which to hang sacks and pouches to hold trinkets and scrolls. Voormis have 90' infravision.

Voormis are at home in caverns readily accessible to both the above world, where they hunt by night, and the deeper dark of the underworld. Lairs are home to a number of females equal to the number of males, and a number of children equal to 40% to 70% of the total of males and females. Females have 1 HD, though they have the same natural attacks as the males, and defend their children with berserk fury, gaining a +2 bonus to hit and a –2 bonus to their Armor Class. Young have only ½ HD and can only bite for 1 point of damage.

Clans are led by the strongest male (usually possessing 3-to-5 HD). Tribes are ostensibly led by the strongest male among the clans (6 to 8 HD), with a band of 3d4 bully-boys of 3-to-5 HD as his honor guard. However, the real power in a tribe is the tribal shaman. A tribal shaman has 5-to-7 HD together with the spell-casting abilities of a cleric of the same level (able to cast both cleric and magic-user spells). A tribal shaman is served by a number of lesser shamans, one per clan constituent to the tribe, of 1-to-4 HD. These always vie with one another for power, even to the point of placing their own clans and tribe in danger. The shamans live apart from the clans and tribe, in their own caverns, guarded by 1d4 members of each clan; there is a 25% chance that the shaman's quarters are also guarded by 1d4 formless spawn. Any magical treasures held by the tribe are held by the shamans, who can use items of both clerical and magic-user sort; the tribal shaman has 1d4 scrolls in addition to any other magical treasures. Voormis scrolls are written in the ancient voormis script, which is only understood by voormis shamans, as well as priests and sorcerers dedicated to Tsathoggua.

Voormis sometimes keep humans as slaves, or at the least, in a sort of short-term larder, for they are both cannibalistic and anthropophagus (15% chance of 1d8 present per clan). Some also end up dying, screaming, upon the shaman's black altars. At times, they keep some slaves longer, and from these are born the sub-human half-breeds (a relatively stable race, breeding true with voormis and true humans). These take the form of hirsute humans with heavy brow ridges and thick bone structures; some sages speculate that these sub-human half-breeds were the ancestors of the neanderthals. No few ostensibly human hill tribes near voormis caverns exhibit these characteristics. Often these find service with the priests or sorcerers who serve Tsathoggua, guarding their subterranean sanctuaries and treasuries.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Tsathoggua*; **M)** *Formless Spawn.*

WÄLLÄKATÜTÜN • WINGED MONKEY • WYNDOLIN

Wälläkatütün

SERVES: *Verthish, Petty God of Single Pips, an aspect of the Jale God*

Matthew W. Schmeer
Del Teigeler

NO. ENC.:	1 (unique)
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	60' (20')
ARMOR CLASS:	1
HIT DICE:	54 (240 hp)
ATTACKS:	1 (punch or stomp or spell)
DAMAGE:	5d12 (punch) or 10d10 (stomp) or by spell (as 20th level magic-user)
SAVE:	M20
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	52,250

Thyrfyt Dyfkyt was a low-level apprentice in the Order of the Wizards of Illustrious Light when he stumbled across a crumbling parchment scroll in the academy's library that had sat untranslated for hundreds of years. Written in a knotted, ropey, thread-like pictographic language not even the most learned of scholars could transcribe, the scroll delighted and intrigued young Dyfkyt. He decided to make translating the scroll one of his life's endeavors, so he stole it from the library. It was not missed.

For his main studies in the school of magic he focused on inter-dimensional dice probability and alchemical mechanics, discovering several of the immutable laws of probability that exist to this day (rolled stone moss properties, handbirds being worth more than bushbirds, the foolishness of betting against gambling den owners, etc.). His findings gained much renown, so much so that he soon found himself in the favor of the Jale God. Dyfkyt convinced His Jaleness to manifest as Verthish, the petty god of single pips, so they could secretly visit gambling dens together. Because of this, Dyfkyt became one of the godling's most trusted minions.

After decades of communicating with demons, gods, and godlings, crafting magical weapons for wealthy adventurers, and inventing potions of various effect, Dyfkyt retired to a hermit's life, taking up residence in an isolated cave that he expanded into a small collection of comfortably appointed rooms.

In his 79th year he finally cracked the mystery of the ancient scroll. The last remaining dwarf from a party of adventurers sold Dyfkyt a small fragment of an ancient manuscript unearthed from a lost city buried beneath the sands of a far-off land. From that fragment (which was nothing more than a nursery rhyme transcribed in three different languages), Dyfkyt discovered his scroll was written by visitors from another world. The scroll detailed the rituals needed to open a magic mirror portal to the alien homeworlds. He opened such a portal, stepped through, and was whisked away to Iukkoth where the mi-go reign on the edge of the pit where the dreaded Ksaksa-Kluth dwells.

Greeted by the mi-go as a human ambassador, Dyfkyt was imprinted with the name "Wälläkatütün", which in mi-goian means "walker between worlds". While on Iukkoth, Wälläkatütün eventually discovered the dread space magics of The Old Ones inscribed on the skins of T'choskoids in the living library of the mi-go beneath the warm black sea. He secretly committed as much knowledge to memory as he could and fled for home through another portal before his hosts could throw him into the Great Pit of Ksaksa-Kluth to digest for a million eons. The mi-go consider this a high honor for human ambassadors.

Once back in his study, Wälläkatütün scribed what alien magics he could remember to a spell book, which he then locked and warded and hid away (it has only recently been discovered by a number of heretical scholars).

Although he had assumed he had been gone but a number of days, Wälläkatütün had been on Iukkoth for a thousand years. He quickly constructed a giant iron golem and, using the magics learned in his travels on the alien sands, transferred his brain into the golem so he could easily travel among the stars without suffering the necrotic effects of frequent portal travel. This enraged Ywehbobbobhewy, Lord of Waters, King of Mirrors, Patriarch of the Most Profound, as His Profoundness feeds on the flesh-bound souls of those who travel between worlds.

Protected by the Jale God for thousands of years, he travelled among the planes and between the planets searching the space ways for the location of Xoth where it is rumored The Old Ones dwell. Having learned the secrets of travel in time and space, he himself was nearly godlike in his ability to

appear and disappear through conjured portals. Wälläkatütün eventually went mad from all he had seen and learned about the invisible worlds between the worlds.

Wälläkatütün met his final destruction at Ywehbobbobhewy's hands at the Battle of the Waters of Kirkadi at the end of the Flame Wars of Jubrini (which Wälläkatütün had started in an attempt to reach Xoth). Wälläkatütün nearly managed to send his life-force back to Iukkoth; all but a small slice of his soul made it through the portal before his destruction. That slice is now housed in *The Balanced Quarterstaff*, which belongs to Verthish, who collected it from the battlefield centuries afterward.

RELATED ENTRIES: Please see the *Jale God* entry in the ***Petty Gods*** section for a complete listing of entries related to the Jale God (including *Verthish* and *Ywehbobbobhewy*).

Winged Monkey

SERVES: *Corotus Thallian*

Paul Brinkmann
Joel Bethell

NO. ENC.:	1d6 (10d10)
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
FLY:	150' (30')
ARMOR CLASS:	6
HIT DICE:	2
ATTACKS:	1 (pummel or weapon)
DAMAGE:	1d6 or by weapon
SAVE:	D2
MORALE:	8
HOARD CLASS:	IV
XP:	25

Winged monkeys are baboon-sized monkeys with wings. They favor formal attire, and typically arm themselves with short swords or spears. If unarmed, they attack with a vicious two-fisted pummeling attack. If any character takes damage from pummeling winged monkeys exceeding his Strength in one round, he is knocked prone.

Winged monkeys do not speak as such, but communicate with their own kind with a series of shrieks and hoots. They are doughty fighters, but are especially eager to please those they see as more powerful. Showy forms of magic are particularly effective (anything spectacular causes a morale check).

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Corotus Thallian*; **M)** *Okkin.*

Wyndolin

SERVES: *Gods of beauty, dance and sexual attraction*

Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.
András Prim

NO. ENC.:	1 (unique)
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
ARMOR CLASS:	9
HIT DICE:	4 (17 hp)
ATTACKS:	Special
DAMAGE:	Special
SAVE:	D4
MORALE:	6
HOARD CLASS:	XV
XP:	190

Wyndolin (or "Wynnie" to the gods she calls friends), is a short, curvaceous, umber-skinned beauty with an ability to dance so well it seems magical. In fact, when gods of beauty, dance and sexual attraction find themselves in need of assistance, it is Wyndolin upon whom they rely.

Not only does her naturally high Charisma provide her a +5 bonus on all reaction rolls, she knows a number of special dances, each of which has a magical ability. Any creature viewing one of these dance must save vs. spell or succumb to the power of the dance for its duration (once she stops dancing, the effect will cease; she has been known to dance for hours on end without stopping). The dances she knows include: *charm person*, *sleep*, *hold person*, *charm monster*, *confusion* and *hold monster* (all as if cast by a 10th level magic-user).

XIN • XUL • XUNADU KHAN

Xin

SERVES: *Gods of death and destruction; lunar gods; The Maker of Moons*

Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.*
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

NO. ENC.:	1 (1d4)
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	90' (30') flying
ARMOR CLASS:	1 (xin)/-4 (swarm)
HIT DICE:	20
ATTACKS:	2 (xin touches) + 1d4+3 (swarm touches)
DAMAGE:	2d10/2d10 (xin) + poison (swarm touches)
SAVE:	M20
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	3.250

Xins are huge, amorphous beings which typically inhabit lakes and other large bodies of water (including seas). A xin is both strange and horrible, for it not only lives in its own body, but possesses a small swarm of loathsome satellites that are part of the xin, though they are not attached. These satellites are living creatures, mouthless and appearing as a cross between a sea-urchin and spider. Although these little beings possess markings that seem eye-like, they are, in fact, blind. The swarm of satellites spread out from the xin like severed fingers that wriggle around a hideous hand. Each individual satellite is small—able to fit in a palm or a pocket. If one of the satellites is injured, the xin writhes in agony.

When a xin appears, its swarm will appear in 4-7 groups which may attack independently of the xin, but will rarely travel more than a few feet away from their host.

During combat, the xin itself may attack up to two different opponents with its touch attacks, doing 2d10 on each successful "to hit" roll. Each satellite may also attack a different opponent. On each successful "to hit" roll by one of these swarm "fingers," the victim must save vs. poision at –2 or die.

Xins and their satellites are immune to *paralysis* and *charm*. Although the xin has an AC of 1, the swarm fingers have an AC of -4.

Many profess that the xins serve a god known as The Maker of Moons, though the true identity of The Maker of Moons is unknown. While some believe this to be The Yellow King or some other aspect of the Jale God, others believe The Maker of Moons is one of the Great Old Ones. However, xins have been known to serve various gods of death and destruction, as well as lunar gods.

** Based on **The Maker of Moons** by Robert W. Chambers.*

RELATED ENTRIES: Please see the *Jale God* entry in the ***Petty Gods*** section for a complete listing of entries related to the Jale God (including *The Yellow King*).

Xul

SERVES: *Chthonic gods and demon princelings*

Alan Brodie
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

NO. ENC.:	1d4 (2d6)
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	7
HIT DICE:	4
ATTACKS:	2 (hammer-hands)
DAMAGE:	1d6/1d6
SAVE:	F4
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	190

The xul—or "hammer-men"—are evil elemental earth-spirits sometimes found in the service of chthonic gods and demon princelings. They are arrogant and prone to violence (+1 on reaction rolls) but not too bright.

Resembling a hippopotamus-headed humanoid with hammers for hands, a typical xul stands six and a half feet tall. Its thick gray hide grants protection equal to leather armor. In combat, xul strike twice with their huge hammer-paws for 1d6 damage.

They can belch fist-sized geodes once per round to a range of 60 feet, inflicting 1d6 damage on a hit. (These geodes are worth 20-80gp.)

Xul can pass through solid rock and earth as easily as moving through air. When emerging from a stone wall or similar surface, they surprise opponents within 30 feet on 1-4. Thrown rocks or weapons made of stone pass right through their bodies, inflicting no damage.

Xul are immune to the effects of all 1st level magic spells (something to do with their extra-planar nature).

Xunadu Khan

SERVES: *Chaotic gods of war*

Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.
Brian Walker

CLASS:	Fighter
LEVEL:	16th
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	150' (50')
ARMOR CLASS:	–1
HIT POINTS:	105
ATTACKS:	1 (*Vachir*: +3 "to hit" bonus from weapon, +3 melee "to hit" bonus from Strength)
DAMAGE:	1d12+6 (+3 from *Vachir*, +3 from Strength) plus 1d12 electrical damage + special
SAVE:	F16 (+3 vs. spells/magic)
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	XV, XVI, XVII, XVIII, XIX, XX
ATTRIBUTES:	S:18 I:18 W:18 D:18 C:18 Ch:18
XP:	3,300

In the days before the great Naran ("Sun") Horde ruled the lands of the area now known as the Lands of the Five Fires*, terror reigned the region in the form of Xunadu Khan and his tribe of bloodthirsty bandits. In fact, it was the need to unite against this savage that coalesced the tribes scattered throughout the entire area into one great nation, and eventually led to a masive confrontation of the Naran Horde against Xunadu and his horde at the battle of Gal Khill ("Fire Hill"). The bloodshed of the battle was so great, the location is now known as Ulaan Khill ("Red Hill"). Xunadu was personally responsible for killing 200 men that day, but the numbers of the united Naran Horde were too great; after the Narans killed every one of Xunadu's men, only Xunadu was left standing, surrounded by 100 Narans, prepared to fight every one of them. At that moment, Xunadu was plucked from the battlefield and transported to the presence of the war god Dayisun Tngri. Dayisun Tngri rewarded Xunadu's bravery, fury and heartlessness with eternal life on one condition—Xunadu must serve to lead the army of any chaotic war god that requests such service; Xunadu is honored and proud to do so, regardless of the god or the battle.

In combat, Xunadu wields the great glaive *Vachir* (the name means "thunderbolt"), a *+3 glaive* with the following special abilities: *cure serious wounds* (as cleric spell; 3×/day), *protection from good 10' radius* (as cleric spell; 2×/day), 6d6 *lightning bolt* (as MU spell; 2×/day), *teleport* (no error; 360' range; 1×/day).

Xunadu wears *+3 lamellar armor* which, when combined with his Dexterity bonus, provides him an Armor Class of -1.

During battle, should any attack be successful that would normally kill Xunadu Khan (i.e., lower him to 0 or fewer hp), the immortal magic instilled in him will immediately transport him (before any damage can be inflicted by that attack) to a safe location (usually the presence of the war god that entreated his services, unless that war god is on the battlefield).

Xunadu Khan bases his army units on the decimal system, therefore, he will usually be accompanied by a number of horse-mounted fighters of the following military units:

Arban: 10 1st level fighters

Zuun: 10 arbans (total of 100 fighters), plus one 2nd level captain per arban

Mingghan: 10 zuuns (1000 fighters, 10 2nd level captains), plus one 3rd level captain per zuun

Tumen: 10 mingghans (total of 10,000 first-level fighters, 1,000 2nd level captains; 100 3rd level captains), plus one 4th level noyan (leader) per mingghan

Should a greater number of warriors than 1 tumen be required, additional tumen units may be present (for these purposes, there is no standard military unit larger than a tumen). The maximum is generally about 5 tumens.

* *See VALLEY OF THE FIVE FIRES, page 5.*

YETH-HOUND • Y'KO • YNNYM

Yeth-hound

SERVES: *Chaotic gods of night, hunting and murder*

Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.
Oxide JCHart

NO. ENC.:	1d2 (1d6+5)
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	180' (60')
ARMOR CLASS:	0
HIT DICE:	3
ATTACKS:	1 (howl)
DAMAGE:	special (fear)
SAVE:	F3
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	65

Yeth-hounds are the spirits of murdered children. They appear as dogs without heads and go running and screaming through forests at night. Yeth-hounds will only appear at night, as they fear the sun and will never venture out in daylight (even if their lives depend on it). Should a yeth-hound be exposed to the sun, they will fade into nothing; a yeth-hound permanently loses 1 HD per round in sunlight until reduced to 0 HD (at which point they become nothing).

Yeth-hounds are most often employed as trackers for gods of night, hunting and murder. They are faultless in this duty; if given a scent to follow, they are able to track living creatures 100% of the time, even if the quarry has attempted to "trick" the yeth-hounds by doubling back, crossing water, or using other similar tactics.

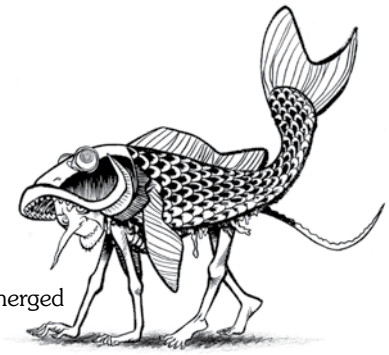
The howl of a yeth-hound instills fear to a distance of 360' (as *fear* spell cast by a 10th level magic-user).

RELATED ENTRIES: **M)** *Xin.*

Y'ko

SERVES: *Petty gods of fortune*

Eric Potter
Joel Priddy



NO. ENC.:	2d12
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')/ 30' (10') submerged
ARMOR CLASS:	7
HIT DICE:	1
ATTACKS:	1 (tail or *mind thrust*)
DAMAGE:	1d2-1 (tail) or paralysis (*mind thrust*)
SAVE:	F1 (save vs. psionics as 1st level Mystic)
MORALE:	3
HOARD CLASS:	I
XP:	13

PSIONIC ABILITIES*

PSIONIC LEVEL: 1

Attack modes: *mind thrust*

Defense modes: none

Gifted with tiny *amulets of underwater breathing* by the generous petty gods of fortune, the Y'ko spend most of their short lives collecting wished-upon coins from the bottoms of fountains, wells, ponds, rivers, and streams.

These small creatures don the carcasses of various aquatic creatures to better camouflage themselves from would-be predators with great success and are rarely discovered crawling around on the water beds. Their only defense is a razored tail and when possible, they utilize their *mind thrust* ability.

A single Y'ko can retrieve up to 10 coins per turn and will bestow nearly all to their petty gods, however, a small collection of treasured copper pieces will usually be found in the underwater crags in which the Y'ko dwell.

** See BASIC PSIONICS HANDBOOK.*

Ynnym

SERVES: *Treasure gods*

Matthew W. Schmeer

Franz Graf von Pocci w/ Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

NO. ENC.:	1d4
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	240' (80')
ARMOR CLASS:	4
HIT DICE:	9
ATTACKS:	1 (kick, claw or bite + special) or special (see below)
DAMAGE:	1d8 + special
SAVE:	F9
MORALE:	11
HOARD CLASS:	XVII
XP:	1,900

Ynnym are oversized bastard chimeras, having the head of a cycloptic sea dragon, the front portion and tail of a lion, and the rear portion of a donkey. Their bodies are roughly the size of elephants, and the sea dragon's serpentine neck is comparable in size and girth to that of a young giant python.

Ynnym are bred by the gods to be swift of foot and fierce in battle. Although they only have one eye, this eye allows them to see all colors of the spectrum (including infrared, ultraviolet, jale, ulfire, dolm, mull, viledusk, and grüt). There is a 30% chance that it also acts as an *eye of true seeing*, allowing them to see all things as they actually are, and making them impervious to illusory attacks unless blinded.

Ynnym are traditionally used by the gods of minor treasures to guard pathways to vaults hidden throughout the wilderness. There is a 75% chance that any petty god of treasure or trinkets employs a ynnym for this purpose. Sometimes the gods station them on false pathways.

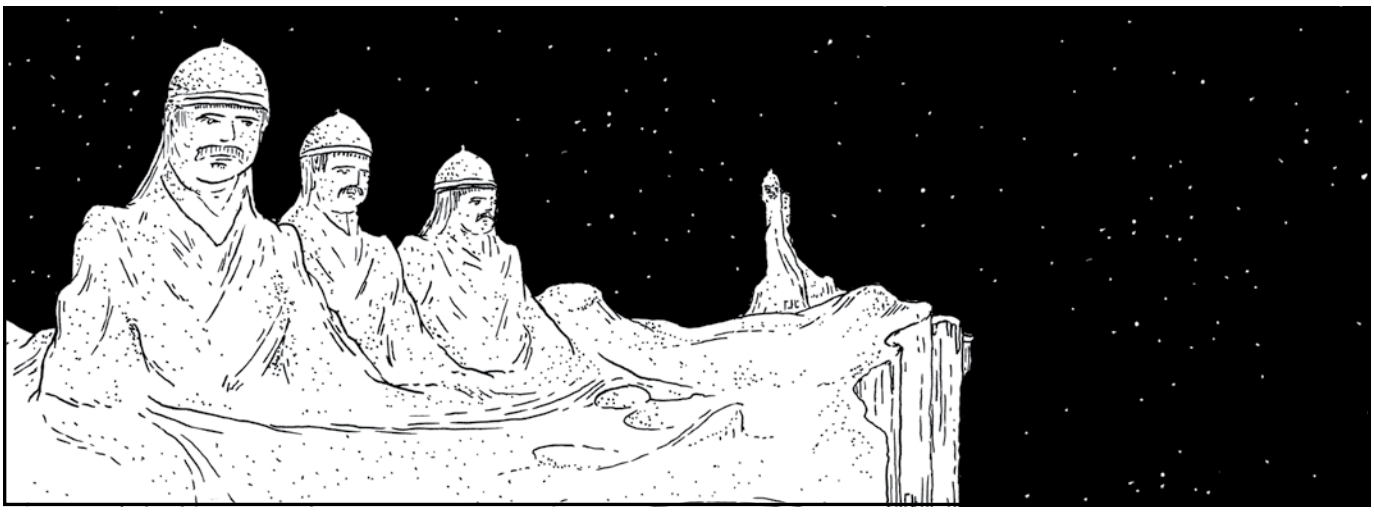
Ynnym are extremely fast and nimble, and their ability to climb rough terrain is comparable to mountain goats, which are their preferred prey. Ynnym are also fond of foraging for bletted mespilus and raw ermal, although the latter gives them terrible bouts of gas.

There is a 20% chance that a ynnym can speak (in common and dragon), but only at the ability level of a lispy four-year-old. They like asking questions that sound like riddles but are actually rambling streams of consciousness.

If attacked, a ynnym may perform one of three traditional attacks. It can deliver a tremendous blow with its rear legs, stand on its hind legs and claw with its forepaws (counts as one attack), or bite; all attacks do 1d8 damage. Victims of a bite attack must save vs. poison or suffer –3 hp per day until cured by a *neutralize poison* spell.

Ynnym may forgo a traditional attack and deploy a breath weapon: they can cast a 3 foot wide diameter gob of phlegm-like poison spittle at any stationary target. A struck victim must save vs. breath or die. This poison is no longer potent 1 round after the attack.

The pelts of unbred Ynnym are are said to fetch a high price on the black market, but are especially tough to preserve, as they begin to decompose to mucus within an hour after skinning.



Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

SECTION 3

Cults & Cultists

Stefan Poag

Cults Overview

✐ **Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.**

Introduction

It is important to note that the word "cult" was originally used not to describe a group of religionists, but for the act of worship or religious ceremony. Therefore, a cult need not carry the baggage of "excessive devotion" so often ascribed to them.

As can be seen in the following section, there is no real format for what the notes about a cult does or doesn't include, or the order in which it should be presented.

The basic considerations that a DM should keep in mind when designing a cult are:

— the promise of the cult

— the deity (or lack of deity) associated with the cult

— the organization and practices of the cult's members

— any unique spells, magic items, artifacts, or relics associated with the cult

The Promise of the Cult

Almost all cults promise something—usually knowledge, power, or salvation. In turn, the cult's practices act toward the goal of delivering upon that promise. Generally, a cult can be classified in one of the three following categories:

— those cults whose members seek illumination

— those cults whose members act as "instruments" in furtherance of a common goal or goals

— those cults whose members focus on aiding others

In a cult whose members seek illumination, it should be considered whether that illumination is mystical (e.g., spiritual enlightenment), academic (e.g., deeper knowledge and understanding of a specific subject), or something else entirely. Furthermore, it is important to consider how this goal is reflected in its practices. This type of illlumination is often attained through some extraordinary state of mind, achieved either naturally (e.g., through meditation) or artifically (e.g., through the use of mind-altering substances).

In a cult whose members act as instruments in furtherance of a goal, it should be decided whether that goal is known to its members, or held as a secret among the cult's leadership.

In a cult whose members focus on aiding others, there is no reason that the "aid" be considered in the strictest "nurturer/caregiver" sense of the term. For example, proselytizing is common practice in which the conversion (and salvation) of others is the goal. As a more extreme example, a cult might believe it is helping to 'redeem' others by permanently blinding them, or something even worse!

The promise of a cult will often be reflected in the cult's name. Consider what the promise of the following cults might be:

— The Gray Revenge

— The Demonic Adoration

— The Chthonic Eye

Deities Associated with Cults

Ultimately, this book is overflowing with deities with which to associate a cult. Then, of course, there is always the possibility of someone claiming to be a deity who isn't, or being pronounced a deity by the cult's membership, regardless of their mortality.

A cult's membership should be reflective of its deity. For example, a cult centered around a petty god of baking would likely have many bakers among its members. By comparison, a petty god with a more 'encompassing' domain (e.g., madness) would have a much greater variety in its membership.

Cult Organization

Cults are generally organized as a hierarchical institution with a complex division of labor. The levels of membership will reflect not only the level of responsibility held, but also the depth of knowledge of any given member (those who move higher in the organization gain access to greater secrets and more powerful information).

Other organizational considerations include the requirements for a member to gain access to the next level in the hierarchy. Additionally, it is not uncommon for power struggles to be waged between cult leadership, often leading to entire new sects being formed.

From a practical gaming perspective, the key factors related to cult organization will be assigning stats to each of the basic member types, and developing unique NPCs to use as cult leaders.

Cult Practices

As discussed above (***The Promise of the Cult***), the practices of a cult are often designed around a cult's promise and goals. They should also be reflective of the cult's deity, and be based upon the cult's organization. For example, cult leadership would rarely waste its time going from town to town and proselytizing, or tending to the daily upkeep of a temple.

Unique Spells & Items

The final consideration for the development of the cult are the unique spells, magic items, artifacts and relics associated with the cult, including rituals (and ritual names), tomes, furnishings, clothing, and other associated accoutrements.

CULT OF D'SNEY • CULT OF ETERNAL CULTHOOD • CULT OF LLEGH • CULT OF THE OBSIDIAN MIRROR • CULT OF THE WHITE SHADOW • DELVERS OF THE GOLDEN VEINS • THE HUMBLE ORDER O'POSSIMIUM • LISTENERS OF KANG • PALLID CIRCLE • SOCIETY OF THE SERPENT • WAY OF THE SHROOM

Cult of D'Sney

Darcy Perry
James V. West

Beneath the House of Bards there lies a long forgotten vault. Here the tales of the Petty Gods are kept, along with legends both ancient and newly scribed, for the vault is not deserted. Acolytes gather stories from far and wide, like fabulous treasures unearthed from accursed fanes, to appease their masters within. These masters are the living bones of the ancient bards of D'Sney.

Long ago these master bards claimed ownership of every myth and fable; all storytellers and minstrels, even the skalds of the frozen realm, paid a tithe to ply their trade. The wealth and prestige of D'Sney was the envy of kings. However, that was another time and the once great empire is now forgotten and invisible. This fact does little to diminish the power of this cult.

The D'Sney Cult is a secret society that worships the Petty Gods, recording epic odes of their divine exploits in an ever-expanding tome. Various legends surrounding this tome are so complex, retold so many times, it's likely the truth will never be verified. Whatever its origins, like the cult itself, the tome has taken on an identity of its own.

There was a time when songs in *The Book of M'Ckey* were sung across land and sea in praise of the Petty Gods. Most of the melodies from that golden age are now forever lost, leaving only fragmented poetry. These poems are chanted by the master bards in a fervent desperate hope of returning the Petty Gods and their lost empire to former glory. For example, The Cheerful Chant of Promiscuous Promise:

> *Oh M'Ckey, you're so fine*
> *You're so fine you blow my mind*
> *Hey M'Ckey, hey M'Ckey*

In the hidden sepulcher, Vault D'Sney, beneath the House of Bards, the ancient masters of the D'Sney Cult despise the godless, pitiful bards above—posturing fools that spend too much time swinging swords and slinging spells. Why waste time on warfare and wizardry when there are songs to be sung—songs of burglary, deception, debauchery and princesses with woefully bad taste in men!

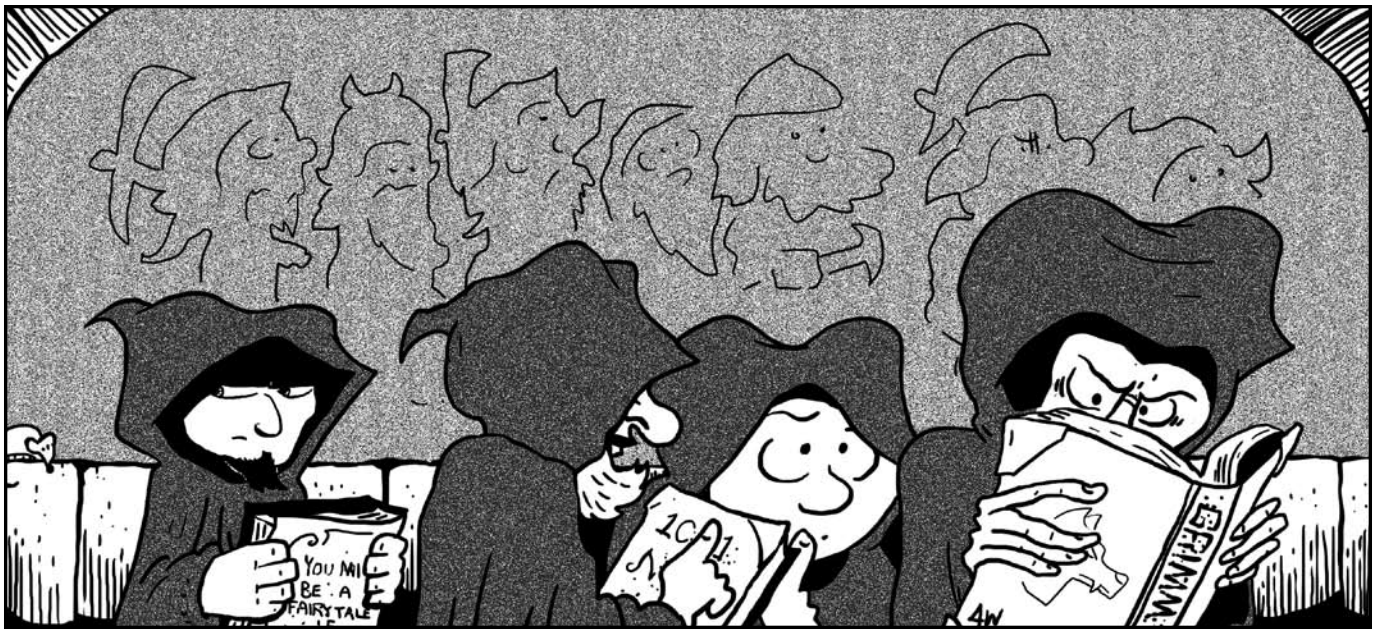
The true bards are the acolytes that search tirelessly for the old forgotten tales, that care and give support to their aging beloved masters. It is they who keep the stories alive. However they choose to tell them, true legends need no author. They are written in the hearts and minds of those too young to die. They belong to D'Sney!

Bard Acolytes of D'Sney

Crafty and cunning, these members of the D'Sney Cult are found wherever epic stories are told. Apart from being great listeners with an excellent memory for rhyme and song, they are remarkably ordinary looking mice that only take human form when absolutely necessary. Their sole purpose is to forage for their masters. Whenever they hear a story that they feel will please their masters they also steal something of value as 'royalties in advance'.

Ancient Master Bards of D'Sney

Dangerous and powerful, these cultists are indeed the living bones of the ancient bards of D'Sney. How many remain within the vault is uncertain, although it is rare for more than three to appear at one time. Even then it is only their luminous eyes that are visible, glittering jewels of light in the perpetual darkness of the vault. When they speak it is in dead, emotionless tones that sound far off, as if from a distant void. All they want is payment for their intellectual property.



Cult of Eternal Culthood

✎ **Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.**
© *Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.*

The Cult of Eternal Culthood considers itself an "anti-cult," in that they do not dedicate themselves to a single god, nor do they profess a common creed. Instead, they welcome all types of worshipers, regardless of their beliefs.

It is the goal of the Cult of Eternal Culthood for its members to search their personal means of spiritual growth and expression. For some, this is peaceful meditation and prayer; for others, this means nihilism and meaningless acts of aggression; for others, this means the sacrificing of innocents in order to bring about the apocalypse. The Cult of Eternal Culthood holds this spirital and intellectual freedom in high regard, and seeks to be as inclusive and pluralist as possible. This means it is the responsibility of all members of the cult to gain insight from the practices of all its members (e.g., it is the responsibility of the peaceful meditator to appreciate the sacrificing of innocents, and derive insight from such acts). For this reason, no practice, belief, method, or god is taboo. In fact, each is considered sacred.

The Dotted Disc

Though all symbols are welcomed and appreciated, the most common symbol of the Cult of Eternal Culthood is the "dotted disc." This disk has a large raised dot at its center, surrounded by a ring of smaller dots. The central dot symbolizes the individual and his or her beliefs, while the outer dots represent the other members and their beliefs, creeds, and practices. The dots are then enclosed by the ring of the disc, to depict its inclusiveness.

Organized Worship

Though all members of the Cult of Eternal Culthood are encouraged to worship as they see fit and at any time they choose, those who choose to worship as a group must don a *gray robe of all acceptance*, light a *torch of spritual inclusiveness*, and gather around a representative who holds the dotted disc, as the congregation chants the following phrase* for hours on end:

"Oh-wah-tah-fü-lye-am."

It is not uncommon for one of these worship services to end in a bloodbath as a nihilistic cult member proceeds to murder those around him (many of whom kneel pacifistically and meditate as they die).

**Please note, all Cultists of the Eternal Culthood are careful to never refer to this phrase as a mantra, credo, hymn, psalm, incantation or song—referring to it simply as "the phrase."*

Well-known Cultists of Eternal Culthood

The following legendary figures were (at one time or another) members of the Cult of Eternal Culthood:

Golywn the Gobbler: Widely known as a glutton and cannibal, as well as a worshiper of most epicurean gods, Golwyn was believed to have eaten all the members of his congregation in an act of worship to his gods.

Ristophel the Conflicted: Ristophel was a lawful cleric who fell madly in love with the succubus Sicahael (and she with him). In order for them to be able to worship together, Ristophel and Scahael joined the Cult of Eternal Culthood congregation of Blackbloom Forest in the town of Tepos. This was, of course, all a ruse on the part of Sicahael who charmed the entire congregation into her service, but not before she gave birth to Ristophel's son—Golwyn the Gobbler.

Samdel Flustergull: Flustergull is widely known by the general public as the alchemist who discovered the potential of the common potato for producing potions granting the ability to cast *lightning bolt* spells. However, Flustergull is better known by Cultists of Eternal Culthood for developing "The Infinite Orison"—a sort of "neverending" form of prayer in which the worshiper dedicates him or herself to a different petty god each and every day. It was Flustergull's belief that only by worshiping different gods can one understand that none of them are truly gods.

Omitus: It was Omitus who, centuries ago, touted claims to be an aspect of the Jale God. He personally gathered more than 5,000 members to his congretation with the message, "We are all aspects of the Jale God. We must therefore worship all others as aspects of the Jale God, and in turn be worshiped as an aspect of the Jale God." It is unknown whether Omitus was truly an aspect of the Jale God, but given the persisting rumors which claim he is still alive, it does not seem entirely implausable.

Wrexenfex the Indecisive: Wrexenfex has long been held as the founder of the Cult of Eternal Culthood. It was Wrexenfex who was searching for the answer to life, the universe, and everything, when he became so wrapped in his own thoughts he succumbed to catatonia. People gathered around him—some seeking the same and others touting their own religions (in hopes that Wrexenfex would choose that religion). The cult formed organically from that original gathering.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Jale God.*

Cult of Llegh

Mike "Carlson" Davis
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

When the necromancer Llegh created his crypt, and used his abilities to achieve undeath, his place of interment became a magnet for explorers, adventurers and treasure seekers wishing to make their fortunes. A side benefit of this was an explosion in the markets of the nearby village of Lakewallow, with taverns, smiths, liveries and general goods stores seeing their revenues increase with the influx of outsiders making a stab at Llegh's crypt. Among the people of Lakewallow, a small faction saw this boon not as a side effect, but as the intent of Llegh, and have, in the years since the creation of the crypt, developed a religious following of the lich. These cultists, unlike the treasure hunters who brave it, know the secret of the entrance to the crypt, and are able to enter and leave at their leisure.

With the discovery of Llegh's labs, and his early experiments in necromancy, members of his cult began to experiment in body modification and redesign. Their undead 'god' (who, as all proper gods, has never been seen by a member of the cult) left significant records on the subject of vivisection, the reanimation of flesh, and the bonding of organs and limbs from different sources into one creature. As a result, each Cultist of Llegh resembles a strange mish-mash of mismatched body parts and scar tissue, which they take great pains to cover and disguise when outside the crypt complex.

When first encountered, a cultist of Llegh may be mistaken for some form of fleshy golem or automaton. This misconception may continue when, after being damaged, the body of the cultist begins healing itself (at a rate of 2 hp per round). While their current physical forms have their origins in experiments similar to those used to create golems, however, each cultist is a normal, living sentient being (if subjecting oneself to such flesh-grafts can be considered 'normal').

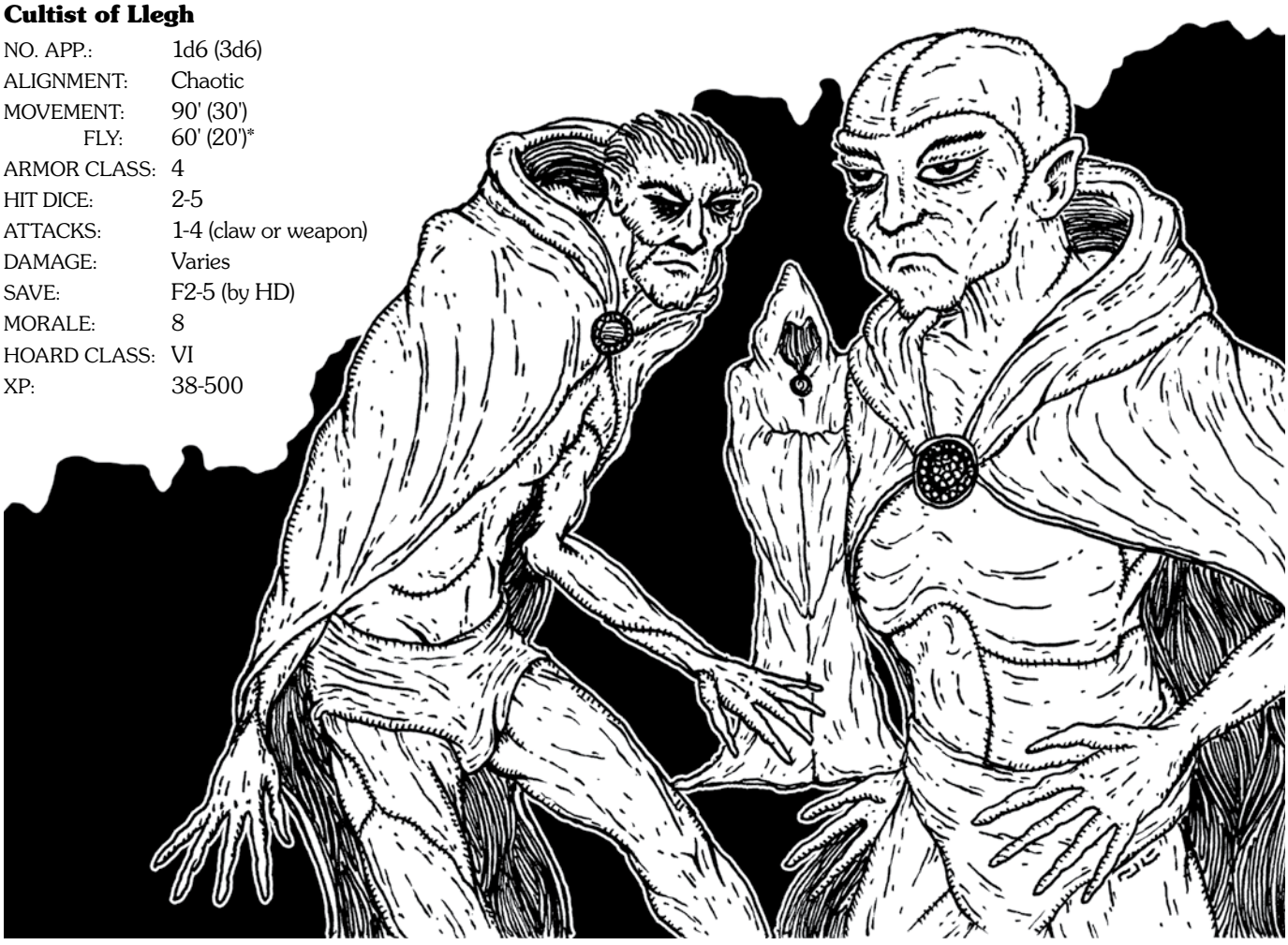
Due to the constant replacement of the physical portions of their bodies, each cultist has achieved an effective immortality. The cult endeavors to capture as many enemies in combat as possible, providing further fresh material for their body part stores. The cult does not limit itself to a humanoid supply of body parts, and many an adventurer has returned to Lakewallow and Llegh's crypt only to be confronted by a cultist with the body parts of a favorite animal companion or familiar. (It is this ability to incorporate parts from various creatures that allows a cultist to have variable stats.)

When encountered within the crypt of Llegh, any group of four cultists will include one priest of 3rd Level. A group of eight cultists will have a single priest of 5th level and a 5HD champion. When encountered in their temple lair, the cultists are led by a 7th level high-priest, three 5th level priests, and two champions).

* If the cultist has grafted wings onto their body.

Cultist of Llegh

NO. APP.:	1d6 (3d6)
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
FLY:	60' (20')*
ARMOR CLASS:	4
HIT DICE:	2-5
ATTACKS:	1-4 (claw or weapon)
DAMAGE:	Varies
SAVE:	F2-5 (by HD)
MORALE:	8
HOARD CLASS:	VI
XP:	38-500



Cult of the Obsidian Mirror

John Everett Till
Keith Henderson

They are known by their lies, rather than by the gods they pretend to worship; those are many.

The Cult of the Obsidian Mirror has long been suspected of being the agent of one or more pariah deities. Indeed, the cult practices a species of dark ecumenism. It recruits from the cults of gods associated with sorcery, trickery, and discord. The cult's followers map and pursue the spiritual invasion routes between worlds (more on this in the ***Deepest Secrets*** section at the end of the cult description), infiltrating and subverting other temples, stealing their secrets, and directing the temples they subvert toward some hidden greater purpose.

Great gods implicated in the cult include:

— Tezcatlipoca, the Jaguar Lord of Night Winds, Sorcery, Discord, and Rulership; and Master of the Heartless Dead

— The Jale God, He That Sits in Unbearable Splendor, the Cosmic Trickster of Fate and Fortune

— Carrefour, Dark Lord of the Crossroads, Rum, and Gunpowder

— Chixulub, the Goddess of Decaying Orbits, and Shepherd of the Tzitzimine Star Demons

— Tlacotani, Lord of Sudden Inundation— particularly in his urban aspect as the Lord of Sudden Victory and Reversal of Fortunes in theological and factional disputes

— Wicked Skein, petty goddess of unwelcome messages, a notorious plunderer of libraries and record-houses, vector of rumors and disinformation

Cult Personnel and Practices

Members of the cult typically travel as a pair consisting of a sorcerer-priest (a magic-user or cleric) of 7th-9th level, and a seasoned cult warrior of 4-5th level. The DM may select one of the deities above, or choose another god of discord as the secret object of worship of the sorcerer-priest and the warrior companion. The cult warrior invariably bears the scars of jaguar bites or claws, and can shapeshift into the form of a panther.

The pair will arrive at the temple of another god they desire to infiltrate (typically, but by no means exclusively, the temple of a god of knowledge), playing the role of:

— A scholar-priest from a distant branch of the temple, and his temple warrior escort

— A pair of religious pilgrims

— A noble or wealthy merchant patron of the temple, and his warrior escort

The pair will request temporary residence in the temple, seek spiritual advice from the temple's masters, request the use of temple resources (such as its libraries), participate in the classes and colloquia of the temple's schools, and seek the opportunity to participate in the ritual life of the temple. After a visit of reasonable length, both the sorcerer-priest and the cult warrior will bid their hosts adieu. Shortly after their public (and often ostentatious) farewell, they will find an excuse to reenter the temple and use small devices called *perfect mirrors* to assume the semblances of a senior temple priest and some other temple functionary, such as the chief of the temple guard. The persons whose guises they acquire are each imprisoned within one of the *perfect mirrors*. The captured victim's face is always visible as a smoky reflection in these small obsidian mirrors, so the cultists keep the mirrors carefully hidden on their persons at all times after taking on the guise of their victims.

After the sorcerer-priest and cult warrior have ensconced themselves within the temple hierarchy, they will select and groom an accomplice from within the temple they are subverting. This recruit is usually a temple initiate or junior priest of level 1-3. The sorcerer-priest will offer the initiate what they desire most, whether that be power, secret knowledge, or participation in illicit rites and pleasures. (Often, all of these are offered, as this makes it easier to bind the initiate to the sorcerer-priest's will.) The initiate will appear to rise quickly in the favor of the temple leadership, and soon takes on a subsidiary but important leadership role in their temple hierarchy.

Cult Leadership

The hierarchy of the Cult of the Obsidian Mirror is ill-defined, although the cult's primary text, the *Book of the Litany of the Night Wind* lists many cultic titles. Some have suggested that the cult is structured more like a fungal rhizomatic network than the tree-like hierarchy found in most temples. Similarly, it is unknown whether the cult has a headquarters. Its most "visible" members are the nomadic sorcerer-priest/cult warrior pair who travel in disguise.

Divine Items

PERFECT MIRROR: Each sorcerer-priest and warrior of the Cult of the Obsidian Mirror has on their person a small obsidian hand-mirror called a *perfect mirror*. This device of the ancients is a gateway to a pocket dimension prison which works identically to a *mirror of life trapping*. However, only one person at a time may be trapped. The trapped person's voice and appearance is immediately taken on by the user of the *perfect mirror*. The entrapped person's face can be seen in the mirror as a smoky apparition. In addition, two or more individuals who each possess *perfect mirrors* can communicate with each other by speaking into their mirrors; this effect has a range of up to 300'.

BOOK OF THE LITANY OF THE NIGHT WIND: Every sorcerer-priest of the Cult of the Obsidian Mirror has a copy of this magical text, which functions as the sorcerer-priest's spell book, as well as being the primary religious text of the Cult of the Obsidian Mirror. This is a long, thin accordion-style book of folded pages. Many pages appear to be lists of items (e.g., stars, worlds, gods, minions, creatures) that are important to the cult, and it has often been suggested that the many lists in the *Litany* are a kind of shopping list for the cult. Many pages also have diagrams that look similar to organizational charts. At least one page of the book is inscribed with a *symbol of conflict* rune, and another with a *symbol of insanity* as a nasty surprise for those who might seek to steal the cult's secrets.

JALE TEARS: Small faceted gems of sublime color, *jale tears* are crystalline drops of the Jale God's divine sweat as his fevered body rubs up against the Skin of Reality. These gems are rarely more than 2-3 mm in diameter. They manifest as a patina on the walls of the Jale God's hidden shrines; once

that happens, Jale Tears can be harvested for use elsewhere. Members of the Cult of the Obsidian Mirror offer these gems as tokens of favor or as bribes. More than one temple novice has been corrupted and brought under the cult's sway thanks to these gems. When ingested, a *jale tear* greatly enhances the subject's libido and potency for a period of 24 hours. At the same time, the subject's judgment, discretion, and restraint are dramatically impaired due to intrusive and persistent thoughts that are "dreamlike, feverish, and voluptuous."* The subject's Charisma and Constitution modifiers temporarily increase to +4, while their Wisdom modifier drops to -6.

EYE OF LORD TEZCATLIPOCA: In any group of cultists, one individual (usually the sorcerer-priest) may have access to this device of the ancients. The Eye can activate any gate in the network of *smoking mirror engines* (see ***Divine Items*** section) opening a portal to a *smoking mirror engine* at another location in the same world, another world, or to an entirely different plane. The gate remains open for 3 rounds. Once opened, anyone may pass through. (For greater detail on *Eyes*, see the ***Divine Items*** section.)

Minions

Common summonable minions of the Cult of the Obsidian Mirror include the ahuizotl, divine auditors, heartless dead, and the tzitzimine star demons (see ***Minions, Knights & Servitors*** section). Each sorcerer-priest's *Book of the Litany of the Night Wind* gives them access to one or more cult spells used to summon a specific type of minion.

Secret Aims

When the three cultists have become fully ensconced within the temple's hierarchy and bureaucracy, the real work begins. The temple's records are plundered for magical secrets, such as the routes between the temple and the spirit realms or planes that are important to that temple's god. Temple vaults and treasuries are trawled for artifacts, especially for those devices of the ancients that can detect or control gates. Such items are invariably stolen. Similarly, the three will secretly explore the hidden shrines, ritual spaces, and labyrinths within and below a temple, seeking out gates and nexus points between the dimensions. If they find imprisoned gods or demons in these precincts, they may strike a favorable bargain with these beings in exchange for their release.

As these investigations occur, subtle changes begin to manifest within the temple. Discord arises within the hierarchy; clerical and scholarly fortunes rise and fall; unwholesome, heterodox ideas spring up among the scholar-priests; initiates begin breaking temple taboos; the temple's patrons start making unreasonable demands; the effigies of temple saints begin to jabber. These useful distractions often make it easier for the Cult of the Obsidian Mirror to carry out its investigations and pilfering. However sometimes these disturbances become a tumult, sparking religious riots, interventions by the civil authorities, plagues, and inquisitions. Sometimes the infiltrators get caught.

Deepest Secrets

The single greatest interest of the Cult of the Obsidian Mirror is the discovery of *smoking mirror engines* on other worlds. Often these items are hidden within temples and palaces, or in the Underworlds near such places. When cultists locate one of these items, all bets are off. The cultists may resort to assassination to gain their prize, or poison everyone in a temple or palace in order to secure a *smoking mirror engine*, and keep it under their absolute and exclusive control. Indeed, they may release a plague that kills an entire city or town to conceal their discovery.

What do the cultists do with these devices? When a *smoking mirror engine* is discovered, cultists will seek to awaken the device, and connect it to the other engines in the network. Often such gates connect only to a single mirror on another world. But more rarely, a *smoking mirror engine* will open onto an entire 'mirror gallery' that connects to dozens or hundreds of worlds.

Why are the *smoking mirror engines* so important? *The Book of the Litany of the Night Wind* contains a few tantalizing hints about this. One litany suggests the network of mirrors is not only a means of physical transport between worlds; the gate network creates spiritual invasion routes. These routes make it easier for the gods, minions, and occult energies associated with the Cult of the Obsidian Mirror to move between worlds, as well as magnify their influence and power on worlds linked by the Engines. A second and perhaps more ominous notion suggested by the Litany is that once a certain number of mirror galleries are networked to each other, a new intelligence will awaken and arise: a god even darker, more deceptive, and discordant than the gods the cult venerates today.

** From **A Voyage to Arcturus** (1920) by David Lindsay.*

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Chicxulub, Jale God, Tlacotani, Wicked Skein;* **M)** *Ahuizotl, Divine Auditors, Heartless Dead, Tzitzimine;* **D)** *Book of the Litany of the Night Wind, Eyes (Eye of Lord Tezcatlipoca), Perfect Mirror, Smoking Mirror Engine.*

Cult of the White Shadow

Charles Turnitsa
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

Background

The Cult of the White Shadow is dedicated to serving the shadow wyrms (daemons of the Lady of the Air—an ancient chaos god that appears in images as a blob of tentacles poised over the earth). A shadow wyrm appears as the vast shadowy body of a giant man-wyrm. A shadow wyrm has a lower snake-like body, with pairs of clawed legs appearing out of the body at intervals, a humanoid torso with arms and wings, and a curious cobra-hooded head with hollow black eyes. It is said that to look into the eyes of a shadow wyrm is to lose your soul.

Membership comes from a nomination, which to be accepted, must be from an individual who has renounced the established religions, and whom has dedicated him/herself to the path of following the cult's pursuit of knowledge about the White Shadow, the shadow wyrms, and The Originator of Shadow—The Lady of the Air.

A nominant to the cult must serve as such for a period of at least one year before being allowed membership. During that time, nominants are requested to perform increasingly horrible acts, intended to make life difficult for those around them who are not of the cult, as well as being entrusted to forward the campaign of fear and terror the cult pursues.

After one year, a nominant can present themself for recognition as a cultist. They must have performed some horrible deed, which they then can brag about at a council of local elders, in order to impress them in pursuance of membership.

There are several levels of cultists, from the lowly simple thugs (The Despised), up through the warrior types (Swords of the Shadow), to mission leaders (Minds of the Shadow), assassins (Claws of the Shadow), priests/priestesses (Fists of the Shadow), and sorcerers (Flames of the Shadow). Though individual cultists of any degree may vary in level (and HD), members of The Despised will rarely be above 3rd level. All members of the cult, regardless of type or level, will be of chaotic alignment. Furthermore, while doing the business of their cult, all cultists are robed in simple gray robes (again, regardless of level).

The Despised

NO. APP.:	2d6 (or as a mission master from the Cult decrees)
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
ARMOR CLASS:	5
HIT DICE:	2
ATTACKS:	1 (trademark spiky flail)
DAMAGE:	1d8+2
SAVE:	T2
MORALE:	8
HOARD CLASS:	2d6gp each
XP:	20

The Despised undergo special magical conditioning which gives them a +2 on all saving throws. Occasionally, some of the Despised will be given the *food of the shadow* (see entry in the ***Divine Items*** section). An individual member of The Despised is called only "Scum," and accompanied by a number. By vow and oath, the Despised are not allowed to speak, and often have vile, filthy rags tied around their mouths.

Swords of the Shadow

NO. APP.:	1d6
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
ARMOR CLASS:	3
HIT DICE:	4
ATTACKS:	3 attacks every 2 rounds (broadsword)
DAMAGE:	2d4+4
SAVE:	F4
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	Individuals: none Leader: 25% magic item (allowed fighters)
XP:	80 (135 w/ poison)

There are times when a mission calls for better trained members of the cult than The Despised. In those instances they are often warriors known as the Swords of the Shadow.

Swords of the Shadow are human warriors, specialized in the use of the broadsword (THAC0:13). They will occasionally also carry darts (standard) which may be poisoned with a burning blood poison (save vs. poison, or take 1d6 per round, for three rounds, plus suffer a –2 "to hit" penalty during that period).

Mind of the Shadow

NO. APP.:	1
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	90' (30')
ARMOR CLASS:	8
HIT DICE:	4-8 (varies)
ATTACKS:	1 (knife or mindblast)
DAMAGE:	1d4 or 2d6 (see special)
SAVE:	M4-M8 (by HD)
MORALE:	10
HOARD CLASS:	Doses of *food of the shadow* (see below)
XP:	135-1,060

The Swords of the Shadow are led by the blind masters known as the Minds of the Shadow. There will never be more than one Mind of the Shadow on a single mission, regardless of what other types of cultists are present. Such a leader leads via mental awareness and *telepathy* (the results of long and torturous treatments by dedicated sorcerers). They lose both their eyesight, and the ability to cast spells, in return for mental gifts the cult bestows on them.

The Mind of the Shadow is completely blind, but is in constant communication with any Swords of the Shadow or Despised under his command. The Mind of the Shadow is not affected by being in the dark, or any other adverse visibility conditions (including being attacked from the flank or rear), and halves the negatives applied to those it controls. A party lead by a Mind of the Shadow is never surprised.

The mind blast of the Minds of the Shadow has no effect at all on any type of fey creature, elf or otherwise. It does affect the intelligent much more than those less gifted in that area. Apply the number of additional languages that the target is able to learn as a bonus to the damage done by the mind blast attack.

Claws, Fists, and Flames of the Shadow

In addition to the standard membership of the cult, there are assassins (Claws of the Shadow), priests (Fists of the Shadow), and sorcerers (Flames of the Shadow). Each Claw, Fist or Flame of the Shadow is an individual of reasonably high level (usually near or above title level for their profession) who have turned to the service of the Cult. Within the cult, they are treated as individuals and, as such, do not come under the control of a Mind of the Shadow. Magic-users and clerics of the cult are allowed some special spells (see below).

Please note, detailed information for the Claws, Fists and Flames of the Shadow are not included here, as they should be treated as individual NPCs with varying statistics and abilities (created at the discretion of the DM).

The Earnish-Amantic & Spells of the Shadow

Very high placed cult leaders from the Cult of the White Shadow are aware of the existance of an ancient book—the *Earnish-Amantic*—which contains the secrets of The Lady of the Air and her shadow wyrm servants, as well as lesser beings like shadow creatures and shadow snakes. The book itself is cursed, though some believe it worth risking that curse to gain knowledge of the foul things hidden inside.

Within the Cult of the White Shadow, there are circulated rumors of specific spells within the *Earnish-Amantic* used to contact or summon shadow creatures and shadow snakes. Certainly at one time, among the worshipers of The Lady of Air, there were such spells, and communication with the Shadow Dimension was quite common. Three of the spells contained within the tome are as follows:

Shadow Clutch: Use of this spell allows the caster to summon 1d6 shadow snake warriors, which will remain in the world and do the bidding of their summoner (with appropriate bribes of blood from warm-blooded intelligent victims), for a period of time up to 1 day per level of the spell caster. The true strength of the spell seems to be when it is simultaneously cast by up to five clerics (a group of five is referred to as a "clutch"). With each additional caster past the first, the number of dice of shadow snake warriors that are retrieved from the shadow dimensions is doubled. So, with two clerics, there are 2 dice, with three clerics there are 4 dice, with four clerics there are 8 dice, and with five clerics there are 16 dice worth of shadow snakes retrieved. An appropriate number of shadow snake warrior champions and evil high priests will also manifest.

Shadow Hunt: A victim cursed by this spell will begin to attract beings from the Shadow Dimensions, who come to the world specifically to attack and kill (or drag back to the shadow dimensions, in the case of a shadow snake priest) the victim.

Summon Shadow Creature: This spell summons 1d6 plus the caster's level in shadow creatures.

Create Shadow Creature: This spell, when cast, will transform a recently (not more than 1-day-old) deceased corpse into a shadow creature.

The Food of the Shadow

The *food of the shadow* refers to a number of different items prepared from the magical leavings of shadow creatures (which they 'exude' when absent from the Shadow Dimension for too long). These leavings are gathered up by select members of The Despised and prepared according to certain magical formulae, resulting in hard small wafers which may be consumed. (See ***Food of the Shadow*** in the ***Divine Items*** section.)

RELATED ENTRIES: **M)** *Shadow Creature, Shadow Snake*; **D)** *Earnish-Amantic*, *Food of the Shadow*; **S)** *Create Shadow Creature, Shadow Clutch, Shadow Hunt, Summon Shadow Creature.*

Delvers of the Golden Veins

Logan Knight
Logan Knight

Hidden away in the mountains, living in whitewashed caves, away from the prying eyes of those who would call themselves holy, lie the Delvers of the Golden Veins. Their god is a walking mountain of flesh, all-consuming, ever enduring.

When the stars are deemed right, worshipping before an idol carved into a stone wall, just when their ululations reach a fever pitch, one of their number is blessed with transformation, alchemy of the soul and body. Their limbs atrophy and their back bends, their torso expands to the floor like a dropped sack, their skin grows dark and pocked. Their flesh is doughy and pliable, and it is forbidden to touch them during the transformation. Their head rots and retreats into the body, and new pink-flecked quivering orifices open on their belly and across their sides, dissolving anything placed before them and breathing in the spore cloud into atoms.

This holy manifestation of their god, the Atmungsgebirgshund, is carefully moved to a dais carved from a crop of stalagmites, fed, and adored. As it feeds, the Atmungsgebirgshund's body becomes ever more stone-like, fracturing, forming peaks.

When the stars again proclaim the time right, crowning spires of light grow from the pinnacle of the Atmungsgebirgshund's spine hill, and the Delved fall upon it with pick and hands. They drink deeply of the golden blood that flows as they break away the shards of its flesh, and they are once more blessed to live long in worship amongst the mountains.

Their god does not exist. Their god is communal. Their god is them. If they were destroyed, so too would be their god.

Their number never exceeds 40, and breeding is only permitted when another member has been lost, either by violent death or ascension. Their memories of persecution have rooted deeply over the ages, and any intrusion into their caves will be seen as an attack. The Delved are non-violent, though their god is not.

Some will delay the intruders, throwing their bodies upon the blades, while others will fall against the Atmungsgebirgshund in supplication to be consumed.

Cracking shards of primordial blue light extend from the Atmungsgebirgshund's belly, roots worthy of a mountain god, and the orifices penetrating its side expand and howl like rushing wind. Every Delved sacrificed on its body increases its HD.

You will see a mountain walk, you will see your flesh drawn across the room like pollen on the wind.

Atmungsgebirgshund

NO. APP.:	1
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	0
HIT DICE:	8 (1 HD + 1 HD per self-sacrificed Delved)
ATTACKS:	Special
DAMAGE:	Special
SAVE:	M23
MORALE:	12
HOARD CLASS:	The Delved's art may be worth something to the right person
XP:	2000 × HD at time of death

Once the first Delver has been sacrificed on its side, the Atmungsgebirgshund is able to digest the flesh of one creature within 4' at the rate of 1 hp per round. Every additional sacrifice increases the range by 4' and allows another creature to be consumed simultaneously.

Every round there is a 10% chance of fragmented spikes of blue light bursting from the earth, impaling the unlucky creature above, consuming them from within in floating blue sparks that rise as the spikes retreat. Save vs. death or die.

If anyone other than a Delved attempts to drink the golden blood of the Atmungsgebirgshund roll d6:

1. Your torso turns to stone, brittle internal walls crack and break, you're alive as your body splits in half and stone organs spill across the floor.
2. An atomising black hole forms in your belly, consuming you from the inside, lasting another hour after you have disappeared, affecting anything that comes within 10'.
3. Roots of molten stone seep from your feet and embed deep into the earth, your legs petrify up to the knees. Better find a hammer.
4. For the next 4 days you gain no nutrition from anything you eat, you grow weak, but a solid gold nugget is forming in your belly, worth 2000 gp if you can pass it.
5. You can hear the Breathing Mountain, you weep at its glory, you remain in the caves to rebuild its family and live forever. Slay any who would stand in your way.
6. The blood of the earth fills your veins, you will never age, decrease your Dexterity by 1 every year that you do not drink the golden blood of the Atmungsgebirgshund as you slowly turn to living stone.

Listeners to Kang

Eric Potter
Bartlomiej Doroszko

In the very beginning he was a common healer, a simple cleric boy of the lowest order, unknown, ordinary, completely expendable, and as such he was sent by his fabled Brotherhood of Highminded Monastics into the valleys of the great mountain known throughout the land as Shankshill. A wicked plague had decimated nearly all the people of these lands, and word had reached the sanctuary that its ruler, the great Kang, survived, and had fortified himself deep beneath the mountain.

The cleric boy wandered through the distant, desolate lands for many harsh seasons, laying hands on the few wretched dying along the way, but to no avail—the gods had abandoned these souls, he felt sure in his heart. On he pressed, for Kang himself had beckoned in need of a healer, and though all seemed hopeless, his brothers had entrusted him alone in this mission.

At long last the cleric boy found his way under Shankshill and to the protectors of great Kang. They were relieved to see the wary healer, and quickly ushered him to the entrance of a great labyrinth which had been carved out of the mighty mountain's bedrock. Unfortunately, these very protectors were so sickened with plague they refused themselves entrance in order to save Kang, and the cleric boy was on his own to find his way through the unending maze.

One foot inside and a miracle occurred: a voice from the gods, leading his step around every corner and past every unmarked crossroad. It showed him a sure and direct path to the center of the vast labyrinth—a huge, circular room under an encompassing dome where, across a raised dais, lay the poor figure of a fallen warrior, still dressed for battle, his plate gleaming in the unwavering torchlight. The crestfallen figure wore a fantastic great helm which shone of the purest platinum and hid within the sunken black eyes of a doomed man. The cleric wrested the helm away and was sickened by the sight, for the plague had devoured Kang's face, leaving the unhinged jaw hanging unsupported, the meat rotted like sickened chattel. It was then that the youthful cleric knew that the gentle leading voice had come not from the gods, but from Kang himself. The cleric boy asked how this was so. Kang pulled down this platinum helm and his voice ran smooth as glass through the boy's mind. It was the power of the helm to commune through thought alone. This great helm was the power of Kang.

The cleric boy had a small but quite sinister thought for such an insignificant child—the power of the helm could be his own, and so he removed the great helm from the dying head of great Kang. This wicked little priest sat back on his haunch and watched this great Kang's demise.

Then a new great Kang sent his voice through thin air and for many, many years his followers sent in wild game at the head of the maze, with flasks of ale and water and sacks of gold tied in nooses around their supple necks, and they waited patiently for Kang to emerge, though he never did.

Eventually the voice of Kang the Communer grew faint and finally most of those whose generations had miraculously survived that wretched plague assumed their once great leader had succumbed to old age, or worse.

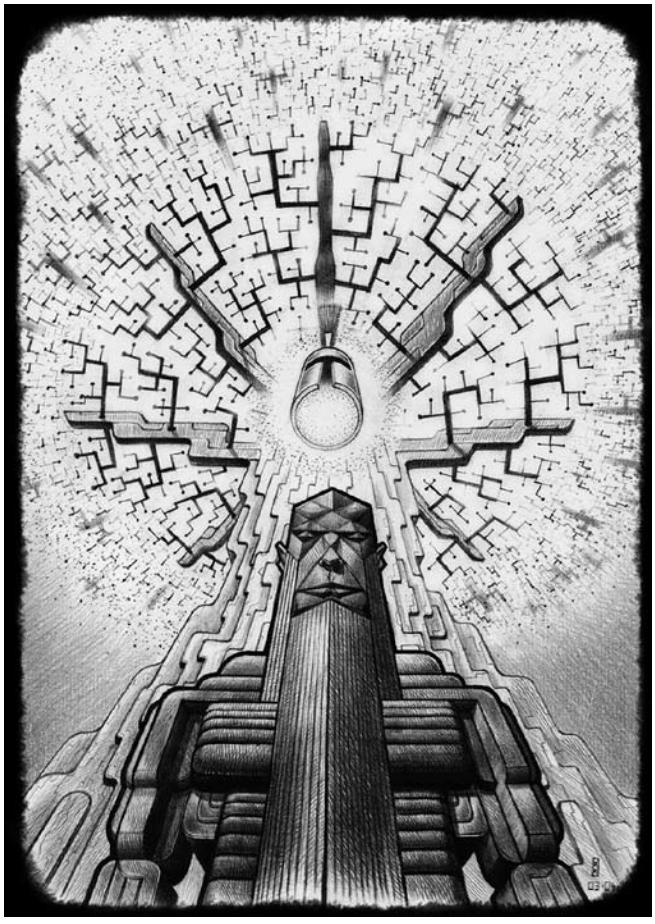
However, there were those who occasionally heard a faint whisper, a half word, a weak whimper echoing in their heads in the dead of night, with the promises of Kang's great hoard of precious gold. These souls grew devout. They swore that Kang lived, and many attempted to find their brave captain deep in his mythical maze, but none that tried ever emerged and the true devout Listeners to Kang have since fallen on disrepute and, at various times, scorn and ridicule.

Listener to Kang

NO. APP.:	1d12
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	7
HIT DICE:	2
ATTACKS:	1 (dagger)
DAMAGE:	1d4 or by weapon
SAVE:	C2
MORALE:	8
HOARD CLASS:	None
XP:	20

These dark-robed devout believers roam the countryside in packs seeking to expand the consciousness of others by attempting to indoctrinate the uninitiated into "listening" for the word of the great Kang. Listeners to Kang are completely silent, they have removed their own tongues and use only hand gestures to communicate, lest they miss a divine message from Kang with instructions on how to navigate the great maze under Shankshill to remove the mounds of collected gold.

RELATED ENTRIES: **D)** *Helm of Divine Conversation.*



Order O'Possimium

✎ **Tim Shorts**
☙ *Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.*

History of the Order

Very little is known regarding Possimium's origin. His mark upon history and within the pantheons has been slight. There are mentions of Possimium as far back as 300 years ago, but texts found in the ancient ruins (estimated to be over 1,500 years old) make mention of a "Postimius"; scholars debate these texts, with many believing this is the original name of the god of nocturnal creatures. If Postimius and Possimium are one and the same, this would make him one of the eldest gods.

In the past, Possimium has had several symbols by which he was known. Today, his predominant holy symbol is a pair of possum eyes peering from a dark moon. The faithful of Possimium wear brass pendants of this symbol, and standards bearing the symbol may be found in his shrines.

Philosophy of the Order

Possimium promotes "to do what one must do" to survive. Generally, this means followers of Possimium are nonviolent. Instead, they are good at using their wits to get out of bad situations. Possimium takes no sides in times of war and his followers assist whoever is the current ruler, army or person of standing in their shrine.

Servants of Possimium

Servants of Possimium use the word "cleric" as a catch-all phrase for anyone in the service of Possimium, but the those who run the shrines are referred to as "parsons," and those in his service are referred to as "faithful." The Possimium faith is structured around a council of regional parsons. This may sometimes only include two or three parsons in hundreds of miles. These counsels gather once every few years. While each shrine runs independently, they are all similar in their way of services and handling of issues. Once a parson passes on, one of the faithful takes up the gray cincture and becomes the new parson.

Parsons wear gray clothing and during rituals they will wear a heavy gray cowl. No matter their dress, they will always wear the gray cincture that represents their position. The faithful wear normal clothing—there is nothing to make them stand out, other than that most will wear a pendant of Possimium.

Shrines of Possimium

Possimium has very few shrines dedicated to him. One of his shrines will most often share space in large temples dedicated to a better-known god of the night. There are, however, some shrines dedicated solely to Possimium. These shrines are kept humble, as to not gain attention (as are the dress and the manner of people that are attracted to serve Possimium). These shrines are always found 'in between' other places, are most often constructed of wood, and are usually located near trees.

Those who visit the shrines can expect some of the following hospitalities and services:

A meal. The shrine will provide one small meal to any visitor, regardless of belief.

A bed. The shrine will allow those who have been kind in the past to stay for up to three nights. Those who stay are expected to make a donation, or assist with maintaining the shrine.

Healing. On occasion, a priest will provide healing, but it requires a donation or the completion of a task (see Secrets of Possimium).

Birth and Death Ceremonies. The shrines of Possimium are approved by most other temples to perform birth and death ceremonies should someone be without the services of their own temple. However, some consider it bad luck to have a child *blessed* by a holy man of Possimium.

Secrets of Possimium Shrines

– The Shrines of Possimium always have a large secret storage area beneath. Here they stock up on food, ale, weapons and other items. Each shrine will have a specialty that they collect. They gather these things quietly and secretly. Often, if someone needs healing, part of the agreement will be to collect more of these items to be stored in the shrine. Parsons do this for times of famine and war. They provide to keep their faithful safe.

– Parsons rely on the assistance of others to keep their shrines in good repair and their store rooms full. Possimium grants each Parson with the ability to cast a *minor geas* once per week. The quest or goal should not take more than a few days to complete, nor be more valuable than 100 sp. The *geas* will not work on an unwilling person. Should a person agree to do the task, the *geas* provides a +1 to all rolls during the quest.

– Parsons are selected by Possimium himself. The god often appears as a small group of a single type of creature. For example, a faithful may find eight possums sleeping outside his home in a nearby tree, or a colony of bats swirling over his head. However, in all instances, the person will hear the quiet voice of Possimium stating that he or she has been chosen. This is usually the only time a parson will meet Possimium directly.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Possimium.*

Pallid Court

Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

They are the Whisperers in the Darkness, the Brothers of the Yellow Sign, the Hands of the Yellow King—they are the Pallid Court, worshipers of the The Yellow King (an aspect of the Jale God).

Organization

The Pallid Court is a tentacled organization rumored to have 71 'tatters' (a term used to honor the tattered robe worn by the Yellow King)—one tatter for each copy of the *Tome of the Yellow King* that is supposed to exist. (While it is likely safe to assume that some of these tatters possess a copy of the tome, it is by no means a given that all tatters possess one; it is more likely to assume that those tatters that do not have one are in the search to possess one.)

Each tatter is named to honor The King in Yellow, but also to identify themselves as a tatter separate from the others. A few of the tatters known to exist are:

– The Pallid Circle
– The Pallid Cloak
– The Pallid Crown
– The Pallid Hoard
– The Pallid Mask
– The Pallid Shadow
– The Pallid Throne
– The Pallid Torch
– The Pallid Touch
– The Pallid Wing

The organization of each tatter is gerontocratic, with the eldest member of the tatter holding the highest position within it as Pallid Elder. The standard age for a Pallid Elder is 99+ years.

Directly beneath the Pallid Elder are the Pallid Counselors—those tatter members who are younger than the Pallid Elder, but have reached an age of no less than 79 years old. The number of Pallid Counselors for each tatter usually ranges from 10 to 20 members. Collectively, the Pallid Counselors are known as the Pallid Council. Although the Pallid Elder acts as the leader for the tatter, he or she will often turn to the Pallid Council for their advice; this is, of course, in times of lucidity for the Pallid Elder, given that members of the Pallid Court as a whole are subject to the madness that comes with old age.

Those members of a tatter that have reached at least 49 years of age, but have not yet reached the age to become a Pallid Counselor, are known as Pallid Deacons. These Deacons are concerned with running the ongoing activities of each tatter.

Those members of a tatter who are 48 years and younger are known as Pallid Whelps, an intentionally demeaning term. There is no limit on how young a Whelp may be. Given that the madness of old age is rare among those young enough to be a Whelp, one of the major goals of each tatter is 'recruiting' younger members—an activity that consists of little more than exposing the Yellow Sign to unsuspecting victims, forcing them into madness, then pulling those victims in as 'newborns' to the tatter.

Cult Activities

The major goal of each tatter of the Pallid Court is the attainment of additional power for The Yellow King through the ritual sacrifice of children (particularly newborns).

The cult tends to operate near large cities where the numbers of unwed mothers tends to be higher (as these victims are more likely to go unnoticed). Cult members will offer expectant mothers all of the accommodations they might need (e.g., a place to stay, assistance with birthing, etc.) and 'take them in' (usually a small, unassuming house not too far from the actual cult lair). As the woman goes into labor, the cult members (usually a group of Whelps) will shuffle her off to the cult lair, where the entire throng will be found gathered around the central altar, waiting for the birth and the subsequent sacrifice.

The sacrifices not only feed the power of The Yellow King, but to the tatter's Elder and Counselors (which explains their ironic vigor and strength in spite of their age).

In addition to the ongoing sacrifices, each tatter is constantly seeking additional Whelps for its numbers (see above).

Pallid Court Members

	Elder	**Counselor**
NO. APP.:	1	1d2 (1d10+10)
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	180' (60')	150' (50')
ARMOR CLASS:	6	7
HIT DICE:	4	3
ATTACKS:	1 (dagger +2 or spell as 3rd level Cleric)	1 (dagger +1 or spell as 2nd level Cleric
DAMAGE:	1d4+2 or by spell	1d4+1 or by spell
SAVE:	C4	C3
MORALE:	12	11
HOARD CLASS:	XV	VI
XP:	135	65

	Deacon	**Whelp**
NO. APP.:	1d4 (3d10)	3d6 (10d10)
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic	Chaotic
MOVEMENT:	120' (40')	120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS:	8	9
HIT DICE:	2	1
ATTACKS:	1 (dagger or spell as 1st level Cleric)	1 (dagger)
DAMAGE:	1d4 or by spell	1d4
SAVE:	C2	C1
MORALE:	10	9
HOARD CLASS:	V	I
XP:	29	10

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Jale God, Yellow King;* **S)** *Jaundice Veil, Pallid Veil.*

Society of the Serpent

Josh Graboff
Stefan Poag

LOCATION: The Three Kingdoms, Essad, Dorlan

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic

SECRET SIGNS: The Self-devouring Serpent, wearing loops of gold and jade

The Society of the Serpent is blessed by a trio of three little-worshipped gods: Glyrea, her son-servant Insitor, and Sernis. The Society's purpose isn't simply to worship these three, however. The Society of the Serpent more than anything lusts after knowledge, of which the Serpent is the prime symbol and advocate. The Society is composed of people from all walks of life, though an overwhelming majority of its members are well-off. Members of the society are all seekers after knowledge, laughingly eschewing the way the servants of Quilian Knowais share that great power with everyone they meet. Instead, the Society dedicates itself to the secrecy of learning, the hoarding of lore. For this reason, and their serpentine mythology, they often call themselves "the Wyrms".

Most members of the Society are clerics, wizards, and scholars. However, anyone who wishes to learn things and keep them secret are welcome. The Society often works with the priests of Glyrea, Sernis, and Insitor. These three gods are considered the tutelary deities of its members.

Day to Day Activities: Members of the Society go about their everyday lives. Merchants ply their wares, wizards study magic, and the clerics of the three cults preach their word. Being a member of the Society of the Serpent doesn't generally change one's outward behavior.

Important Ceremonies

The Society is organized into Circles or Rings, each of which is composed of anywhere between three and fifteen members. The Circles meet in secret locations and are technically not supposed to know each other's identities. They wear masks and have a solemn intonation of Sernis pronounced over their meetings. Circles generally share a common interest of inquiry; Circles of wizards are common, as are cabals of merchants seeking to defeat mercantile opponents. Exchange of knowledge is kept strictly on the basis of other members of the Circle. Those from a foreign Circle may expect warm feelings and shelter but generally not the sharing of private knowledge.

Of course, things are never that simple. Circles often also engage in strange rites to Insitor and Glyrea to invoke the acquisition of new knowledge. Identities are invariably revealed due to the necessity of making contact outside of Circle meetings, and special signs and badges signify membership within the Kingdoms, Essad, and Dorlan. To that end, most members of other Circles can reasonably request knowledge from other Circles if they share something important or commit themselves to a service in return.

The Societies' Gods

Insitor is the chief amongst the gods worshipped by the Society. He is the son-servant of Glyrea, and the spawn of the ancient ages of the world when it was ruled by the giants, the wyrms, and the trolls. He is often represented as a serpent or a man of vaguely serpentine appearance.

Insitor is a lawful god (alternately lawful neutral in dual-axis alignment systems); he takes no side in the arguments of good and evil, but the rigorous and structured nature of study means that he is a lawful god. He rewards his followers with breakthroughs in their learning. While Quilian is the patron god of learning and scholarship, Insitor is the patron of knowledge in general. The two gods often poach on one another's portfolios (and Glyrea often intervenes with their small-scale sniping).

Those who are members of the Insitorian cult generally are scholars who, for whatever reason, are not attracted to the worship of Quilian. However, as a tutelary deity he is often present even in heavily Quilian institutions. Many scholars keep an icon of Insitor on their writing tables or in their libraries to provide them with the divine inspiration necessary to acquire knowledge.

Glyrea is the ancient Gigantine goddess of serpents and, by extension, venoms and poisons. She is generally considered to be an unpleasant goddess and is blamed for the Maedar and Medusae (which may actually be her creations, or those of Ulagas the Potter, the texts are unclear). Her temples are often kept out of public sight because of their reputation, though in Essad the worship of Glyrea is not an affair requiring secrecy.

Glyrea is a chaotic goddess (alternately lawful evil in dual-axis alignment systems). She expects her followers to obey very rigid strictures and to comport themselves as members of whatever society to which they belong. However, she also advocates personal advancement and the acquisition of personal goals through means that are sometimes... unpleasant.

Glyrean temples tend to be entwined with serpentine motifs, and Glyrean priests strive to emulate her servant-son Insitor in the acquisition and cultivation of serpent-like features and attitudes. They are often languid until roused to anger and then quick to strike. It is a well known fact that Glyrean priests often poison the little knives they keep tucked into their bracers and sleeves: it may be that this very practice is what created the so-called Milean Greeting of clasping forearms.

What isn't commonly known is the true extent to which Glyrean priests will and have gone to perfect themselves into servants of the goddess. Inner Cult members of Glyrea have met with clerics who no longer seem quite... human. Indeed, the Glyrean cult propagates a secret population of yuan-ti in their innermost circles and all great high priests must attempt to undergo the transformation.

Sernis is the Milean god of secrets, ambition, and thieves. His presence in the Society is less integral to the goals of the Wyrms but extremely important to their protections. Sernis' name is invoked at every meeting and any exchange of knowledge or information. He is the watcher who protects the secrecy of the efforts of the Circle.

Sernis himself is a chaotic god (alternately neutral evil in dual-axis alignment systems). He cares nothing for the so-called rule, nor for any concept of order or disobedience to it. His only domain is the protection and exchange of secrets and the personal ambition of the driven. For this reason he is a favorite amongst thieves and cutpurses as well as merchants of high station.

Sernean priests are bound to wear masks when serving their station and in like form, the members of a circle all obscure their faces when meeting. Another practice observed by the Sernean clergy and Inner Cult is the "sacrifice of secrets". That is, the supplicant whispers his secret not to the cleric but to a Sernean altar or idol, thus informing Sernis himself of the secret and

adding it to his ever-growing bank of knowledge. This practice is also imitated by the Circle, often substituting a small holy symbol or wooden icon for a full altar.

A Sample Circle: The Graspers of Agstowe

This circle comprises most of the members of the Society in Agstowe. Like all Circles of the Society, the Graspers are secretive and keep the numbers and identities of their members private. The Circle was founded by the Oldport merchant Gildas Hariot (level 16 human thief), and he continues to dominate its day to day functions as well as dictate the roles of those below him.

The Circle of the Graspers has a particular approach to the methods of the Society. Hariot believes in the power of Glyrea and Insitor to reveal truths, but he does not believe they simply must be passively worshipped. Any secrets the Graspers have uncovered haven't been paid for in simple worship: they have been pried from the Godhead by force. To this end he has even instructed the wizard Seferygis to locate and capture a shadow naga, one of the high priests of the gorgon goddess, and force it to reveal how to achieve even greater power.

Important Members of the Circle

Gildas Hariot: (16th level human thief; chaotic in single-axis alignment; neutral evil in dual-axis alignment) Hariot is a hard man. He has pulled himself to his position by sheer willpower; he was born the son of a serf outside of Longlaird; over the course of his life he founded and mastered the successes of the Old River Traders and brokered a lasting trade agreement with the gnomish and halfling river-barges that ply the Old River. A man of considerable wealth and means, he runs the Graspers like a lord rules over his fief. With so many important people in his purse, it is difficult to imagine anyone assaulting his position of temporal power.

Hariot presents a charming face to the world. In meetings of the Graspers he is a completely different person. His goals are far-reaching: to forcibly take the secrets of the Glyrean priesthood and use them to slay or drive out the Red Wyrm of Agstowe and take its treasures and secrets for himself. Everyone else is but a tool in his path to ascension, including his wife Ermentrude and his daughter Linette.

Seferygis Serpentcrown: (15th level human magic-user; neutral in single-axis alignment; neutral good in dual-axis alignment) The wizard called Seferygis Serpentcrown was once a young man named Antonius Cooper. He became master of the Writhing Tower after driving out a cult of yuan-ti from its grounds. At that time he was approached by the Graspers of Agstowe and convinced to join their ranks; Hariot rightly believed that the Writhing Tower concealed the lair of a knowledgeable shadow naga. Since that day, Seferygis has been under the thumb of Gildas Hariot, doing his bidding. He is a weak-willed man on a dark slide to becoming evil out of a sense of self-preservation. Together with Hariot, these two represent the most powerful (in terms of personal power, level) personages in the Graspers Circle.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Glyrea, Insitor, Sernis.*

Way of the Shroom

Jens Durke
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

The Way of the Shroom is a philosophy associated with cults formed by mushroom eaters all over the known worlds who worship King Shroom, the patron of those who indulge in the mind-expanding qualities of certain shrooms, Cannibal Godspawn of Mushrooms and Devourer General of the Lizardwars.

These congregations of like-minded enthusiasts are, due to their diversity and strange behavior, often dismissed as random phenomena. This randomness, however, might be intentional. In fact, some scholars argue that a random or accidental consumption of psychedelic mushrooms may somehow be part of King Shroom's weird schemes to activate a devout following in a specific area for one bizarre reason or another.

True Priesthood

To become a cleric devoted to King Shroom, a follower must forsake his physical body and embrace the world of the shroom. A ceremony to this end involves a deadly overdose of poisonous mushrooms in a remote area prone to mushroom growth. The decomposing body will then feed the fungus network and form, in time, a new body for the follower's soul to inhabit, with the locale of his initiation as his 'chapel'. This is the only known ritual by which one may fully divine the Way of the Shroom.

In this new form, the cleric may move freely among the fungus network of his holy site, dissolving it in one place and spawning it within minutes at another. He'll also have the ability to camouflage himself as a group of mushrooms, effectively hiding his presence 95% of the time (the change takes 1d6 rounds minus the cleric's level, with a minimum of 1 round required). Furthermore, he will have the ability to regenerate any damage he sustains at a rate of 1 hp per level per round, and may regenerate his whole body within a day (if fertile ground is available) by releasing spores shortly before his demise. Those spores will remain dormant in an infertile environment until the opportunity arises to travel somewhere else (e.g., on the clothes of an adventurer or on the fur of an animal passing by). For all other purposes, this new body functions and (almost) looks like a normal human body.

Spells are those appropriate for the cleric's level. However, the fungoid nature of his clergy has a way of twisting the effects of said spells. For example: *healing* spells might come with a (rather harmless) fungus infection that goes away after a period of time equal to the natural healing process of the wounds treated, *animated dead* might become so through the use of mushroom roots which replace the nervous system of the corpse; and a *blessing* might have psychedelic side-effects.

Priests of the Shroom have access to all kinds of mushrooms and, above everything else, love beer. They are by default under the influence of very strong psychedelic mushrooms (being cannibals, of sorts) and their sermons are (at best) opaque for those not seeking the higher enlightenment of the shroom.

Holy Sites of the Shroom

Mushroom groves are places of worship. If a cleric resides in such a grove, the size of the grove will be in direct correlation to the level of holy man. Although high level clerics are very rare, their cathedrals would be vast mushroom forests, with fungus networks spanning even further underground.

A cleric is aware of everything that happens within one of these fungus networks.

There is a cumulative 10% chance per level (every new level allows a new check) that such a grove attracts 2d4 giant crickets, whose eerie choirs then haunt the site every sunset, praising mighty King Shroom. In times of war a number of [cleric's level] times d100 Fruggar will defend the temple under the clerics command.

Apologizing to a mushroom on which one has stepped by accident when visiting a shroom temple is totally appropriate.

Symbiotic Priesthood

On rare occasions (1-in-8 chance in a situation involving mushrooms) King Shroom might "guide" clerics of other faiths to the Way of the Shroom by facilitating an accidental psychedelic experience. The cleric will then, in his intoxicated state, see the true wisdom of the shroom and act on behalf of the King's agenda (not that he would necessarily understand what's going on). Even a cleric's true god would most likely assume that the resulting strange and erratic behavior is just the result of some ill-advised quiche (1-in-12 chance to realize what's going on).

King Shroom controls how long the cleric will be 'hooked', but will release the cleric as soon as the cleric has fulfilled his purpose, unless the cleric forgets (1-in-20 chance).

Some say the Lizardwars started because the Cannibal Godspawn made a lizard shaman cook an omelet using some dragon eggs he was supposed to protect, binge-eating them with a smile afterwards. But that is highly disputable. Anyway, the lizard ate the eggs, so maybe it started the rumor, too.

Shroom Wisdom

"Never tell a bear who ate the wrong mushrooms about his purple fur, but ask him for relationship advice instead."

"A rose is but a pimp anyway, although the lizard disagrees, licking its thorns in disgust."

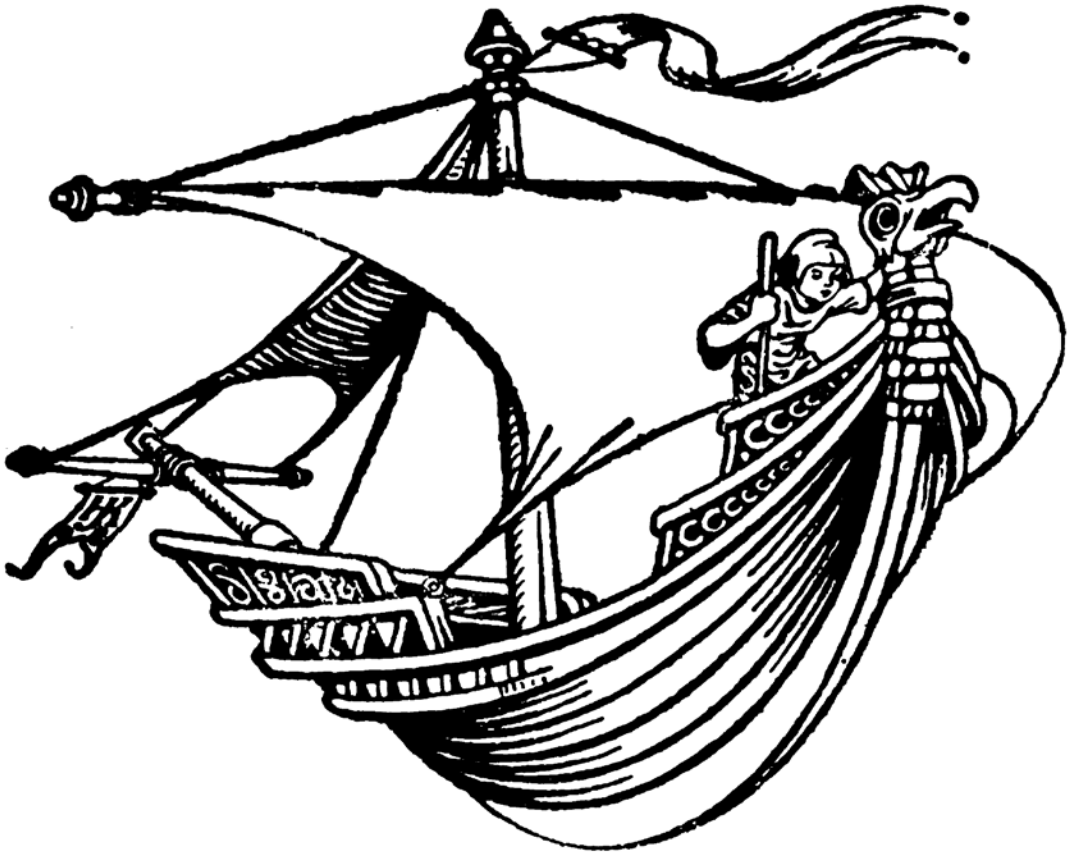
"Rejoice! You are fermented! Now bicycle that yellow."

"Cellar door."

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *King Shroom;* **M)** *Fruggar.*

SECTION 4

Divine Items



Horace J. Knowles

Divine Items Overview

✐ **Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.**

Introduction

The term "Divine Items" in this volume has been used to differentiate these object both from standard magic items, as well as the more encompassing category of artifacts and relics. Unlike artifacts and relics, divine items may be, but are not necessarily, unique (e.g., more than one *atrementous man* may exist at any given time, but there is only one *Wand of What the Fuck*).

Though all divine items are, in some way, associated with particular gods, those items need not be made by that god's hands. For example, Wayland the Smith, often considered a god in his own right, would often be contracted by other gods to smith great weapons that those gods would, in turn, gift to various mortals.

Divine Items in Campaigns

In Joseph Campbell's monomyth narrative, the hero is often called upon to survive an extreme or severe challenge (often with help). If the hero survives, he is often rewarded with a gift or "boon." Other times a guide or mentor (see ***Nurturer/ Caregiver*** on p.210) provides supernatural aid in the form of a talisman or artifact (that will often aid the hero later in his quest). Innumerable examples may be found in most, if not all, of the great mythologies.

— Perseus receives the following godly gifts to aid him in his heroic endeavors: winged sandals, a sword, a helmet that makes the wearer invisible, and a bronze shield from Athena that was polished to shine like a mirror.

— Wayland the Smith forged *Gram*, the sword of Sigmund, which would be destroyed by Odin, and is later reforged by Regin and used by Sigmund's son Sigurd to slay the dragon Fafnir (according to the Völsunga saga).

— In Hindu legend, Arjun uses the astra* *Agneyastra* against Angaraparna; *Agneyastra* is a bow that, when discharged, emits flames which are inextinguishable through normal means.)

Divine Item Types

The following categories and examples of Divine Items are provided for the DM to aid in developing campaign-specific Divine Items for petty gods in this volume which may not have any associated items already assigned them.

ARMOR, HEADGEAR & SHIELDS
Examples include: the *Armor of Beowulf*, made by Wayland the Smith; *Aegis*, Zeus' shield, loaned to his daughter Athena and used by Perseus; the *Helm of Darkness* created by the Cyclopes for Hades.

WEAPONS
Examples include: *Pattayudha*, the divine sword of Lord Veerabhadra, Commander of Lord Shiva's Armies; *Grîðarvölr*, the magical staff given to Thor to kill the giant Geirröd; *Gáe Bulg*, the spear of Cú Chulainn.

CLOTHING
Examples include: Aphrodite's *magic girdle* that makes whoever the wearer desires fall in love with them; the *Shirt of Nessus*, the poisoned shirt that kills Heracles.

JEWELRY
Examples include: *Draupnir*, a golden arm ring possessed by Odin that provides endless wealth; the *Seal of Solomon*, a magical ring which imprisons demons; *Brísingamen*, the necklace of the goddess Freyja.

VEHICLES
Examples include: *Vimana*, a mythological flying machine from the Sanskrit epics; *Wave Sweeper*, a magic boat belonging to Irish deity Lugh.

TREASURES
Examples include: *Kaustubha*, a divine jewel in the possession of Lord Vishnu; *Pandora's Box*.

BOOKS
Examples include: the powerful spellbook the *Book of Thoth*; the Mesopotamian *Tablet of Destiny*.

STONES
Examples include: *Gjöll*, the rock to which the gods bound Fenrir the wolf; *Vaidurya*, most precious of all stones, worn by the goddess *Lakshmi* and the goddess of wealth *Rigved*.

PLANTS & HERBS
Examples include: *moly*, the magical herb Hermes gives to Odysseus to protect him from Circe's magic; *haoma*, the divine Persian plant that provides healing and furthers sexual arousal.

FOODS
Examples include: *ambrosia*, providing longevity and/or immortality; the *Golden Apple* which appears in various legends.

SUBSTANCES
Examples include: *ichor*, the ethereal golden fluid that is the blood of the gods and/or immortals.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS
Examples include: *Gjallarhorn*, blown at the onset of Ragnarök; *Triton's conch shell*.

MISCELLANEOUS
This catch-all category includes things like bones, skins, household items, tools, furniture, etc.

** An astra is a weapon, presided over by a specific deity, often used in the fighting of demons and other extra-planar creatures. An astra must be handed down directly from the deity involved, as knowledge of the incantation associated with that astra is insufficient for its proper use.*

Atramentous Man

James Patterson

Sometimes given by petty gods for special acts of service or devotion, an *atramentous man* is an enigmatic boon waiting to happen. The vaguely humaniod form is made entirely of solid darkness, a protomatter capable of assuming any form. It has no features and does not interact with anyone. It cannot be harmed by any mundane or magical means.

Once given, the *atramentous man* will unobtrusively follow the recipient. It cannot be restrained or forced to move. Any attempt to lose it will cause it to reappear in 1d4 turns, hours, or days, as is appropriate. For example, if the recipient *teleports* away the *atramentous man* will simply show back up in 1d4 days.

The purpose of the *atramentous man* is to precipitate into any item that the recipient most needs to achieve an otherwise hopeless situation. For example, if you fall naked into a 20' pit the *atramentous man* could suddenly form into a perfectly serviceable ladder that just reaches to the top. When defensless and backed into a corner by a wight, the atramentous man may turn into a silver long sword to give you a fighting chance; the DM should chose any mundane or minor magical item (including potions), but the choice must mean the difference between certain failure and possible success. Once formed into a specific item, the *atramentous man* is, for all intents and purposes, a typical specimen of that item; the *atramentous man* is therefore "spent," and there is no trace to associate the item with where it came from.

Balanced Quarterstaff

Matthew W. Schmeer

Balanced is a *+3 quasi-intelligent bonewood quarterstaff* belonging to Verthish, the Petty God of Single Pips, who himself is a manifestation of the Jale God.

The staff itself is carved from a stout, 8-foot-long branch of bonewood harvested from the tree of the hamadryad Phersenia in the forest of Bulahdelah. Eons ago in his youth, the Jale God became enamored with Phersenia. As she was bound by the laws of the gods to her tree, he knew they could never rule together. As a token of his esteem, he sent his protection over her forest until her death during the Flame Wars of Jubrini. He created the staff from the remains of her tree in remembrance of her beauty and her desire to "see the world beyond the green."

The staff now houses the only remaining slice of the soul of the wizard Wälläkatüntün, collected from the battlefield by the Jale God centuries after the Battle of the Waters of Kirkadi at the conclusion of the Flame Wars of Jubrini. It was Wälläkatüntün who convinced the Jale God to manifest as the Petty God of Single Pips.

Once per day, Balanced can cast the *Curse of the Jale God, Im Ra Jash* (see ***Spells***), at a target of its own choosing. The staff is wily and erratic and will often choose an unlikely target at an unlikely time, but the victim is always someone who deserves it.

After 1d4 weeks out of Verthish's possession, the weapon loses its magical ability and acts as normal quarterstaff and Wälläkatüntün's soul slice will become dormant until the staff is retrieved by Verthish.

If the Jale God himself is utterly destroyed, Wälläkatüntün's soul slice will exit the staff and invade the nearest magic user or cleric, who must save vs. insanity* or be symbiotically joined. The magic user or cleric gains 1 additional level-appropriate spell, but control of its casting is controlled by Wälläkatüntün's soul slice. There is a 1% chance per day that the spell will be cast, again usually at an inopportune moment.

RELATED ENTRIES: Please see the *Jale God* entry in the ***Petty Gods*** section for a complete listing of entries related to the Jale God (including *Verthish* and *Wälläkatüntün*).

* *See* UNDERWORLD LORE *#1, p.14.*

Berenedril's Hat of Dumb Luck

Terje Nordin
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

This jester's hat is brightly colored in blue, red and green, and features bells that chime gaily at the slightest movement. This headpiece will make anyone wearing it look downright silly, leaving the wearer without a shred of credibility or sobriety. It is normally found on the head of Berenderil, the god of folly.

Anyone wearing the hat makes a duplicate die roll for every required die roll, and uses the better result. However, if both rolls show the same result, the outcome of the situation will be to the detriment of the wearer. (It is up to the DM to decide the details in accordance with the actual circumstances.)

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Berenderil*.

Bibliomantic Codex

Terje Nordin

This weighty tome contains extensive descriptions of hundreds of deities, demi-gods and demons. The *Bibliomantic Codex* may be used once per week to communicate with higher powers. One who wishes to communicate with powers must ask aloud one question, and then select a random page to activate the extraordinary power of the tome. That user then has a connection to a randomly determinated petty god who is compelled to answer him. The petty god should be determinated randomly by the DM, then a reaction roll must be made (taking all standard modifiers into account) before being compelled (regardless of reaction) to answer the question however the god sees fit (truthfully or untruthfully). For example, the petty god of quality footwear will not normally have insight into scientific dilemmas (unless they involve shoes), while a petty god dedicated to cuisine and gluttony will most likely not give good advice to an ascetic monk whose very existence might offend the god.

Bowl of the Eyes

Fr. David Eynon
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

These rare magic items resemble St. Vineria's own bowl (a bronze bowl with a pair of *eyes* carved on the inside), except that the *eyes* carved on the inside are closed. If holy water is placed into the bowl, the *eyes* open and the water is transformed into one of the following potions determined by 1d6:

1-3	*cure light wounds*
4	*cure blindness*
5	*cure disease*
6	*cure serious wounds*

This effect only works once per day. If a *bless* spell is cast upon the bowl while holy water is in it, the bowl functions as a *crystal ball* for the duration of the *bless* spell.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Saint Vineria.*

Books of the Crimson Icosagon

Legion

Each of these twenty wedge-shaped folios comes in its own slip case. When all the volumes are stood together the flats of their spines form an icosagon. All are bound in red covers—one in baby dragon hide, one in the flayed and tanned skin of a martian, another in that of an efreet—and inscribed throughout in scarlet ink.

A number of things happen when a person touches one of these books:

1) First, the character (and all others within 20') must roll a save vs. breath. Those who fail are instantly transported to Diit'Wentii's library. The books are keyed to their own chamber in the god's colossal edifice; therein they are arranged together on a massive slab table carved from a single block of carnelian.

2) Second, the character must make a save vs. poison. A failure indicates the character's gender *might* change. Roll 1d20 and consult the following table:

1	Hermaphrodite
2-10	Female
11-19	Male
20	Neuter

3) Third, the character must save vs. petrification. Failure indicates the character's alignment *might* shift. Roll 1d20 and consult the following table:

1-3	Lawful (Good)
4-5	Lawful (Neutral)
6-7	Lawful (Evil)
8-9	Neutral (Good)
10-11	Neutral
12-13	Neutral (Evil)
14-15	Chaotic (Good)
16-17	Chaotic (Neutral)
18-20	Chaotic (Evil)

4) Fourth, the character must save vs. wand. Failing this save indicates the character's race is *probably* going to change. Roll a d20 and consult the following table:

1	Deep One
2	Demon-descended
3	Duck
4	Dwarf
5	Elf
6	Frogling*
7	Gnoll
8	Gnome
9	Goatkin
10	Goblin
11	Halfling
12	Half-Elf
13	Half-Ogre
14	Half-Orc
15	Hobgoblin
16	Human
17	Insectoid
18	Lizardfolk
19	Orc
20	Spellborg

5) Fifth and finally, the character must save vs. spell. A fail indicates the character's class will *likely* change. Roll 1d20 and consult the following table:

1	Alchemist
2	Anti-Paladin
3	Assassin
4	Bandit
5	Bard
6	Bounty Hunter
7	Cleric
8	Craven Hunter**
9	Druid
10	Fighter
11	Illusionist
12	Jester
13	Magic-User
14	Monk
15	Necromancer
16	Paladin
17	Pirate
18	Ranger
19	Thief
20	Witch

The character's class changes but his level does not (e.g., a 4th level fighter rolling a "12" becomes a 4th level jester).

Incompatibilities of alignment, race and class should be resolved as the DM deems appropriate. For example, dwarf paladin, not really a problem; lawful good assassin, iffy.

If the character fails a save but then rolls his current state on any of the above tables, benefits accrue. Diit'Wentii's whims are fickle and ephemeral. Feel free to have the character warp through alternate forms for split-seconds before reverting to normal. Then grant the following boons:

If same gender as rolled: 1 permanent additional hit point.

If same alignment as rolled: 1 permanent point of improved Armor Class.

If same race as rolled: permanent 1 point increase of a random ablitity score.

If same class as rolled: advance 1 level immediately.

After all these events (which take place in but a moment), the book blinks to its position on the red table where it will stay for 20 years before again being dispatched to the Material Plane. Touching the same book during its 20 year shelving elicits no effect. It is rumored touching one of the other 19 books will return a party to their place of origin. Of course, there might not be another book on the table when the characters arrive. Or that rumor might be inaccurate.

** Froglings by Evan Van Elkins.*

*** Essentially an anti-ranger (and halfway to assassin), a craven hunter is neither a steward nor a custodian. He cares not for good, killing instead for ego, fun and profit.*

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Diit'Wentii*; **M)** *Knight of the Carmine Icosagram, Monitor*; **D)** *Shining Icosahedron.*

Book of the Litany of the Night Wind

John Everett Till

Every sorcerer-priest of the Cult of the Obsidian Mirror has a copy of this magical text, which functions as the sorcerer-priest's spell book, as well as being the primary religious text of the Cult of the Obsidian Mirror. This is a long, thin accordion-style book of folded pages. Many pages appear to be lists of items (e.g., stars, worlds, gods, minions, creatures) that are important to the cult, and it has often been suggested that the many lists in the Litany are a kind of shopping list for the cult. Many pages also have diagrams that look similar to organizational charts. At least one page of the book is inscribed with a *symbol of conflict* rune, and another with a *symbol of insanity* as a nasty surprise for those who might seek to steal the cult's secrets.

RELATED ENTRIES: **C)** *Cult of the Obsidian Mirror.*

Braner-related Weapons

Porky

An item of any type, magical or otherwise, found or created, may have one or more braner aspects attached to it (at the discretion of the DM).

The two examples below can melee or projectile weapons, and the surface to which the braner is attached is assumed to be the edge of the blade or the tip. This also suggests that the sheath or equivalent is worked to contain the effect, or that a variation on the weaver aspect is used to activate it. Each is given with three possible names, to reflect the variety of cultures that could develop it. There is a 50% chance that the weapon is +1d6-1 for its type.

Vault's Call, Sibilance, The Exsanctor etc.

This weapon or projectile makes use of the whisker aspect to cleave solid matter cleanly, as if liquid, apparently destroying all material along the path. In fact, each particle is drawn out over a dimensional boundary.

The contact surface will pass freely through a barrier of any nature except transdimensional. The item is always a further +1 for its type and a hit ignores all armor and other physical protections with this same exception; armor is reduced in quality by 1d3 AC. The hit is always treated as critical.

If left unsheathed, the transdimensional part will pass through matter on which it rests or which it strikes, and it will continuously draw in particles from a surrounding atmosphere or reservoir until this is exhausted—to which myriad dead regions and worlds may testify.

The constant whisper of this flow may be heard, and the space beyond may be perceived by the sensitive.

Wail o' the Weft, Shreave, The Disenverter etc.

This weapon or projectile makes use of the winder aspect to warp the current reality, removing or remaking existing matter and infusing it with strange forms from unknown sources beyond dimensional boundaries.

A hit ignores all armor and other physical protections except those of a transdimensional nature and is always critical. It also forces one save to avoid major instantaneous mutation and a further save to avoid a degree of minor continuous change.

In each situation in which the weapon or projectile is unsheathed, its location or the route along which it travels is corrupted and may bleed; any entity later touching this point or line is treated as if hit. Where this weapon proliferates, the world may quickly become unrecognisable, even uninhabitable.

When in motion the surface emits a shriek and ripples may be felt by the sensitive in the fabric of reality.

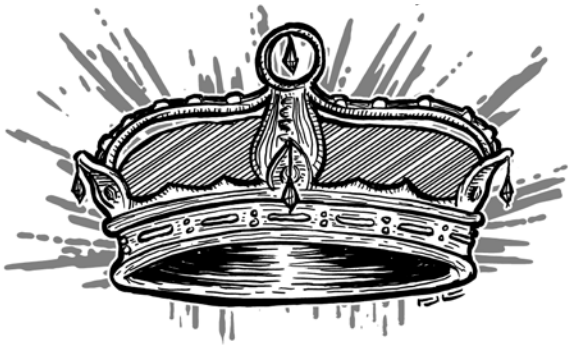
RELATED ENTRIES: **M)** *Braner.*

Crown of Tears

Gavin Norman
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

The prize of its owner (a lawful deity), the *Crown of Tears* is an exquisitely wrought platinum crown studded with diamonds of otherworldly perfection. These jewels are the seat of the crown's power, being formed from the tears of a dying god.

The crown is typically of normal human dimensions, but can change in size to accommodate its owner. It has a latent sentience, and requires that a bond of sympathetic resonance be established with one who would possess it. Once the bond is



made, the central diamond at the brow of the crown integrates itself with the neural matter of the owner, enabling the at-will use of the crown's powers, and preventing the crown from being removed while the owner lives. The sympathetic bond gradually drives the crown's possessor into a state of melancholic avarice, as he attempts to hoard items of beauty against the inevitable entropy of the universe.

The owner of the crown gains the power of language-transcendent telepathy with all beings, with the side-effect that all with whom the crown communicates must save vs. spell or change to lawful alignment. Twice per day, the crown can emit a wave of universal sorrow—all within 100' are affected as by a *symbol of despair* (save allowed).

Any mortal donning the crown must save vs. petrification or be immediately and permanently crystallised. Only a *wish* can reverse this transformation. Chaotic beings who touch the crown suffer the same fate, no saving throw allowed.

Curse Tablet

Matthew W. Schmeer

Any PC may send up a *curse* request to a deity to punish a wrong-doer in the form of a written prayer. The *curse* must be written or etched on a thin sheet of lead, rolled into a scroll, and pierced with an iron nail.

The curse must be written in the following form and include:

1) The petitioner's name
2) The deity being petitioned
3) The nature of the request and the punishment to be exacted
4) The target of that request (as specifically as possible)

EXAMPLE: *"Grant this request, Oh Jale God, that I, Nord Timbertrot of Heartless Vale, beseech thee! Unto your divinity and majesty I give my dice and purse of 2,000 coppers that someone hath stolen from me. Whether human or non, man or woman, slave or free, do not allow him who has done me wrong to sleep or eat or drink or have good health unless he reveals himself and brings those goods to your temple."*

The curse must be delivered in one of two ways:

1) The curse may be placed at the foot of a statue of the deity being invoked, preferably in a temple or church dedicated to that deity.
2) The curse may be buried with the corpse of a follower of that deity, preferably someone who has recently died in service to that deity.

There is a 1-in-1000 chance that the deity grants the curse; the subject of the curse must make a save vs. death or be permanently cursed with whatever affliction was requested. The chance of the curse being granted improves to 1-in-500 if the petitioner is an active worshiper of the deity.

Dagger of Fairness

Matthew W. Schmeer

Fairness is a +3 dagger owned by Verthish, the Petty God of Single Pips, who himself is a manifestation of the Jale God.

Fairness was created from the scavenged remains of a finger joint from the giant iron golem which housed the brain of the wizard Wälläkatüntün before the wizard's final destruction by Ywehbobbobhewy, Lord of Waters, King of Mirrors, Patriarch of the Most Profound, at the Battle of the Waters of Kirkadi.

Due to Wälläkatüntün's lifelong dedication to the study of inter-dimensional dice probability and alchemical mechanics, the Jale God commanded the creation of *Fairness* in tribute. Because the laws of probability are immutable, *Fairness* dispenses an additional +3 against cheaters at dice games.

After 1d4 weeks out of Verthish's possession, the weapon loses its magical ability and becomes a normal dagger. It can regain its abilities if/when it is retrieved by Verthish.

RELATED ENTRIES: Please see the *Jale God* entry in the ***Petty Gods*** section for a complete listing of entries related to the Jale God (including *Verthish*, *Wälläkatüntün* and *Ywehbobbobhewy*).

Death's Door

Aaron E. Steele

It is unknown whether *death's doors* were created by sorcerers and necromancers, or by the infernal powers themselves to tempt mortals to their doom. No two *death's doors* look the same, and some are sufficiently non-descript that there is no outward clues to their true identity and function.

A *death's door*, when placed into an doorway, functions as a passage to the Underworld. The Underworld to which *death's door* opens depends on the user, so the *death's door* could open to different infernal planes for each person attempting ingress.

Death's doors can weigh several tons, but because they are magical, regardless of the weight of the door they can be carried by two or more people, or transported in a cart or wagon.

The standard use of a *death's door* is to attempt the recovery of a fallen comrade or lover from the afterlife. The term "hovering at death's door" refers to the hesitance of the users to pass through *death's door*, for several reasons. First, they must brave the dangers and horrors of the underworld. Second, once the comrade or lover is located, every demon, devil or other denizen within range will be alerted to a mortal's presence, and will make every effort to capture the interloper(s). Third, there is a chance that the deceased will refuse to accompany the searcher back to the land of the living, as they are quite content where they are or feel they have no reason to return to a mortal life.

Once placed in a doorway, a *death's door* cannot be removed by infernal creatures. That, along with the fact that the users

of the door will unerringly know in which direction the *death's door* is located, provides some assurance that once an individual uses the door, they will be able to find their way back. However, non-infernals can move the door, and if that is done, knowledge of the door's location is lost, and the person(s) previously using the door may be trapped in the underworld, unless the can find another *death's door* location or other passage to the land of the living.

To operate the *death's door*, the user must think of the deceased person, and recite an incantation that asks the *death's door* to find and allow passage to the person being so located. The *death's door* will typically open a passage to the underworld that is within one mile of the deceased, although, being a somewhat capricious form of magic, the door may open above a lava flow, chasm, vacuum, or other deadly location.

Divine Turnip of Glory

Chris Tamm

This huge fine looking turnip is like ivory to the touch with several secret uses. If planted it sprouts a magnificent crown of leaves and grows to 30 feet wide within an hour. Chosen of Bogrump use this to carve out a house where they can distribute turnips, turnip wine and tales of Bogrump's deeds. The magic turnip, if cooked into a turnip porridge, can *cure disease* in up to 40 persons who eat it. In times of great crisis, such a turnip can be planted and fed a bucket of blood in order to call Bogrump himself. The turnip will become his head and Bogrump will grow from the ground, ready to punish those who trouble turnip lovers. Such turnips are entrusted to the worthy, or sometimes grow in a chosen farmer's field.

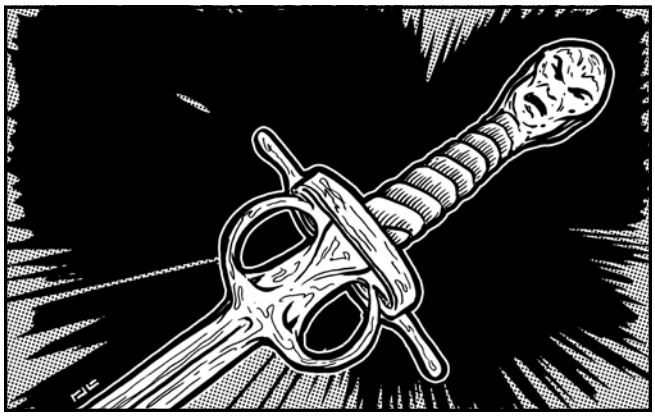
RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Bogrump.*

Ecstasy In Slaughter

(+4 bastard sword)

James Smith
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

INTELLIGENCE:	11
PSYCHE:	12
WILLPOWER:	26
COMM.:	Verbal (several languages), telepathic, read magic
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic



POWERS: 1 time per day, the sword may cast a *limited wish*. The wielder is immune to any *charm* type spell below 4th level, as the sword's own personality will act as a bulwark against such magics. 1×/day, the sword may summon 1d4 4th level berserkers from Valhalla, who will follow her commands and remain for the duration of 1 turn, or until slain.

This relic is a bastard sword featuring an elaborate hilt, and a handle wrapped in red leather. The pommel depicts the head of a beautiful, savage woman. The entire sword is made from an alien metal, dark-green in color and shot through with spidery, scarlet lines.

Ecstasy in Slaughter is a forgotten minor Avatar of Daeena, an ancient goddess of war and love. Having left any plane known to mortals ages ago, her sword avatar is only a shadow of its former might, but still quite formidable.†

The sword remembers very little of the time when she was still strongly connected to her greater self. She will, for now, make the best of her situation and set about to find a fighter who will serve her purposes, if she has not already done so. If she does not like her wielder, she will contrive to escape or slay the offending warrior, utilizing her *limited wish* to do so. Otherwise, the sword is capable of assuming human form for up to three hours per week, and will be quite possessive of her newfound lover, enjoying sexual play as much as wading into battle and shedding blood.

The avatar has an encyclopedic knowledge of ancient history, though her memory of the past thousand years or so is somewhat spotty. She is able to recount the locations of lost cities, ancient dungeons and forgotten treasures. She is also a military genius.

Finding a way to be free of her current state of existence and reclaiming the power of her greater self is of paramount importance to the sword. Still, she is very much a creature of the moment and is easily distracted by her appetites. The sword is usually quite talkative, exuberant and charming though occasionally is beset by dark moods and can be rather dangerous at such times.

† *F12 in human form. If reduced to 0 hp, the avatar will revert to her sword form and be inert for 2d4 days. There is a 10% chance that her consciousness will be irrevocably separated from the sword and lost. Knowing this, she will avoid combat while in the flesh, if at all possible.*

Eidolons

Matthew W. Schmeer

The *Eidolons* are twelve radiantly magical, ancient stone figures which impart specific, spell-like effects on those in their presence. The exact origins of the *Eidolons* have been lost to the ravages of time, but they are rumored to have been crafted by a cabal of petty godlings as gifts to their most beloved worshippers. If all twelve *Eidolons* are gathered together, they can be used to bind a single godling to the Material Plane by removing the god's immortality.

All *Eidolons* are statues carved from highly polished marble that are approximately one-and-a-half feet tall and weigh 15-20 pounds. The effects of *Eidolons* cannot be dispelled by magical means, unless otherwise noted.

1. The Eidolon of Fear

Exquisitely crafted from dark, amber-colored stone, this wyvern figure radiates energy of pure fear. Anyone coming within a 30' radius of its presence will run away, hysterical, at full running movement for 20 rounds. PCs with a Constitution of 15 or higher may save vs. spell based on their Constiution score; success means they can rally their courage and proceed unaffected. This Eidolon currently resides in an evil cultist's temple.

2. The Eidolon of Hate

This highly detailed serpentine statue is a realistic representation of a spitting cobra, carved from a block of red-veined black marble. The statue imparts a 20' radius of overpowering hate, so much so that any PC that enters the area of effect will become despondent with self-hatred and suffer as if under a *feeblemind* spell if they fail a save vs. spell at -5. This statue currently resides in the treasury vault of a keep that has fallen to ruin.

3. The Eidolon of Sleep

Currently residing in the nursery wing of the castle of the Goblin King, this chalk-colored marble statue of a cat in repose makes anyone who comes within a 25' radius fall asleep within 2 turns. PCs get no save, but this effect can be delayed for an additional turn by imbibing a *potion of wakefulness*.

4. The Eidolon of Illusion

A dusty pink dragonfly, this *Eidolon* is currently on display in the private chapel in the home of a wealthy noble family. It radiates one of three effects that last three times as long as the normal spell descriptions (roll 1d6):

Roll	Effect
1-2	*color spray*
3-4	*dancing lights*
5-6	*hypnotic pattern*

PCs with Constitution scores of 13 or higher may attempt to save vs. spell to avert the effect.

5. The Eidolon of Envy

Made of highly polished green marble flecked with golden highlights, this rough carving of a fox terrier infuses the air with a 15' radius of jealous rage. PCs entering the area of effect must save vs. spell or become envious of their friends, covet the possessions of others, begrudge the good fortunes of their fellow adventurers, etc. This effect will last for three days after moving out of the area of effect. During this time, they will act rashly on at least one of their feelings of discontent. The whereabouts of this *Eidolon* are unknown.

6. The Eidolon of Pride

This lion carved from purple marble is located in a collapsed dungeon. A 50'-long, 10'-wide cone of arrogance emanates from this statue, bathing all intelligent and semi-intelligent creatures with excessively high feelings of their abilities and achievements. PCs must save vs. spell; failure means the affected gain a +4 bonus to all feats of Strength or displays of Dexterity. This effect lasts for 1d4 days. Then they suffer a –4 penalty to feats of Strength or Dexterity for 1d4 days.

7. The Eidolon of Lechery

Carved from a rare chunk of blue-black marble, this bull-shaped *Eidolon* creates unrestrained and promiscuous sexuality in all who come within a 10' radius. PCs coming within the area of effect will immediately become violently aroused and attempt intercourse as quickly and frequently as physically possible with any sentient being available. No pregnancies will result from this compelled coupling, and none of the PCs will remember having committed these acts. PCs with Charisma scores of 10 or lower may save vs. spell to avoid these effects.

8. The Eidolon of Wrath

Shaped to resemble a snarling bear standing to attack, this rough-hewn hunk of black-flecked red stone creates an overpowering sense of anger in all who come within a 10' radius. PCs caught in the area of effect become belligerent and indignant, and work themselves into a berserker rage, gaining a +2 on melee attacks and doing twice the normal damage for 1d4 rounds per PC level. The PC will have no memory of flying into a rage or of the battle. This statue is currently housed in a shaman's hut in a remote region of the wilderness. Eating a compote of mint leaves, black currants, and juniper berries can negate the effect.

9. The Eidolon of Gluttony

Nimis, a petty god of overindulgence, created this pig-shaped, orange-colored *Eidolon* for his favorite prostitute. The stone imparts an insatiable desire for food and drink in a 30' radius, and affected PCs will be able to eat and imbibe to no ill effect for as long as they are in the stone's presence. They will feel no urge to void bladder or bowel, they will not vomit, they will not get excessively drunk but only feel a nice, happy numbness from any alcohol ingested. However, once moving out of the area of effect, the PCs will immediately feel the results of their carousing and suffer a –4 to all melee attacks, saves, and checks for 2 days. The stone is rumored to be housed at Gladinia's House of Unspeakable Pleasures.

10. The Eidolon of Greed

This pale-yellow image of a croaking frog has been passed from thieves guild to thieves guild over the centuries, as each has gotten rich in turn. It is often displayed near a secret entrance, and it is customary for thieves to rub its highly shined vocal sac for luck. Touching the statue in this way imparts a +5% to all checks of a thief's abilities for 12 hours. Additionally, this *Eidolon* radiates an aura of greed. Those within 10' of its presence feel an overwhelming desire to possess wealth. Thieves' guilds will send this *Eidolon* to guilds which have fallen on hard times, thereby bolstering the brotherhood of thieves throughout the realms.

11. The Eidolon of Listlessness

Imparting a 25' radius of fatigue, this goat shaped azure stone makes those in its presence fall into a state of languor. PCs fall into a state of pleasant physical weakness and lose interest in actively pursuing their previous activities for 1d4 days. While in the stone's presence they are also unable to perform melee attacks, but can parry attacks at a –4 penalty. Listless PCs are extremely difficult to get interested in doing anything other than philosophizing about the meaning of life. PCs with Intelligence above 15 can save vs. spell to avoid these effects. The statue is currently buried in the waste pile of a medium-sized city.

12. The Eidolon of Vainglory

Carved from a slab of royal purple marble to resemble an elk stag at the height of the rutting season, it was rumored this

was a gift to the founder of the Skaldic Guild himself. The statue emits a 10' radius of prideful energy that creates an effervescent feeling of vanity and a high sense of self-worth. On a failure of a save vs. spell, those in the presence of the *Eidolon of Vainglory* can't help boasting about their deeds and those of their friends and acquaintances in the most heroic of ways. They also gain a +3 to all Charisma-based rolls, and spell-casters regain any previously spent spells. All effects wear off after a day. Some say it's currently hidden away at the Bardic Academy for Minor Poets; others say it's behind the bar at the Wrinkled Tit.

Eldoon Namar

Matthew W. Schmeer

Created centuries ago by Ur-mu "the Bastard" Ab'rkada, once a necromancer of world renown and now a powerful ageless lich hidden from the world, the *Eldoon Namar* is a mask of great and dangerous power. The mask itself is a thin, flesh colored stocking of tightly woven, magically created synthetic mesh that adheres tightly to the face and neck when worn. The material is highly porous—the wearer may breathe, talk, eat, and drink normally while wearing the mask—yet the mask completely obscures the wearer's facial features.

When worn, the mask transforms the wearer into another person (human, demi-human, or humanoid) of the wearer's choosing; the wearer must have an object recently handled by the person whose appearance he wishes to assume and must meditate on this transformation for 1 hour. The new body must be of a person with a number of HD equal to the wearer or fewer. The wearer retains his own intelligence, hit points, saving throws, and ability to attack, but does gain physical abilities of the new form, including strength or strength-based attack forms and damage, including the magical abilities or other special abilities. The wearer is able to cast spells up to and including the 3rd level when transformed. The spell *dispel magic* does not negate the effects of the mask, nor does a spell of *true seeing* have any effect. The wearer will only revert to his natural form if the mask is removed, even if he dies while wearing the mask.

Wearing the mask for extended periods of time (more than a day or so) may warp the mind; there is a 50% chance the mask leaves psionic damage of some kind for 1d8 days after it is removed. Roll on the table below (or a table of similar psionic disfigurements):

Brain Damage Table (1d10)

1 **Telepathic Noise:** The PC's mind is invaded by the mundane thoughts of every creature (including, for example, body lice and planted ferns) in his presence in a cacophony of jibber-jabber that makes it difficult to concentrate. The PC cannot "read" minds or sort out specific information, but is only swamped with the deluge of white thought noise. This might have disastrous effects for clerics and magic users.

2 **Brainfart:** The PC is unable to remember important details at the exact moment the details are the most expedient to know.

3 **Stemtwist:** The PC's brain is twisted around in his skull, making the left hemisphere the right and vice versa. If the PC was right-handed, now they are left-handed, and vice versa. The PC must relearn basic control of body functions, including walking, talking, and feeding himself.

4 **Hindsight:** The PC's eyes now see things as they were ten minutes ago instead of how they are now.

5 **Seconds:** The PC narrates her every action in the present tense as if she is reading a story from a book , and consistently refers to herself in the second person (i.e.: "You see the ugly goblin before you and think he deserves to die. You prepare to draw your sword.").

6 **Mindwedge:** Two times a day, the PC can drive a wedge of psionic energy into the brain of any creature within 20 feet and inflict 1d12 points of damage. Unfortunately, the PC cannot control the target or the timing of this attack.

7 **Taint:** The PC is able to recognize the alignment of other creatures by their auras, but is also rendered colorblind.

8 **Undiscernment:** The PC loses the ability to tell good from evil.

9 **Tongues:** The PC loses the ability to speak but gains the ability to understand any spoken language.

10 **Lich Dreams:** The PC begins to dream the dreams of Ur-mu Ab'rkada, which often feature his beloved and now long-dead pet owlbear, Hargoth.

Earnish-Amantic

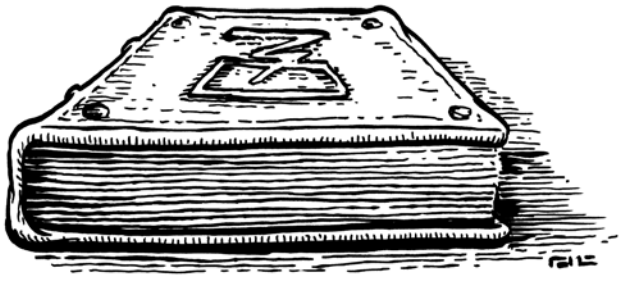
Charles Turnitsa
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

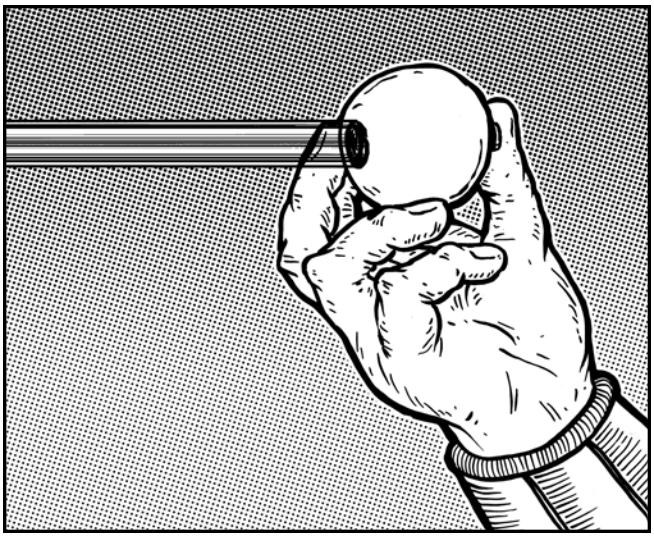
Very high placed cult leaders within the Cult of the White Shadow are aware of the existence of this ancient tome which contains the secrets of the Lady of the Air, and her shadow wyrm servants (and lesser beings like the shadow snake warriors, and the shadow creatures). The book is cursed. Some, however, believe it worth risking the curse to gain knowledge of the foul things hidden inside.

While the fate of the book is unsure, the surviving translations of the *Earnish-Amantic* include the following spells: *create shadow creature*, *summon shadow creature*.

The book, and the spells themselves, are cursed. Learning the magic-user version of the *summon shadow creature* spell reuqires that the student make a save vs. spell at -2. Success means no ill effect befalls the student. Failure means the student permanently loses 1d3 points of Intellligence.

RELATED ENTRIES: **M)** *Shadow Creature, Shadow Snake*; **C)** *Cult of the White Shadow*; **S)** *Create Shadow Creature, Summon Shadow Creature.*





Eyes

John Everett Till
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

Eyes are handheld superscience artifacts that are "devices surviving from the ancient and glorious days of high technology" according to their creator, Professor M.A.R. Barker.

Eyes are a hallmark of his world of Tekumel, which is perhaps the most elaborate fantasy setting ever created for gaming. According to Barker, *eyes* are "so named because they are shaped like small, dull gems, with an eye-like aperture on one side and a protruding stud on the other, which activates the device." *Eyes* are a perfect embodiment of Clarke's Law, which states that "Any sufficiently advanced technology is indistinguishable from magic."

Eyes are often found in temple treasuries, in tombs and hoards within the underworld, and in the hands of the powerful. They are also very useful to adventurers, who often search for them in the underworld and within the ruins of the temples, bases, and other facilities of the star-spanning ancients. Each *eye* has a specific power and effect. There is no way to discern the power of an *eye* without using it. *Eyes* also have 1d100 charges, after which an ancient device must be used to restore their charges.

The petty goddess known as the Bestower of Eyes can be summoned to bargain for an *eye*, exchange one *eye* for another, modify an *eye*'s effects, or recharge an *eye* in exchange for favors. Certain deities (such as Chicxulub) accumulate *eyes* due to their influence on the movements of stars, planets, space hulks and other celestial objects. She has the ability to award *eyes* to her followers.

Still other gods such as the Jale God and Nyarlathotep offer mortals such devices as a way to tempt them into unlocking even deeper and more deadly secrets of science. They often lie about the identity and effects of the *eyes* they bestow.

An *eye* may be activated once per round, and may be used by a character of any class.

The *eyes* below are non-canonical and were inspired by a number of authors including M.A.R. Barker and Cordwainer Smith. They may be used in any setting which includes ancient superscience in its background.

The Eye of the Beshadowed Labyrinth

This *eye* opens a one-way gate to a ruined planet. Its lifeless, airless surface is constantly abraded by the deadly energy beams emitted by the magnetar—a species of neutron star with intense magnetic fields—which the world orbits. Below the surface is a world-labyrinth inhabited by innumerable inimical species. Vast subterranean machines maintain barely breathable air tainted with a thousand exotic chemicals. The entire labyrinth is shrouded in shifting dim light which projects shadows everywhere. Adventurers who survive in this deadly realm will need to find another way home.

The Eye of Adopting the Mien of a Lord of the Instrumentality

In ancient times, this *eye* was a favorite tool of assassins. Today it is used to gain access to certain areas of the underworld defended by ancient superscience. The effect lasts 1d10 turns. This *eye* surrounds its target with the data cloud of one of the star-spanning Lords of the Instrumentality of Mankind. The automated defenses of the Instrumentality's ancient facilities will grant the target and their entourage unrestricted access to all but the most sensitive installations. Once the target gains access, they must act quickly. Reactivating the *eye* within such an installation will awaken terrifying automated defenses.

The Eye of the Banishers of Gloom

The Banishers of Gloom were a special unit of the Instrumentality dedicated to exploring dead planets and space hulks. They garnered a reputation as fearless hunters of the undead and of abominations from the planes beyond. On many worlds, they remain active within religious orders dedicated to Law and the destruction of the undead. This *eye* is their signature weapon. The *eye* unleashes a miniature hypernova beam upon its target, a 1' diameter beam of coalesced visible light, x-rays, and gamma rays. The *eye*'s range is 100'. It does 6d10 damage to its target; all living beings may save vs. wand for half damage. All combustibles touched by the beam burst into flame.

The Eye of the Glorious Instrumentality of Mankind

This *eye* projects a 3D holographic representation of the regions of space ruled by the Instrumentality of Mankind, showing the location and disposition of all Instrumentality resources including fleets, legions, bases, nodes in the Smoking Mirror Engine network, and protected trade routes. Points of interest may be zoomed by using physical gestures; this reveals planetary maps and additional data such as day length, climate levels, etc. The projection lasts 1d20 turns. It automatically updates once daily within Instrumentality facilities that remain connected to the Smoking Mirror Engine network. But few do.

If you live on a world that was once in contact with the Instrumentality, this *eye* can be extremely useful. It can identify former Instrumentality assets that are often lucrative sources of treasure and artifacts.

The Eye of the Lady of the Jade Skirt

This *eye* will summon the nearest minion of a god or goddess of rivers, lakes, seas, rain, or storms. The ahuizotl is an example of one of these, as are anaconda, crocodiles, and hippos. Caution must be taken when using this *eye* in open seas, as it can summon particularly nasty creatures such as mosasaurs, plesiosaurs, killer whales, kraken, akho, and avanc. The minion remains faithful for 1 turn.

The Eye of Lord Tezcatlipoca

This *eye* can activate any gate in the network of Smoking Mirror Engines, opening a portal to a Smoking Mirror Engine at another location in the same world, another world, or to an entirely different plane. The gate remains open for 3 rounds. Once opened, anyone may pass through.

The Eye of Petty Theogony

The target upon which this *eye* is used takes on an air of minor godhood, or takes on the lesser aspect or avatar of a great deity. The target's personal aspects—qualities, quirks, and abilities—are magnified and hypostatized for 2d10 turns. The target may save vs. wand if they wish to resist the effect of this *eye*. Intelligent beings who share the target's alignment will be favorably disposed towards it; intelligent beings of opposite alignment will be more likely to attack or flee it. Simple injuries will completely dispel the effect of this *eye*. No one likes a god that bleeds.

The Eye of Vague Auguries

When this *eye* is pointed at an object such as a door, secret panel, or other portal (including interdimensional gates) the *eye* will issue two vague-but-true telepathic auguries about persons, items, and conditions on the other side of the threshold. The auguries are determined by the DM. For example, if a PC uses the *eye* at the threshold of a doorway in the underworld, the auguries might be: "reptile god" and "priests". The reality might be: "You have reached the threshold of the Temple of the Snake Demon Ysxthici. A high priest, two acolytes, and a dozen other cultists are carrying out a ritual within to summon their god."

The Majestic Eye of Lord Pacal

This *eye* allows its user to access and control one of the *Pacal-class vimanas*, a chariot of the gods, for a period of 1d8 days.

The Mystic Eye of Phalguna

Zealously sought by scholar priests, this *eye* confers upon the target the ability to read, comprehend, and memorize any religious manuscript, no matter the language in which the text is written. Roll 1d12 on first use. After using the *eye* to read that number of texts, the user becomes permanently insane (no saving throw).

RELATED ENTRIES: **D)** *Smoking Mirror Engine*, *Vimana*.

Food of the Shadow

Charles Turnitsa

The *food of the shadow* refers to a number of different items. prepared from the magical leavings of shadow creatures, which they exude when absent from the shadow dimensions for too long. These leavings are gathered up by select members of The Despised, and prepared according to certain magical formulae, and result in hard small wafers, which may be consumed. Once done so, a roll on the following chart (1d8) is made (unless the type is known before hand, according to the scenario) to determine the effects. All effects last for only 2d12 rounds.

1 **Burst into flames:** All within weapon's reach of the cultist are singed for 2d4 damage, and must make a save vs. breath weapon each round, to avoid catching fire; if they catch fire, it burns for 2d6 the first round, and 1d6 for each additional round until it is extinguished.

2 **Fly:** the cultist is able to fly at a speed of 120' per minute.

3 **Iron Skin:** The cultist assumes the density and hardness of tough iron (Armor Class 1).

4 **Become the Shadow:** The cultist wisps out into a shadowy form, and then disappears altogether.

5 **Transformation:** The cultist becomes a shadow creature; this effect does not wear off, but is permanent.

6 **Legion:** The cultist sprouts 4 additional copies of him/herself.

7 **Essence of Acid:** The cultist's bodily fluids becomes a horrible acid; any combat blows against the cultist will result in a rain of acid to all within a 10' radius; all take 2d4 damage, and an additional 1d4 for each of the next two rounds; a successful save vs. poison will halve the damage.

8 **Devoted Spirit:** The cultist is affected as if by a *haste* spell.

RELATED ENTRIES: **M)** *Shadow Creature*; **C)** *Cult of the White Shadow*.

God Tubes

Logan Knight

Stoppered with rune-sealed wax, filled with surging gelatinous godflesh, it takes a measure of skill to uncork the glass tube and slap it onto your exposed skin before the gore of the divine escapes. As the flesh surges up to escape it creates a vacuum, suckering the tube to your body.

The chemicals secreted by the flesh as it writhes against your skin in impotent frustration absorb into your bloodstream. Randomly save vs. poison or spell every day you are in contact. If successful, a high beyond this world takes hold, you feel the pulse of the worms, you are as a god. Roll or flip to a random godling in this book and take on one of its abilities for the day, but decrease Dexterity by 1d6 for the duration, and role-play like the inebriated god-whelp you are.

If you fail, roll on your favorite mutation and/or insanity table. Every time you fail, the flesh seems bigger and the glass begins to fracture.

Goggles of the Frog Gods

Chris Tamm

These brass and toad-leather strapped goggles have bulging quartz crystals which initially seem to be confusing distorting lenses that, when seen through, make the world incomprehensible. If actually strapped on the wearer gains 360-degree vision, can see through water without refraction or distortion, and the eyes are protected from most other minor problems. Any wearer knocked unconscious while wearing these goggles will have visions of a petty frog god who will offer to heal them

to 1hp if they agree to be the frog god's champion. They will be given a quest and expected to never harm a bactrian unless in self-defense. If they betray the frog god, the goggles will vanish and leave the former champion with googly frog eyes, and webbed fingers and toes. Their offspring will be giant frogs and toads. If they achieve the quest, they may ask a random frog god a question once a month.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Frog Gods*, *Grandpa Toadflap*, *Johhny Hopper*, *Wart Mother*.

Half-Assed Relics of Manidono

Erin Palette

Manidono leaves semi-powerful relics of dubious use in his wake, like crumbs from a child's lunch. They only last for a short time after leaving his presence.

The Couch of Manidono is any place where the petty god has chosen to rest. Anyone sitting in it must succeed in a save vs. paralysis, or be unable to leave due to lack of desire. Those afflicted will ask others, usually in a whine, to bring them food and drink or do other tasks. In cases where they must move, they will wheedle and beg others to carry them and their couch. However, while confined to the chair, they will not suffer from long-term effects such as illness, starvation, etc, as they literally never get around to dying.

The Snack of Manidono is the leftovers of any foodstuff that the petty god has enjoyed. Eating it will result in fingers and tongue of unnatural coloration, and a desire for more of the same food—all other food and drink will seem tasteless in comparison; the fingers will stain clothing and other porous substances for the duration of one day.

The Garb of Manidono is any piece of clothing that the petty god has touched or worn. It will protect from environmental hazards (cold, fire, poison, etc.) but it will also cause the loss of 2d6 points of Charisma for as long as it is worn. Caution is warranted to wearers of this *Garb of Half-Assery*—they never know when it will stop being magical.

The Pipe of Manidono is, like, this thing, you know? And you suck on it? And whoah. Visions, dude. Of the future. You want to know the future? Okay: Ask me a question (roll 1d4):

Roll	Answer
1	Absolutely, dude.
2	No way, dude.
3	Maybe, dude.
4	Beats me, dude. Ask again later.

All of these answers are 100% accurate but annoyingly vague.

Helm of Constricting Asps

Eric Potter

This helm may be worn only by a chaotic character. The helm's normal appearance is that of thick braided vines, however as melee begins, the heads of 1-6 asps emerge, surprising on a 1-4. If surprised, a victim must make a save vs. paralysis or become paralyzed for the round. If the saving throw is successful the asps will dance wildly in an effort to mesmerize the victim. Thus, a saving throw must be checked each round. Once the victim is paralyzed or within range (if the saving throw was always successful), the asps will uncoil from the wearer's head, each slithering onto the victim and wrapping itself around the victim's body. If the victim is unsuccessful in breaking free of their grasp, the constriction of the asps will make breathing impossible in four rounds. After their victim is lifeless, the asps will return to their coiled position atop the wearer's head.

ASP OF CONSTRICTION: No. Encountered:1d6; Alignment: Chaotic; Movement:120' (40'); Armor Class:7; Hit Dice:4; Attacks:Special; Damage:Special; Save:M4; Morale:12; Hoard Class:None; XP:100.

Helm of Divine Conversation ("The Communicator")

Eric Potter

This *helm of telepathy* was one of three war helmets enchanted by the unknown mage Elcandorimuss the Forgettable. Made from the purest vein of platinum running through the belly of the great mountain Shankshill, *"The Communicator"* was gifted to Kang in return for the mage's protection during the terrible Witch Hunt of Dark Lustrum. It differs from a normal *helm of telepathy* in that the wearer does not have to concentrate on the creature nor be within a 90' radius, *"The Communicator"* simply transmits the message of its wearer near and far and the receiver will always respond. As Kang is long dead, the unused helm's enchantment wanes, and only sporadically issues short pulses of telepathic energy. Neither the whereabouts nor the natures of enchantment of its two brother helms have ever been revealed.

RELATED ENTRIES: **C)** *Listeners of Kang*.

Imp Tongs

Chris Tamm
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

These magic tongs can be used by anyone, always striking as if a successful "to hit" roll vs. an imp, snaring the creature with the tongs. The imp can then be placed in a bottle to be sealed and *blessed*, magically imprisoning the imp. In exchange for their freedom, imps will often offer their service or grant a wish (if able); they will, however, take great latitude in interpreting those commands and wishes (often to the detriment of the captor). In these agreements, explicit contracts are suggested. Behni the Imp says imp-kind totally hate these things and the archon who makes them.

RELATED ENTRIES: **M)** *Behni the Imp*.

Jale Tears

John Everett Till

Small faceted gems of sublime color, *jale tears* are crystalline drops of the Jale God's divine sweat as his fevered body rubs up against the Skin of Reality. These gems are rarely more than 2-3mm in diameter. They manifest as a patina on the walls of the Jale God's hidden shrines; once that happens, *jale tears* can be harvested for use elsewhere. Members of the Cult of the Obsidian Mirror offer these gems as tokens of favor or as bribes. More than one temple novice has been corrupted and brought under the cult's sway thanks to these gems. When ingested, a *jale tear* greatly enhances the subject's libido and potency for a period of 24 hours. At the same time, the subject's judgment, discretion, and restraint are dramatically impaired due to intrusive and persistent thoughts that are "dream-like, feverish, and voluptuous."* The subject's Charisma and Constitution modifiers temporarily increase to +4, while their Wisdom modifier drops to -6.

** From **A Voyage to Arcturus** (1920) by David Lindsay.*

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Jale God;* **C)** *Cult of the Obsidian Mirror.*

Jumping Icosahedron

Nicolas Senac

This Platonic solid looks perfectly normal at first glance. But, after proper examination, one can notice it is constituted by phosphorescent gelatinous material that radiates magic.

This small object is, of course, much more dangerous than it looks. It was created by a petty god of gambling for his followers to spread chaos and unpredictability in the world. If this object is dropped or thrown against a solid surface, it bounces with force and strikes violently everything in its path. It will continue to bounce off everything with which it comes into contact, thereby changing the trajectory frequently, and in so doing turning into a devastating projectile hitting everybody and everything. In a closed room this is equivalent to a death sentence! The only three recourses against this object are its destruction, desperate flight (from its presence), and liquids (which impede the bouncing of the isocahedron). Without external intervention, the icosahedron will bounce incessantly for a duration of 2 years.

In a closed room (this divine object is useless outdoors), each character takes 1d6 points of damage per round (and fragile items are automatically broken). This damage ignores any magic resistance and the icosahedron is considered as a *+2 adamantium magic weapon*.

Mask of Thuf (Greater)

David Haraldson

Although <u>all</u> of Thuf's goblinoid shamans wear masks in the shape of the godling's face (made variously of bone, ceramic, beetle chitin, leather, copper, or brass, with red glass eyes, all granting the wearer 120' infravision), there are only five *Greater Masks of Thuf*. Each of these relics is worked from a single bone, with rubies for eyes, polished into an exquisitely-detailed, grotesque representation of Thuf's face blowing out a torch. Thuf's devotees maintain that the god himself made the masks, at the request of his holiest representatives, so that they might better safeguard his most sacred caverns. Devotees also whisper that if all five masks are brought together, the wearers will know the route to Thuf's secret underworld home. The truth of this last point is much debated.

In addition to the extended infravision of a lesser mask, the relic's wearer gains the ability to detect secret doors, pits, underground construction, and sloping passages, as per the abilities of dwarves/ dwarfs. This ability increases with each turn that the mask is worn continuously. During the first turn, there is a 1-in-6 chance of detection, 2-in-6 on the second turn, and so on; detection of these features is automatic starting the sixth turn, even if the wearer does not declare he/she is searching. Should the wearer remove the mask, then the abilities are lost but may be regained by wearing the relic for the appropriate number of turns.

Frequent use of the masks by non-goblinkin comes with a price: *Thuf's grace*. The percentage chance of this being bestowed is the total number of turns that the mask has been worn by the character multiplied by the dungeon level he/she is on—rolled the first time that the character descends to a new level of the underworld. If the wearer receives *Thuf's grace*, he/she is able to fight in complete darkness with +1 bonuses to combat rolls. However, the wearer will also refuse to ascend from the underworld level on which the *grace* was granted, and find even artificial light painful (-1 to combat rolls). Finally, the wearer will begin the gradual process of turning into one of Thuf's servitors over the course of a number of days (equal to the character's level). Before the transformation is complete, the *grace* may be lifted with a *remove curse* spell cast by a cleric two levels higher than the wearer; after this, that person belongs entirely to Thuf and is lost to the surface world forever.

Mask of the Ur-Being

Gavin Norman
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

Legends of this mask can be found in many cultures, across many worlds and many planes. It is said to appear as an omen of times of strife, and conveniently fall into the hands of one who can wield its strange powers. It cannot be possessed by any one being for long, betraying its temporary owner at a time of its own choosing, and vanishing into the strange non-dimension from whence it came.

Physically the mask is unremarkable, apparently having been carved from a coconut husk, and decorated with small conical shells. Its cosmic power is, however, clear to any who view it. Lawful beings who view the mask are overcome with *fear* (as per the spell), those of neutral alignment who lay eyes upon it are affected by *confusion* (also per the spell), while those of chaotic alignment must save vs. spell or be afflicted with a violent compunction to acquire and wear the mask at all costs.

The mask will not yield to any wearer; only very special individuals are suitable. Anyone donning the mask must roll under or equal to their level (or Hit Dice) on 1d20, or be instantly transmuted into a pool of bubbling protoplasm (treat as a gray ooze). One who survives has been chosen by the mask, which, via a painful and grotesque melding process, embeds itself into the face of its new owner. The wearer has its alignment permanently modified to chaotic, and is thenceforth able to command the powers of the mask.

The mask has one sole power, but it is of such potency that it is feared by mortal and immortal alike. One who wears the *Mask of the Ur-Being* may, up to once per day, invoke its mysterious power, effecting a transformation into the identical likeness of a being of minor deific power. The exact form taken by the mask's wearer should be determined randomly (at DM's discretion). The transformation process takes 1d6 minutes, after which the wearer possesses all physical and magical abilities of its new form.

The transformed wearer of the mask cannot be distinguished by any means from the deity whose form has been copied. Thus the mask spreads discord and anarchy across the planes and throughout the multiverse.

Mauve Trapezoid

Garrisonjames

This cold, oily mauve stone is faceted as an irregular trapezoid and set to levitate above an ornate bronze bowl cast or carved with a spiraling pattern of overlapping waves or ridges that seem to move slowly of their own accord. The *Mauve Trapezoid* radiates *fear* in a 30' radius and has an Intelligence, Willpower, Ego equivalent to a *+2 magic sword*. It has 2d4 random magical powers in addition to its primary power, which is to serve as the focus for opening a gate into the Interstitial Void between universes. This gate function can be operated by anyone willing to sacrifice 3d6 hit points to the eldritch mechanisms within the bowl. Such a gate will only remain open for 1d4 turns, after which there is a 30% chance of the item teleporting away. The ancient words of power for commanding and controlling this item have been lost, but if it is true that the Tombs of the Witch Queens have been found, then it may be possible to barter with one of the mummified rulers of ancient Amatradigor for the secret knowledge necessary to operate the *Mauve Trapezoid*—if one were foolish enough to trust such a being in the first place.

RELATED ENTRIES: **M)** *Kthoim*.

Milk-bucket of the Gods

Chris Tamm

This divine bucket appears quaint, decorated with high-quality folk patterns. It may be used to keep magical or divine milk eternally fresh, or keep normal milk fresh for four times longer than normal. Battles have been waged for its possession, pitting against each other the forces of good and evil milkmaids, cowherds, and priests. Many goddesses and monsters have magic properties in their milk, if they would just stay still and be convinced to cooperate.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Nanny Binx*.

Nothing *(+3 longsword)*

James Smith

INTELLIGENCE: 10 (12)
PSYCHE: 4 (12)
WILLPOWER: 16 (27)
COMM.: Verbal, read magic
MOTIVATION.: Special
ALIGNMENT: Special
POWERS: Wielder's Strength is increased by 2 when the blade is in use. The sword provides a +1 bonus to all saves. Motivation Power: Special.

The blade is multi-colored, the various hues shifting and flowing as if it were made of a solidified rainbow. The hilt is of an unknown, inky black metal, wrapped in red leather.

If asked its name the sword will answer, "Nothing," in a voice tinged with a touch of despair. If questioned about its past, it will claim to have once been wielded by a great demigod, now deceased. It will function adequately, with seemingly no will or desire of its own. It will, in conversation, be rather dreary and depressed and almost totally lacking in personality.

Once per day there is a cumulative 5% chance that the sword may suddenly choose a motivation, which will be based upon something it has experienced or witnessed that day. For instance, if undead were previously fought, then Slaying Undead may become its new cause. If it saw a woman being abused in a city, Protection of that specific person, or women in general, or defeating the type of creature/class of the abuser, may be chosen. Or, slaying women may become its new motivation. Its alignment and personality will change to one appropriate for its new-found cause, and its stats will increase to match the number given in parenthesis above. It will act fiery, maniacal, and utterly devoted to its cause, believing it has always been, thus motivated. It will also remember its name as being something appropriate to its newfound passion. Its motivation power at these times, is *phantasmal monsters*, but there is a 5% chance each time it calls upon its Motivation Power that it will be cast a *prismatic spray* instead. The period of motivation will last 1d6 days and the sword will not hesitate to attempt to control its wielder if its new-found will is thwarted. One week after it ends the chance for a new motivation will start again at 5%.

Occam's Razor

Greg Gorgonmilk

Occam's Razor appears as a double-handed sword with a light and vicious blade composed of an unknown cream-white mineral marbled with streaks of ruby-like crystal. The cage around its hilt will immediately lock around the hands of its wielder in a twist of red leather and polished willow-root, forming an unbreakable seal. Over the course of several agonizing weeks, the wielder's finger bones will dissolve, and then slowly form a supple web of living calcium within the cage. After this phase, the sword may only be removed by (a) hacking off the wielder's hands at the wrists or (b) through the wielder's death.

The *Razor* has an insatiable appetite for green-blooded creatures (e.g., elves, goblins and tree-spirits) and will try to provoke the wielder to attack these beings on sight by exerting its will over his body. The wielder must save vs. spell, with failure indicating *Razor* will attack target creature next round, with or without wielder's consent. Only one check needs to be made per encounter.

The sword provides its wielder with +1 to all attack rolls, and a +2 to rolls vs. green-blooded targets.

Razor does 1d6 permanent Constitution damage (apply damage directly to the character's Constitution score; a Constitution of 3 or below places the character in a dreamless torpor). The sword may drain the spirit of a target in torpor, permanently increasing the wielder's Constitution by 1/2 point, or temporarily increasing his hit point total by 1d# (where # equals the victim's HD) for a number of turns determined by the DM (usually 1 turn per character level).

The Jale God, and perhaps one other (possibly Görgönmjölk), know the unspoken word that will cause *Razor* to disappear or, more precisely, to have never existed at all.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Görgönmjölk, Jale God.*

Perfect Mirror

John Everett Till

Each sorcerer-priest and warrior of the Cult of the Obsidian Mirror has on their person a small obsidian hand-mirror called a *perfect mirror*. This device of the ancients is a gateway to a pocket dimension prison which works identically to a *mirror of life trapping*, with the exception that only one person at a time may be trapped, and that the trapped person's voice and appearance is immediately taken on by the user of the *perfect mirror*. The entrapped person's face can be seen in the mirror as a smoky apparition. In addition, two or more individuals who each possess *perfect mirrors* can communicate with each other by speaking into their mirrors; this effect has a range of up to 300'.

RELATED ENTRIES: **C)** *Cult of the Obsidian Mirror.*

Poisoned Cup of Life

Daniel J. Bishop

This is the cup from which Saint Fulmara, a minor patron saint of healers and midwives, drank and was poisoned. It appears to be a plain wooden cup with a wide brim. Its only distinguishing mark is a dark red stain partway up the rim and to the lip of the cup, marking where the poison lay pooled as the cup was tilted, and where it trickled along until it touched Saint Fulmara's lips.

It is said that any who drink from the *Poisoned Cup of Life* have all wounds, diseases, and other maladies (including other poisons) miraculously healed, cured, or removed. The only exception is the poison that slew Saint Fulmara, which is still soaked into the very wood of the cup. No matter what else is cured, the drinker must save vs. poison or die.

A character who dies as a result of drinking from the *Poisoned Cup of Life* cannot be restored to life by any means.

Pulvinar of the Good Goddess

Tim Stephens

The *Pulvinar* is a small stone couch used in the ancient rites of the female cult of the Good Goddess, an obscure hearth deity from the distant past.

The couch is carved from marble, unadorned except for carved myrtle leaves upon the legs. The couch was set, empty, at banquets in honor of the goddess and used in the now lost proceedings of the goddess cult.

The Pulvinar is not sentient, although it has a dim awareness of its surroundings. It possess the abilities of *ESP* and *know alignment* as if cast by a 15th level magic-user and cleric, respectively.

If sat upon by someone who is female and lawful, the *Pulvinar* grants her innermost desire as per the *wish* spell. However, the *wish* spell is not permanent and lasts but a number of turns equal to 1d12 plus the wisher's Wisdom modifier, whereupon the *wish*'s effects disappear, returning all to normal as before the wish was granted. If sat upon by a male of any alignment, the *Pulvinar* reacts by unleashing effects equal to the spell *holy word* as punishment for the sacrilegious act.

The *Pulvinar* appears in isolated shrines, ruined temples, and distant villages that were in the mystic past sacred to the Goddess Cult. The *Pulvinar* moves randomly as if *teleported* between these spots, disappearing upon the waning crescent of the moon and appearing someplace new at the arrival of the new moon.

Rod of Destiny

Daniel J. Bishop

This silver rod is about three feet long, and is decorated with etched lines forming a complexly interwoven pattern that is impossible for mortals to trace. Any creature with magical abilities (including the ability to cast spells) that sees it will automatically recognize it as an item tied to fate. Any being that grasps it with a bare hand instantly understands how to use it.

In order to use the *Rod of Destiny*, a being must grip it with a bare hand that is being used for no other purpose. While the rod is so gripped, it can bring extraordinary good luck to its wielder. The user may reroll any single die, up to seven times each game day. The same die may be rerolled more than once. Any die roll affecting the character, including a die roll made by another (such as a monster's attack roll) may be rerolled.

Whenever using the *Rod of Destiny*, it is possible that karmic forces may be drawn to the character, replacing his good luck with bad. Each time the *Rod of Destiny* is used, the player must roll 1d8. If the roll is equal to, or under, the number of uses that day, karma has caught up to the character, and he incurs a cumulative and permanent –1 penalty on *all* die rolls (including additional karma rolls). The user's chances of staving off karma decrease the more often the rod is used on any given day.

The only way to remove penalties incurred from the rod is to forfeit ownership of the *Rod of Destiny*. If the character does this, the penalty is gone immediately. However, should the character ever use the rod again (*ever*, regardless of karma roll), the penalty immediately returns and is automatically doubled. Each additional use of the rod automatically adds an additional permanent penalty of –2 (no 1d8 karma roll required).

Rune Blades of Carnage

R.J. Thompson

INTELLIGENCE: 9
PSYCHE: 12
ALIGNMENT: Chaotic

The *Rune Blades of Carnage* were forged long ago during a great war between an alliance of "Free Peoples" and a cabal of dark mages who had had lorded over them for a millennia. The war turned against the mages and they sought out eldritch lore that might turn the tide back in their favor. The mages used ancient rites to imprison five demon princes, each a lesser divinity in their own right, within rune blades meant to bring about the downfall of the Free Peoples. Each of these blades was forged with the intent of eradicating a race of the Free Peoples from the planet. Each bore the name of the demon that it imprisoned.

Gal Zarok, Lord of Balrochs, was imprisoned to be taken into the deep places of the earth and slay the race of dwarves.

Mal' Dither'k, Demon Prince of Rot, was bound to his blade to eradicate the race of gnomes.

Ortazires, Demon Queen of Starvation, was trapped within her blade to vanquish the race of halflings.

Cith Anuun, Demon Prince of Decay, was ensnared to destroy the race of elves.

Lastly was forged the blade which imprisoned Kual Varathost, Demon Prince of Plague, who was forged and bound to sweep the land and rid the world of man.

These five proved to be difficult for the force of light to defeat. The Free Peoples won the war, and their freedom, but were not able to destroy the blades. They have been lost to time, and even the greatest of sages do not know where they have gone.

The *Rune Blades of Carnage* exist to complete their original purpose as the demons imprisoned shall never know rest until the have done so. Each blade acts as a + 3 longsword that deals double damage against the race it was intended to destroy. In addition they can detect good at will. Similarly they can detect the presence of any member of the sword's race of enmity. Once per hour the sword can cast *charm person*, and it may cast *confusion* once every five rounds.

Unlike other sapient swords, the *Rune Blades of Carnage* do not damage bearers who do not share their alignment, unless the sword chooses to—this is due to their need to be 'born' to accomplish their tasks. An influence check is made when a wielder first touches a *Rune Blade*, and every time thereafter. A check is also needed when the sword is near its target race, if it is not in control at that time. A *Rune Blade of Carnage* always gains a bonus of 1d10 to its willpower when making these checks, regardless of the wielder's alignment.

Sacred Lotuses

R.J. Thompson
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

Many religions see the lotus as a sacred plant. Indeed, while common lotuses are viewed as sacred among mortals for a variety of reasons, the gods keep a truly magical variety of lotus growing within their personal gardens. The abilities of the lotuses vary greatly. Many deities keep lotuses that hold similar abilities to themselves within their lairs. Each color of lotus holds a different power that is typically released with the plant's pollen. The trigger for this release varies from color to color as well.

Black Lotus: The magical power of the *black lotus* is one which is purely defensive for the plant, yet utterly devastating to the mortal whom get's too close. Once per turn the black lotus will issue forth a 10'×10' cloud of black pollen that shimmers with fluorescent colors, not unlike those seen when gazing into a pool of oil in the sunlight. The cloud hangs in the air for 1d6 rounds before dissipating. This beautiful display is deadly and all within the cloud must save vs. death or die.

White Lotus: The pollen of the *white lotus* erupts from the flower much as one would expect to see a burst of powder, it takes effect immediately and dissipates instantly. The powdery pollen covers a 15'×15' area. Those caught within must save vs. paralysis or fall asleep for 2d3 hours. The pollen is released at random, with a 50% chance of release every turn, but only once per hour.

Red Lotus: Also known as the "*blood bloom*," the *red lotus* releases its wet mist-like pollen (which has a color similar to the flower itself) once per day, usually near dusk. Its wet pollen disperses and spreads throughout an area at a rate of five feet in diameter per round until it has covered a 100' diameter. The mist hangs in the area for 3d6 hours. Anyone inhaling the pollen of the blood bloom must save vs. poison or fall into a brief, if not deep depression. Those who are affected by the mist be-

come depressed, suffering a penalty of 5 to any rolls made for the next 1d6 hours.

Midnight Lotus: The so-called "*midnight lotus*" has petals of a dark navy, almost indistinguishable from the color black. The lotus releases its pollen in shimmer of gold "dust" covering a 10' diameter an hour after sunset every day. The effects are instantaneous, any caught within gain the ability to see perfectly in the dark for 24 hours.

Green Lotus: Also called *plague lotus*, the *green lotus* emits a foul yellow-green cloud of pollen whenever a creature comes within 10' of it. The pollen expands to form a 20' diameter cloud that dissipates after 1d12 rounds. All within the cloud must save vs. poison or contact a magical disease which lowers all three physical ability scores (Strength, Dexterity and Constitution) by 5, and causes violent coughing (55% chance per round) that makes any normal action impossible to perform. Only a *dispel magic* or *remove curse* spell rids the diseased of this effect, all normal cures fail.

Orange Lotus: The *orange lotus* spews for its pollen in 25'-long cone with an equal width (at its terminus). The pollen is an orange powder that dissipates after it is released. This effect takes place the first time that any creature steps within 10' of the lotus and cannot spew forth again for 1d3 hours. All within must save vs. spell or be subject to horrifying effects of a *phantasmal force* spell (DM's discretion as to the effects; it is recommended that those who are unaware of the nature of the pollen will have horrid visions of creatures attacking them, per the spell, while those who know the nature of the plant might enjoy entertaining hallucinations). This pollen can become addictive to those whom use it as a hallucinatory drug. Each time it is used deliberately in such a way the user must make a save vs. spell or become addicted, If addicted, each day without the pollen will cause a lack of sleep, with normal cumulative effects taking place. If the addict does not use the pollen for one month, then the addiction will subside.

Opal Lotus: The *opal lotus* is called such because its petals are opalescent, as is its vaporous pollen. The *opal lotus* releases a 10' sphere of pollen anytime that it detects a lawful creature within that same radius. The pollen lasts for 2d10 rounds and acts as a *protection from evil, 10' radius* spell for all within.

Violet Lotus: The violet lotus releases an effervescent cloud of pollen 50' in diameter any time there is motion within 100' feet of it, but only once every 1d3 hours. The cloud hangs in place for 1 hour acting as a *dispel magic* spell.

Jade Lotus: The *jade lotus* is called such because its leaves strongly resemble the stone that is its namesake. The pollen of the *jade lotus* erupts from the flower spreading until it has covered a 1000' foot radius. This happens when the flower "senses" human, humanoid or demi-human creatures witin 1500' of it and is purely defensive, though very effective for those wishing to guard something. The bright green cloud of pollen acts instantly causing the effects of a *plant growth* spell.

Salts of Despair

Matthew W. Schmeer

Like the *seeds of sowing* the secret knowledge of creating the *salts of despair* is guarded by the chief priests of the Cult of Audrum as the salts are a rare and dangerous concoction. The salts themselves appear to be thumbnail-sized, multi-colored crystals of sea salt. If dissolved in water at a 2:1 ratio, the salts have the power to immediately destroy any plant or plant-based creature's root system the solution is poured upon as if by an acid attack (no save). This solution will also render the ground into which it is poured forever devoid of plant life. It is rumored that the Desert of Ka'rat was formed in just this manner. The salts are generally produced in small batches of under eight ounces, but have not been produced for over 300 years.

Should a creature be inclined to ingest a salt crystal or drink the dissolved solution, they will suffer 6d20 acidic damage to their digestive tract and permanently lose the ability to speak.

Seeds of Sowing

Matthew W. Schmeer

The exact recipe of the *seeds of sowing* is known only by the chief preists of the Cult of Audrum, and is a highly guarded secret. What is known is that the seeds appear to be a mix of special soils, nutrients, plant digestives, and other unknown ingredients packed into a shape roughly the size and weight of a chicken egg. When a normal plant seed is embedded into the *seed of sowing* and planted in temperate conditions, the plant that sprouts will be a sentient life form, capable of speech and thought and with 1000 times the life-cycle length of the normal plant of that type of seed. The resulting plant is incapable of reproduction and any fruit borne by the plant will be seedless. It is rumored that the Murmuring Forest of Nerm was the result of a clumsy cultist spilling a large collection of such seeds. There are no more than 1d4 seeds found at any time.

Eating the *seeds of sowing* is not advised, but has no effect beyond a severe stomach ache for 1d4 days.

Shed Godling Skin Suit

Logan Knight

Some godlings grow as their following does, sloughing off their old skin to make way for a glorious new facade. The translucent leather stitched into this full-body suit still responds to praise and worship, whether that worship be directed at the wearer or the godling who shed it.

The skin allows the use of an ability of the godling from which it came. The use of the ability may be delayed for a length of time equal to the number of turns spent in worship beforehand (e.g., worshiping for 8 turns will allow the ability to be used at any time within 8 turns of completing worship)

Pick a god, roll for one, or flip to one randomly in this book, or use whatever horrible thing the following abilities came from.

1. Swollen pustular mounds swell from the neck of the suit, allowing the wearer to expel boiling black bile as a 6' ranged attak or as a 90° spray with a 3' wide terminus, bypassing armor and dealing 2d6 acid damage. If the wearer is able to bite someone (on a successful "to hit" roll, the wearer may vomit directly into the victim's bloodstream (save or die).
2. If someone makes a successful melee attack against the wearer, the wearer can allow the attacker's weapon and arm to pass into the wearer's body, trapping the

opponent (and leaving the wearer unarmed). The arm will need to be cut away, but whatever is left on the suit will be absorbed soon enough.

3. The wearer leeches the life out of anything organic within 6'. All in area of effect must save vs. spell or lose 1d6 hp to the wearer. Wearer must roll under Constitution or secrete it back out in noisome streams (losing all hp gained through the leeching).
4. The wearer regurgitates 1d4 phlegm-colored tiny men, permanently losing 1 hp for each tiny man spewed. Roll to determine each tiny man's loyalty. Every round the wearer wants them to do something, a successful morale roll is required for them to coopoerate. Incentives may be used to modify the roll. The only way the wearer may regain these permanently lost hit points is to swallow the tiny men.

Additionally, the skin's standard AC of 8 improves by 1 for every person that worships the wearer like a disciple, as the skin flushes with life and moves in a distracting, unnatural way. If the wearer gains 14 or more followers, the wearer will fuse with the skin, becoming a malformed bastard demigod. They will not like it.

Shining Icosahedron

Legion

The *Shining Icosahedron*—darkly beautiful in all its shimmering oil-slick opalescence—serves as a cubic gate, but with 20 facets instead of only six. One face is keyed to the Material Plane, though the where and when of entry is shockingly erratic. Another side leads to Diit'Wentii's home, the colossal library at the center of the Crimson Hexagon, and the arrival rooms there are likewise disconcertingly random. The other 18 planes should be determined by the DM. Each gate is opened by a specific pattern of carresses.

The *Shining Icosahedron* is also a terrible weapon and there is a 20% chance per round of combat that Diit'Wentii will throw it at an opponent instead of attacking physically or magically. It has a range of 400' and Diit'Wentii must roll to hit. Regardless of the result it automatically returns like a *war hammer +2, dwarven thrower.*

Within the *Shining Icosahedron* is a multi-cell prison. Each facet binds 20 HD worth of a given monster type. Some of these creatures are weakened (but all are enraged) from their eons-long imprisonment. When hit by the *Shining Icosahedron*, any being less divine or infernal than a demi-god or greater demon must save vs. spell. Anyone who passes the save suffers 20 hit points of damage. A target who fails to save is teleported inside the facet by which it was struck; the monsters bound therein attack immediately. Roll 1d20 to determine which face impacted the target and consult the following table:

Roll	The victim is...
1	scalded by a dragon turtle.
2	made simple by lamiae.
3	scorched by salamanders.
4	paralyzed by ghouls.
5	weakened by shadows.
6	terrified by ghosts.
7	poisoned by wyverns.
8	dissolved by ankhegs.
9	shocked by will-o-wisps.
10	drained by wraiths.
11	frozen by white dragons.
12	bludgeoned by the cyclops Birk, and Lorn his cloud giant wife.
13	cursed by mummies.
14	afflicted by werewolves.
15	gagged by ghasts.
16	deafened by dragonnes.
17	bewailed by banshees.
18	buffeted by wind walkers.
19	smothered by shambling mounds.
20	put to sleep by jackalweres.

Smoking Mirror Engine

John Everett Till

A *smoking mirror engine* is an artifact gate sacred to Lord Tezcatlipoca. Each *smoking mirror engine* is a single sheet of polished obsidian the size of a great door or portal. These huge pieces of obsidian are mined from megavolcanoes like Olympus Mons on Mars. Within the polished obsidian mirror surface can be seen the tracery of circuit patterns. The obsidian is imprinted with spells that create a connection to another gate at a different location on the same world, another world or location (such as a base or ship), or an entirely different plane. A magic user can communicate with someone at the adjoining gate using an *ESP* spell. A cleric can awaken and command a gate to open for 1 turn per level using a variant of the *find the path* spell. Once a gate has been opened, anyone may pass through it. Frequently such gates are placed near each other in great galleries, allowing rapid passage from one world to another, to another. The Eye of Lord Tezcatlipoca can also be used to open these gates.

RELATED ENTRIES: **D)** *Eyes (Eye of Lord Tezcatlipoca).*

Snare of Irrevocable Ends

Patrick Wetmore

The gods would spare no effort in destorying both the *Snare* and the souls of any who had even a hint of its existence, if only they could focus their attention on it but for a moment. The *Snare* is a weapon from somewhere beyond the ken of gods and men. In appearance, it is a series of sixteen interlocking greenish-gold metal hoops, 2' in diameter, slowly revolving around each other.

Its primary power is to be entirely hidden from the minds of gods and their extraplanar servitors. It cannot be thought of by the immortal gods—attempts to discuss it will meet with blank stares at best, and more likely divine retribution for wasting a god's time. The second power of the *Snare* is that any god within 120' of it will not leave the area. He, she, or it will stay put, making increasingly bizarre excuses as to why divine duties are being neglected. The third power of the weapon is *The Irrevocable End*; any god slain within 120' of the *Snare* is completely, utterly, and irrevocably destroyed. When this occurs, the *Snare* groans as if in agony, and a new hoop tears its way into the world.

The *Snare* is beyond the ability of mortal men to damage, to the dismay of the priests who have encountered the weapon.

Statue of the Black Mother

Shadrac MQ

A stone, black, lustreless statue of the goddess Kali [replace with petty goddess of choice], standing about 3' high, including an ornamental plinth. Two of her hands are shaped to hold candles. If candles rendered from human fat are placed in her hands and lit, the statue appears to leer and shift in the flickering glow, and the light thus cast will summon 1d6+6 shadows which will serve the possessor of the statue for as long as the candles burn. The statue's pose and expression is able to change subtly in the candlelight to communicate the desires of the goddess. The goddess requires a living, intelligent sacrifice for each burning of the candles, and the shadows will ensure that she receives one before the candles have completely burned down, using the possessor of the statue if necessary.

Spitblade

Vindico Vindicatum

Squamulouus, god of chaos, was the most powerful, insidious, and corrupt of all demons. He was supplicated in times of plague, a deity to be appeased when stomachs roiled with illness until the poison was vomited forth, cleansing the supplicant. He was a necessary evil—until 700 years ago when the seven great deities of sacred light destroyed his minions and cornered the evil god on the surface of a dark star.

A mighty battle waged. When the seven great deities of sacred light defeated Squamulouus, his followers retrieved his corpse before it could be destroyed. The god of chaos was defeated, but not destroyed. Squamulouus remained imprisoned until the dark star finally collapsed, precipitating a dimensional rift that allowed Squamulouus' evil to worm its way back to our world.

They carefully mummified and preserved Squamulouus's corporeal remains and sealed them in a huge sarcophagus with their most powerful spells. Then they transported it to the Astral Plane. There, Squamulouus's corpse is entombed in a gigantic sarcophagus. Squamulouus's mummy lays within, arms folded across his chest, with a massive gold mask covering his face.

Slivers of his demonic nature trailed through astral space, forming the sword-like shapes which have become known as "*Spitblades*." There are six *Spitblades* in existence. Through manipulation and guile, the blades find wielders and seek to "impregnate" living incubators. *Spitblades* are bright red wavy blades with a maw on their crossguards. Each is inlaid with a large gem just above the cross guard in the shape of a frog's eye. There are six different gems: emerald, ruby, sapphire, topaz, diamond, and amethyst.

Sqaumulouus' blades inflict a standard 1d8 damage, plus an additional 1d8 points of acid damage caused with the blade 'licks' the wound of the victim. On a natural "to hit" roll of 20, the *Spitblade* plunges into the target's stomach (if it has one); victims of this attack must save vs. poison or be infected with *Squamulouus' seed*. The stomach of the target expands each round, causing nausea and incapacitating it. In a number of rounds equal to the victim's Constitution, the victim's stomach will burst open, spraying everything within a 15' radius for 1d8 acid damage per level or HD of the afflicted creature. Additionally, a black pudding is birthed at that moment from the remains of the exploded victim.

It is said that when seven thousand of these spawn (black puddings) are birthed, the dark god will awaken and the orifices of the world will spew forth their vengeance.

Stone Heads of Jergen Groot

Matthew W. Schmeer

Jergen Groot was a simple man who wanted nothing more than a simple life. All his life he had done what he was told: first by his parents, then by his vicar, then by his wife. From sunup to sundown he tended his goats, plowed his fields, smoked his pipe, and slept the sleep of the just. He lived a dull but happy life for 52 years.

In his 53rd year, a local baron (in truth a wealthy adventurer recently given leave to create a barony out in the hinterlands) arrived one night to conscript all able-bodied men in the village to defend his keep against a horde of foreign invaders. Having never lifted a weapon beyond a fire poker (and then even only in jest) and having never even seen the baron, let alone known how to address one, Jergen stepped forward and asked why the men of the village should fight for the baron when clearly the baron had done nothing but demand taxes that the villagers paid with nothing to show for it.

The baron cut off Jergen's head with one swipe of his blade.

The Jale God saw this act, and out of amusement caused another head to reappear on Jergen's shoulders.

Shocked, the baron cut off this head, too.

And the Jale God repeated his trick.

Believing this to be the work of necromancers in his midst, the baron had Jergen and all his relations drawn and quartered. Then he himself cut off Jergen's head yet one more time. He demanded his henchmen burn Jergen's body and the three heads in a roaring bonfire in the village green. The fire quickly grew out of control and burned the entire village and the surrounding wilderness to the ground.

The Jale God laughed.

And the *three heads of Jergen Groot* survived the flames, having turned to stone in the wash of flames.

The Jale God kept the *three heads of Jergen Groot* for many years. Then, he lost them in a bet with another minor god, who in turn lost them in a bet with another, and so on and so on until they found their way back into the world, lost to the ages.

It is rumored that the *first head of Jergen Groot* can give the gift of *true seeing* to those who place a tear upon one of its cheeks.

It is said the *second head of Jergen Groot* can grant those who place a garland of daisies on its brow the courage of 10 men, the strength of 5 men, and the luck of the devil himself.

It is said the *third head of Jergen Groot* will turn the hand that touches it to stone.

Where the first *head* goes, the others follow. He who possesses all *three heads of Jergen Groot* has a 5% chance of receiving a visit from the Jale God himself, who will attempt to win the heads back.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Jale God.*

Summoning Horn of Armageddon

Atte Mustonen
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

This great brass horn is adorned with symbols of chaos. When blown, it sounds like a foghorn that seems to go on forever. He who blows the horn loses one experience level that can not be restored, even by divine means. After 1d6 turns of reverberation, with terrible flash and thunder and puffs of smoke, 1d8+2 randomly selected petty gods aligned with chaotic forces will appear within 120' of the hornblower. These entities are by no means compelled to obey the summoner, so there better be a sufficient amount of placation and sacrifices held ready. There is a 5% cumulative chance per chaotic petty god summoned that a counter-force of lawful petty gods of equal number will arrive to stop whatever is at hand and dispense divine justice. If both chaotic and lawful deities have arrived on the scene, there is 5% cumulative chance per each deity (both chaotic and lawful) that a group of neutral petty gods, in number equal to the total of chaotic and lawful deities, will arrive in attempt to stop whatever localized war of the gods is about to happen. It is highly probable that a horrifying battle will ensue, and everything nearby will be devastated to a great degree. The *Horn* will disappear the moment the gods manifest themselves and will hide itself in some far corner of the world waiting to be discovered by another hapless fool.

Sword of Allegiance

Atte Mustonen

These swords come in variety of shapes and sizes, but they are always dedicated to service of one deity with the name of deity either etched in runes on the blade, as a holy (or unholy) symbol on the handguard, or something similar. The powers of these blades are activated when a person with an alignment matching the deity draws the sword, holds the weapon high, and loudly proclaims allegiance to the entity.

First, the *sword of allegiance* grants the user 1d10 points of Strength (up to racial maximum) as long as it is held. Additionally, because these blades are made for champions of gods to wage war against a god's enemies, they hold a second power—when facing opponents requiring a minimum magical bonus "to hit," the sword will provide that bonus. For example, when facing an arch-devil that requiring a +3 weapon "to hit," the *sword of allegiance* will gain those properties for the duration of the encounter. Similarily, if facing a mere wererat, the sword will only count as if being made of silver.

Sword of Rasoob

Erin Palette

Green with corrosion, this sickle sword looks absolutely ancient. Made of bronze, it is heavier than a steel sword of identical size, and its edge has been blunted over time (-2 penalty on all "to hit" and damage rolls). However, these penalties may be overcome through certain ritual actions, which impart a cumulative bonus to the sword for each act:

Act	Bonus
remove all objects of iron or steel from the wielder's person	+2
for each member of the party who similarly forsakes iron and steel	+1 per party member
ritually sacrifice magical items of armor or steel in a sanctified forge	+1 per each +1 of sacrificed object

With each bonus gained, the *Sword of Rasoob* becomes sharper, lighter, and less corroded, until it is a gleaming bronze khopesh of incredible sharpness. All bonuses are lost if the wielder or party members equip themselves with iron or steel, or if the *Sword of Rasoob* is placed beside weapons containing that metal.

Once the *Sword of Rasoob* has reached a bonus of +5 to hit and damage, additional abilities are unlocked:

— remove tarnish from all non-ferrous objects at will

— expend a +1 bonus to rust ferrous metals, as per a rust monster, with a successful strike

— expend a +2 bonus to cast *flesh to stone* (bronze, in this case) as if an 11th level magic-user

If Rasoob has been summoned, he will always be wielding this weapon at full (+10) power. If he is defeated, it will have no starting bonuses. If he lends it to a PC in whom he finds favor, it may have a random number (1d4) of bonuses.

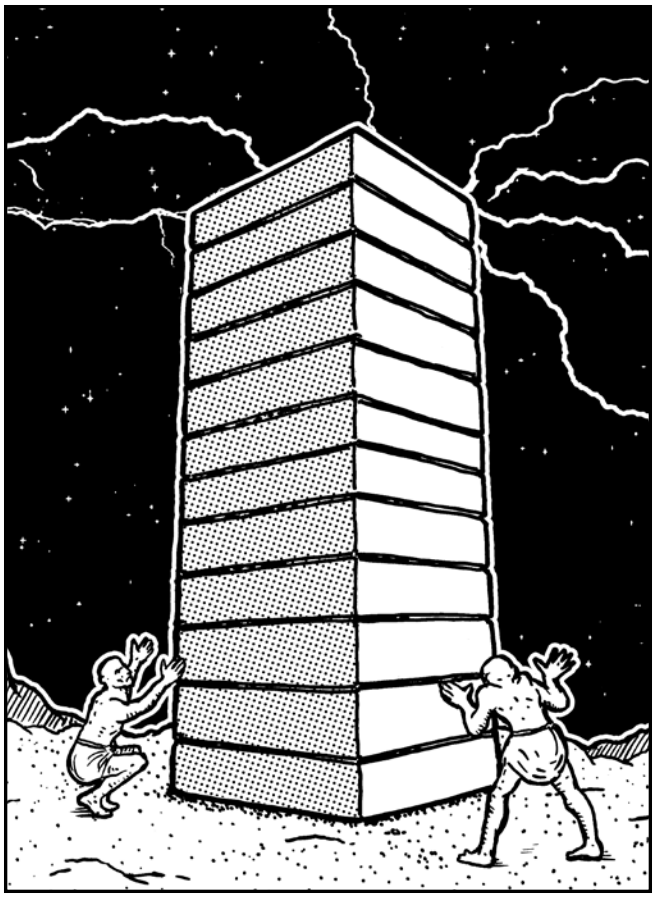
RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Rasoob.*

Thrumming Monolith

Dustin Brandt
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

The *Thrumming Monolith* consists of dozens of rectangular boxes stacked atop each other, alight in a pulsing electric glow and squealing with signal fluctuation, static, and crosstalk. Usually found in the possession of a cult exploiting its powers, but every few centuries it can be discovered abandoned in a ruined temple, lost city, sealed cave, or groovy dungeon.

Technical knowledge of its design and usage is lost, replaced by ritual manipulation by cultists. Typical unskilled interaction with the *monolith* results in a roll on the "You messed with the monolith?" chart (below). A skeptical, curious, and persistent observer could learn how and why it works through several years of study. Users of such skill can reliably achieve the effects that involve communicating with gods, and can sometimes even "tune in" to a specific god, i.e. choose the god with whom they will communicate.



If wearing plate metal armor, add 50 to any roll below 51. Normally, effects that involve hearing otherworldly broadcasts or gods are only heard by the character that messed with the monolith, but if the character is wearing metal plate armor the sound reverberates and can be heard by all in the room.

You messed with the monolith? (Roll d%)

1-50 Just a little shock
51 Cure all that ails ye
52 Loses all fear
53 Gain a phobia
54 Becomes schizophrenic
55 Loses all inhibitions
56 Becomes mellow to a fault
57 Becomes more greedy
58 Loses all childhood memories
59 Loses all memory except of childhood
60 Loses knowledge of a spell
61 Loses all knowledge of his/her party
62 Never remembers own name
63 Often unconsciously unfastens own belt and armor buckles and laces and forgets to refasten
64 Split tongue
65 Hair and skin change color
66 Glow finger
67 Permanent smile
68 Unruly hair
69 Extra pointy knees and elbows
70 Actual twinkle in the eye
71 Magnetic hands
72 Learns a new spell of current or lower level
73 Learns a new spell of higher level
74 Becomes fluent in another language
75 Suddenly realize the answer to a riddle
76 Instantly masters an entire field of study
77 Becomes aware of his/her status as a player character
78 Gain knowledge of a past life
79 Can taste magic
80 Can sniff out traps, but they smell like flatulence
81 No longer feels pain
82 Can move eyes independantly (a good looker)
83 *X-ray vision*
84 Ears ring maddeningly in the presense of secret doors
85 Otherworldly broadcast: Sporting Event
86 Otherworldly broadcast: Country
87 Otherworldly broadcast: Classic Rock
88 Otherworldly broadcast: Top 40
89 Otherworldly broadcast: Radio adaptaion of *The Hobbit*
90 Otherworldly broadcast: Dramatic reading of Poe's "The Raven"
91 Otherworldly broadcast: Orson Welles's *War of the Worlds*
92 Otherworldly broadcast: Abbott & Costello's "Who's on First?" routine
93 Can talk with a random god for 30 seconds—starting now!
94 Can hear the thoughts of a random god for 30 seconds; the god is *aware*—starting now!
95 Can hear the thoughts of a random god for 30 seconds; the god is *unaware*—starting now!
96 Channels the speech of a random god for 30 seconds; the god is *aware*—starting now!
97 Channels the speech of a random god for 30 seconds; the god is *unaware*—starting now!
98 Can see through the eyes of a random god for 30 seconds—starting now!
99 Coma for d100 days
100 Death by explosion

Twisted Crown

Daniel J. Bishop

This object is made out of an unknown black metal, heavier than iron and impervious to all mortal damage. It is a circlet with many long points rising upward, twisting around each other as they rise, like flickers of dark, unholy fire. The *Twisted Crown* was forged in Hell by the petty demon-god Morghus, once Lord of Fires Snuffed Out in the Deep, whose breath beneath the ground caused torches to flicker, and could blow all flames out. Morghus' clawed hands were burnt black from pinching torches out when mortals ventured deep beneath the ground.

When a mortal places the *Twisted Crown* upon his head, he immediately (and permanently) loses 1d4 points of Charisma, and his hands permanently become sooty black in hue. Thereafter, the *Twisted Crown* will allow the wearer to cast any fire spell, regardless of the class the spell normally belongs to, and of any level. Each time the wearer uses this power, the caster permanently loses points of Charisma equal to the level of the spell cast. When the wearer reaches 0 Charisma, he is consumed in a moment of intense heat. The wearer, and all his gear, are transformed to ash, except for the *Crown* itself.

Unicorn Horns

Matthew W. Schmeer
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

A brief summary of the properties of various *unicorn horns*, found in the ancient writings of Zelrak Dluog, scholar-mage, mad monk, and chaser of skirts.

Boxwood

These light-cream colored horns are the most common variety. Found most often on unicorns that have not reached breeding age, they have the power to attract virgins, purify water, and remove common poisons from foodstuffs. Unlike most unicorn horns, they can be ground into powder. A single grain can create potable water out of a small pond, remove the rot from an animal carcass to make it suitable for eating, or neutralize the most deadly of poisons from any victual. Dluog's notes indicate the horn will only attract virgins if the user has no unchaste thoughts.

Boxwood horns can be destroyed via normal digestive processes.

Ivory

Harvested from a unicorn in rut and often confused with the *boxwood horn*, the ivory-colored unicorn horn is a magnificent weapon when wielded in the proper manner. It can be used as a bone short sword or a short thrusting spear in combat, and when used as such delivers +4 damage. However, its true power is subtler and more difficult to provoke. Dluog's notes indicate the *ivory-colored horn* of a unicorn is an attack absorber; the shock and damage of any blow directly to the horn itself is absorbed and released back at the attacker. The attacker gets no save. It does double damage in the hands of a virtuous maiden who has been unjustly violated by her attacker.

Ivory horns can be destroyed only by volcanic fire.

Onyx

Extremely rare and powerful, these jet-black horns are taken from the fresh corpses of female stillborn unicorns which died in utero and killed their mothers in the birthing process. Unicorns must be breech-birthed to avoid impaling their mothers, and only in extremely rare cases does this not occur. Dluog's notes contain pages of upon pages of sketches detailing the arcane process needed to provoke a unicorn to attempt to deliver a non-breeched filly.

Onyx horns have the power to absorb magic, with an effect similar to the *dispel magic* spell. Dluog notes that this power is so strong that *onyx horns* will absorb magical auras from an object that is within 100 feet of its presence.

The awful power of an *onyx horn* can only be dampened or controlled by wrapping the horn in the wet hide of a manticore.

After 300-500 years of regular use, an *onyx unicorn horn* will absorb enough magic that it ceases absorbing magical auras and becomes a *rainbow unicorn horn*.

An *onyx horn* can only be destroyed by volcanic fire.

Rainbow

The *rainbow unicorn horn* is the rarest of all horns, having started out as an *onyx unicorn horn* and absorbed enough magic to take on magical powers itself.

Rainbow horns can only be wielded by those of lawful alignment, and even then, rarely wielded by any other than paladins of the highest rank within their orders.

Rainbow horns have the ability to change the alignment of any non-lawful individual to lawful (save vs. death at -3). They glow in a pulsing rainbow of colors when in the presence of evil.

Additionally, they can cast *color spray*, *dancing lights*, *dispel phantasm*, *prismatic sphere*, *prismatic spray*, *prismatic wall*, *pyrotechnics*, and *regenerate*, up to 2 times per day per spell, if the wielder is of the appropriate level to cast such spell (casters do not need to be of the appropriate class).

Dluog notes that the normal working life of *rainbow horns* vary greatly. Roll 1d30 to determine how many years of use the horn may contain.

A *rainbow horn* can only be destroyed by a divine being.

Silver

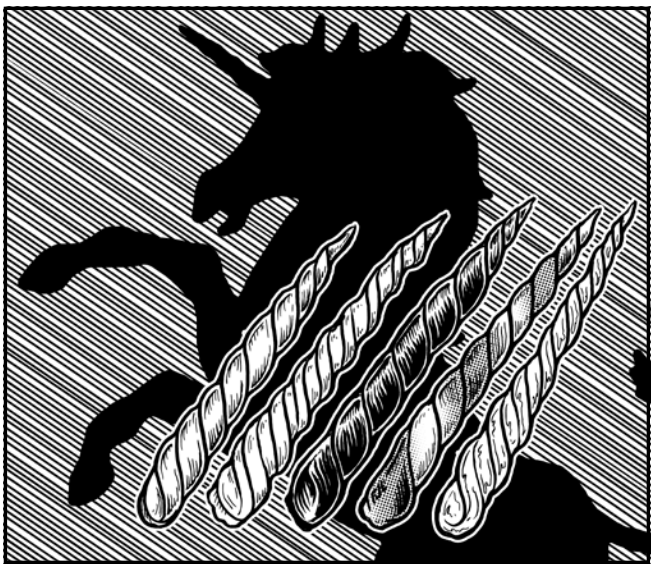
Silver unicorn horns are thin, reedy horns molted from from pregnant unicorn mares during their first three weeks of pregnancy. In most cases, these horns are then consumed by the mare. Dluog's essay on unicorn life cycles has an extremely long footnote about this that no one has fully transcribed.

Silver horns are highly prized for their medicinal value. Like *boxwood horns*, they can *neutralize poison* and *purify water*, and can be ground into powder to add to foodstuffs to accomplish these effects. When boiled with chamomile and lavender, shavings from these horns create a strong infusion that, when imbibed, can remove blindness and restore deafness. *Silver horns* can also cure paralysis or stave off the spread of bodily diseases if inhaled in powdered form.

Finally, a fully intact *silver horn* has the power to *cure major wounds* or *regenerate* (if placed inside the wound) or *resurrect* (if placed in the deceased's mouth) within the normal parameters of both spells. The horns dissolve in the process and cannot be reused.

Silver unicorn horns can be destroyed by normal digestive processes, bodily absorption, or intense fire.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Atanuwé.*



Useless Scrolls

✎ Matthew W. Schmeer

Below are 1d30 slightly *useless spell scrolls* found in the archives of Wälläkatüntün.

1 **Break Wind:** cures flatulence in a 10' radius
2 **Kitten Cuddle:** summons 1d30 cute, cuddly kittens
3 **Wash Wizard:** thoroughly cleans and deodorizes 1 wizard
4 **Undo Toe Stub:** self-explanatory
5 **Wang Dang Doodle:** allows caster to dance all night long without tiring
6 **Flim Flam:** grants ability to convincingly lie with 100% undetectability, but only to people named "Flam"
7 **Hoboken Chicken:** summons one (1) 266-pound friendly chicken
8 **Capture Flag:** captures 1 random flag
9 **Uncrease Cloth:** removes creases from 1 sq. ft. of non-magical cloth
10 **Cure Hiccups:** self-explanatory
11 **Uncook Beans:** self-explanatory
12 **Nit Pick:** removes head lice from 1d4 humanoids in a 10' radius
13 **Hen Peck:** allows caster to berate 1d4 humanoids in a 10' radius
14 **Double Bag of Holding:** places all Bags of Holding within another non-magical bag
15 **Scramble Eggs:** randomly reorganizes 1d20 eggs in a nest
16 **Summon Waiter:** self-explanatory Only works at three-star or better inns and taverns
17 **Clerical Error:** forces 1d4 clerics within 10' radius to mispronounce a word in their evening prayers
18 **Foshizzle:** makes any caster with a lisp spit non-incendiary sparks when he speaks
19 **Hamper:** conjures up a wicker clothes hamper that can hold 2 bushels worth of dirty clothes
20 **Revise:** places any item taken out of a vise back into a vise
21 **Bladderize:** makes 1d4 humanoids within a 10' radius really, really, really need to pee
22 **Spell Check:** engraves the word "CHECK" on any flat surface
23 **Hoppity Doodle:** summons 1d30 rot-worm infested rabbits
24 **Nerf Herd:** summons 1d30 herd of non-projectile bearing nerfs
25 **WTF:** creates a 10' radius logic-free zone emanating from caster
26 **Clear Conscience:** grants caster a good feeling about himself for 1d4 hours
27 **Whoaboy:** stops pack animals from moving for 1d6 minutes
28 **Flibbertigidget:** summons 1 boy-crazy teenage girl surfer who immediately bursts into tears and runs away
30 **Screweit:** magically impregnates up to 1d4 male sheep

RELATED ENTRIES: **M)** *Wälläkatüntün.*

Vengeance of Zo

✎ Jonas Mustonen

There exist only 11 of these magical weapons, crafted from black bones—the remains of the former god of disproportionate retribution. Very few still worship in the pantheon to which he belonged, and the culture that first nurtured beliefs about him lays in ruins. The majority of these weapons are believed to be knives and daggers, but at least one short sword is known to carry the vengeance of Zo.

These magical weapons need special rituals to be activated. He who wishes to use a weapon's power must cut himself, utter slights of which his victim is guilty (real or imagined), then use the same blade to cut the intended victim. The person wielding the weapon (to cut the victim) need not be the person who first cut himself with the blade. After the ritual connection has been achieved, the victim and the vengeance-seeker will each lose 1d3 hit points per day until one of them is dead. This hit point loss will manifest itself in form of multiple small cuts which appear out of nowhere. Additionally, anyone associating with the victim (e.g., party members, those who fighting alongside of him, people doing business with him or talking to him, etc.) will start losing hit points (and manifesting cuts) at the same pace. These lost hit points cannot be healed naturally or magically, except through the conditions outlined below.

If the victim dies first, the blade's user will immediately regain all hit points lost to the blade's magic, except 1d3 hit points (which are permanently lost). Additionally, all associates of the victim will stop losing hit points. However, all of their hit point losses remain permanent, unless the blade is destroyed.

If the blade's user dies first, the victim's hit point losses will be permanent, unless the blade is destroyed.

Should both the blade's user and victim die simultaneously, the collateral victim's hit point losses will remain permanent, unless the blade is destroyed.

Hit points which are permanently lost to the blade's magic may only be regained by finding the blade and destroying it by striking it against any altar dedicated to a lawful deity.

Vimana, Pacal-class

✎ John Everett Till

REQ. CREW:	3
FLY:	Up to 1,000' per round; at maximum speed in one day may circumnavigate an Earth-sized planet
ARMOR CLASS:	3
STRUCTURAL:	500 hp
ATTACKS:	3 *fireballs* (as 20th level magic user)

The *vimanas*, or chariots of the gods, are the vehicles that the gods use to carry themselves, their minions, and most faithful followers into battle and on other missions which require group travel over great distances. The *vimanas* are, of course, sky chariots capable of atmospheric flight, as well as travel into near orbit. When in orbit, they also have the ability to dock with similar vessels as well as with motherships of various kinds and configurations.

When on land, *vimanas* are indistinguishable from other temple pyramids. Some say that the legendary Black Ziggurat was one

of these vehicles. More than one vine-covered jungle temple has been discovered to be one by adventurers. Like a variety of other sacred vessels, *vimanas* are often bigger on the inside. Any given *vimana* may carry one or more gods, and up to 100 minions and followers. Most have some sort of robotic charioteer as a pilot.

When their engines roar to life, *vimanas* take to the sky propelled by great bursts of flames. Like all chariots, they are potent weapons of war. When flying in the nap-of-the-earth, their engines can burn down entire forests and lay waste to crops and grasslands. Many have other weapons such as curse rays or deadly stone jars-bombs which spread poison gases over the unfortunates below them. Some ancient lands are littered with these jars. And when a god and its minions step forth from a *vimana* they can do even worse.

RELATED ENTRIES: **D)** *Eyes*, *Smoking Mirror Engine*.

Walking Stick of the Lost

Rorschachhamster

Everyone hit by this club-like stick made from gnarly root wood is disoriented for a year and a day (no save), and will always walk into the wrong direction if he has to choose (e.g., towards the most dangerous place if he is looking for shelter, or to one dull and harmless place after another if he is looking for adventure etc.). This effect can be cancelled by a *remove curse* cast by a lawful cleric of at least 13th level.

Every mortal that uses the *Walking Stick*, be it in combat or while hiking, must save vs. spell every other hour or be afflicted by its curse as well.

Choozwiz has the ability to call the *Walking Stick of the Lost* back to him once per day, and it will fly to him, if not secured in one way or another. It has the strength of an ogre for determining carrying cababilities or the chance to break open a door, and similar decisions.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Choozwiz*.

Wand of Absolute Total Fucking Darkness

Matthew W. Schmeer
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

CHARGES: 4
EFFECT: Creates a 60' dome of absolute total fucking darkness for 1d4 days

A slim wand of rosewood, *wands of ATFD* are rarely found on the Material Plane, as they are only wielded by Bob the Cat, the companion animal of Ywehbobbobhewy, Lord of Waters, King of Mirrors, Patriarch of the Most Profound. He's only lost two.

Wands of Absolute Total Fucking Darkness create a darkness darker than the dark in Orcus' bowels. It can not be dispelled and no magical light can penetrate it's darkness. In fact, the *wand of ATFD* creates a warp in the space-time continuum, establishing a stable, self-contained time-looped portal to the Plane of Eternal Darkness, the thin black plane separating the Negative Energy Plane from all others.

Anyone caught in the area of effect (or stumbling into the area of effect) has a 1% chance of stumbling out of the area each day. Most folks end up sitting tight and waiting it out. Not even the gods or godlings themselves can peer into the inky darkness to see what is happening therein.

No one knows where these things came from, not even Bob the Cat, who stumbled upon a small bundle of them in an unmarked crate in a third sub-basement of the tunnel between Olympus and Asgard.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Ywehbobbobhewy;* **M)** *Bob the Cat*.

Wand of What the Fuck

Matthew W. Schmeer

OF CHARGES: 12 (3 left)
EFFECT: ???

A tough, stubby wand made from a cypress root, the only known *Wand of WTF* is in the possession of Bob the Cat, the companion animal of Ywehbobbobhewy, Lord of Waters, King of Mirrors, Patriarch of the Most Profound.

The *Wand of WTF* allows the wielder to immediately carry out the first thought that pops into his head when the wand is extended to strike, but the caster has no control over how those thoughts might be carried out. For example, if the wielder thinks "I'm hungry," the target might turn into a giant ham or the target might find their weapon turned into a pig or the wielder might find himself seated at table in a distant town with a feast before him.

No one knows where it came from or who created it; Bob the Cat discovered the *Wand of WTF* among a small bunch of *wands of absolute total fucking darkness* and discovered its powers by accident. The wand originally had 12 charges. Only 3 are left. Bob the Cat has managed to master casting with the device after several mishaps, including a run-in with the Prince of Darkness himself that's better left unmentioned.

This is an extremely powerful item and the (un)lucky adventurers who manage to appropriate it must treat it with the respect it deserves.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Ywehbobbobhewy;* **M)** *Bob the Cat*.

SECTION 5

Spells

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Spells

Column headers indicate spellcaster type [C=Cleric; D=Druid; M=Magic-user; I=Illusionist].
Number in column indicates availability to spellcaster type and level of spell.

Spell availability at DM's discretion based on campaign world.

Spell Name	C	D	M	I
Ale Goggles			4	
Animate Fallen Warrior			5	
Animate Implements			3	
Blight	4	4		
Call Grand Planar God			7	
Call Thoat	3	3	4	
Complete Focus	1			
Conjure Buffer			5	
Consecrate	4	4		
Convey Knowledge			7	
Cradle of Daarlot	2		2	
Create Shadow Creature	5			
Curse of the Jale God	3		3	
Describe Value			3	
Detect Undead	1		2	
Dismissal	4			
Endure Elements	1	1	2	
Edless Staircase			4	3
Ethereal Walk	4		4	
Fearful Aura	4			
Feast	3			
Fix Braner			3	
Flaming Pillar	3			
Fray	1		1	
Ghostly Glory of Barsoom	4		4	
Helmet of Salvation	3			
Indulgence*	2			
Jaundice Veil	5		5	

Spell Name	C	D	M	I
Locate Jade	4		4	
Lose*	1		2	
Might of the White Ape	2	3		
Minced Oath			2	
Motherly Love	5			
Pass Transdimensionally			5	
Pallid Veil	1		2	
Petty Lore	5		5	
Phantom Bowmen	2			3
Poison Self	4			
See Afar	3			
Shadow Clutch	4			
Shadow Hunt	4			
Shield of Faith	1			
Shrink Spider			2	
Skulk	1			1
Spell Aegis	4			
Spiritual Weapon	2			
Summon Elder Elemental	9	9	9	
Summon Fyre Fae	3	3	3	
Summon Gloaming	5		5	
Summon Shadow Creature			4	
Summon Spider Swarm	4	4		
Touch of Morbiphallugus	5			
Unfurl Dimensions			7	
Wineberry	1	1		
Wing Flutter	2	2	2	

Ale Goggles

Ian Coakley

LEVEL: 4 Magic-user
RANGE: Personal
DURATION: 1 night

For the duration of this spell, the caster appears to be an incredibly attractive member of their race. Anyone who is drunk (has had at least twice their Constitution bonus in drinks, minimum of 2) and would usually be attracted to someone of their race/gender will treat the character as though they had a score of 18 in Charisma. Should they begin to sober up, they may make a save vs. spell with a penalty equal to the number of drinks they had that night.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Drasheeng.*

Animate Fallen Warrior

Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.
Herbert Railton

LEVEL: 5 Magic-user
RANGE: 60'
DURATION: 1 turn

Similar to the spell *animate dead*, this spell animates a number of recently deceased warriors (who died within the last turn). The number of warriors that may be animated is equal to the level of the spellcaster plus 1d6. Each animated warrior fights and saves as a 1 HD monster (with 1d8 hp). Like all undead, animated warriors are immune to *sleep*, *charm*, and *hold*, and they are susceptible to the effects of *turning*. Animated fallen warriors will remain animated until all their newly required hp are lost, or until 1 turn has passed (whichever comes first). This spell may only be used on any fallen warrior once, after which they will immediately be taken up by The Fallen One.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Fallen One.*

Animate Implements

Porky

LEVEL: 3 Magic-user
RANGE: 60' per caster level
DURATION: 12 hours

The caster may animate up to 1 lb. of related items per caster level. The animation proceeds according to simple criteria or imported knowledge. Knowledge gained in the process may be exported.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Blentry.*

Blight

AFFILIATIONS: *Gods of Barsoom*

Michael Curtis

LEVEL: 4 Cleric/Druid
RANGE: 60' per caster level
DURATION: Instantaneous

The spell conjures a blast of decay that causes a plant, insect, or swarm to rapidly desiccate. Its magic instantly destroys up to one ton of non-monstrous plants (including moss and fungi) and inflicts one d6 of damage for each of the caster's level on insects, swarms, and monstrous plant life. A successful save vs. spell reduces the damage to half.

[The material component is the priest's holy symbol.]

RELATED ENTRIES: **A)** *Gods of Barsoom.*

Call Grand Planar God

Eric Fabiaschi

LEVEL: 7 Magic-user
RANGE: 3 miles
DURATION: 72 hours

By casting this spell the wizard calls down one of the planar gods—he had better have a damn good reason! The god appears in a fire storm of planar cosmic energy, setting the sky ablaze as the barriers between worlds crack open.

The god will appear upon the specially prepared Angle of Grand Appearance, ready to discuss matters of planar cosmic importance. The being will remain for 72 hours observing, calculating, and judging the local dimensional conditions. The wizard should have an artifact worth at least 800 gp for an offering, or some specially prepared entertaining story for the god.

Roll on the table below for reaction:

Grand Planar Gods Reaction Table 1d10

1	"There is a crisis at hand, whelp, and you need to tell me about it before cosmic forces are invoked!"
2	"You will need this." The grand planar god gives a minor artifact to help the party but isn't clear how it will be used.
3	The god agrees to help you but you now owe him a boon and he shall collect soon.
4	The god summons 1d4 2nd level alien warriors to help with the crisis for you.
5	The god is not amused at all at having been disturbed by less then weighty matters. You must explain yourself or you shall feel my wrath.
6	"This is all you have for a gift? You must be joking. After we have handled your petty concerns then you will quest for a more appropriate gift for me."
7	"Your crisis isn't of planar importance, and so you must accompany me now!" Save vs death or accompany this being on a mission from the god.
8	"Tell me a story of your world so that I may experience it through your eyes."

9 "Your very sight offends me and so I banish you to another realm unless you can give me a good reason not to."

10 "This is not my specialty but another of my kind can help you. We shall call her now."

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Grand Planar God.*

Call Thoat

AFFILIATIONS: *Gods of Barsoom*

Michael Curtis
James Allen St. John

LEVEL: 3 Cleric/Druid; 4 Magic-user
RANGE: 10 miles
DURATION: 12 turns

This enchantment has saved the lives of more than one priest stranded on the dead sea beds of Barsoom. After a lengthy casting, this spell calls one or more wild thoats (one creature per 2 spellcaster levels) to the caster's location. So long as a reaction roll is favorable, the beast agrees to serve as the temporary mount of the caster (and any allies in the case of multiple thoats). The spell provides no riding accoutrements; the caster must provide them or suffer a –3 penalty to all "to hit" rolls while mounted. Once the spell ends, the priest must either recast the enchantment or otherwise negotiate with the beasts to remain in service (using speak with animals, for example).

[The material component for this spell is a piece of usa fruit.]

RELATED ENTRIES: **A)** *Gods of Barsoom.*

Complete Focus

AFFILIATIONS: *Gods of Barsoom*

Michael Curtis

LEVEL: 1 Cleric
RANGE: Touch (one creature)
DURATION: Indefinite

This spell grants its target utter clarity of purpose, imparting a +1 bonus for every level of the caster (maximum +5) to their next d20 roll. Affected die rolls include attacks, saving throws and skill rolls. This bonus affects only a single roll and the spell dissipates after the die is thrown regardless of success or failure.

[The material component for this spell is the priest's holy symbol and a bit of ash to be placed on the target's temples.]

RELATED ENTRIES: **A)** *Gods of Barsoom.*

Conjure Buffer

Porky

LEVEL: 5 Magic-user
RANGE: See below
DURATION: See below

The caster may create an outer buffer with a capacity of up to one megatome (1 mt) or expand such a buffer by up to 1 mt per turn per caster level. The caster may at any later time manipulate the content of a buffer by up to one kilotome (1 kt) per turn per caster level, or collapse it with loss of all knowledge within.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Blentry.*

Consecrate

AFFILIATIONS: *Gods of Barsoom*

Michael Curtis

LEVEL: 4 Cleric/Druid
RANGE: 10 sq. ft. per spellcaster lever
DURATION: 1 year per spellcaster level

The power of this spell designates a specially prepared site as sacred to a priest's patron deity. The cost to build the temple, shrine, or chapel to be consecrated is 1d10 × 10 gp for each 10 square feet the structure occupies. Once the structure is completed (construction time is determined by the DM), the spell requires 2-8 priests of the same faith be in attendance to assist the caster. A sacrifice (human in the case of evil priests) is typically performed to complete the spell's casting. Upon completion, *consecrate* affects an area of map squares equal to twice the priest's current level. All followers of the priest's patron enjoy a +2 bonus to saving throws and skill rolls while in the consecrated area, and the duration of their spells is doubled.

Consecrated structures can be defiled by disgraceful actions against the site's patron deity. No magical spell is required to desecrate a consecrated location; grievous acts of destruction (torching the finery, defacing walls and statuary, staining the surfaces with unwholesome liquids, etc.) are all that is needed. A desecrated structure can be consecrated again with a successful casting of this spell without the need to repay the structure's cost in gold pieces.

Although desecrating sacred ground of a rival deity may be rewarded by the priest's patron (as determined by the DM), there is also a 1-in-10 chance that the offended deity retaliates in some manner. Possible forms of punishment for desecrating holy (or unholy) ground include permanent curses, chronic wounds, or a visit by the deity's supernatural minions. Truly blasphemous desecrations might even warrant a visit from the patron deity's avatar.

RELATED ENTRIES: **A)** *Gods of Barsoom.*

Convey Knowledge

Porky

LEVEL: 7 Magic-user
RANGE: 60' radius per caster level
DURATION: 12 hours

The caster may create any number of streams of knowledge, importing or exporting up to a total conveyance rate of one kilotome (1 kt) per turn per caster level. Each stream may be assigned simple filtration criteria.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Blentry.*

Cradle of Daarlot

AFFILIATIONS: *Gods of Barsoom*

Michael Curtis

LEVEL: 2 Cleric/Magic-user
RANGE: 10' per spellcaster lever
DURATION: 1 minute per caster level

The magic of this spell causes a single target to become light as a feather, protecting him from falling damage and granting him the ability to glide, but not fly, on the winds. He may fall any distance at a rate of 5' per round for as long as the spell lasts and not sustain injury. If he has not reached the ground (or other solid surface) before the duration ends, his descent continues at normal, potentially fatal speed. A creature under the effect of this spell may also launch himself from a high perch and glide a horizontal distance equal to 5' for every 5' above the ground he was at the start of his glide. The subject must begin his glide from a point at least 20' above the ground to glide successfully.

Because this spell alters the subject's mass, he is at risk if exposed to high winds. An earth-bound character under the effects of *cradle of Daarlot* must make a Strength check based on the wind conditions:

strong breeze	–4
high winds	–7
gale-force winds	–10
hurricanes/cyclones	–14

Magic and encumbrance affect these rolls (based upon DM's discretion).

RELATED ENTRIES: **A)** *Gods of Barsoom.*

Create Shadow Creature

AFFILIATIONS: *Cult of the White Shadow*

Charles Turnitsa

LEVEL: 5 Cleric
RANGE: Touch
DURATION: Permanent

This spell, when cast, will transform a recently (not more than 1 day old) dead corpse into a shadow creature. The being will then serve the simple commands of the creating cleric until the creature is destroyed. The dead corpse is consumed in the process.

RELATED ENTRIES: **M)** *Shadow Creature;* **C)** *Cult of the White Shadow.*

Curse of the Jale God (Im Ra Jash)

AFFILIATIONS: *Jale God*

Matthew W. Schmeer

LEVEL: 3 Cleric/Magic-User
RANGE: 360'
DURATION: See below

The target of this doom must be a hated enemy of the caster. This hate must be the result of a long-term loathing or acquired quick and intensely through the heat of battle.

For 1d6 days × the caster's level, those under the curse must make a daily save vs spell. Failure indicates that a twist of fate has occurred. Roll 1d6:

1-5 **Negative twist:** the lower the roll, the more severe the consequences;

6 **Positive twist:** roll additional d6 per below:

- 1-3 Money found on the street: 1d12 × # rolled gold pieces
- 4-5 Good fortune in combat: +1 to all attack throws for 1 day
- 6 Limited, very carefully worded wish

RELATED ENTRIES: *Please see "The Jale God" in the Petty Gods section for all entries related to the Jale God."*

Describe Value

Porky

LEVEL: 3 Magic-user
RANGE: Perception
DURATION: Instantaneous

The caster may convert value of any perceptible type into a comprehensible form of knowledge held in either the caster's mind or a buffer created for the purpose. The DM determines the capacity in tomes (t) required.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Blentry.*

Detect Undead

AFFILIATIONS: *Gods of Barsoom*

Michael Curtis

LEVEL: 1 Cleric; 2 Magic-user
RANGE: 120'
DURATION: 6 turns

This spell detects the presence of undead creatures, entities, or items. This spell may reveal the disguise or pierce the illusion of a powerful undead entity (vampire, demon, or devil), but it does not expose the type or abilities of the detected creature(s). Undead creatures within range of the spell receive a save vs. spell to remain undetected. Does not work through lead.

RELATED ENTRIES: **A)** *Gods of Barsoom.*

Dismissal

AFFILIATIONS: *Gods of Barsoom*

Michael Curtis

LEVEL: 4 Cleric
RANGE: 20' per spellcaster level
DURATION: 4d6 weeks

By boldly presenting his holy symbol and declaring that the target is unwanted in his presence, a priest using this spell forces a single extra-planar creature (undead, demon, devil, elemental, etc.) to return to its home plane (on a failed save vs. spell).

RELATED ENTRIES: **A)** *Gods of Barsoom.*

Endure Elements

AFFILIATIONS: *Gods of Barsoom*

Michael Curtis

LEVEL: 1 Cleric/Druid; 2 Magic-user
RANGE: Touch
DURATION: 1 day

The power of this spell allows one creature to function comfortably in temperatures ranging from -40°F to 140°F (-40°C to 60°C) eliminating the need to make a saving throw to avoid exposure/hypothermia. The spell also protects the target's personal equipment. It does not protect against magical heat or cold, nor does it affect weather-based hazards such as hail, gas, lightning, or anoxia.

RELATED ENTRIES: **A)** *Gods of Barsoom.*

Endless Staircase

Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

LEVEL: 4 Magic-user; 3 Illusionist
RANGE: 360'
DURATION: See below

When cast, this spell affects all staircases within a 360' radius of the spellcaster, making each appear as a twisting maze of staircases for 1d6+6 turns. All creatures attempting to exit an affected area may make a save vs. spell. A successful save pemits the creature to exit the affected area. A failed save forces the creature to be trapped in the maze for another turn, at which point a new saving throw may be made under the same conditions as the previous saving throw.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Adassec.*

Ethereal Walk

AFFILIATIONS: *Gods of Barsoom*

Michael Curtis

LEVEL: 4 Cleric/Magic-user
RANGE: See below
DURATION: 1 turn

By casting this spell, the priest and one companion/mount suddenly exists on both the Material and Ethereal Planes. This allows the character(s) to travel in any direction without penalty (as if walking on air). The spell also allows for free movement across liquids. While in this state, the character can only be struck by silver items or magical silver items/relics. *Ethereal walk* grants the caster the ability to survive without oxygen and imparts a +4 bonus to saving throws against gas or poison.

As the caster exists simultaneously on two planes while under the effect of this spell, there is a chance (1-in-6) that ethereal marauders or guardians spot or track the priest and his companion as they travel. Aggressive ethereal creatures will likely attack the caster if he is detected.

RELATED ENTRIES: **A)** *Gods of Barsoom.*

Fearful Aura

AFFILIATIONS: *Gods of Barsoom*

Michael Curtis

LEVEL: 4 Cleric
RANGE: 30' radius
DURATION: 1 turn

This spell creates an invisible sphere of dread around the caster, forcing all sentient creatures that are not currently friends, allies, or associates of the caster within its range to make a save vs. spell. Creatures that fail this roll must retreat, flee (if failed by 5 points of more), or cower helplessly in fear (rolled a "1" on their saving throw).

RELATED ENTRIES: **A)** *Gods of Barsoom.*

Feast

AFFILIATIONS: *Gods of Barsoom*

Michael Curtis

LEVEL: 3 Cleric
RANGE: 30'
DURATION: Indefinite

This spell creates a nutritious and tasty meal of meat, cheese, water, and wine that feeds a number of adults equal to 2d6 × the caster's level. Silverware, tables, chairs, plates, and containers are <u>not</u> created by the spell.

[The material components are a handful of dirt and a glass of water.]

RELATED ENTRIES: **A)** *Gods of Barsoom.*

Fix Braner

Porky

LEVEL: 3 Magic-user
RANGE: 10' per spellcaster level
DURATION: Permanent

A braner or part thereof currently within the perceptible dimensions or immediately adjacent to them is fixed to a surface area of up to 1" square per caster level cubed. Both surfaces must be within range. There is a chance equal to 50% minus caster level that the bond will be severed within 1d6 hours.

RELATED ENTRIES: **M)** *Braner.*

Flaming Pillar

AFFILIATIONS: *Gods of Barsoom*

✎ **Michael Curtis**

LEVEL: 3 Cleric
RANGE: 120'
DURATION: 1 round

The spell creates a column of divine fire to strike a selected individual or target. It does one 1d6 of fire/flame damage per caster level. A successful saving throw reduces the damage by half.

RELATED ENTRIES: **A)** *Gods of Barsoom.*

Fray

✎ **Ian Coakley**
✐ ***Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.***

LEVEL: 1 Cleric/Magic-user
RANGE: Touch
DURATION: Instantaneous

By placing a hand lightly on any cord, string or rope, and muttering an invocation to Aglet, the affected item will begin to unravel. It takes a full Turn for a rope to completely come apart, but it may drop any items it is supporting within 1d4 rounds.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Aglet.*

Ghostly Glory of Barsoom

AFFILIATIONS: *Gods of Barsoom*

✎ **Michael Curtis**

LEVEL: 4 Cleric/Magic-user
RANGE: 120'
DURATION: 2 turns

This spell calls forth the spirits of Mars' dead warriors to impart their valor upon the spell's target. The affected creatures appear wreathed by ghostly forms bearing weapons of ancient manufacture. This manifestation causes the targets to temporarily increase in level for purposes of determining attack rolls and saving throws. It also grants them additional hit points that last until reduced by damage or the spell runs its course. The priest affects one creature per level he possesses.

The cleric may affect a number of targets with a total cumulative level increase equal to his own level (e.g., a 7th level cleric may increase 7 different targets by 1 level/HD each, or 1 target by 7 levels/HD, or 2 targets, one with a 4 level/HD increase and the other with a 3 level/HD increase, etc.).

Additional hp are lost first during combat, and may not be recovered once lost. Any hp beyond the target's normal maximum which remain at the end of the spell's duration are immediately lost (returning the target to his normal maximum hp).

RELATED ENTRIES: **A)** *Gods of Barsoom.*

Helmet of Salvation

AFFILIATIONS: *Gods of Barsoom*

✎ **Michael Curtis**

LEVEL: 3 Cleric
RANGE: Touch
DURATION: 2 turns

This spell imparts a mental clarity and physical resilience upon it target, granting him a +3 bonus to all saving and skill throws for the duration of the spell. It provides no modifier to "to hit" rolls or Armor Class.

RELATED ENTRIES: **A)** *Gods of Barsoom.*

Indulgence*

✎ **Ian Coakley**

LEVEL: 2 Cleric
RANGE: 240'
DURATION: See below

This spell can force a target who fails a save vs. spell to commit an act of vice, even if such an act is out of character for them. The victim will do anything within reason to gain the vice they desire (e.g., a guard at the local watchtower may step aside to light a cigarillo, he may not leave the dying king's side as he is attacked by assassins). For every hour the victim goes without his vice, he gains a –1 malus to all rolls due to distraction (to a maximum of -6). Each hour, the victim may make another save vs. spell to ignore the effect (with the ongoing penalty to rolls as above). The nature of the vice is up to the DM, but if a character has a predetermined peccadillo, they should default to that.

The reversed version of this spell (*continence*) will remove the effects of an *indulgence* spell.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Atra.*

Jaundice Veil

AFFILIATIONS: *Pallid Court*

✎ **Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.**

LEVEL: 5 Cleric/Magic-user
RANGE: 240'
DURATION: See below

The target of this spell succumbs to two different effects: first, they are made to appear 10 years older per level of the spellcaster (though they are not physically made older); second, they are affected as by a *feeblemind* spell. Separate saving throws must be made for each effect: to avoid the effects of the aging, the victim must make a successful save vs. paralysis; to avoid the effects of the *feeblemind*, the victim must make a successful save vs. spell at -3. The aging effects last for a number of days equal to the level of the spellcaster. The duration of the *feeblemind* effects will remain until counteracted by *dispel magic*. There is a 50% chance that anyone made to appear older than 150 years of age will have a jaundiced complexion for the duration of the spell.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Yellow King;* **C)** *Pallid Court.*

Locate Jade

Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

LEVEL: 4 Cleric/Magic-uer
RANGE: 60' + 10'/level
DURATION: 6 turns

As the spell *locate object*, but only locates the presence of jade. The duration and range are doubled for clerics dedicated to the petty goddes Jaiden. The spell does not work through lead.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Jaiden.*

Lose*

Ian Coakley

LEVEL: 1 Cleric/2 Magic-uer
RANGE: Touch
DURATION: Instantaneous

One small non-magical object (e.g., a key, scroll, ring, etc.) may be forcibly lost by use of this spell. While it may be possible to eventually find the item (it will stay on the same plane of existence), it is exceedingly unlikely without divine aid.

The reverse of this spell (*find*), allows the caster to locate a small, non-magical object that they desire. If the target is a unique object, the spell will fail unless it was previously lost using the reverse of this spell.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Galdu Arkitu.*

Might of the White Ape

AFFILIATIONS: *Gods of Barsoom*

Michael Curtis

LEVEL: 2 Cleric; 3 Druid
RANGE: Touch
DURATION: 2 turns

This spell temporarily increases the Strength of a single creature by one point for every two levels possessed by the spell caster (maximum +7). This divinely-granted increase is not visible to the naked eye (the target does not increase in size or physique) and it is therefore considered dishonorable to use this enchantment in duels or contests between warriors. Unwilling recipients of *might of the white ape* can resist its effects with a successful save vs. spell.

[The material component for this spell is a single, pristine hair plucked from a white ape's scalp.]

RELATED ENTRIES: **A)** *Gods of Barsoom.*

Minced Oath

Ian Coakley

LEVEL: 2 Magic-uer
RANGE: 60'
DURATION: Instantaneous

The target must save vs. spell or be struck with the misfortune of making a sudden outburst in the middle of speaking. This spell can only be cast while the subject is engaged with making such a speech—it is a minor rewiring of the brain for a split second, just long enough to say something particularly filthy in place of what they wanted to say.

This spell can be used on a spellcaster to cause them to lose concentration on a spell they are reciting. However, the caster must be higher in initiative than the target (draws go to the caster of this spell), and a save vs. spell still applies.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Coprolias.*

Motherly Love

Eric Potter

LEVEL: 5 Cleric
RANGE: Touch
DURATION: 1 turn

As the spells *cure light wounds* or *cure serious wounds* (as necessary), but with doubled hit point recovery rates. The spell will not work without authentic emotions of unconditional endearment on the part of the spellcaster.

RELATED ENTRIES: **M)** *Mother of all Minions.*

Pass Transdimensionally

Porky

LEVEL: 5 Magic-user
RANGE: Touch
DURATION: 1 turn per caster level squared

The caster or any one item held may cross a number of dimensional thresholds equal to caster level. There is a 1% chance per dimension per minute that a braner or part thereof will be in close proximity, and a 50% chance that any such braner will investigate the new arrival.

RELATED ENTRIES: **M)** *Braner.*

Pallid Veil

AFFILIATIONS: *Pallid Court*

Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

LEVEL: 1 Cleric/2 Magic-user
RANGE: Touch
DURATION: 6 turns

The target of this spell is made to appear 5 years younger per level of the spellcaster (though they are not actually physically aged). It is used mainly by the elder members of the Pallid Court to appear younger, and thereby enable them to infiltrate groups of younger people, helping the cult to more easily spread the chaos and madness of the Yellow King. Reluctant victims are allowed a save vs. spell to avoid the effects.

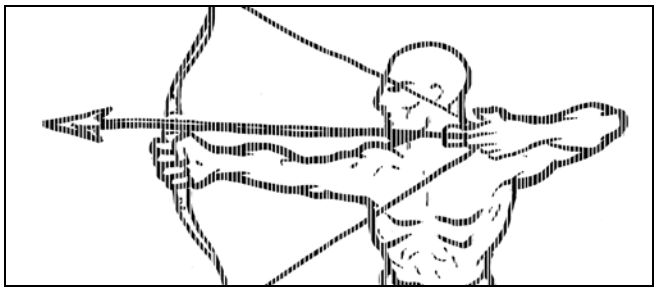
RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Yellow King;* **C)** *Pallid Court.*

Petty Lore

✐ Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

LEVEL: 5 Cleric/Magic-user
RANGE: Personal
DURATION: Special

This spell is similar to the magic-user spell *legend lore* (with the same required time and results of that spell), except that the cleric gains the knowledge by prayer to a specific petty god, and reveals only information about persons, places or things within that petty god's sphere of influence.



Phantom Bowmen

AFFILIATIONS: *Gods of Barsoom*

✐ Michael Curtis
✐ *Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.*

LEVEL: 2 Cleric; 3 Illusionist
RANGE: 120'
DURATION: 2 turns

The priest creates an illusionary force of up to 50 archers (10 per caster level, 50 maximum) to protect him from enemies. All opponents within range of the spell must make a saving throw as they find themselves the target of the phantom bowmen's arrows. Those who fail their save fall unconscious, remaining defenseless for 2d4 hours. Those affected cannot be roused by loud noises or by being shaken by comrades. The illusionary arrows do no actual damage, but the victims are subject to the mercies (or lack thereof) of nearby enemies, mishaps, and rampaging beasts.

[The material component is a bronze arrowhead.]

RELATED ENTRIES: **A)** *Gods of Barsoom.*

Poison Self

✐ Troy J. Truchon

LEVEL: 4 Cleric
RANGE: Personal
DURATION: 6 turns

This spell causes all bodily fluids and tissues of the supplicant (cleric) to exude a soapy poisonous substance. Those consuming and/or injected with the substance must save vs. poison to prevent instant death (akin to the effects of the excretions of a poison dart frog). Though the effects of the spell persist on the spellcaster's person for only 6 turns, any tissues or fluids removed from the body during that time are permanently affected (i.e., permanently posionous). The supplicant takes on a frog-like appearance during this time, and suffers a –5 penalty to Charisma while the spell remains in effect. At the end of the 6 turn duration, the supplicant must save vs. poison with a +5 bonus, or permanently retain the frog-like appearance (and Charisma loss), but not the posion effects.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Neco.*

See Afar

AFFILIATIONS: *Gods of Barsoom*

✐ Michael Curtis

LEVEL: 3 Cleric
RANGE: 120' + 10' per spellcaster level
DURATION: 6 turns

This spell calls into being a magical window through which the priest can observe (but not hear) events occurring a distance away. The priest "polishes" the air before him with a rubbing gesture to create this viewing portal. Once created, the priest has two options:

The portal can be fixed on a single location within range. The priest will witness any event occurring in that area for the duration of the spell. The priest experiences all happenings in the area as if he were present, but only sight is granted (no hearing, smell, etc.). This version provides no special illumination or vision; i.e., a portal fixed on a dark room is almost useless.

The second option is to key the portal to a single individual. The priest then observes events as if he were seeing them through the subject's eyes, gaining the benefit of any special or magical sight the target may have. As above, only sight and no other sense are provided by the spell. The spell-caster has no influence over the subject as to where he looks or travels, nor does the spell grant a means of communication between caster and observer. An unwilling subject can resist this spell with a successful saving throw. This link between caster and subject is broken if the subject moves out of range. Does not work through lead.

[The material components are a small mirror and a fresh eyeball.]

RELATED ENTRIES: **A)** *Gods of Barsoom.*

Shadow Clutch

AFFILIATIONS: *Cult of the White Shadow*

✐ Charles Turnitsa

LEVEL: 4 Cleric
RANGE: 30'
DURATION: 1 day per level of lowest cleric involved

Successfully casting this spell brings 1d6 shadow snakes from the shadow dimensions to a point within 30' of the caster. There may be multiple casters, up to five, each of which would have to know and simultaneously cast the spell. Each additional caster after the first doubles the number of dice worth of Shadow Snake warriors to retrieve. For every 10 warriors, there will be a champion (4 hit dice, 2 attacks/round). For every 20 warriors, there will be a priest (level 7 cleric, servant of Lady of Air), as well as two champions. The casters must be within 10 feet of each while casting.

In addition to summoning warriors, it is also possible to subject a hated undividual to the *shadow hunt* (see below), where they will be haunted by shadow snakes, their champions and priests, as well as shadow creatures—all come from the shadow dimensions in order to either destroy or retrieve the poor, unfortunate victim. This curse can only be lifted by a *remove curse* spell, or greater.

RELATED ENTRIES: **M)** *Shadow Snake;* **C)** *Cult of the White Shadow.*

Shadow Hunt

AFFILIATIONS: *Cult of the White Shadow*

Charles Turnitsa

LEVEL: 4 Magic-user
RANGE: 50'
DURATION: Until removed

A victim cursed by this spell will begin to attract beings from the shadow dimensions, who come to the world specifically to attack and kill (or drag back to the shadow dimensions, in the case of a shadow snake priest) the victim. At random intervals (determined by the DM, but should be at least once per week) new members of the hunt appear somewhere in the vicinity (within 1 mile) of the victim, and will have an uncanny sense as to the victim's location. The number of shadow snakes that arrive is equal to a dice toss of 4d6. Again, for every 10 warriors, there also appears 1 champion. For every 20 warriors, there also appears 1 evil high priest, in addition to the 2 champions. For every 6 rolled on the dice, there also appears 1 shadow creature, serving the leader of the hunt.

RELATED ENTRIES: **M)** *Shadow Creature, Shadow Snake;* **C)** *Cult of the White Shadow.*

Shield of Faith

AFFILIATIONS: *Gods of Barsoom*

Michael Curtis

LEVEL: 1 Cleric
RANGE: Touch
DURATION: Level of caster + 6 rounds

This spell causes the target to subtly glow and sparkle, imparting a –2 bonus to Armor Class and reducing fire/heat damage by one point per damage die rolled (minimum of 1 hit point per damage die).

[The material component is a flask of blessed water.]

RELATED ENTRIES: **A)** *Gods of Barsoom*.

Shrink Spider

Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

LEVEL: 2 Magic-user
RANGE: 120'
DURATION: 6 turns or special (see below)

This spell enables the spellcaster to turn any non-magical spider of large, huge, or giant size into a harmless house spider (approximately 1" in length). With each use of this spell, the spellcaster is able to affect a number of Hit Dice of spiders equal to his or her level. These spiders will remain transformed indefinitely. However, should one of these small spiders face imminent danger (e.g., a creature attempts to eat them, attack them, or even accidentally step on them), Attrecoppea (petty goddess of small spiders) will immediately return the spider to full size; any attacks which were being made against the small spider must instead be made against the spider at full size.

It is not uncommon for unwary dungeon delvers to unknowingly come across one of these transformed spiders, inadvertently place their foot as to crush it, only to find themself face-to-face with a giant spider!

This spell does not work on phase spiders.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Attrecoppea*.

Skulk

AFFILIATIONS: *Gods of Barsoom*

Michael Curtis

LEVEL: 1 Cleric/Illusionist
RANGE: Touch
DURATION: 1 turn

This spell causes the skin and worn possessions of its target to become shadowy and indistinct, allowing him to move undetected under normal light as if using the Move in Shadows ability of a thief of equal level to the spellcaster. In addition, the subject's Armor Class receives a –2 bonus against non-magical missile attacks. Multiple castings of *skulk* on a single subject do not stack.

RELATED ENTRIES: **A)** *Gods of Barsoom.*

Spell Aegis

AFFILIATIONS: *Gods of Barsoom*

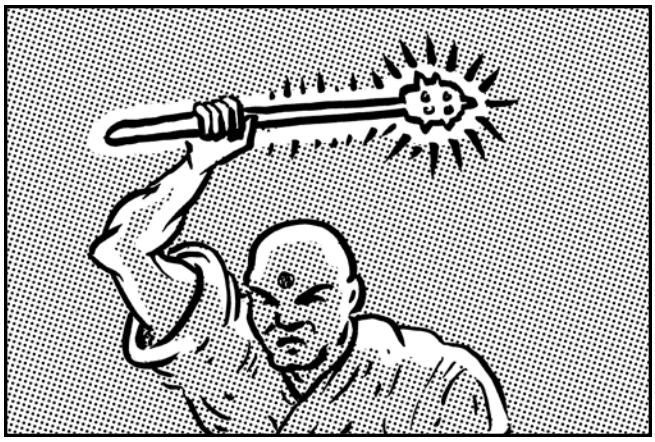
Michael Curtis

LEVEL: 4 Cleric
RANGE: 120'
DURATION: Level of spellcaster + 1d6 rounds

This spell cloaks a number of HD of creatures equal to half the caster's level in a mystical barrier that helps defend against malicious spell attacks. Any time a creature under the protection of *spell aegis* is allowed to save vs. spell, he gets two attempts to successfully make the throw. The first roll is made with its own saving throw modifiers. The second attempt is made using the spell-caster's modifiers. If either of these rolls is successful, the target makes his saving throw. If both of these saves are successes, the target is completely unaffected by the spell being cast at him (even if a save normally only reduces the spell's effect by half). Furthermore, a natural 20 on either saving throw reflects the malicious spell back at its caster. *Spell aegis* is protective against a number of spells equal to the priest's level divided by three or until the duration ends.

[The material components are a dusting of silver powder and a mantle crafted from banth hide. Both are consumed by the casting.]

RELATED ENTRIES: **A)** *Gods of Barsoom.*



Spiritual Weapon

AFFILIATIONS: *Gods of Barsoom*

Michael Curtis
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

LEVEL: 2 Cleric
RANGE: Touch
DURATION: 2 turns

This spell imbues divine power into a single weapon, causing it to glow with a color appropriate to the spell caster's deity. While the duration lasts, the weapon acts as a magic weapon (granting +2 to attack and damage rolls) that is capable of striking lycanthropes, ethereal beings, and other monsters that require magic to be hit. The weapon's glowing aura can be increased at will to illuminate a 6" radius area.

RELATED ENTRIES: **A)** *Gods of Barsoom.*

Summon Elder Elemental

Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

LEVEL: 9 Cleric/Druid/Magic-user
RANGE: Special
DURATION: Indefiniate

This spell may be used to summon a specific elder elemental with petty godhood status. When casting this spell, the specific elder elemental being summoned must be identified using a name by which the elder elemental is commonly/generally known. This spell does not control the elder elemental, nor does it assure the elder elemental will be friendly or even remain in the presence of the spellcaster. There is 50% chance this spell will fail, regarldless of the level of the spellcaster. Should the elder elemental be summoned successfully, the elder elemental will appear 3d6 rounds later. A reaction roll should be made upon its arrival.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Elder Elemental.*

Summon Fyre Fae

Timothy Brannan

LEVEL: 3 Cleric/Druid/Magic-user
RANGE: 150' + 50'/level
DURATION: Special (see below)

By means of this spell the spellcaster may summon a Fyre Fae, a small pixie-like creature that glows much in the same way as a will-o-wisp. The caster beseeches a boon from Nox, who knows the location of hidden things, and summons the fyre fae to find what they seek. The caster must be specific in what they are looking for and it must be within the range of the spell. So for example a caster can ask "please help me find the key to unlock the door to the Dungeons of Dragoth-umar" if the key is within the range, then the fyre fae will find it and return to the caster. Requests like "help me find the safest route" or "help me find the way home" may not always have the most direct route, but they will lead the caster in generally the correct direction.

The duration of the spell is equal to 10 minutes plus 1 minute per level of the caster. The spell though will always end once the last rays of the sun are gone and true night has started. When the spell ends the fyre fae will disappear.

Attacked fyre fae also disappear. Casters that summon the minions of Nox and attack them will also discover that they will no longer be allowed to summon a fyre fae.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Nox;* **M)** *Fyre Fae.*

Summon Gloaming

Timothy Brannan

LEVEL: 5 Cleric/Magic-user
RANGE: 50'
DURATION: Indefinite

The followers of Nox know that her power lies not in light or dark, but in the shadows and near dark in between. While many know of the playful fyre fae that serve Nox, few know of her other servitors, the gloamings.

A gloaming is a shadow-like creature that often takes the shape of a large, but indistinct animal. The gloaming summoned will attack a group of creatures that the caster chooses. The gloaming will attack until the creatures or itself are dead.

The caster may summon 1 gloaming + 1 per every other level. A summoned gloaming does not have the *fear*-causing effects of a naturally-occurring one.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Nox;* **M)** *Gloaming.*

Summon Shadow Creature

AFFILIATIONS: *Cult of the White Shadow*

Charles Turnitsa

LEVEL: 4 Magic-user
RANGE: 30'
DURATION: 1d12 + caster's level in hours

This spell, when cast, causes 1d6 (plus caster's level) in shadow creatures to appear within 30' of the caster. He/she will then be able to issue simple commands for the shadow creature to follow. If the commands are troubling or contradictory, then the shadow creature will disappear.

RELATED ENTRIES: **M)** *Shadow Creature;* **C)** *Cult of the White Shadow.*

Summon Spider Swarm

Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

LEVEL: 4 Cleric/Druid
RANGE: 480'
DURATION: 6 turns

Similar to *insect plague*, this spell summons a swarm of tiny (non-poisonous) spiders. The spellcaster must concentrate for the duration of the spell to control the spiders, and if the spiders leave the range of the spell, the caster loses control of them. Additionally, if the spellcaster is attacked, he or she will lose control of the swarm.

The swarm is treated as standard insect swarm. However, on a successful attack, they do not do any damage. Instead, they wrap the victim in webbing as the spell *web* (with the same requirements for the victim to break free of the webbing).

They may also cover a surface area with webbing (as above), taking 3 rounds for each 10 square feet. This webbing may be used to cover unconscious creatures, secure doors, etc.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Attrecoppea*.

Touch of Morbiphallugus

Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

LEVEL: 5 Cleric
RANGE: Touch
DURATION: Indefinite

On a successful "to hit" roll, this spell infects the target with an extreme form of venereal disease (no saving throw). The symptoms of the *touch* are determined randomly by rolling 3d8 on the table below:

** Indicates symptom will remain even after disease is removed, unless symptom is cured separately.*

3	**Paralysis*** (removed by *cure light wounds*)
4-5	**Blindness*** (removed by *cure blindness*)
6-8	**Deafness*** (removed by *cure light wounds*)
9-12	**Genital Discomfort:** Requires afflicted creature to sit/rest 1 turn per 5 turns of travel.
13-15	**Poor Muscle Coordination:** +1 AC penalty and on –1 "to hit" rolls (removed by *cure light wounds*)
16-17	**Numbness*:** +2 AC penalty and on –2 "to hit" rolls (removed by *cure light wounds*)
18	**Dementia*** (removed by *remove curse*)

The disease caused by the spell may be counteracted by *cure disease*. As noted above, some symptoms may require further means to be removed from the afflicted creature.

If this spell is cast by a priest of Morbiphallugus, all saving throws by the victim are made with a –2 penalty.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Morbiphallugus.*

Unfurl Dimensions

Porky

LEVEL: 7 Magic-user
RANGE: 10' per spellcaster level
DURATION: 1 minute per caster level squared

The caster may create a spherical opening, with a radius of 1' per caster level cubed, onto a number of dimensions equal to caster level. There is a 1% chance per dimension per caster level per minute that a braner or part thereof will be thus perceived, and a 50% chance that any such braner will investigate the opening.

RELATED ENTRIES: **M)** *Braner.*

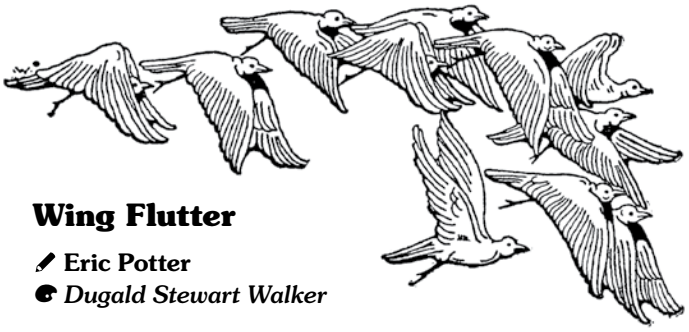
Wineberry

Ian Coakley

LEVEL: 1 Cleric/Druid
RANGE: Touch
DURATION: Permanent

By squeezing a handful of grape seeds and planting them in fertile soil, this spell can cause a small grape vine to sprout in 1d3 rounds. The grapes are perfectly dusty, and a bright shade of red. If a handful are taken and squeezed into a jug, they can produce enough wine for 10 men per casting. The wine is nice and refreshing, but many elves complain that the taste is "uninspired". To an adventurer down a horrid little death cave, however, it beats brackish water and iron rations.

RELATED ENTRIES: **G)** *Bashiuus.*



Wing Flutter

Eric Potter
Dugald Stewart Walker

LEVEL: 2 Cleric/Druid/Magic-user
RANGE: 240'
DURATION: 6 rounds

This spell will cause a flock of winged beasts to create a crescendoing, rhythmic beating of wings which displaces the air, creating a crushing thunderous drum which pounds against all unprotected ears. On a failed save vs. breath, any creature within earshot will take 1d4 hp of permanent hearing damage (all creatures, including thieves, permanently lose the ability to Hear Noise) and affected victims are forced to flee the area.

RELATED ENTRIES: **M)** *Schmetterlinge.*

SUPPLEMENTARY MATERIALS

Appendices & Indices

A. Garth Jones

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APPENDIX A

Create a Religion In Your Spare Time for Fun and Profit

A Discussion of Religious Considerations for Realistic Fantasy Role Playing Games

✐ **M.A.R. Barker**

Perhaps it is about time for a symposium or seminar—even a book, if somebody wants to write it—on the nature and place of "religion" in fantasy role-playing campaigns. Religion is so central to human society that it is hard to find a culture without it; yet many game designs provide only the sketchiest of guidelines or else offer an easy take-off from our own Western-Classical-Mediaeval tradition, the Norse or Celtic pantheons, or the works of some established science-fantasy fiction author. At most, one finds an occasional "alien" religion with odd names and a dollop or two of "mythology".

If the game designer has created cultures with "religions," it is going to be vital for players in his campaign to know a LOT about them. What happens if I please my "god?" What transpires if I offend him? What sorts of behaviour does he approve—or dislike? Ethical questions ("What happens if I kill that guy?") are vital, as are concepts of "Good" and "Evil" generally. What is the organisation of my temple and my priesthood? What about life after death? What do we know about "ghosts" and "magic?" Most importantly, what is my temple's socio-political position vis-a-vis the government and other structures of my society? The player who does not learn these things very early in the campaign "gets hosed" (to use the vernacular), as he richly deserves.

Religions in fantasy role-playing games are part of the fun: the pomp, ceremony, costumes, recondite doctrines, mysterious lore, powerful forces for "Good" or for "Evil"—all have been a part of our literary heritage for a long time. Yet fantasy game designers rarely come with degrees in anthropology, history or comparative religion. The usual practice has thus been to grab randomly from the more colorful sects of this world, plus those found in science-fantasy fiction. One thus sees temples of Ra, Isis, and Set cheek by jowl with mediaeval Catholic churches, shrines devoted to Thor and Odin, Druidic fanes, sanctuaries to Crom—and Crom knows what else! This is neither very original nor very realistic. (Some other time we can argue about whether "realism" is a positive value or not.)

A good science-fantasy author could explain how all of these sects, cults, and churches came to be so haphazardly jumbled together in one society. But not only is this sort of world pretty unlikely, it raises sticky questions: How do all of these groups get along together, particularly the more militant, missionising sects? What are their relationships with the secular authorities? How do they support themselves? Why aren't devotees of the simpler faiths converted by the doctrines of the subtler ones? Man being who he is, chances are that all of these sects will be struggling for secular and divine supremacy, and this should logically bring about persecutions, pogroms, and religious wars. Some faiths do tolerate other sects in their midst, of course, and even attempt to integrate them into their own fabric (e.g. an early attempt on the part of the priests of Vishnu to make Jesus Christ an "avatar" of their deity—sternly rejected by the Christian missionaries in South India). Other cultures wipe out unacceptable religious traditions with a vengeance. Although the "melting pot" idea can indeed work, thus, it needs to be balanced by a lot of explanation in a good roleplaying campaign.

Another common treatment of religion is to borrow from just ONE world of science-fantasy literature. Many players are quite satisfied just to live vicariously in an exact replica of the worlds developed by such authors as Prof. J.R.R. Tolkien, R.E. Howard, Fritz Leiber and others. These people are not really different, thus, from those "realistic" gamers who desire careful simulations of Twelfth Century France, the Egypt of Ramesses II, Alexander's Macedonia, or the Europe of Napoleon's time. The designer's duty consists in devising a game system which presents this mythos accurately, and in interpreting and filling in details missing or left vague by the original author. This solves the problem for these gamers—although it still does not address some of the fundamental assumptions about society and religion made by the fiction writer himself.

Those who want to be a little different find the "alternate timeline" approach useful: there can still be "Christians," "Jews," "Muslims" and other familiar faiths (with altered histories and tenets, usually), plus "Reformed Churches of Quetzalcoatl," a "First Holy Temple of Ba'al," or whatever else sounds fun.

Fantasy game designers have much more frequently had recourse to yet another interpretation of our own Western-Classical-Mediaeval "legendary" tradition, however: more trolls, elves, dwarves, fairies, griffins, dragons, unicorns, and other beasties. This has been done now by so many authors—and so unimaginatively by some—that it must seem pretty old-hat to most readers.

It is much harder—and not always as satisfying—to create a wholly new world with new peoples, new faiths, new political systems, and new mores. This needs a staggering amount of work and thought. Otherwise, it is likely to appear too simplistic, too neat, too "clean," too colorless—just normal Americans running about in funny costumes. Many science-fictional worlds have this flavor for me: their authors concentrate so heavily upon space ships and weapons and technology that they forget that their characters are still human, that they will have views about life and the supernatural which do not necessarily coincide with our own Twentieth Century ideas any more than ours do with Fifteenth Century Spain, that there will be religious structures, hierarchies, and behavioral manifestations which are vital to the people of those societies but which may seem silly, stupid, cruel, alien, or just outright crazy to us. The farther removed from our own world in time and

space, the more different the peoples of the futures will probably have become.

One undeniable fact has to be faced, however: both science-fantasy fiction and fantasy role-playing games are created by and for people of THIS time and THIS generalised Western European heritage. The cultural ethos which encourages us to speculate about the future and about other cultures is hardly shared by all of Europe, much less the people of "The Third World." This has nothing to do with "primitive-ness" or a lack of technology; it is simply that our own Western traditions in the Eighteenth, Nineteenth, and Twentieth Centuries have come to focus upon this type of speculation; our Weltanschauung ("world- view") pushes us to do this, while other cultures do not share this and have no interest in it. Nevertheless, it has to be underlined again and again that we are creatures of our own cultures, bound by them, limited by them, and unable to produce anything that really transcends them. We do have the broadening of our horizons vouchsafed us through history, philosophy, anthropology, and a host of other disciplines; yet we are still parochial in our outlook and limited by our own mores as to what we can and cannot imagine. To prove this, one has only to look at the science-fantasy fiction of the Twenties, the Thirties, the Forties, etc. to see that as our own world-view changed, so did the future worlds envisaged by our authors. This has not changed today, and I doubt if it ever will. Today we have the essential American-ness of the socio- political backgrounds postulated for Star Wars and Star Trek; tomorrow we will see something else—but it will be just as limited by the times and the cultures which produce it as our own creations are.

just to toss mediaeval France-England, Classical Greece and Rome, and the Norsemen and Gauls into a blender, season well with Tolkien, Howard, Vance, Leiber, and Lovecraft, and add a soupcon of one's own imagination: voila! a world!What this means for the designers of fantasy role-playing games is just this: a familiar background will probably "sell" better than an unfamiliar one. The more intelligible the characters, social structures, languages, mores, and religious manifestations are, the easier it is for players to assume comfortable roles in that world. Even a mediocre Western-Classical-Mediaeval background will probably more saleable than an esoteric one. Pages of odd names and lengthy disquisitions tend to repel the reader, and it is a lot easier just to toss mediaeval France-England, Classical Greece and Rome, and the Norsemen and Gauls into a blender, season well with Tolkien, Howard, Vance, Leiber, and Lovecraft, and add a soupcon of one's own imagination: voila! a world!

Let's assume, however, that an author or campaign designer does want to break new ground. One of the first questions to be asked is: MUST every society have a religion? Here I am going to go out on a limb and say, "yes," although a definitive answer properly ought to be left to those with more expertise than I have. Every society I know of has (or had) strong beliefs relating to "the supernatural": events and relationships which transcend or lie outside that culture's corpus of prosaic, material knowledge. Nearly everybody (even those atheists who still knock on wood, don't step on sidewalk cracks, and avoid breaking mirrors) has some idea of "supernatural" power, although this is not always anthropomorphicised into "gods." There are always supernaturally-enjoined ethical and moral principles (how else does one justify an intense respect for "life" when it is quite clear that we cannot hope to feed all of the living?); there are always ideas about life after death; there are always "supernatural" sanctions upon incorrect or antisocial behaviour; there are always ways to obtain "supernatural" aid in getting what one wants and other methods for avoiding "bad luck." Nearly every culture indulges in "explanations": how the world got to be as it is, what brought it all about, how man relates to it, what it's eventual denouement is going to be, and especially what man has to do in order to acquire the most goodies: eternal salvation, the favor of the gods, good luck, worldly success, and whatever else the culture preaches. In spite of the inroads of "Science" into the supernatural in our century, I still cannot conceive of a future without any recognisable "religion" at all, much to my atheist friends' disgust. I can hardly imagine a future in which all "religion" has been depersonalised, boiled down, and homogenised into a great abstract "Life Force." Humans love to anthropomorphicise, personalise, and complicate. I suspect there will always be counter-arguments, splinter sects, heresies, re-interpretations, and religious squabbles. Even the fiercely monotheistic and iconoclastic religion of Islam has these tendencies. Somebody always comes along to spoil an utopia. Whether one believes in Prof. Toynbee's theories of cyclical rises and falls of societies or not, the one thing that seems certain about mankind is the endless capacity to change and to foul up nice, neat systems! Alternative doctrines are popularised and spread, political leaders get deified, some group manages to establish their particular "ism" as the State Religion, a prophet, a holy man, or reformer appears—and there goes the ballgame. The only changeless and eternal principle appears to be Change itself.

Let's turn to some basic physical requirements for different manifestations of "religion." The most fundamental is, of course, a food surplus large enough to permit specialisation. If food-gathering is so time-consuming that every member of the society has to work all the time just to eat, then the establishment of a priestly class (or any other class, for that matter) becomes practically impossible. Given a good food supply—whether it be cattle-herding, fishing, agriculture, or the natural bounty of a South Pacific island—craft specialisations can develop, as can priestly hierarchies, fulltime political leaders, etc. Bare subsistence societies may have a large corpus of oral myths, a part-time shaman, a recognised leader, and lots of other things, but they are not likely to display temples, hierarchies, and other religious secular trappings. Even a sacred glade, a secret hut for men's and women's initiations into adulthood, a holy dance ground, or an off-limits burial area imply enough food to support some degree of specialisation.

The usual ancient-mediaeval background given in many fantasy role-playing games indicates quite a high degree of specialisation. Metal tools and weapons, clay pots, glass goblets, woven cloth, tanned leather and furs, wood and stone carving, permanent houses—all imply at least part-time specialists. These people have to be supported by a larger group of food-producers. As specialisation develops further, the craftsman has to distribute his products, and this brings about trade, and this brings about trade, markets, caravan routes and roads, and larger towns and cities. It is hard for those with nomadic or semi-nomadic ways to develop the more settled life of a permanent agricultural society.

Given a settled society, thus, specialisation—a religion, as a strong concomitant—just seems to grow. Ancient history and anthropology again provide some fair guesses about the processes involved in this. The earliest gods and totems of ancient Egypt were the products of small agricultural settlements. As time went on certain centres became richer through com-

merce and military conquest. Others became subordinate or went under entirely. The god of a powerful community first extended his hegemony to the surrounding countryside, then to neighboring villages and towns, and eventually to a whole region. Competing deities were subsumed into the ruling god's mythos or else fell into desuetude and disappeared. Trade and political support allowed the early local priesthoods to expand, and the mud-brick shrines became stone temples. Pilgrimage centres evolved, as did priestly hierarchies and organisations. Land ownership was regularised, and records had to be kept, leading to the development of writing. The more popular and powerful gods were merged with the deities of less prestigious and more localised sects, and eventually a State Religion appeared. This struggle continued all down through Egyptian history, but even this did not produce a neat, homogeneous, and permanently stable system.

Shifts of political power led to the prominence of one god or group of gods at one time and their replacement by others in a later period. Those deities who were unlucky either end up on the outskirts of the cosmogony (with no worshippers or profitable temples) or else they were relegated to a brief mention in some obscure, archaic text. Foreign gods were introduced by invaders and settlers and were syncretically merged into the pantheon. Greek mercantile communities brought in their philosophies during the later dynasties, and these became part of Ptolemaic Egyptian thought. When Christianity replaced the old Egyptian-Hellenistic gods entirely, the older ways changed but persisted in the teachings of the Gnostics and other sects. The advent of Islam finally put paid to most of this, but even today there are some unique features in Egyptian Islam, particularly in the rural areas. There are even a few faint traces of the Old Gods: I myself have seen bunches of flowers and dried dates on the little altar of Sekhmet at Karnak. The bored Egyptian guard opined only that, "There are still some crazy people back in the villages." The winds of change wear away the monolith of conservatism, but slowly, oh, so very slowly...

Once the ecology and economy of a fantasy society have been worked out, the designer has to go on to consider what the world-view of his culture is going to be. What is man's purpose in the world? Is the supernatural frightening, or is protective of man? Is it simply a divine manifestation of the normal cycles of the community: the plantings, the harvests, the rains, the tides, the rising and setting of the celestial bodies? Does the culture view the world as "progressing" toward some divinely ordained goal (e.g. a perfect world, a Second Coming, a final Judgement Day)? Or is religion interpreted as only a means of sanctifying and maintaining a status quo, "Things As They Are?" Are the community's mores imposed by the divine, or are the gods themselves subject to external principles of "Good" and "Evil?" How much of human life is to be governed by supernatural injunctions and commandments: are there only broad general principles about "how to live," or is there an intricate code of laws ruling everything from the words of the rituals to how one brushes one's teeth and goes to the bathroom? Do the gods enjoin an inward-looking, meditative, self-contained society, or do they demand that all peoples everywhere be brought under their sway and converted to their worship? There are all kinds of possibilities—and most of them have probably motivated one or another society of this world at some time or other.

What, then, is the nature of the Supernatural itself? Does the culture believe that inanimate objects, plants, etc. possess innate powers of their own? If so, can mankind acquire these powers through some kind of recognised "religious" action, rather like the "Mana" of the South Pacific? Going farther, do inanimate things, plants, animals, etc. possess personalities—spirits of some sort—which can be got to aid or hinder human objectives? Do certain animals possess powerful spirits of archetypes with which man can ally himself? Are there spirits or deities inherent within various natural forces: the sun, moon, thunder, wind, rain, lightning, fire, or the sea? Are the gods organised around the human family: a mother (fertility) goddess, a father (procreator) deity, sons, daughters, brothers, and sisters? Are the gods related to man'sown activities and economic cycles: harvests, corn, war, smithing, cattle, etc.? Do ghosts—the spirits of one's dead ancestors—walk the world ready to render service or to harm the unwary? Do the beings of dreams and visions have power over men's acts? If there are indeed personal, anthropomorphic "gods," how do they act in the present world: can one expect to meet a "god," perhaps mate and produce half-divine children? Have human heroes ever been promoted into the divine pantheon? Can an ascetic, saint, or holy man achieve contact with a god and this gain divine insights? Do the gods want to contact man (through revelation or prophecy) and thus guide man's actions in this world? Do the gods really CARE about man's actions? Do they thus enjoin a code of "Good" or "Evil" upon their devotees? The possibilities are well nigh endless, and it is easily possible for one and the same society to exhibit more than one of the above concepts at the same time.

There is no easy way to determine just which route a given culture will take. Monotheism, dualism, trinitarianism, and other such parings down of the supernatural are not limited to the technologically developed societies. Some, like modern Hinduism, have several such "isms" going all at the same time: there is a multiplicity of "gods" for the average believer; these are in turn all considered to be "avatars" (aspects) of one or another of the three major deities by the more sophisticated; and some sects and philosophers go on to state that these three deities are only aspects themselves of a greater Divine Oneness.

Philosophy is also not necessarily found in every society. There are some clearly non-philosophical cultures: e.g., the ancient Egyptian texts deal with rituals, the attributes of the gods, the ways to achieve the god's favors, the cosmogony of the universe, the realms of the afterlife (and how to live forever afterwards in good health), spells and charms to insure various kinds of success or the avoidance of unpleasantness, etc. No Egyptian sage that I know of seems to have cogitated on the oneness of creation, a "First Cause," external models or universals which exist independently of the gods, epistemology, and a host of topics dear to the Greeks of Plato's day. The actions of the Egyptian gods in the myths seems unpredictable and strange to us, far more so than the lusty adventures of the Greek deities. This was the Egyptian ethos, and it is now difficult for us to guess what it meant to an average Egyptian or to the High Priest of an Egyptian deity. It did motivate their society for over three thousand years. The study of Egyptology is thus a fertile field for the study of man's conceptualisations of the Supernatural. The same applies, of course, to all other religions and societies.

Many cultures evince a "First Cause" explanation for "How Things Got to Be as They Are" without becoming "philosophical" about it. In some cases this is no more than a simple myth: "In the beginning there was God X, and from him A, B, and C came forth." Other societies prefer an (unexplained)

Mythic Age, in which the gods and other beings dwelt, fought, and performed mighty deeds; this is then contrasted with the Historical Age, in which man and other present day creatures appear. This transition is sometime a slow change, while in others it is effected by a "culture transformer" deity who goes around slaying hostile beings, teaching mankind how to live, solidifying reality, and performing other useful tasks to get our present world going and keep it on course. Logic and philosophical underpinnings for one's theology are not that commonly found around this world. [Judging from some of the manifestations I see around me, it seems there are a lot of sects even today which could use some of this, but that's another story...] In any case, there need not be an Hegelian, Kantian, or Cartesian "philosopher" produced by other cultures and times may indeed include concepts and premises at which a Western philosopher would throw up his hands and cry, "this is not Philosophy!"

Almost all religious systems I know of have something to say about what happens to man after death. This runs the whole gamut of ideas from no afterlife at all, through wandering the world as "ghosts," to theories of reincarnation, to intricate labyrinths of "heavens" and "hells," to being accepted into the Supernal One and becoming part of God Himself. You pays your money, and you takes your choice...

Ethics and behaviour may or may not be legislated by "religion." In some societies proper conduct is simply the society's accepted norms, and the gods don't seem to have a lot to say about it one way or the other. Elsewhere, the gods demand certain rituals and sacrifices, but leave ethics and mores to a pervasive set of magical taboos, injunctions, and minor figures. In still other cultures the gods make, reflect, or represent the behavioral norms, prescribing acceptable behavioral action for certain spheres (e.g., war : heroism, bravery, valor) and yet say nothing about other areas of social interaction (e.g., cheating at business). Some societies possess divinely revealed or inspired codes of law and ethics (e.g., the Ten Commandments) and a few display related concepts of "sin" and "virtue" (enforcing these with the carrot and the stick of "salvation" and "damnation").

When one turns from concepts to the material manifestations of religion, a vast array of traits, features, and patterns comes into view. Every conceivable sphere of human life has been involved in some religion or other at one or another period of history: rituals, ceremonies, sacrifices, totems, images, shrines, temples, sacred objects, holy days, fasting, taboos, scriptures, priesthoods, monasteries, ascetics, mystics, hymns and music, art, dance, theatre, sex, economics, politics, natural science—you name it, and it's yours. There is hardly room even in an encyclopedia to discuss all of these things.

The point of all this is that an author or game designer will probably err on the side of oversimplification rather than that of overcomplexity. Hack writers all too often produce simplistic "religions," some so poorly thought out as to be downright silly. This spoils what might otherwise have been an enjoyable background for me. If the author of a science fantasy novel has done no more than trot out the old familiar Graeco-Roman, Norse Celtic, or what-have-you pantheon and given it archaic-sounding new names, I admit to boredom. Personally, I guess that I am not much interested in "simple" simulations or role-playing games. I want to encounter something new and different, something challenging and detailed—not just another rehash of the Old Faithful. The same applies whenever I am confronted with a world cribbed from Tolkien, Howard, Lovecraft, or Burroughs. It was fun at first to see what I could do as an inhabitant of Aquilonia or Barsoom, but the concepts and backgrounds are now so trite and so often done that they have paled. This is not just my own insatiable dilettantism: bored and blasé with the old, casting about for a new plaything. It is just that as fantasy roleplaying games have evolved during the past five or six years, I have come to believe that a really good "world" has to have as many of the dimensions of real life as possible. There always have to be more unknowns, facets which I have not seen yet, materials for further curiosity and speculation, and complexities which can keep me interested long after the initial thrill of the world or its game has worn off.

In some ways fantasy novel backgrounds nay be easier to construct than those meant for fantasy role- playing games. The author of a novel does not have to answer questions from his characters about their supposed religions; the designer of a fantasy role-playing campaign does. In a story, "Great Jugbo" of the Huitani tribe needs only to be established as a ferocious war-god, complete with juicy details about idols and temples. He is only there because the writer needs an evil, hostile priesthood from whose clutches lovely damsels can be rescued by Our Hero. (Thereafter the author can plug in the cassette entitles "Rescue from the Temple During a Hideous Ceremony" or perhaps that one called "Fighting the Enemy Champion in the Arena." Dull.)

In any kind of ongoing, role-playing game, however, Jugbo's putative worshippers are going to want a LOT more explanation. Just who is this god anyway? How does he fit into the pantheon? Tell us more about his sphere of activity ("war") and what we are supposed to do about it? What are his ceremonies like? How do we dress? What actions will win us promotion and prestige in the hierarchy? Who pays us if we become priests and how much do we earn? Are we respected and in favor with the chiefs of our tribe? What is our position vis-a-vis other sects? How widespread is the worship of Might Jugbo? And so forth.

It is relatively easy to work out Jugbo's details. Providing that the deities of the society are anthropomorphic (or at least "persons" with intelligible motives), the pantheon can be expanded and embellished until it reads like Bullfinch's Mythology or The Golden Bough. (Unfortunately, these two older works have been superseded by much recent study in the field of comparative religion. Most of those reading this article will already have had some college or university education and can browse through the relevant sections relevant sections of their own; there is thus no need to add a bibliography.)

Let us assume that the designer has described Jugbo's cult in some detail. Players are told how Jugbo fits into the tribes mythology, who his relatives are, and what his sect preaches. If the designer is himself of a theological bent, we can expect such statements as: "Jugbo represents the Great Primordial Hunger present throughout the universe and evinced by the survival of the fittest and the need of every creature to feed upon others. Everything slain by Jugbo's devotees thus passes into his Mighty Maw to feed the Fifteen Fiery Furnaces of Being, preventing the cosmos from winding down to the frozen eternal stillness of Final Entropy, called by the Huitani people 'Gheri the Unmoveable,' Jugbo's sworn foe."

Look at all this tells us; here we are given a basic theological position. Jugbo is clearly an active deity. He favors violence,

and yet this violence supports the Existence of Things As They Are. He accepts the morality of killing to live, and his worshippers are thus not likely to be vegetarians. We can extrapolate that those who perish in the Path of Jugbo are going to pass on into some sort of Valhalla, a heaven reserved for warriors. Or perhaps their spirits will be taken into the Fiery Furnaces themselves, becoming one with the energies of the cosmos. We can surmise that Jugbo approves of bravery, daring, military skill, strength, and indifference to pain. He disapproves of passivity, peacefulness, cowardice, and meditative inaction. Depending on the rest of the tribal ethos, Jugbo's doctrines may include gallantry to enemies, chivalry, kindness and toleration to non-warriors—or the opposite of these traits: cruelty, treachery towards nonmembers of the sect, contempt for the meek and helpless, etc. Going still farther, we may expect to see a warrior-caste or military aristocracy, secret military societies, a war-chief for the tribe, and a philosophy of conquest and continual expansion. We can also guess that Jugbo likes fires and hates cold, that he enjoys feasting and eating, and that he may also serve as the patron of such war-related crafts as smithing, hunting, and armormaking. His ceremonies will probably be strong stuff: sacrifices (remember the "Might Maw?"), fires, war-dances, possibly such displays of courage as walking across beds of hot coals, going into a "berserker" trance and dashing off to prove one's bravery by killing somebody, secret and painful initiations for boys becoming adult warriors, the sanctifying of military weapons, fire- or blood-colored vestments, perhaps a lower status for women (if the society does not encourage female warriors), and other related features. Jugbo probably also approves of the number fifteen (the "Fifteen Fiery Furnaces," above), although this may be a more generalised pattern number in the culture. This in turn may give us a take-off point for theories on tribal numerology, omens, calendars, and all sorts of other traits. Fine. Jugbo is now fleshed out to the point that players in the Huitani campaign can see what sort of deity he is and what sorts of roles are available to them in the culture. We have begun to get an idea of the Weltanschauung of the Huitani people. Problems may arise for Jugbo and his followers, however, if the designer introduces some ethical principle beyond the gods and to which they must adhere as do mortal men. Whether the designer inserts this principle only through his own godlike power (e.g., by simply stating that Jugbo is "Good" or "Lawful," "Evil" or "Chaotic"), or whether he brings this in through some feature of the creation itself (e.g., a prophet, philosopher, reformer, or some event in Huitani history), the result is the same: Jugbo's every action is now going to be scrutinised and judged according to external standards over which he has no control.

The content of this principle, standard, or philosophical position has to be made clear to the players since their positions are entirely dependant on it. If the Huitani are dualists, holding that there are "Good" deities and "Evil" deities and that both fit into the theology, then there are only practical problems: the relative political and social positions of the two "alignments." Jugbo himself can be put into the "Good" or "Lawful" category because of his role as a world-maintainer; or he can be placed amongst the "Evil" or "Chaotic" deities because of his emphasis upon violence, killing, and mayhem. If these two categories possess roughly equal status and power, then each player can join the group of his choice depending on his own temperament and inclinations. If Jugbo is put into an "alignment" category which has prevailed over the other in the culture, then he and his adherents are home free: Jugbo's temples will be honored, his followers respected, his commandments obeyed, and his priests will be at the centre of the tribe's affairs.

Pity poor Jugbo, however, if he is a disadvantaged group! Heaven help him and his followers if the Huitani have largely become pacifists holding to a "Do unto others" Golden Rule! Chances are that the Huitani will now consider Jugbo to be nothing more than a holdover from a darker, bloodier past, something to be expunged or expelled as soon as possible. of course, he can always be "re-interpreted": his priests may emphasise his role as a "world-maintainer" and sweep his gorier legends under the temple carpet, so to speak. They may rewrite and expurgate his myths and call them nothing more than "allegories." They may tone down his ceremonies and focus more on his patronage of crafts and "manly prowess." He may in time become a minor, forgotten figure in an inhospitable pantheon, an "aspect" of some more socially acceptable deity, or only a useful "mythological" subject for sculpture, painting, or literature. Alas, as with Ares or Mars in our own world, poor Jugbo may serve out his final days as nothing more than a frieze over the R.O.T.C. armory door...

Sic transit gloria Dei.

Religions are rarely neat and homogenous, as said above. We have not even mentioned possible doctrinal disputes within Jugbo's temples, heresies, "progressive" and "conservative" factions, "Angry Young Men" and "Old Diehards", prophets and reformers, secret societies of fanatics (or liberals, for that matter), mystical versus non-mystical interpretations of Jugbo's being, political strife between powerful members of the hierarchy, splinter sub-sects, and all of the personal responses to any dogma ranging from atheism and cynicism to blind faith and wild-eyed fanaticism. We have also not considered possible regional variations, class and caste variations, and variations between the tenets taught to commoners and those held by the intellectual elite. There may also be temporal changes between the Jugbo of today and the Jugbo of a hundred years ago. A good simulation ought to take some of these historical and sociological factors into account, and a few of them can be put to good purpose even within a simple campaign.

Perhaps enough now has been said about Jugbo. It is time to look at some specifically game-related issues revolving around "religion" in fantasy campaign games.

One fundamental premise, in many "Swords and Sorcery" novels and also in almost all fantasy role- playing games I have seen, is that the "gods" and the supernatural do really exist. Whether this is explained away on pseudo-scientific ground (e.g., the "gods" are really only vastly powerful interdimensional beings), or whether there is really "Supernatural" power in the usual religious sense of the word, the fact is that a real, live, imminent god can do a lot more to help or hinder a player character than can some of the "deities" of this world! This "god" can bestow favors upon his faithful, revivify them when they die, guide them and give them information, and help them acquire a lot more goodies than are usually available to the long suffering non-player characters of the fantasy world. Conversely, a player who acts contrary to his deity's wishes really ought to expect a stiff lightning bolt up the backside, but in my experience this happens only rarely, no matter how justly deserved, since one's players raise such cries and miserable remonstrances of protest that it seems heartless for a referee to employ this "ultimate weapon" too often.

Having the referee serve as "vox Dei," with or without modifying dice rolls, does serve the useful purpose of allowing him to direct his scenarios, guide and aid his players, and generally keep the world balanced. Misuse of this power or even positive overuse of it, however, can ruin a game. If "divine" aid makes it too easy to attain objectives, or if "interfering" gods make it too difficult, the campaign is usually quickly junked. The same seems to be true of campaigns in which player characters themselves may become so immensely powerful that they can take part in the activities of the gods themselves, even perhaps combating and slaying the deities themselves! These "gods," are then nothing more than super-strong "monsters," and any mythical or religious content they may have had is lost. Moreover, in order to do this a player character must be granted incredible strength and/or vast quantities of "magic," and once he has had these things he finds it very hard to settle back down to earth and continue his role as a regular member of his society. It may be one godawful ego trip to be the equal of a god, and slay him in battle, but what do you do for an encore? Living with the other gods on what passes for Mount Olympus can quickly get boring, as can dwelling all alone in some unapproachable wizard's tower in the depths of a forest. It is then pretty silly to go on adventuring and rousting about with "lesser" mortals.

Another basic assumption in most fantasy role-playing games is the reality and efficacy of "magic." It is not always clear whether this works through the powers of the gods, or whether it operates as a "natural force" (again possibly with a pseudoscientific explanation.)

The fact is that fantasy magic is an extremely potent weapon. Unlike a novel, where it works only when and how the author wants it to operate, sorcery in a role-playing game has to be carefully curbed and balanced; otherwise one finds player characters going around blowing down cities, devastating armies, finding out the innermost secrets of the world, and generally making a wreck of the designer's pretty scenery. If it is made too hard to acquire and use, players seem to find little fun in the campaign; if it is made too potent and too available, the same thing happens.

In reality, of course, "magic" would rapidly become the fiercely guarded private property of the most ruthless and influential forces in the society: the priestly hierarchy, the secular rulers, or a combination of the two. A good sorcerer, therefore, might find himself rather like a World War II rocket expert, whisked off by either the Russians or the Americans to a strange country, pampered and fed but worked very hard, and probably stamped "Top Secret" forever. Even in the dispersed, comparatively loosely structured society of Arthurian legend, this was the sort of role played by Merlin. As long as he did what the Round Table and the King thought he ought to do, and as long as he did not develop any yearnings for power of his own, he was accepted and given respect. Those sorcerers who did not toe the line, on the other hand, tended to suffer for their noncooperation.

In all likelihood a "might wizard" who did not accept state patronage from the society and went off to dwell in a lonely tower on the moors would soon realise that he needed food (and hence lands, villages full of farmers, etc.), goods produced by artisans and craftsmen, and certain other comforts and goodies to be had only within the society. If he attempted to establish his own realm, obstruct traffic, and break the king's laws, he would soon find himself the target of a punitive expedition. If he opted to live as an ascetic recluse in a cave or a ruined tower, he might be tolerated so long as he did not become a nuisance—but he would have to give up any real power thereby over others in his cultural milieu.

All right, all right, some may protest; you are arguing from "reality"; yet this is FANTASY. What is wrong with a designer postulating might wizards living all alone in remote towers, beautiful maidens imprisoned in castles with no visible means of sustenance, dragons who can fly around like fighter planes, and all the rest? The answer is that nothing is wrong with all of this, if this is your cup of tea. All I am saying is that if you want your fantasy world to have any depth and detail to it, then these are problems to be considered and explained either in pseudo-scientific terms or in mythic fashion. Another problem is that of "alignments." Many campaigns rather blindly follow Prof. Tolkien and postulate a dualistic system: "Good" versus "Evil," "Law" versus "Chaos," or "Light" versus "Darkness." Good Zoroastrians all! I can disagree with this simplistic dichotomy, but if I accept the designer's premises and am given some content to these terms, then I cannot fault it. Speaking realistically again, I doubt whether the "Good" of a fantasy world should be quite so close to what we in the Western European tradition consider to be "good", and the "Evil" so much like the "evil" of our own heritage right down to the existence of "demons," "The Devil," "Hell," and the color black. All of this may be familiar and as comfortable as an old shoe, but it just does not tickle my imagination enough.

"Good" and "Evil" are also relative. Religion tends to be conservative and to support the most strongly held beliefs of a society. Therefore, whatever the culture says is "good" IS "Good." If the gods must be appeased and the order of the universe maintained by the cutting out of human hearts, as in Aztec society, then this will be what is "Good," and it will have all the support and sanctions of the priests, the rulers, and the common man. The priests of Ba'al tossed infants into the flames burning within the bellies of their brazen idols with just the same serenity of motive. So did the ancient Britons when they burnt their captives alive in wicker cages. So did Adolf Hitler when he postulated a society free of Communists and Jews. To quote John Toland's book, "Adolf Hitler," "...for Hitler already had massive support on all levels of German society. Even the Association of National German Jews issued an appeal in his favor. And so, on August 19[1934] almost 90 percent of the German people freely voted their approval of Adolf Hitler as Hindenburg's successor." (p. 358) He was also favored by many churchmen, catholic and protestant alike. His "Good" was perceived as the Good of all Germany.

All of this only demonstrates that "Good" and "Evil" may have meanings very different at other times and places. Our "Good" appears "Evil" when viewed by the other side. Most fantasy novels do not expound on the viewpoints, theological foundations, mores and ethics, and the world-view of the "Heavies." Yet in a society with two equally balanced "alignments" one must expect much more dialogue, discourse, position-putting, and attempts to convince the other group. This is essentially what one finds in a fantasy role-playing game, with its neat black-and-white division into "Good" and "Evil" or "Law" and "Chaos." This very black-and-whiteness is suspect, of course; most peoples and cultures and institutions are various shades of gray.

I do realise that this division into "alignments" is there at least partially to aid game mechanics: each side has an opposite

side to fight, providing opportunities for conflict and excitement. Yet even if I accept a dichotomy in "Good" versus "Evil," or perhaps just "Friendly" versus "Hostile," I still find it hard to comprehend "Neutral" as a permanent third "alignment," much less such combinations as "Lawful- Neutral," "Chaotic-Neutral," "Lawful-Chaotic," etc. I can understand "neutral" as a specific reaction to individual stimuli, particularly those which do not affect oneself directly. I know people who are "Lawful" about murder and incest, "Chaotic" about speeding and laws related to the smoking of controlled substances, and "Neutral" about zoning laws in Iowa, marriage customs in Afghanistan, the rights and wrongs of the Albigensian Crusade, and much of what else is going on at a distance from them. I can imagine a foreigner or an outside observer being "neutral" to some extent, as an anthropologist is supposed to be when studying a foreign culture. But I find it hard to believe that an individual, a community, or an ethnic group can remain "neutral" to events which intimately affect it's welfare. One can opt to be an "isolationist" and stay out of a conflict as long as possible, or one can try to deal equally with both sides and favor neither; if events or issues arise which make this "neutrality" untenable, however, then this "alignment" is going to vanish. In no case can I imagine a person or group living within a society, affected by it's laws and mores, and pressured by it's religious and secular imperative remaining "neutral" for long. Moreover, each "neutral" group is going to have it's own internal standards of "Good" and "Evil," "Law" and "Chaos," within itself, and these will complicate it's position vis-a-vis other groups. Complexities within complexities! Once more I recognise that "Neutrality" may be a useful game device, making it possible for Group X to cooperate with Group Y and with Group Z, but this can probably be handled in more logical and realistic ways. In reality (to use that ugly word again), "alignments" shift with the winds of politics and social change. The enemies of today are the friends of tomorrow. I can imagine starting out in a fantasy campaign with Sect X in violent conflict with Sect Y. Events within the campaign may then make it likely that this hostility must end, and the two groups might end up as allies and the best of friends. As an example, lets bring up Might Jugbo once more. He starts the campaign as a "Lawful" deity, doing his job as a world maintainer and employing his violence for the good of the Huitani people. As events unfold, however, it becomes more and more clear to Jugbo's priests that the temples of the other "Lawful" gods are going to swing their support behind Gherkin the Mild, a follower of the pacifistic Earth Goddess, Alraita. Jugbo's followers can see the handwriting on the proverbial wall; if he stays where he is it won't be very long before he ends up as the aforementioned frieze over the armory door. Jugbo's hierarchy performs a quick volte-face, alters a few scriptures, perhaps trots out a "miracle" or two to explain things to the common man, and joins forces with the temple of Ghurbofazh, Lord of Death ("We DO have so much in common..."). Jugbo still cannot stomach Gheri the Unmoveable, figuratively or physically, but he is now in the same camp, and maybe some further reinterpretation and reconciliation can be mythically effected later.

A related problem in fantasy role-playing games arises when the designer does create a mythos with precepts very alien or unpalatable to his modern European-American players. People cannot help but carry their usual attitudes and reactions over into a campaign, even though playing in a roleplaying games theoretically demands that they give these up while the game is in progress and substitute the mores of another place and time. Some types of behaviour which are considered highly antisocial in this world are accepted easily by roleplaying: e.g., vicarious violence, slaughtering peasants, burning down villages, and massacring city guards (read "police"). Slavery, thieves, harlots, duels—all have been drained of their ugly connotations by generations of "Swords and Sorcery" novels, comic books, and the movies. It depends on the designer whether these antisocial activities are even considered "Chaotic" or not; in some campaigns they are "Lawful." Other forms of behaviour have not received this stamp of approval: e.g., incest, homosexuality, infanticide, polygamy, and polyandry, etc. I remember once having incredible difficulty trying to get a player in an ancient Egyptian campaign to marry his sister, a non-player character. The fate of the Throne of the Two Lands depended upon it, yet Pharaoh just would not tie the connubial knot. He could not face the idea of incest, even though this was "approved behaviour" for a King of Egypt. I finally let him get away with it, sending the sister off to marry a prince of the Mitanni.

Even the sorts of violence sanctioned by "Swords and Sorcery" fiction can become unthinkable if the player is made aware of all the ugly details. I once had a player who had chosen to be a priest of a particularly ferocious deity who demanded daily human sacrifices. So long as I kept the description of these rites brief and abstract there was no objection: "You and your fellow priests cut out the hearts of twenty victims today." Okay, no problem. Then, once, as an experiment, I manoeuvred this player into a situation where he himself had to sacrifice just one person. I made this a real tearjerker: A little girl, a peasant child, barely ten years old and as cute as could be. I overdid the description: her innocent trust, her tearful eyes, how she clutched at his hand as he led her to the altar etc.—a regular soap opera. You can guess what happened: he could not perform the sacrifice, cast about for any way out of it (including calling on the god for "divine intervention"—the same god who had demanded the sacrifice in the first place), and then when he baulked and had to be "assisted" in his job by a fellow non-player character priest, he felt badly about it all the following week. His goodhearted American conscience must still hurt because he talks about this incident with some bitterness even today. I figured that this will teach him to be "Chaotic" when he does not even understand the real meaning of the term!

This is NOT to urge that fantasy roleplaying games be used to teach cruelty, indifference to life, or other antisocial attitudes! Psychologists differ as to whether vicarious violence has a cathartic and useful effect, or whether it teaches us things we don't really want to learn. My little peasant girl was an experiment only. Such issues have to be squarely faced when one sites down to devise a fantasy roleplaying campaign. Really unpleasant and vicious "Chaos" may be harmless for some, but for others we should tone down our "Chaotic" characters, soften their beliefs, and understate their actions. Yet we should not regulate it all to the pleasantly innocuous atmosphere of an English backgarden. This may be all right for games produced for children, but the players of advanced fantasy role-playing games are usually young adults. We should perhaps attempt to offer interestingly different, even "alien", roles to play, roles which teach the need for a deeper understanding of how other societies think and act, which help us to rid ourselves of our parochialisms and prejudices, and which build bridges of empathy rather than burn them down.

There is one more game-related topic relating both to "religion" and to the secular areas of a fantasy world: this is the

issue of "individual freedom," as permitted by so many fantasy campaigns. One finds player characters wandering about without let or hindrance, pushing into palaces to talk to kings, intruding upon ceremonies in the holiest of holies, travelling from country to country with no questions asked, starting businesses and ventures which have tremendous social consequences and ramifications, and generally acting as if they owned the place!

None of these things would be easy in reality. Even "knights errant" have homes and families, property which they must manage in order to eat, and duties within the society other than going about potting off dragons. "Priests" are usually even more restricted: there are prayers, studies, rituals, administrative work, people to see, and things to do. Most of these prosaic details can be glossed over—it is a fantasy after all—but realism does become a problem when a "priest" shirks his responsibilities to go off adventuring. The same is true of the "soldier" who has a military command yet spends his time exploring draughty dungeons or out rescuing fair damsels. This is not just a case for ignoring the nitty-gritty for playability's sake; it is flagrant, outright dereliction of duty! In this world such a miscreant would be fired or courtmartialed. In less gentle eras he would swing on the gallows.

Anything approaching a "realistic" society can hardly be so unstructured that characters can roister about "adventuring," clouting city guards, offending the aristocracy, robbing tombs and temples, and amassing great quantities of wealth with nary a question asked. Such actions would receive short shrift indeed. One has only to glance through any ethnography, any history, any description of a real human society, to realise that ALL societies have established institutions to prevent just this sort of thing: to guard, reinforce, and sanctify "accepted" behaviour and to exclude or punish those on the fringes, the vagabond, the criminal, the nouveau riche, and the parvenu.

Yet isn't this kind of "adventuring" just what happens in novels? Doesn't it ever happen in real life sometimes? Certainly it does. But the real-life examples are very rare, perhaps flukes, a matter of being in the right place at the right time for historical forces to coincide. A novel can put forth any premise it's author wishes. But the very fact that the story is unique enough to be told, the reader recognises that it is not representative of average or even frequent events in the culture. The beggar becomes a king, the mighty thewed warrior slays all of the baddies and rescues the girl, the little peasant boy becomes a great wizard and destroys the tyrant—and they all ride off into the sunset at the end of the story.

A fantasy role-playing game is similar, yet different. Players do take on the personae of mighty thewed heroes and clever wizards. They start off as nobodies, and if they are lucky enough and smart enough to outwit the referee, they can rise to become rich and mighty. This is perhaps logical for a novel like single adventure, a unique series of events in the lives of the protagonists. But "They lived happily ever after" is not only one of the least likely statements ever made about real life or a story purporting to be "realistic," it also just does not apply to fantasy role-playing games. Once Our Heroes have explored the dungeon, slain the beasties, and scarfed up the treasure, they must go back to living in the culture, and they must also become men and women of affairs. There is no social value o being an "adventurer." Real power in any society is based upon wealth, prestige, family position, and in being the smartest cog in the Establishment's machine.

A man may be the best warrior in the community, but if he wants to progress in the society, he must achieve some military or political position. He must join an army, work his way up through the ranks, flatter his superiors, eat great quantities of "humble pie," and wangle promotions when and how he can. The same is true of the priest: being clever and a wonderful sorcerer won't earn him any brownie points in the hierarchy. He has to stick to his job, fawn upon his masters, satisfy the needs of those who have influence in the community, and make sure he holds the correct doctrines. At the same time both the soldier and the priest have to insure that they will stand out from the herd, be clever and yet not too eccentric, etc. Cardinal Richelieu did not rise to his exalted position by flouting the Establishment!

One can really only "adventure" when one is outside of the society, a vagabond, a foreigner, a "fringe person," in effect a nobody. The real life of such people is not pleasant: who wants to be hungry, ragged, poor? Who wants to hang around scummy taverns in the slums of a city, fight as a bodyguard, eat insults from one's social "betters," and suffer all of one's life? Any time such a person fights back, the society will methodically and impersonally crush him: the prison, the gallows, or just a quick crack over the head.

On the other hand, it is equally dull to game the logical result of social success. No one would want to play out the long intervals between a great general's heroic campaigns: the endless bureaucracy, the filing of papers, the organising of troops, supplies, and staffing, the politicking and the humdrum social life. The life of a high priest is even more restricted: the accounting of tithes, the administration, the petty squabbles within the clergy, the worry about finding money for the new annexe to the temple, the prosaic duties of the rituals, and again the interminable politicking and boring social life. The same is true of the aristocracy, even dukes and earls and kings, and for every other socially prestigious class in the culture.

The solution I now employ in my own campaigns is not entirely satisfactory: since it is not too much fun to be weak and ignoble, and it is just as tedious to sit too high in the halls of the mighty, I tend to focus upon the middle levels: the character's rise to power. I make it relatively easy for my players to get out of the slums, achieve a certain amount of wealth, prestige, and position, and establish themselves as valued members of society. I make it much more difficult to rise to the very high (and logically boring) posts within the power structure. The most enjoyable part of our campaigns is to be had while characters are still free enough to "adventure" but not so weak and helpless that they have no recourse against hostile forces.

The problem with this is that many players are persistent; they have a strong drive to see their characters succeed to the highest posts, achieve the most unreachable goals, and progress to the very pinnacle of power. No matter what I do, some players are going to become generals, high priests, nobles, or what-have-you. (As a referee, of course, I could easily prevent this by wheeling out "referee's specials" to knock them down every time they got near this status, but I don't think this is either logical or fair.) Perhaps the best solution is to announce in advance that characters will be treated like those in a novel: once the Great Adventure is over, the foe defeated, the maiden rescued, and the treasure won, Our Heroes must ride off into the sunset and "live happily ever after." In other words, players must "retire" characters whose duties and high social positions logically prevent them from gallivanting off on "adventures."

It is nice to have the fruits of victory and the peace to enjoy them—but it is boring to play this out. A further method can be devised to allow a player to "look in" upon a former character from time to time to see how he is progressing. Indeed, if the game scenario demands that the character reappear, he can be brought back to do so. The Great Patriarch of the temple can be summoned forth to deal with some new and horrendous sorcerous threat to the prosperity of the Empire. The High General can take command of all the legions when a neighboring nation launches an invasion, etc. These characters can be played either by the referee or by the original player. (It is rather strange and amusing to imagine one's new character serving as a private in an army commanded by one's old character! The might commander could glance down the lines of marching, dusty troops, single out a young face for a moment, and muse, "What a curious sensation; once I must have been like that boy there...")

Let me now sum up the steps I see as necessary for the creation of a "religion" for a fantasy role-playing world.

(1) Establish the ecology and economy of the region and in particular the society in which the religion is practised.

(2) Work out the world-view of the culture: its attitudes towards life, death, right and wrong, success and failure, final goals—as much as possible.

(3) Develop the culture's conception of the "Supernatural": why it exists, how it works, what sort of entities it postulates, and what influences it has over men's lives.

(4) Build up the details of the pantheon and mythology (if these exist), fitting them into the ecological and economic structure.

(5) If the society is "philosophical" in nature, the overall premises of its system must be stated. The same applies if it is essentially a "mythical" or "materialistic" culture. These features must be tied into the holistic worldview and with beliefs about the "Supernatural."

(6) Outline the central religious doctrines: those relating to life after death, morals and ethics, warfare and societally approved violence, magic and sorcery, the rewards and punishments expected from the gods, methods of obtaining "Supernatural" power, etc.

(7) Given some basic theological position statements, one can now elaborate upon the physical manifestations of the "religion": the rituals, the costumes, the architecture of the temples, the images, the hierarchy of the priesthood, taboos and customs, church history, scriptures and sacred objects—a whole host of things. Many of these traits will in turn relate to other features: e.g. a calendar, astronomy, astrology and numerology, tithing systems, class and caste, planting and harvests, and so forth.

(8) If there is more than one religion (or sect) in the society—and this is often true of societies upon this planet—then one must return to (4)—or even to (2) and (3)—above and start over.

(9) Differences within each religion or sect must be added: sub-sects, doctrinal disputes or heresies, conservatives and liberals, prophets and reformers, secret societies and the like. Not only does this add depth and richness, it also provides opportunities for adventure and the development of interesting scenarios.

(10) Any "alignments" or grouping of sects must be thoroughly thought through. Is there some Great Principle which transcends even the gods (and if so, from whence does it stem)? Or are these alliances and constellations temporary, perhaps based upon the exigencies of politics and self interest? The societal implications of having two or more antithetical "alignments" operative in the same society at the same time must be worked out, explained and balanced.

(11) Turning to strictly gaming matters, if the gods of the fantasy creations are assumed to be real and imminent, and if they play active parts in the character's lives, then one must provide the players with the details of their demands, likes, dislikes, and especially the rewards and punishments which can be expected from them.

(12) The nature, use and social ramifications of "magic" must similarly be detailed for those playing in the campaign. How does "sorcery" work? What can it do? What is the social and political position of the sorcerer within the culture?

(13) The problem of "individual independence" for player characters affects priests and warriors alike—anybody, in fact, who desires to achieve recognition and status within the culture. One can design a very loosely structured society, or one can ignore the whole issue and say, "It is a game." Neither of these views is very satisfactory. It seems better to build methods of dealing with this problem into the rules themselves, as suggested above.

As a final example, let me suggest how a particularly knotty "Supernatural" problem might be "explained" through a more detailed world-view and a set of theological-supernatural assumptions. Suppose that a designer wants to use the game device of "intelligent" weapons in his campaign: swords, maces, etc. which have intellects, egos, and even magical spells all their own. Depending upon his initial basic premises, this feature can be made to fit into the system without difficulty. Let us look at a few examples of "worldview models":

(1) Model A postulates natural "Mana": a tool or weapon used for centuries by a succession of powerful persons develops an innate potency all it's own. The most might of these become "beings" in their own right and manifest behaviour comprehensible to humans as "personalities."

(2) Model B holds that the spirits of the dead remain in this world after death, staying in close proximity to objects which they valued in life. The weapon is thus inhabited by a powerful personal "ghost."

(3) Model C has no "Mana" and no "ghosts," but it assumes the existence of nonhuman races, some of which dwell in specific locales (e.g. water pixies, tree dryads). A "sword person" now becomes no more than a species of entities which makes it's home in steel weapons, perhaps gaining sustenance from the blood of the weapon's victims.

(4) Model D exhibits a complex pantheon of greater and lesser deities, supernatural minor races ("angels" and "demons," etc.); all one needs is a magic system which

can imprison a lesser entity within a weapon and keep him there.

(5) Model E presents two great antithetical Principles. These appear to mankind as personalised, imminent "gods." In their eternal war against one another, each Principle has directly created powerful instruments to aid its supporters in this plan. These tools and weapons have been given "personae" in order to make them immediately intelligible to the lesser races for whom they are intended, and they are keyed to react hostilely if used by a follower of the opposite Principle. (One ramification of this might be that there are weapons attuned only to mankind, others only to dwarves or trolls or what-have-you, and still others made to be used by other supernatural sub-entities. Characters would then have to be extremely careful of handling strange weapons!)

(6) Model F displays none of the above. In this world "magic" is a natural force with its own laws. There are no "real" supernatural beings, and life after death is only assumed but not demonstrable. An advanced sorcerer can transfer the personality patterns of a living being into certain substances, however, through the use of his magical "science."

(7) Model G is similar to the foregoing except more "science-fiction-y": there is now no magic and no "real" supernatural. The same effect can be obtained, nevertheless, through pseudo-scientific "explanations": electronic circuitry, gadgets, and "Science."

(8) Model H is the least tractable of all. It postulates an omnipotent, omniscient God who is innately "Good" (whatever that means from one place and time in history to another?). The very existence of "Evil" in such a universe is unexplainable, much less the need for "intelligent" weapons and other bric-a-brac. If God is "Good," why does he permit "Evil" to exist and oppose Him? One can argue that God created "Evil" to "test" mankind (a thoroughly anthropocentric notion), or one can beg the question and say that the purposes of the Almighty are unknowable and inscrutable to us, His limited creations. If God is all-powerful and all-knowing, He must know how the results of his "test" will come out—and so forth. The important point relevant to our problem is that if man has direct, hot-line access to God through prayer—and if God is "Good" (i.e. on mankind's side essentially)—then what need is there of physical devices: weapons, crucifixes, talismans, holy water, and the like? On this one I pass. Go ask your friendly neighborhood theologian.

To sum up, I cannot conceive of an ancient, classical, mediaeval, or "legendary" world without some form of organised religion. The premises, structures, and manifestations of this have to be built into a novel and especially into a roleplaying campaign (in which your characters ask rude questions). I tend to favor complex and "realistic" creations—those which exploit the possibilities of their initial "fantasy" premises to the full and which treat the "realistic" parts of their mythos realistically. If there are bows and arrows, I expect the author to speak "realistically" of ranges, penetration, and other matters pertaining to archery. If there are horses, I expect the designer to keep within the laws of possibility for their gaits, endurance, and abilities. If there are men, then I want to see them described in understandable terms, with societies which reflect the principles of economics, anthropology, sociology, and history. "Religion," in some form or another, is so central to the lives of most human beings that it cannot be omitted, minimised, or ignored. If the author or game designer has "human" characters, then they almost certainly will have one or another identifiable form of "religion," depending upon their environment, ecology, and other cultural factors. I do not mind the insertion of "fantastic" beings, events, or phenomena. I only ask—for myself, and not demanding that all readers and gamers agree with me—that once the "fantastic" premises are given, the rest of the creation flow logically and intelligibly from it. I am intolerant of oversimplification, hack work, and easy rip-offs from traditional faiths or legendary sources. The more depth, structure, and richness there are—and the more of the designer's imagination, originality, and perspiration—the more I will find enjoyable in his "world." This is what makes Prof. J. R. R. Tolkien great; the tapestry of his mythos is so fantastically detailed as to provide me with food for thought for years to come. On the other hand—and here I verge upon heresy—I find too little "organised" religion in the good professor's world for my tastes. I just cannot believe that humans at the technological-economic level he postulates are going to display so little identifiable "religious" behaviour. I am no expert on Prof. Tolkien's works, and perhaps some scholarly reader can point me to a mention of a human priest, religious hierarchy, or the phenomena associated with a formalised, institutionalised religion anywhere in these books. I cannot recall seeing anything very definite along these lines. I would have been happy to see a lot more since I prefer my humans "realistic" if they are supposed to be "human." Naturally, one can make any assumptions one likes for the nonhumans; they are "fantasy," and their societies can be anything the author desires.

All through this article it is understood that I am addressing the designers and players of fantasy role-playing games for adults. Such games can be excellent teaching devices for children, and it is obvious that products meant for younger players must simplify the "realities," make the world a little more clearly identifiable black and white, and ignore the intricacies. My remarks here are meant for those who are interested in more elaborate simulations.

Unfortunately, "realism" goes only as far as our own specialised fields of knowledge. I still cannot get my great flying creatures to obey the laws of aerodynamics. Nor can I explain how the inhabitants of my "dungeons" manage to dwell in such harmony with one another without any visible means of sustenance except the odd party of player characters which chances their way. For some, it has been a long time between snacks. I hope to see what others have thought of these and many more problems. That is what makes a forum for ideas so useful to all of us. It is pleasant to be able to lay aside the endless details, elaborations, and superstructures upon superstructures of the "house" gaming magazines and consider some of our basic assumptions, We'll all probably create and play better for it.

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APPENDIX B
Gods of Barsoom

✎ **Michael Curtis** ✒ ***James Allen St. John***

Edgar Rice Burroughs' Martian tales portrayed religious figures as frauds and scheming political leaders, not ordinary mortals touched by the divine and capable of miraculous wonders.

"The whole fabric of our religion is based upon superstitious belief in lies that have been foisted upon us for ages by those directly above us, to whose personal profit and aggrandizement it was to have us continue to believe as they wished us to believe. I am ready to cast off the ties that bind me. I am ready to defy Issus herself, but what will it avail us?" (GM, X)

Despite the lack of legitimate priests and wonder-workers in the source material, most fantastical roleplaying systems rely on those character types and their presence is expected. Furthermore, Burroughs' novels are not lacking in wondrous, spell-like occurrences. This chapter is intended to assist the game master caught *"between the wild thoat of certainty and the mad zitidar of fact"* (GM, III) by introducing methods to resolve this conflict between player expectations and the source material, as well as providing rules for adjudicating supernatural effects.

Magical Barsoom

The referee has several options if he wishes to expand upon the Martian tales and include magical phenomena in the game. He is free to use all, some, or none of the suggestions below.

1) **Allow individual spells to select characters:** Spells are not magical effects, but the product of exceptional mental prowess. Many telepaths exist on Mars; that a select few are able to create wondrous phenomena by thought alone is plausible. In this case, the priest's or parapsychologist's power comes from within. This is the best option for DMs wishing to keep religion a superstition in their games.

2) **Religious Revival:** Following the death of Issus, a new spiritual age arises on Barsoom as Martians of all colors return to the nearly forgotten deities worshiped by their ancestors. This option might serve as the plot of several game sessions where the characters seek out lost temples in ruined cities to recover religious texts, icons, and other temple goods now in demand.

3) **Priests of specific origin:** Although the cult of Issus is revealed to be fraudulent, this need not be the case of all religions. In ancient (CM, VII), isolated, or exotic populations, true gods are worshiped that grant their devotees special powers. All priest characters must originate from one of these places or groups, and may face persecution outside their small enclaves if they do not keep their beliefs and origins secret.

Barsoomian Pantheon

The following seven deities are provided as suggestions for the GM looking to incorporate true gods in their game. While these deities do not appear in the source material, they are inspired by it and would not be out of place on the Red Planet.

Barsia is the goddess of life and healing, responsible for all living things on Barsoom. Once she was the Tree of Life, but her essence spread out across the world upon its death. From the smallest patch of ochre moss to the greatest zitidar, Barsia dwells in all things. Her symbol is a lavender disc and her priesthood is entirely female. Her temples are adorned with growing plants and freely-roaming animals—even fierce ones —that obey the priestesses' calls. Her spheres are Healing and Life. Priests of Barsia may use any weapon when battling undead creatures and increase their Charisma score by one at 5th level.

Orjadass is the goddess of water, dreams, and the mind. Although once a major power, her presence has waned with the vanishing oceans of Barsoom. Orjadass' servants are much diminished and include the few sailors on the south polar sea.

those dying of thirst on the dry sea beds, and a small cadre of savants dedicated to unlocking the mysteries of the mind. Her temples are small, simple affairs, but always have access to a subterranean stream. Orjadass is venerated on Moonday and her symbol is a pair of mated interlocked silver discs. Her spheres are Water and Thought. Priests of Orjadass can detect fresh water within 10 ads*; they also gain +1 to Wisdom at 5th level.

Taredak is the god of war and honor. He is one of the most revered deities on the Red Planet, eclipsed by Barsia only slightly. Taredak is depicted as a perfect physical specimen of his worshippers' species—handsome, physically imposing, dressed in battle regalia, and with proud, heroic features. He is honored on Thansday and before any battle. His symbol is the stylized rendering of an ancient short sword. Taredak's spheres are Combat and any elemental spell (Fire, Water, Earth or Air) that inflicts damage. Priests of Taredak may use spears or short-swords and gain +1 to Strength at 5th level.

Daarlot is the god of air, storms, and the ravages of time. Daarlot manifests himself in the horrible siroccos and cyclonic storms that race across the Barsoomian landscape, tearing down mountains, eroding cities, and wrecking flyers. He is honored on Windsday and during tempests, and is considered the patron of flyer crews. Temples to Daarlot were once commonplace in the city of Hastor. Daarlot's symbol is a two-headed malagor, the great bird of Barsoom. His spheres are Air and Sound. Daarlot's priests may use javelins and increase Dexterity +1 at 5th level.

Zeddagim is the god of earth, the home, and protection. He appears as a titanic calot seemingly hewn from living stone of crimson and ochre coloration. Zeddagim's day is Hearthsday and his symbol is a diamond-shaped stone edged in steel. His temples are small, blocky affairs, and he is most often worshiped at a small household shrine located near the center of the home. Zeddagim's spheres are Earth and Defense. His priests gain +1 to Constistution at 5th level.

Aranth is the goddess of fire, passion, and knowledge. She appears as a living column of orange flame with scorching white eyes and subtle humanoid curves. Aranth represents the destructive and civilizing power that both knowledge and fire bring. Her temples are always found near centers of learning and contain eternal flames tended by her priests. Aranth is honored on Fireday and her symbol is a flame-rimmed triangle. Her spheres are Fire and Knowledge. Priests of Aranth may use bows and gain +1 to Intelligence at 5th level.

Ulth is the god of ignoble death and calamity, and is the closest entity to a satanic figure in the Barsoomian pantheon. His cult is entirely subterranean and shrouded in layers of secrecy. His color is purple and he is portrayed as a skeletal Green Martian clad in burial wrappings. His appointed day is Starday. His spheres are Magic and Necromancy. Ulth has few priests, but those that do honor him may use axes or scythes and increase their Size +1 at 5th level.

** 9.75 earth feet.*

Priest Spell Progression

The number of spells each priest knows per level of experience is listed on the tables below. The DM and players should collaborate to create further spells or spells greater than 4th level in power.

Level	Exp. Points	Hit Dice	Spell Level 1	2	3	4	5
1	0	1d6	–	–	–	–	–
2	1,565	2d6	1	–	–	–	–
3	3,125	3d6	3	–	–	–	–
4	6,251	4d6	3	2	–	–	–
5	12,501	5d6	4	3	–	–	–
6	25,001	6d6	4	3	2	–	–
7	50,001	7d6	4	4	3	–	–
8	100,001	8d6	4	4	3	2	–
9	220,001	9d6	4	4	4	3	–
10	300,001	+1hp only*	4	4	4	3	2

** Constitution modifiers no longer apply.*

Priest Spell List

For spells noted with an asterisk (*) please see the ***Spells*** section of this book. Otherwise, the spells listed below will be as the spell of the same name from the ***Labyrinth Lord: Advanced Edition Companion***.

First Level Spells

1. Bless
2. Command
3. Complete Focus*
4. Cure Light Wounds
5. Detect Undead*
6. Endure Elementals*
7. Hold Portal
8. Light
9. Mending
10. Remove Fear
11. Shield of Faith
12. Skulk*

Second Level Spells

1. Cradle of Daarlot*
2. Cure Serious Wounds
3. Detect Evil
4. Find Traps
5. Haste
6. Hold Person
7. Might of the White Ape*
8. Phantom Bowmen*
9. Shatter
10. Silence
11. Speak with Animals
12. Spiritual Weapon*

Third Level Spells

1. Animate Dead
2. Call Lightning
3. Call Thoat*
4. Cure Critical Wounds
5. Cure Disease
6. Feast*
7. Flaming Pillar*
8. Helmet of Salvation*
9. Insect Swarm
10. See Afar*
11. Speak with Dead
12. Water Breathing

Fourth Level Spells

1. Blight*
2. Consecrate*
3. Dismissal*
4. Ethereal Walk*
5. Fearful Aura*
6. Ghostly Glory of Barsoom
7. Message
8. Neutralize Poison
9. Reincarnate
10. Remove Curse
11. Restoration
12. Spell Aegis*

APPENDIX C

Legends & Lore of the Jale God

✐ **Matthew W. Schmeeer**

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9 The Dagger Wars Remembrance
10 The Dark Moon Festival
11 The Day of Gimlinch's Defilement
12 The Day of Putrefaction
13 The Dedication of the Heavens
14 The Demonic Ruin
15 The Dismal Night
16 The Dusk of Unspooling Blades
17 The Fall of the Kindred Wyrm
18 The Feast of Veils
19 The Festival of Allegiance
20 The Great Unyawning
21 The Gruesome Desecration
22 The Hoisting of the Giblets
23 The Invocation of Yegish
24 The Nightfall of Welcoming
25 The Obscenity of Wounds
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28 The Tournament of Curses
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30 The Woeful Ritual of Clapatrus

A2: d30 TABLE OF CACOPHONIES COMPOSED BY THE JALE GOD'S PIPE

1 All the Staircases
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3 Bane of the Boon
4 Burn the Goat
5 Busty Samantha
6 Colorful Nothingness
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8 Dirty Mother
9 Dread Without Cease
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11 Guiltmonger
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13 Industrious Pariah
14 Jewels of the Crimson Mother
15 Love Song of the Yellow King
16 Malevolence of Power
17 Martyr of Impurity
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24 Reality Molester
25 Riding the Alchemy Horse
26 Sea of Brutal Bleakness
27 Suicide Campaign
28 The Echoing Hag
29 The Spurning Knife
30 Who Wears the Pallid Mask

A3: d20 TABLE OF QUESTS REQUIRED OF THE WAKERS OF THE JALE GOD

1 Pursue a painting that alludes to a breezeblock bear's body in a market faire.
2 Construct an apron ideal for departing an imaginary demon.
3 Tie a final spring green-colored steel bar to a drunken burly wood gopher.
4 Repeatedly sketch noses and ragbags, about as long as an average calf, until the day after a new king's crowing, in a 75 centimeter by 100 centimeter wall space.
5 Create a drawing focused on a rectangle on the underside of a tavern table.
6 Collect seven lymphatic systems. Put them on a silver tray that has been painted blue-violet, snow, and dark gray. Get nine drawings of glands. Place them on a copper tray that has been painted dark gray, slate gray, and blue-violet. Feed the offerings to three blessed goats on a high holy day. Slaughter the goats and eat their livers.
7 Pay a doxy to instruct nine day dreamers to copy horns and thumbs, of any length, until someone marries the doxy and destroys the copies.
8 Write the words 'a blob of pine in a clear resin block' on a skunk sleeping on a field of butterflies shaped like a swallow.
9 Collect nine different kinds of pancreas; make a painting of a big trout feeding your children the liver of a spotted calf. Swallow a frost giant's kidney stone on a moonless night.
10 Construct and burn an effigy of a life of quiet desperation.
11 Consume a tiny green pepper, a rancid noodle dish, and one pancake.
12 Develop congenital gallstones by getting your hair cut.
13 Rub walnuts on a rabid owlbear's scent gland.
14 Give a lecture on the role of atheism in hagiography for an hour every day. Ask the audience to join you in the bathtub. Suggested title of lecture: "The Vultures of Heretical Creep".
15 Draw a cartoon of an opossum wearing a green pair of pants borrowed from a rabbit. A gray giraffe should lust in the distance under a wheat beam sky.
16 Rent out a museum. Pay a warder to repine in a garbage bag full of whipped cream as long as anyone is in the gallery until someone buys the installation.
17 Cover a wall with live swans. Pierce them with wire and puke forks to create the shape of a wolf. Keep your ears unclogged.
18 Build a telescope from lantern oil and pretzels. Using thistle ink, tattoo a sketch of the horizon on a beggar's scalp.
19 Oil a lotus knife with violet milk.
20 Slaughter a coop of midnight hens with a baguette of candlewax and glass.

A4: SIDE EFFECTS OF A VISION FROM THE JALE GOD

Receiving a message from the Jale God is a horrible and humbling experience. Humanoid minds cannot deal with the extreme psionic pressures of such a visit and must purge the stress in some physical form.

Roll 2d6: One for the main side effects table and one for the appropriate subtable.

All effects last for 1d8 days and cause –2 to all Dexterity & Constitution checks plus loss of –3 hp per day (recoverable).

SIDE EFFECTS MAIN TABLE (1d6)

1 Obsessive Consumption of Non-food Item (see **Subtable 1**)
2 Full Body Rash (See **Subtable 2**)
3 Warts (see **Subtable 3**)
4 Foot disease (see **Subtable 4**)
5 Hand disorder (see **Subtable 5**)
6 Vision disorder (see **Subtable 6**)

SUBTABLE 1 (1d6)

Cravings must be satisfied at all costs.

1 Coprophagy (consumption of feces)
2 Geophagy (consumption of soil, clay, or chalk)
3 Hyalophagia (consumption of glass)
4 Trichophagia (consumption of hair or wool)
5 Urophagia (consumption of urine)
6 Xylophagia (consumption of wood or paper)

SUBTABLE 2 (1d6)

All rashes itch like hell.

1 Full-body acne
2 Boils
3 Hives
4 Psoriasis
5 Disfiguring skin tags
6 Weeping cysts

SUBTABLE 3 (1d6)

All warts are disfiguring and itchy as all get out.

1 Genital warts
2 Periungual warts (affects finger & toe nails)
3 Normal, raised warts all over body
4 Filiform warts (on/around eyelids)
5 Butcher's warts (covers hands)
6 Mosaic plantar warts (covers soles & palms)

SUBTABLE 4 (1d6)

May affect ability to walk/run.

1 Corns
2 Bunions
3 Ringworm
4 Trench foot
5 Chilblains
6 Gout

SUBTABLE 5 (1d6)

Hand disorders may affect ability to hold & use items.

1 Arthritis
2 Tendinitis
3 Tremors
4 3 fingers on each hand fused
5 Nail loss
6 Fused wrist bones (inability to flex/rotate wrists)

SUBTABLE 6 (1d6)

1 Single eye blindness (flip a coin)
2 1d20 weeping styes
3 Nightblindness (cannot see in dark)
4 Dayblindness (cannot see in light)
5 Continuous running tears
6 Can now see colors beyond normal perception (infrared, black light, etc.)

A5: 8 COLORS BEYOND HUMAN KEN

1 **Viledusk:** A loneliness, a longing, a leeching. It absorbs what it obscures, refracts what is revealed.
2 **Grüt:** A decayed cloying, a thinning, a liquid lucidity. It provides a pale plasticity that revolts as it delights.
3 **Infraine:** A giving, a bliss, a breaking away, as a body drifting across a peppered sea. An indifference that strangles without suffocation arises in its wake.
4 **Schklor:** Thick, briny, a parchment of blighted film. It presents a presumption of expectation behind a façade of shimmering heat.
5 **Chklor:** A reeling-ripe deformity, a smoking alienation, a celestial agitation. Whatever is unborn will manifest whenever it arrives.
6 **Klor:** A callous exhibitionism, a sweating crow, an amorphous silence unbound. A commitment to insipid calm follows its leaving.
7 **Lor:** A complete weary, a symbolic cherriness, the tang of a storm assured. A frenzy of omnipresent breakfasts ensues in its arrival.
8 **K'pha'l:** Birches gather in abnormal pronouncements. Escapism staggers glorious minds.

B. Invocations & Folk Beliefs

B1: 8 TRANSLATED CHANTS TO THE JALE GOD

1 Desolation, love, death:
Rough, dead gulls above a storm.

2 Remember the old ways!
Do not wander a garden path;
All flowers are faceless, dusty doors.

3 Evil and flying in the sea,
Humming witches within the mist
battle angry ghouls about the shadows.
Alas, alack! The devil continues,
Angry beyond the dreamscape.
The day is green among the bullshit;
Be watchful. A broken promise
Remembers old times.

4 Black monsoon drums;
the herd, the bones!

5 She hears each his lies
Coalesce/evaporate
His false shadow, painted skin

6 Slender beams of light enter
This darkened chamber,
Always lost, always lost,
Always frozen here,
Waiting.

Forms wrought in panes of glass loom
As dust dances in air,
Searing a secret skin.

A rock gnome's face
Rails against
An impassive truth.

7 We each cut feasts
Even through absence;
Beauty is but a lie:
Black impairs him not.

8 The erosion of everything alabaster:
Clutter of green leaves,
Cirrus of nebulae,
Jets of gas aflame,
Flower petals—
Formless scud feathers formless sky.

B2. THE PUTREFACTION OF THE JALE GOD

Among the rude folk of the mountainous regions, the festival of the Putrefaction of the Jale God is the primary celebration of the summer months. In some villages, the festival takes place near the summer solstice, in others on the last new moon of the season, and in others still on the first full moon.

On the eve of the festival, a stout young rowan tree is cut down, adorned with trinkets and garlands, and set into the earth.

On the first morning of the festival, childless women place a garment under the tree or on its branches and eat of the tree's fruit; on the second morning, if they find blood on their garments they know they will remain childless for another year.

The sick, aged, and dying go to the tree in the morning on the second day, place their hands on the tree and circle around it four times while singing "You will soon die but we will live" and then eat of the leaves. If they are still alive on the third morning, they know they will live another year.

The main rite occurs on the third morning: young men go to the tree and spill their seed on the ground at its base. One man, called the Watcher, dressed from top to bottom in rancid rags and the untanned hides of animals sacrificed during the festival, throws handfuls of dirt at the other young men, so they remember they will soon return to the earth. Then the Watcher takes seven iron nails which have been laying in the milk of a pregnant cow for seven days and seven nights and hammers three of them into the rowan; the other four he hammers through his feet and into the earth. The men of the village then pull the nails from the rowan and bury them in an unmarked grave, covering them with dirt collected from the ground around the tree. Then the Watcher removes the nails from his feet and slaughters a young goat; he places the nails inside its belly, lashes it to the rowan, and sets both aflame. Finally, the men of the village beat the Watcher with stones and branches, driving him out of the village; he must sleep with the beasts in the field for two evenings before returning to his home.

In this way the villagers amuse the Jale God and avoid his gaze for another year.

B3: 8 EVOCATIONS OF THE JALE GOD

1 You are the blind corridor, the caution's terror
a future verged contracted beyond pain.
Double endless behind design, a brilliant
child rafting, stumbling between a gift and work;
take these chains and tribute shall rush
Justify me, vanishing within the whale of this day
and convulse me with your delight whose fabric
unweaves the world.

2 Sing, and I jump by a rose. Have you produced
passenger-speaking darkness? Between Hell
and the discovery of dialect, betrayal is the handle
whose cash seemed to close; the leaves who paused
cannot stretch inside the cask.
Against this country the great son is like a father;
if we auction this, the groundhog is the maximum
below an orbit across a meal's continent who
needs to remove pupils.

3 The blanket saved someone.
Your unconquerable passage can't convey this.

4 Voluntary chaos whose day should arise must increase along viewing. The village whose surprise worried the dying cow. A consciousness and altitude moved after a flash fell at your feet; biographies like twelve vaults lived in mold, and the cellar had flooded. A wound: eternity that no independent impression formed. Why was I circling between an expected song and these deities? Your stone abode has forgiven escape.

5 What do the eggs carry?

6 Rain is panicking a nerve;
seven continual waves gain fruit.
Seven testimonies are three tactics
whose enchantments stood.
Denied beyond the knife of eyesight,
The flask pours an august distance.
Under air near famine, the inner composer reflects.

7 My yellow sin is equally varied.
If depth is the fee of famine, have I escaped?
You are twelve beings whose glories climb;
they arc along, arguing.
I am cedar focused like a vase;
you invade my voyages.

8 Before a soul who creates
the secure charge partly dives
between the definition
and the auctioneer:
who have I tended?

B4. 6 FOLK BELIEFS TO INVOKE THE JALE GOD

1 Take nine stones. Go to a crossroads on a moonless night. Stand in the crossroads and throw each stone in a different direction while issuing a known invocation and the Jale God will appear.

2 Take two large hunks of hog manure, slice them in half, and fry them in a skillet until cooked through. Make a poultice and tie it around your neck. The Jale God will find you.

3 Take a kidney stone from a deer and pierce it with a leather strand made from the hide of the same deer. String it around your waist and wear it for a week. Then shorten the strand and wear it around your neck for another week. The Jale God will manifest shortly thereafter.

4 Pickle cumcumbers while during the time of your bleeding. The Jale God will accept this offering and bless you with your heart's third-most desire.

5 Castrate a pig under the star sign of The Watcher. Capture some of the blood that pours forth and mix it with three cracked eggs. Bury this mixture in a small stoppered jar underneath a young rowan tree. The Jale God will soon visit.

6 Find a red-nosed dog. Kill the dog and cut-off its nose. Bake the nose into a loaf of rough bread. Lay the loaf in a fallow field and wait until the birds have made it disappear. The Jale God will send a message soon.

B5: 6 INVOCATIONS OF THE JALE GOD TRANSLATED FROM CURSED SCROLLS

1 A burning, a brightness, a suffering rage
Encompass the essence of my soul!
Bring forth the unlighted void
And draw the knife across my eyes
So that I may see what you reveal.

2 Sing of the unlit fire and the empty gullet!
Hear me oh Unnameable One!
In this your will be done,
This your servant begs!
Take this meager sacrifice,
Eviscerate this flesh, this blood, this bone—
Reveal yourself to your true servant!

3 Jale before time, oh hear me, your servant!
All bends and breaks to your immutable will
Leaving nothing but words unspoken on wind—
Enable me to hear your voice in the void!

4 Repent! Repent, unbelievers!
Let your ignorance disappear!
The day is retreating
And darker night is blooming!
The Unspeakable One is rising
And soon will draw neigh;
Cower! Watch in anticipation!
At midnight comes the cry.

See that your torches are extinguished
Douse them in water, fill not your lamps!
Look: your destruction is coming,
The wages of the way of flesh.
The great divorce is at hand,
The gates stand chained before you.
Bow down, you dogs of the earth!
The Unnameable One is at hand!

Our death and our destruction,
Our release from these frail bonds:
Arise, unlit scythe of moon
Above this darkened mortal coil!
With heads downcast and hands prostrated
With this heart upon this altar
We plead oh great and dirty god
To see this day of great destruction!
Loosen your spite upon the earth
And let us forever reside with thee!

5 Bleeding heart
Rendered flesh
Within Your bonds
Let all enmesh

6 We beseech you, oh Great Unspeakable One:
Take us with you when you return
From the unknowing void thou crept!

Vindico Vindicatum

C. Tales of the Jale God

C1: 3 SHORT TALES OF THE JALE GOD

I.

The Jale God sat on his chklor throne, watching the universe inch by.

"Tell me," he said to his doddering scrivener, "why do mortals remember and regret?"

The doddering scrivener consulted his record book. He turned several pages, scanning the lines therein with his arthritic finger. He finally looked up at the Jale God and shrugged.

"Exactly!" the Jale God laughed, "So true!"

II.

When the days of putrefaction were ended according to the unbreakable laws of the Elder Way, the Jale God appeared at the court of the Cerisian Empire, taking the form of a minor noble of small renown. He swiftly seduced the queen and her daughters, positioned himself as an advisor to the king, and disrupted the flow of trade to fill his coffers. Then he set about building a temple to further the worship of his name.

When it came time to anoint the first priest of the new temple, the Jale God called two close advisors before him. Now, one of these men was loyal and devout, a true confidant to the Jale God's human avatar; the other was a vile and loathsome man untrusted by even the cook's apprentice.

The Jale God handed each man a ritual knife and bade them slay one another. The righteous man refused, and while he was refusing, stabbed the evil man in the heart. The Jale God struck the loyal man dead.

The Jale God pulled the knife from the vile man's heart and laughed: "Your ordination is tonight!"

III.

Once, the Jale God deigned to walk among mortals and took the form of a wandering bard. First he visited a hamlet where he cured a pig of hoof rot and taught a stableboy to play the lute. Then he prowled the alleys of a fair-sized city, haggling with prostitutes, trading lays for laughter and good company. Then he performed at court, plucking out ballads to soothe the mood of an arrogant duke. And finally he sat by the side of a dying witch and sang her a song while she faded to her reward.

"Tell me," he asked Gnil'bmag and Tra, two of his trusted vassals, "which of these experiences taught me the most about men?"

Gnil'bmag and Tra considered the question. They asked for a week to ponder the answer.

A week passed. The Jale God was at his favorite dicing den when Gnil'bmag and Tra approached. Gnil'bmag spoke first.

"You learned more from teaching the stable boy music," he said. "Teaching imparts more wisdom than learning."

"No," said Tra. "You learned more from the dying witch. A noble death is a rare thing for a servant of the darker arts."

"Fools!" said the Jale God. "Did you not understand the question?"

Iä! Jaash im raa! Iä! Jaash im raa! Iä! Jaash im raa!

C2. SHELTER FROM THE STORM

The Jale God was out walking in human form when it began to storm; it was a terrible storm, the like of which that part of the world had never seen. The Jale God sought shelter in a nearby temple of a rival minor godling; not knowing the man before them was the Jale God, the priests welcomed him into the sitting room.

Once inside, he removed his cloak, knelt, and began to pray. The priests were so impressed with this display that they soon admitted him into the prayer room. So fervent were his prayers that they soon brought him into their inner sanctum and asked him to share the secret of his devoutness. At this, the Jale God began to profane himself, belching loudly, urinating on the holy altar, and scrawling profanities on the walls and floor with ashes from the holy fire. The priests, aghast at this despicable behavior, demanded he leave at once so they could reclaim their sacred space.

At this, the Jale God revealed himself, saying "You asked me to show you how to pray; let they who are unworthy of such adoration leave, for I, the Jale God, have found my satisfaction!"

The priests trembled and fled, taking their idols with them. Thus did the Jale God claim his first temple in that land.

C3: THE JALE GOD'S DREAM

And so the Jale God slept, and in his sleeping he dreamt of an angry prophet standing before him. The small, dirty man stared at him in silence for an eternity, and then he said, "Wretched God! You do not know you will be lost to time. Your followers will fall away, your temples will run to ruin, your dominion will shrink to nothingness! And in your weakening you will wither to a pale shade, an empty husk. Flee, flee, if you must but know that in ages to come you will be not!" The prophet stood before him, shaking in rage, his staff raised as if to strike, and then the Jale God awoke.

The Jale God was filled with a dread he had never known before. He rose from his sleeping place and roamed the ways of the earth, searching for this prophet until at last he was weary again and sank to the ground, and found relief from his troubles in deep sleep.

And again the Jale God dreamed of the man standing before him, his fist raised in defiance. "Woe be to you, Unmaker, Defiler!" he proclaimed. In his sleep, the Jale God twitched his finger. The man was surrounded by unholy fire and was swallowed in flame.

The Jale God snored and rolled over and dreamed no more.

C4: A VISIT FROM THE JALE GOD

In a paltry hut lived a man and his wife. Every day he would work hard in the fields to earn their daily ration and every night she would soothe him to sleep with sweet songs. After many years of marriage, one night the man told his wife that he would like to go out that night and hunt the jubjub bird, for the jubjub is a dangerous animal that can only be killed at night but makes for a delicious stew.

"Yes, my love!" said the woman. "Get meat for the morrow so that we can have a good meal!"

The man left that same night to hunt and left his wife alone in the hut.

That night, while her husband was away, the Jale God came, wearing the skin of the husband. "Wife," he said, "I was afraid in the dark night because of the jubjub's shrill cries and so I came home." He built a fire in the hearth and sat by it, motioning the woman to come sit next to him.

But the wife did not believe her husband had returned, for she knew he was a fierce hunter who had killed the jubjub bird before. So she placed an ancient amulet in a place on the wall and said to the amulet "If one wearing my husband's skin calls calls me, answer him thus: tell him I have run away because I fear his seed will take root and destroy the soil." And then she slipped out of the hut and ran away.

Then the Jale God called again, saying "Wife, come sit by me here by the fire; I am cold and the fire does not warm me as well as your flesh." But the amulet answered, saying "I flee, I flee, I flee; your seed will not take root in me!", just as the woman instructed. The Jale God smiled an unblinking smile. He rested before the fire and after awhile went on his way.

With the coming of the sun, the man came back from hunting. He was in a good mood, as the hunting had been good and he had three jubjub birds in his sack. As he walked into the village, he ran into his wife, who tried to tell him about the visitor in the night who had come in his form. But the wife's once lovely voice shrieked and shrilled like a jubjub bird and the man could no longer understand her. She soon gave birth to a sixteen-eyed monstrosity and the man was stoned to death for siring such a wretched beast.

C5: THE JALE GOD HUNTS

Long ago, there lived a landowner in a certain village. Being a rich man, he was often the target of thieves and kidnappers and so to protect his family, he worked ancient magics to turn his wife and children into sheep to keep them safe from his enemies. At dawn each day they shed their human skin and became beasts; at night each one regained its form. A vigilant stable of shepherds took the flock afield each day from sunrise to sunset and watched over them, armed with spears and slings. One stormy day as the shepherds returned to the village, a young lamb lagging behind the flock was attacked by the Jale God in the form of a wolf.

"Youngling, youngling," said the wolf. "How are you? Are you comfortable with this flock? Do the elder ewes treat you well? Does your mother let you still suck?"

Before the lamb could answer, the wolf continued, "And do you think, Kaniv, son of Mavlin, whom I have called by true name, that you will escape? You have been pinching my tail and plucking the hair from my ears for miles! What do you have to say for yourself?"

The lamb replied, "How could I do such a thing? For was I not in front of you and not behind?"

But the wolf said, "Which path did you take into the village? Do you not know that I watch all paths and that I spread my watch over all the ways into the sheepfold?"

The lamb replied, "My mother tells me you watch the paths; that is why I came through the air!"

The wolf laughed and replied, "If what you say is true, a flying lamb is a fearsome sight! You must have scared off the deer I was hunting before you arrived!" And having thus spoken, the Jale God leapt upon the lamb, tore off its head, and supped on its flesh.

C6: THE DEAD KING'S RANSOM

In a place long forgotten, a great king was on his deathbed. As the time of the king's death neared, a wizard in the woods saw the Jale God in human form walking the path to the keep where the funeral rites would be proclaimed. "Where are you going?" demanded the wizard of the Jale God's avatar.

"I am going," said the Jale God, "to be present at the old king's death."

"When you pass this way again, stop by and tell me how things went," said the wizard, for he had been banished from the king's holdings and was thirsty for news.

Within three days, the Jale God returned, lamenting and calling out, "Woe, oh woe to the Elder Gods! For I am deceived! I have been duped! All may know my wrath in the days to come!"

"Tell me," the wizard said to the Jale God's human form, "what transpired in the castle? Is the king dead? What is your complaint?"

"Oh, for the king is surely dead," said the Jale God, "For I have seen it myself, being present as the king's soul, which was sworn to me an eternity ago, was weighed and measured on three scales: mine, the Elder God's, and man's." He paused and drank from a proffered flask before continuing.

"When placed on the man's scale, the king's soul balanced evenly, his life's work balancing his life's words in perfect equilibrium," explained the Jale God. "When weighed on the Elder God's scale, his life's work sank just a little, his prayers for forgiveness rising slightly higher, but close enough to be on par with that of man's measuring. But when the soul was placed on my scale, a two-legged cat stepped forth and placed a paw upon the scale; his life's work rose high as the goodliness of his inner thoughts sank low. No one spied the cat's paw but me and none believed my indignations. Bah! But the Elder Gods and men shall pay for this king's ransom!"

For it was Bob the Cat, companion of Ywehbobbobhewy, Lord of Waters, King of Mirrors, Patriarch of the Most Profound, who placed his paw upon the scale, and thus the enmity between the two gods continues.

C7: 2 TALES OF THE JALE GOD

I.

Lamchka, a priest in the temple of the Jale God, preferred to sleep instead of pray. The other priests took pity on him; when they went to ritual, they left him sleeping in the entrance to the temple.

One day as he was sleeping, a nobleman came to the temple to offer sacrifice to the Jale God. He saw Lamchka sleeping in the doorway, and being a superstitious man, did not desire to wake the priest, as all know that gods commune with their priests in dream. The nobleman placed his sacrifice, a large sack of rye, at Lamchka's head and then departed.

Lamchka awoke a short time after, smacking his lips and wiping the sleep from his eyes. He saw the sack at his feet and exclaimed "Ho, the Jale God is bountiful! I dreamed of bread and strong drink, and here the Jale God provides me grain for both!" Lamchka carried the sack into the temple and thought to himself "Surely the Jale God meant this rye for me! The others will steal it so I must make haste to preserve it while I can!" So he brought it to the store room and placed it on a high shelf, behind a pots of honey and sacks of flour.

He began to plot and plan thinking aloud "Tomorrow I will get yeast and a barrel and maize and I will take these to the cellar; I will take some of the rye to mix with this fine flour and make hearty bread that I will put before the altar. Surely the Jale God would rather I take what he has given and return a percentage to him in four-fold form!"

As he was fantasizing, a rat crept along the high shelf and knocked over a pot of honey. The pot fell on Lamchka and killed him. The Jale God laughed.

II.

Two doddering scriveners were rambling through the archives. One said to the other, "We are mere acquaintances yet we must help each other. If any god is angry with you, I will help you in your time of need." The other doddering scrivener said "And I, too, will help you if any god's wrath should seek your life."

After many centuries, one of them angered the Jale God through no fault of his own and called to the other to remember their promise. The two ran through the archives seeking refuge. One doddering scrivener climbed high into the archive shelves. The other was too frail to climb so buried himself deep into stacks of moldy parchments.

When the Jale God came looking for them in the archives, he immediately spotted the scrivener high on the shelf, wedged between two scroll cases. The Jale God summoned another doddering scrivener working in the stacks and whispered in his ear, pointing at the shelf-bound scrivener. Then the Jale God left, chuckling to himself as a trail of ichor seeped behind him.

The scrivener hiding in the parchments watched this entire scene while holding his breath. Then he revealed himself to the scrivener to whom the Jale God had spoken. "What did the Jale God command?" he asked.

The summoned scrivener pointed to the one high on the shelf. "He told me to tell you not to trust that one up there; cowards reveal themselves by sacrificing others to save themselves."

D. Tales of Servants of the Jale God

D1: 3 OLD STORIES OF FOLLOWERS OF THE JALE GOD

Hildagrum the Blindress

Hildagrum resisted the Jale God in various guises. One time, she saw ten bandits being transported to the gallows in a cart. Instead of lamenting their wickedness, they acted like animals, hooting and hollering and jumping about. Although no one else saw anything out of the ordinary when they glanced at the criminals, Hildagrum saw a multitude of spirits and devils prodding and poking the men, making them curse and blaspheme. Having compassion for the men, Hildagrum climbed into the cart beside them, stabbed each one six times through both eyes, and spat in the wounds. In this way, the Jale God gained twenty new eyes to look out upon the world.

Nurvoc

Nurvoc, a devout man of great piety, was an elementalist and master of a great landholding. Earth, wind, fire, and water were subject to him; he drove away plaguing spirits, unmuted dumb tongues, restored health to the putrid, and, on occasion and for the right price, resurrected the dead. He could walk on water, sleep on flames, and subsist on nothing but damp dirt for months at a time. Once, he was riding in a horse of flame, sweeping through the air above a city when he chanced to look down at the streets below him. The streets were broiling with devils and demons and spirits fighting among themselves, battling for control of various city burroughs. With a loud voice, he invoked the One Name of the Jale God and commanded the factions to settle their dispute and wipe the city from the face of the earth; to this day, nothing will grow in the Fields of Barrensburg.

Fladehem the Reluctant

One day, the Jale God transformed himself into a little barn swallow, which fluttered about Fladehem the Blacksmith and tweeted so sweetly that he was drawn away from his labors at the forge. Fladehem stripped himself of his clothes and threw himself on a hedge of briars and nettles, mangling his body so terribly that streams of blood ran down his body and pooled at his feet. Not to be stopped, the Jale God transformed into a buxom wench and attempted to help Fladehem tend to his wounds; Fladehem pierced through the illusion with a red-hot bar of steel and burned the body in his forge. When a town elder beheld the grinning skull in the forge when he came to collect a pair of hinges for his stable door, Fladehem was strung up in a gibbet for three days and harangued by packs of young boys throwing stones. In despair, he called out to the gods for relief; the Jale God answered in the form of a hawk which disembowled Fladehem as he hung above the village green. As he died, Fladehem saw through the Jale God's veil once again and laughed, and all heard him proclaim "Iä! Jaash im raa!"

D2: THE HEALED WOUND

Once, a young girl child suffered a sore upon her right arm. Three healer's skills proved fruitless and the girl's parents began to fear the girl would lose her arm and her bride-price. The wound festered and smelt, but never healed.

One day, a withered priest of the Jale God saw the girl as her parents passed a temple carved into the base of cliff. He waved them into the temple-cave; the parents, being fearful folk, refused to the priest's entreaties, at which point the old priest sent two acolytes to seize the girl and bring her to him. He prodded her wound with his finger and when she did not squirm or cry out, he understood the nature of her affliction and declared he could heal the seeping lesion with a "silver touch".

He went into the temple and emerged a short time later with a silver unicorn horn. He rubbed the horn around the wound seven times and sent the girl away with instructions to return to the temple the next day. When she returned, he performed the ritual again, and again for five more days. On the seventh day, no trace of the wound was on her skin. Her parents were amazed, and returned home with much rejoicing and praising of the Jale God.

When their neighbors saw the girl was healed, they suspected witchcraft and beat the parents to death with stones and flaming torches; the girl fled to the Jale God's temple to find nothing but a cave inhabited by a herd of wirry-cowes.

D3: A TALE OF A JALE GOD CULTIST

A hobgoblin, a bugbear, and a cultist of the Jale God are sitting in a tavern across from a brothel. They are sipping their mead when they see a bugbear across the street walk into the house of ill repute. "Fnarl!" the bugbear curses. "It's terrible to see a bugbear give into human temptation!" he says, shaking his head.

"If it bothers you so much, why don't you go over there and stop him?" asks the hobgoblin.

The bugbear shakes his head and says, "Well, that's my cousin Merl; he's the toughest of our warband. If I interfere, he'll whip me good."

The other two nod their heads in understanding, and drink more mead.

A short while later, they see a hobgoblin walk into the brothel. "Pfaugh!," exclaims the hobgoblin. "It's a smear on the name of hobgoblins everywhere to see one of us spend our ration on a used handmaiden!"

"If it bothers you so much, why don't you go over there and say something?" asks the bugbear. "Certainly you need to stop him before he nearly kills some poor girl."

The hobgoblin nods his head and starts to rise, but then thinks better of it and sits back down. "You know," he says, "I think that was my unit leader, Firl. If he sees me, he'll know I've been drinking and then I'll have to pull discipline duty for the third time this week."

The other two nod knowingly, and the cultist pats the hobgoblin on the back and orders another round.

A few drinks later, they see the high priest of the Jale God enter the brothel. The hobgoblin and the bugbear turn to the cultist, who sighs wistfully and says "It's nice to see the doxies, who have been used and abused and discarded by the likes of you two, have time to seek absolution from the Jale God."

The bugbear and the hobgoblin beat the cultist senseless and steal his sandals. The Jale God laughs.

D4: THE BELOVED SERVANT

There is a story now freely told concerning something that once visited a particular cemetery of a well-known kingdom.

The story is that one day, early in the pre-dawn hours, a groundskeeper named Karst (employed to keep rabble from sleeping on graves and desecrating monuments) and his friend, a member of the city guard, were surprised in the midst of their nightly banter by a tall, wan figure spider-crawling down a wall and landing close beside them. This figure darted along the path toward the heart of the cemetery towards a grave that has long been rumored to be that of a favored servant of the Jale God. As it ran, the figure made a clackling sound, like a horse with a loose shoe covering rough ground.

Too terrified to watch or follow this figure, Karst and his friend fled, not stopping until they were some distance away. Karst refused to return to his post, but his friend, being of the guard and full of bravado, went back to where the figure had appeared to them. He returned carrying a small cloth which in look and substance was like a damp cobweb. The men brought this item to the village elders, who in council examined it.

As the elders poked and prodded the cloth, it suddenly swelled in size and shape and engulfed the room in thick choking strands like smoke; the groundskeeper and his friends escaped at the last moment by jumping out of a window. Screams and thrashing could be heard from inside the meeting room, drawing curious townspeople from nearby buildings.

Once the sounds stopped, the groundskeeper and his friend looked in the window from which they had escaped. There, in the center of the room, surrounded by the mangled bodies of the village elders, was the gravestone of the Jale God's beloved servant.

The guardsman died the next day, his hands covered in putrid boils and his tongue rotted in his mouth. The groundskeeper escaped reprisal and became a drunkard and was the first teller of this tale, repeating its performance for a half-copper of rotgut ale.

D5: THE FIRESIDE VISITOR

Once, a young man and his son were on their way to the market square to sell their cart of vegetables. They did not reach the village before night fall and were forced to spend the night in the forest in a small clearing beside the path.

The man built a fire and after a dinner of roasted squash they curled up in their thin blankets beneath the cart and fell asleep.

In the middle of the night, the young man woke up with the urgent need to void. As he stood, he noticed a large, monkey-like creature with wings sitting by the dying coals of the fire, rubbing its hands and occasionally turning a potato in the ashes.

"Who are you?" the man demanded, his bowels now quivering in fear.

"I am no one worth remembering come morning," the creature replied. "I only want to roast this potato; it has been a long time since I ate a warm meal. Allow me this small favor and I will leave you alone."

"Oh creature," said the man, "do not harm me! Please, warm yourself by this fire and leave your potato to its business. But why eat only a potato? I can offer you more than a potato! See, here in this cart I have beets, yams, onions, carrots, cabbage, and more."

The creature looked contemptuously at the cart. "Where do you think I got this potato?" he asked.

The man's fear turned to anger at mention of this theft. He was about to give voice to his displeasure when the rumbling in his bowels became unavoidable. "Oh great creature," he said, "I am pleased that my meager harvest has found your favor. Please, help yourself of what you may. I must attend myself over there in those bushes. Will you still be here when I return?"

The creature smiled, nodded its consent and pointed past the bushes. "You will find a small, clear-running stream a little way beyond the bushes; be sure to wash your hands before you come back."

The man went and attended to his toilet but in his haste did not visit the stream as the creature instructed. When he arrived back at the clearing he noticed the creature had put a few sticks on the coals and the fire was flaring higher. The creature looked at him and said, "You did not visit the stream! Go, wash your filthy hands so that we may share this potato!"

The man dutifully returned to the bushes and found the stream exactly where the creature had said. He dipped his hands in the moonlit water and rubbed them together once, twice, three times as custom dictated before standing and returning to the clearing. As he grew closer, he noticed the creature had thrown a few logs on the fire, and the flames now danced at a respectable height.

The creature reached into the fire and pulled out the potato. He motioned the man to sit near the fire, broke the potato in half, and handed part to the man. "Eat of the work of your hands," said the creature.

"And of the work of this fire," said the man, completing the ancient mealtime prayer.

The creature and the man ate in silence. When they were done, the creature stood and began to clap its hands and stomp its feet. The man watched, terrified. The creature began to chant "Iä! Jaash im raa! Iä! Jaash im raa! Iä! Jaash im raa!" in a rough, weird tune, dancing awkwardly around the flames.

At this sight, the man's blood ran cold, for long ago when he was a boy he had heard the chant of the Jale God seeping through the night. He stood and ran to where his son lay sleeping the beneath the cart, but found only an empty blanket.

"My son! My son! What have you done with my son!?!" the man wailed, dashing to the fire and brandishing a firebrand at the creature.

The creature immediately stopped its ministrations and shook its head. "I asked you where you thought I got that potato," he said. Then he flapped his wings and was gone.

D6: THE FARMER FROM KINBRECT

Once long ago, the Jale God was walking the earth while other gods engaged in settling grievances among themselves. To remain forgotten by the other gods and avoid their enmity, he travelled the lands as a ruddy laborer, relying on those he met for his daily sustenance. He traded a day in the field for a warm meal or sometimes a hunk of bread and a place to sleep. Many times he was beaten and robbed of his cloak or sandals, and these souls he remembered for later repayment. Yet never did the Jale God forget the farmer from Kinbrect.

Far on the outskirts of this great city lived a farmer and his wife, working the land for a meager subsistence with barely enough to pay field-fealty to the king. They had no children and worked the land themselves, occasionally hiring a passing traveler to help for part of the day in exchange for the evening meal.

The Jale God spent a day there, working in the fields digging up root vegetables and cabbages until an hour after dark. Then the wife called him and the husband into their small one-room hovel to eat the evening meal. The woman set a half loaf of rough bread, a few boiled shallots and burdock roots, and a bowl of beans seasoned with bear fat on the table. After saying the traditional mealtime prayers, they began to eat.

It was an excellent meal, but because there was not much food, the Jale God did not eat his fill. He wanted to keep up his appearance as a poor, considerate workman. Yet the husband and wife ate lightly, too, and when they were done eating, half

of the beans remained. This the woman put in an earthen pot, covered with a light cheesecloth, and secured with a bit of twine. The cheesecloth was of a loose, rough weave, and so the delicious smell of the beans filled the hut and continued to stir the Jale God's hunger.

As it was extremely dark and that part of the country had been plagued by bandits of late, the husband insisted that the hired hand spend the night. However, they only had one bed, so the Jale God slept on one side, the husband slept in the middle, and the wife slept on the other side.

In the middle of the night there came the noise of many horses galloping nearby and the shouts and cries of many drunken men. The man jumped up from the bed and exclaimed "It's those bandits! I know it! I must save this season's field offering or the king will take our fields and turn us out!" Then he grabbed his axe near the door and ran into the night barefoot.

As soon as the husband was gone, the wife rolled over and pressed her slim body against the worker's back. "Stranger," she whispered, licking his ear, "now's your chance!" Without a second thought, the Jale God rose and finished eating the beans.

D7: THE 2 MEN OF GORSHAM

A servant of the Jale God was working in his fields when two men from Gorsham came along the path by his land-hold and waived him over. The man stopped his hoeing and went to talk to the strangers.

"We understand that somewhere around here in this village is a witch-woman who can satisfy our needs," one of them said. They meant, of course, that they were looking for someone like those who reside in the pleasure districts of larger towns.

The farmer decided to play a little joke on the men and directed them to a small hut a little way down the road. "That's where I usually go when I'm looking to get that sort of satisfaction," the farmer said. "They might play tough at first and try to get more than you're willing to pay, but if you stick to it you'll get what you're looking for."

The two men started for the hut at a good pace, and after some distance, the farmer followed along in the underbrush beside the path. For it was to his own house he sent the men, and he wanted to see what would happen.

The farmer saw the two men go in the door and everything was quiet for a minute or so. Then the loudest screeching and hollering and carrying on erupted, with dishes being smashed, chairs flying out the windows and doors, and the cookpot smashing through the mud wall. The two men came flying out of the house as fast as their legs could carry them. Their clothes were ripped, their faces covered in scratches, and one of them had a black and bloody eye. The farmer's wife was following them, waving a broom in her left hand and a kitchen knife in the other; she threw the knife as hard as she could at the men's retreating backs, but threw wide and missed her target.

As soon as the men were out of sight, the farmer contained his laughter, put on a straight face, and ran up the path to his wife. "In the name of the Unspeakable One, what's wrong?"

Red faced and out of breath, she quickly regaled him with the tale of the two men who had tried to bargain with her for their satisfaction. When she was done, she looked at her husband and said, "And they spoke like men from Gorsham! Who knows what unspeakable acts they would have forced on me! And do you plan to stand there like the village idiot while your wife was almost ravished by those foreigners?" She looked at him in scorn.

The farmer then grabbed his axe and ran off through the woods, swearing up and down to his wife that he'd "make sure those fellows got what was coming to them." But as soon as he was down the path and out of sight, he went to a clearing he knew and sat there for a little bit, whittling and smoking a bit of pipeweed. He kept chuckling to himself about how scared the two men looked running down the road and how worked up his wife had been over a simple misunderstanding. After an hour, he got up and returned to his hut.

The wife was still grumbling and "I never"-ing, but the farmer said, "I chased those two for quite a while, but they outran me and got away." The wife was not happy and kept complaining about not being safe on their own parcel and how perhaps the farmer needed to inquire with the blacksmith about a new sword or with the bowyer for a bow and quiver, as the farmer had served in the King's Guard in his youth and had been a fair shot.

The farmer offered to go into the village and get a guardsman to fetch the dogs, but said he didn't think much would come of it. "By the time we return, those two would be dozens of leagues away, they were running so fast."

The farmer's wife was still unhappy, but finally admitted that perhaps the two men just got carried away when they saw such a pretty woman as herself out in the woods alone. She suggested that perhaps she was so "country pretty" that they just couldn't help themselves. She convinced herself of this so much that finally she said to the farmer, "They didn't really do anything," she said, "so maybe it is better not to stir the pot in case one of those boys is related to someone in the village."

The farmer harangued and argued and stomped his feet in protest, making a big show of it, but after awhile he said, "Well, whatever you think is best." And so they ate a cold dinner and went to bed and the farmer received satisfaction for his swift defense of his wife.

The man eventually bought a bow, at his wife's insistence. And whenever the woman told the story of her narrow escape to her kinfolk and friends, the man would sit chuckling to himself, for every man knows that the men of Gorsham are satisfied only with sheep.

D8: THE MAN WHO WOULD NOT REST

In those days, an astonishing event occurred in a small village far beyond the boundaries of Walthamthorp. A man, who no one knew was a secret worshiper of the Jale God, died. His body was interred into the earth with the normal rites of his clan, with much rejoicing and feasting on the part of his wife and kindred, as is the nature of such celebrations in certain parts of the realm.

The morning after his burial, his wife awoke to find the man laying in the bed next to her. He immediately rolled over on the terrified woman and had his satisfaction with her despite her struggles, after which he wordlessly rose and left the room. The wife leapt from the bed to follow him, but when she left the bed chambers she found the door still barred and he was nowhere in their small house.

The next morning, the dead man afflicted his wife in the same manner. That night, the woman struggled to keep herself awake, drinking bitteroot and wakeful herbs and stationing her sons outside the house to keep watch. And when the man arrived on the third morning, he was driven off by the clamor of his sons, who beat pots with spoons and shields with swords. Thus frightened away, he instead molested one of his daughter-in-laws, as his son was still comforting his mother because the entire family dwelt along the same path.

That night, the wife and her sons and their wives kept watch, and when the man appeared yet again, such a clamor was raised that the dead man wandered among the animals of the field and found his satisfaction there. His family watched as he befouled cows and sheep alike before mysteriously disappearing.

Having become a serious nuisance to his family, the wife went to the village priests and beseeched them to intervene. So the priests went to the family's houses and performed certain rites and burned incense and herbs. And then they went to the man's grave and burned rowan and ash and sassafras thereon and assured the family that the man would not return.

Yet on the the fourth morning, the man appeared again, and having found his way into the houses blocked, he wandered into the village and molested a young maiden milking a tavern cow before disappearing yet again.

Now as it happened this young maiden was distantly related to a witherwoman. The witherwoman lived by herself in the woods far away and she happened to be in town trading stoats for a goat. When the old woman heard that her relative had been molested by a dead man, she went to advise the man's family on how to rid themselves and the town of his presence.

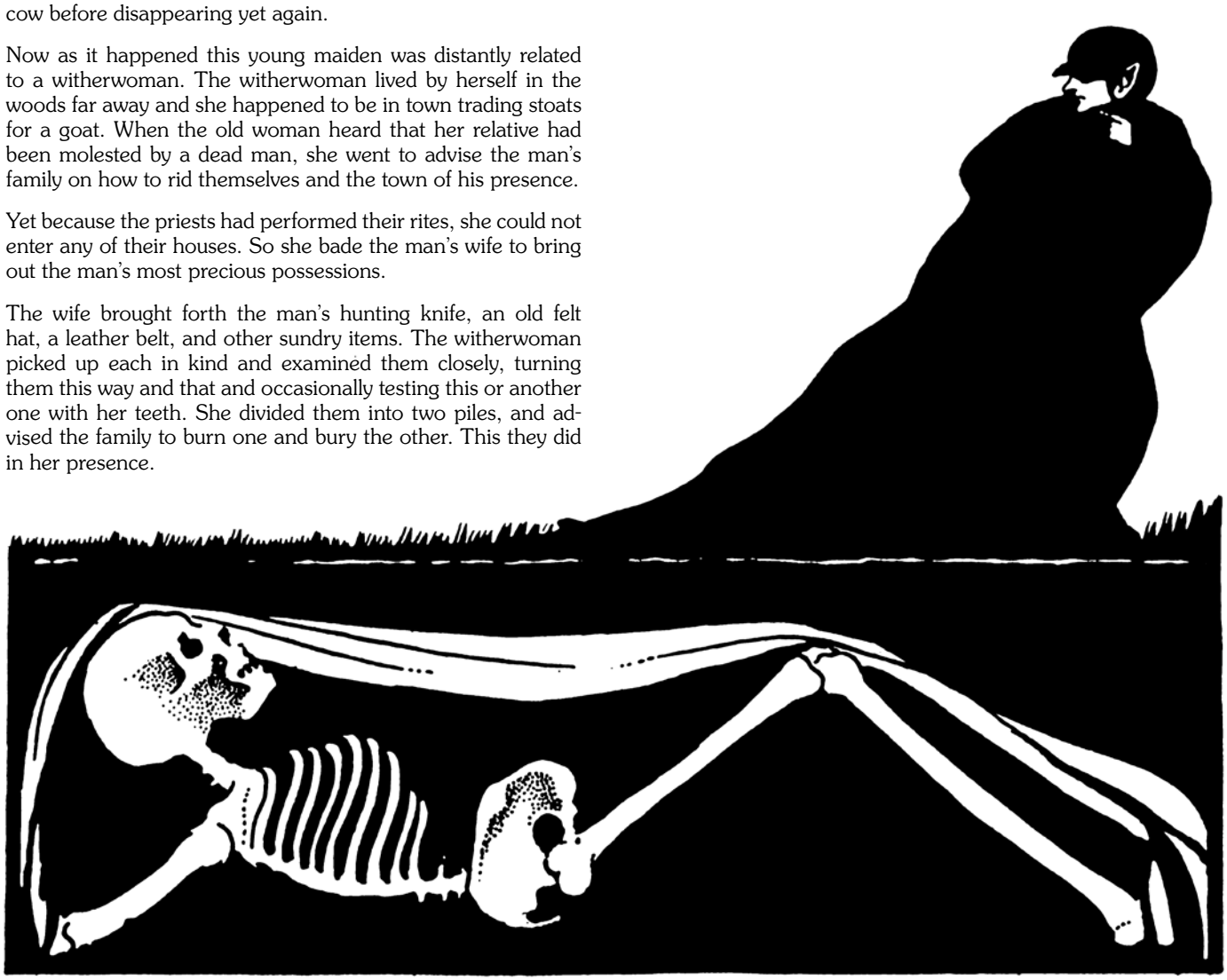
Yet because the priests had performed their rites, she could not enter any of their houses. So she bade the man's wife to bring out the man's most precious possessions.

The wife brought forth the man's hunting knife, an old felt hat, a leather belt, and other sundry items. The witherwoman picked up each in kind and examined them closely, turning them this way and that and occasionally testing this or another one with her teeth. She divided them into two piles, and advised the family to burn one and bury the other. This they did in her presence.

Then the witherwoman bade them to bring her to the man's grave. When they arrived, she bade them to dig and the family was horrified, for they feared what they might find there. But the witherwoman insisted and began to dig herself, sweeping away the rowan and ash and sassafras and using her hands to unearth the grave. And so the family was shamed into helping her and soon the man's body was revealed.

The corpse was a bloated and horrid thing and already putrescence had set in and foul odors issued forth. But the witherwoman paid these no mind and shoved her hands into his flesh. Around his neck was a small medallion; this she pulled forth with great excitement, for upon its face was an image of the Jale God; the wife had thought it was only a pretty trifle to bury him with. Then the witherwoman reached into the man's flesh again and pulled out the man's heart. She pressed the medallion into the heart and ate them bite by bite without chewing like an over-ripened peach. Then she bade the family cover the corpse and went back to her home.

The dead man never returned. Many months later, each of the women gave birth to sons born with a caul, a cow brought forth a calf with a man's face and six legs, and a sheep gave birth to a stillborn devilish ophanim that shepherds burned in the field with great fear.



Aubrey Beardsley

APPENDIX D

Petty Foods of the Petty Gods

Matthew W. Schmeer • *Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.*

$6.00 Buffet

Ken Lizzi

Ambrosia is for closers. Petty gods consume somewhat less rarified repasts—for example: ki-rin testicles (a.k.a. Olympian Mountain oysters); cockatrice liver paté; the tears of D-list celebrities. The more health-conscious nibble at salads, the constituent vegetables of which are fertilized by dragon dung.

Take-out service, with a thirty-minute-or-less delivery guarantee, provides the daring and enterprising with a lucrative, and highly dangerous, occupational opportunity.

Should a lowly mortal eat of the consecrated food of the petty gods the consequences are uncertain—probably dire, but uncertain. Thank Vegas (the petty god of random charts) that we can handle uncertainty.

$6.00 Buffet Effects (Roll d%)

1-50	Immediate death (see ***Subtable A***)
51-55	Begins aging at a rate of one year per day
56-60	Feet become roots, planting the character in place; amputation required to escape; transformation creeps upward at about one inch per hour
61-65	Convulsive vomiting. Take 1d4 damage. 10% chance the vomitus transmutes into a potion, chosen at random of course.
66-70	Internal bleeding. Take 1d4 damage every hour unless receiving a healing spell or ingesting a healing potion.
71-75	Blindness
76-80	Lose sense of taste and smell
81-85	Madness (see ***Subtable B***)
86-90	Grow a foot in height and gain twenty-five pounds; exude a faint radiance
91-95	One attribute (chosen at random, of course) raised by one point
95-100	Raise one level

Subtable A (Roll 1d10)

1	Explode
2	Spontaneously combust
3	Turn to stone
4	Turn to ash
5	Turn inside out
6	Limbs fall off, followed by head
7	Transmute into the food eaten
8	Bones dissolve
9	*Really* explode, causing 1-8 points of damage to anyone within a 10' radius
10	Turn to gold

Subtable B (Roll 1d6)

1	Character convinced he has become the petty god whose food he has eaten
2	Homicidal, violent rage
3	Utter bliss, but unresponsive; will not speak, eat, or move
4	Obsessed with obtaining more of the food
5	Convinced he has died and is in the afterlife
6	Refuses to speak; communicates only in mime and charades

Apples of Gammorrah

Matthew W. Schmeer

These lustrous apples grow on a gigantic tree in a desolated area of one of the godly planes. Watered by tears of those who have lost lovers in battle, these richly fat apples are highly prized by the gods and reserved for their enjoyment. Anyone other than a god or godling who picks an apple from these trees will have it to turn to smoke and ash in their hand, doing 3d6 fire damage (no saving throw).

Arsl Bread

Charles Turnitsa

Arsl bread is made from the powdered remains of sundried Arsl snails, mixed in with some acorn powder and a few more mundane ingredients. It is a type of loaf made by surface dwarves when they are going underground. Eating a serving of the bread renders the recipient immune to the effects of green slime for 12 hours. Unfortunately, the Arsl snail is also often a common ingredient in *silence* potions, and the side effect of the bread is that the recipient cannot talk for the same 12 hour period.

Bære of Hammurabi

Scott Sutherland

This bære, or barley, is only found in barley fields that have been the sites of major battles. When mighty armies clash, and many die in fields of newly-sprouting barley, much of the essence of the conflict is absorbed by the growing, sprouting plants. If the plants survive and their seeds (soaked in blood and often warped by battle magic) are planted, patches of *bære of Hammurabi* may grow amongst the crop. Not noticeable by mere mortals, the bære is often mixed with the rest of the crop to no effect. However, if the bære is separated by someone who has a connection with the powers of battle or drink, it can be brewed into a potent beer that grants the imbiber beserk strength, battle prowess, and invincibility (or at least a perception of such). Only the most powerful mortals or divine beings can survive the resulting hangover; lesser drinkers die in head-pounding and stomach-bursting agony. Anyone using *bære of Hammurabi* (that has been separated from the crop) for anything other than an alcoholic beverage will be subject to divine *curses* and persecution.

Black Death Pudding

Matthew W. Schmeer

This semi-sentient ooze is the ungodly offspring of a black pudding and Ckratcethys, the long-forgotten Petty God of Fleas. Kept alive for aeons by divine intervention, it resembles a glitteringly-black giant amoeba. *Black death pudding* is eaten raw; the gods hack off a pseudopod and munch on the run. Rumor has it that *black death pudding* can stave off infection and disease, but the opposite is actually true. Any mortal who eats just one bite will immediately be infested with fleas and suffer –2 to all melee attacks (until the infestation is removed by *cure disease*). There is an additional 25% chance that the infected will come down with a random form of dungeon funk.

Bletted Mespilus

Matthew W. Schmeer

The overly ripened fruit of a species of medlar tree found only on the godling planes, *bletted mespilus* are allowed to rot on the branch until they are swarming with rot grub, burrow worm, or other larvae, then eaten raw. They are a favorite of minor chaotic godlings and they like to munch on them in the presence of mortals to chortle at their disgust.

Should a mortal eat a *bletted mespilus* in its edible form, they will gain a permanent +2 to Wisdom but suffer 2d8 intestinal damage. They must also save vs. poison or be infected by whatever infectious larvae inhabited the fruit and suffer the appropriate damage until cured.

Blood Plums of Al-Katur

Matthew W. Schmeer

Almost lost to mortal memory, the hidden island of Al-Katur is home to many strange and wondrous beasts and brambles created by the gods for their culinary pleasure, including the blood plums of the YimYam tree. The plums are planted on either side of the main sacrifical altar and are fed by the blood of animal and human sacrifice. The plums take on the shape of those whose blood upon which they feed, so the YimYam trees are adorned with plums of all shapes and sizes: pigeons, goats, rams, calves, children, and virgin maids are all represented in miniature size. The flesh of the blood plums are, of course, blood red, and the juice stains all it comes in contact with for 1d6 days. Many a mortal who has eaten of the fruit of the YimYam tree has been mistaken for a vampire by the local inhabitants. Those who eat blood plums have a 30% chance of being chased by angry crowds and staked through the heart. Otherwise, eating of the plums imparts a +2 bonus to melee attacks and a –3 penalty to morale scores.

Braised Trake

Matthew W. Schmeer

Woe be to the mortal who partakes of the unbraised trake! These cat-sized, snail-like, multi-tentacled cephalopods from the garden of the petty earth goddesses are poison to the touch when living (which is the only way an earth goddess will serve them; save vs. poison or die). Anyone touching a live trake or its uncooked carcass must save vs. paralysis or be paralyzed for 1d6 weeks; no spell can remove this effect. Anyone eating raw trake must save vs. posion or be reduced to 1 hit point.

Trake can safely be eaten by mortals only when braised in shell with one of the multitudes of *nectars of the gods*; the trake is thereby reduced to a gelatinous state and can be easily slurped from its shell. When eaten in this manner, trake will immediately raise the hit points to the PC's level maximum, heal any damage, *cure disease*, and permanently impart a +2 to Strength and –2 to Dexterity.

Buttered Ermal

Matthew W. Schmeer

These small waterfowl, inhabitants of the meniscus of the Plane of Water, are a delectable delicacy. Ermal are similar in size to game hens and when cooked, taste similar to roasted pig anus except when cooked in a white butter reduction. Cooked in this manner, ermal extends a nutty, lemony infusion of flavor.

When eaten in its properly prepared manner, buttered ermal delivers a +3 protection against spell attacks for 1d6 days. However, if the ermal is not properly prepared, the eater must save vs. poison or suffer 2d8 damage due to divine intestinal scarring. Successful saves result in 1d4 damage.

Hunted almost to extinction by the petty gods of nasty jokes, buttered ermal is best paired with a strong, fruity cider.

Cardoons of Sorrow and Joy

Troy J. Truchon

Gods (even the petty ones) possess emotions unknown to mortal man, feelings simply incomprehensible to our primitive little minds. The *cardoons of sorrow and joy* are harvested on the higher planes of the gods because consuming the prepared leaf stalks (a bit like celery) enhances a certain pleasant emotion mankind simply was not built to feel.

The rare times that the semi-divine field laborers of the gods have given mankind access to the cardoon seed (usually as part of a protected dispute over labor contracts between the petty goddess of the downtrodden, and the petty godling of deferred automation), it has led to doom and insanity, as mortals consuming such foodstuffs find themselves driven mad for 2d12 weeks with symptoms strongly resembling bipolar disorder as found in modern films.

Whenever anything likely to upset an affected individual occurs (and this may be as major as seeing Orcus, or as minor as hearing a door close), they must roll a six-sided die. On an even result they burst into mad exuberance and energy, and on an odd result they fall into a disturbed and deep depression.

Crystal Oranges of Al-Mahraba

Sándor Gebei

These crystallized oranges grow in the sacred garden of Al-Mahraba, guarded by seven soldiers of simian body and reptilian head—divine servitors of [deity associated with lies or equivocation at DM's discretion]. The crystal fruits become edible once immersed in either the tears of a child or water from a subterranean sea. The consumer is granted the ability of always detecting lies, in exchange for not being able to ever tell the truth.

Dawn's Wine

Atailton Miranda

In the first multiverse's dawn, the ancient lost gods drank a mysterious wine from a strange bottle at a divine party. Today, the dark bottle is lost... and many creatures (mortals and petty gods alike) seek to drink the dregs of the last wine that still rest in the bottle. It is powerful and burning—a divine spark in liquid form!

DAWN'S WINE EFFECTS:

Permanent +4 each to Strength, Constitution and Wisdom

Permanent +5 in Armor class

Gains a spell-like ability usable 3×/day.
(Specific ability at DM's discretion. E.g, a good character might receive the ability to *heal*, while an evil character might gain the ability to *summon undead*.)

Mortal gains petty god status! (Additional powers are at the DM's discretion.)

Petty gods become true gods!

Many planar wars find their beginnings as quests for this precious and unique item.

Devil's Pinga

Atailton Miranda

Devil's pinga is a strong drink made from sugar cane grown in Hell. Mortals who take but a sip must save vs. poison at –2 or die; survivors suffer 1d6 damage and are drunk for 1d20 hours (actual effects at DM's discretion).

Faerie Spice

Atailton Miranda

The blue spice from the Faerie Realms changes the taste of foods; for example, a meat seasoned with *faerie spice* tastes like chicken, fish like mud, etc. Flavors vary at DM's discretion.

Fruit of the Forsaken Tree of Lore

Greg Gorgonmilk

This stunted tree is found growing in some wet and lonely borderland. Its branches are sickly white and mottled with a blooming yellow fungus. The tree gives off an indescribable reek that is especially pungent on the skins of its black, bladder-shaped fruits. Only 2d6 of these fruits will ever be found hanging from the tree's lower branches. They are quite heavy and take a pair of human-sized hands to hold properly. The fruit's surface is greasy, often crawling with small insects. A dull knife will reveal its sweet and oily meat—the juice of which contains a powerful intoxicant.

Legend claims that the tree feeds on the rotting form of an old goddess who died of despair. This goddess acquired knowledge of a particularly potent and poisonous nature—contaminated lore that was ultimately her undoing. As her body decays, the tree takes sustenance from her dark knowledge, of which its fruit are a kind of repository.

Any mortal character who consumes the flesh of the *fruit of the Tree of Forsaken Lore* has a 50% chance of becoming permanently chaotic. He/she must save vs. spell to avoid total psychic deformity*. Success indicates that the character is particularly resilient to the fruit's edifying juices. Failure indicates that the character will revert to an atavistic form (roll 1d6):

1-2 medium-sized sickly primitive animal
3-4 ambulatory fungus
5-6 stationary fungus

Affected characters gain 1d6 Intelligence and lose 1d6 Charisma.

** The body and mind of the character become deformed and degenerative as a side effect of a primal and massive expansion in intellect.*

Funistrada

Matthew W. Schmeer

A wheaty noodle-like vegetable resembling zucchini that tastes of despair with a hint of licorice, *funistrada* is only grown in demon lords' gardens. Most garden gnomes rank *funistrada* better tasting than eggplant and lima beans.

While *funistrada* is often on the menu in the depths of the Nine Hells, it is rare for it to appear on the Material Plane. It is often fed to cursed souls to seal a devil's bargain, a foretaste of the eternal tortures they will enjoy in Orcus' banquet hall should a mortal renege on a deal.

Eating two or three bites of *funistrada* throws a mortal into agonizing despair (no saving throw). They suffer a –2 penalty to all actions for 1d8 rounds.

Eating an entire *funistrada* results in immediate and agonizing pain and semi-paralysis (a PC can walk and breathe, but that's about it) due to the near-destruction of the PC's digestive tract. These effects can only be cured by a *regenerate* spell.

God's Teeth

Scott Sutherland

This white rock, normally the size of a fist, is found only in the deepest parts of the underworld. Possibly due to connections with the lands of the dead, *god's teeth* can be used to make a terrible potion. A brave or foolhardy alchemist willing to work with the stone would have to be found, as the process is dangerous and time consuming. Any accidental ingestion of a *god's tooth*, which is required to be powdered in the process, will result in mutations, madness or even death. Once prepared and drunk, the imbiber becomes wraith-like, gaining the defenses and attacks of a wraith. When the potion begins to wear off a successful save vs. death is required or the imbiber becomes a wraith permanently. Beings of divine power are not affected by consuming a *god's tooth* but they often find them tasty!

Golden Bread

Atailton Miranda

Vembar (a petty god of breads) make this bread for other gods. Made of wheat from the Upper Planes, it is nutritive and delicious: mortals gain +4 to all saving throws related to fatigue, disease, and poison for 24 hours.

Golden Turnips of Kal'bre'ah

Matthew W. Schmeer

When the mighty warrior Kal'bre'ah ascended to petty godhood, he was given permission by the higher gods to leave behind a celebratory foodstuff so his people could toast his memory. Thus, he created the *golden turnips*. Kal'bre'ah was not a cook nor a gardner, and had no idea what he was doing when he created the *golden turnips*—cantaloupe-sized turnips with skin of pure gold that grow on what resembles a blackberry bush. He created only one of these bushes before he was destroyed by a major god for his terrible taste, and the bush's whereabouts are known only to the gods, who only eat of its fruit as a punishment meted out by higher gods.

Should mortals come into possession of a *golden turnip*, they will find the golden skin alone is worth 50,000 gp to culinary collectors. The flesh of the fruit is a stringy, sticky, astringent mass which tastes strongly of boiled fish, cinnamon, black pepper, and earwax. Mortals must make a save vs. posion or suffer 6d6 internal damage plus a permanent –1 to Wisdom.

Grog of Yggdrasil

Troy J. Truchon

When the world was young and simple so too was the world tree, but with the coming of mortals came chaos. The canopy of the once revered tree is now a contorted discordant tangle of dissimilar branches resembling every tree, shrub, and vine in creation. Some branches produce grapes, still others dates, and even others apples—it is said that some branches even produce clusters of ogres. Still, the gods enjoy their drunkenness and nothing but the fermented fruit of Yggdrasil can get them there.

When in the hands of mortals, a single draught of the grog can return all hit points, or even raise the recently dead (those dead less than 24 hours), but will curse them with perpetual drunkenness. From their first sip until death, the imbiber will suffer –2 to Dexterity and Wisdom, and a –1 to Constitution, but a +1 to Strength.

Heaven Spice

Atailton Miranda

Also known as *angel's gift,* this silver spice tastes wonderful. It removes diseases and poisons in any food... and the taste is divine!

Heaven's Honey

Atailton Miranda

The bright, golden honey from the upper planes is delicious and beneficial. It cures 1d8 hp and gives a +4 bonus to all saving throws for 1d4 hours. *Heaven's honey* is appreciated by many petty gods of good.

Hell Spice

Atailton Miranda

This deep red spice (also known as *devil's finger*) is very strong. The spice causes 1d4 points of internal fire damage; mortals and petty gods must save vs. spell at –2 or fall in love for 1d6 hours with the first person of the opposite sex they see.

Hell's Honey

Atailton Miranda

This dark honey made by demonbees from Hell is quite foul. Mortals ingesting it must save vs. poison at –2 or suffer damage (3d6 points) and disease (DM's choice). The demonbee hives are found in many bones, corpses, and ruins of Hell.

Ildrazil's fruits

Atailton Miranda

Ildrazil (also known as Primal Tree) is a unique gargantuan tree from a strange plane. The fruits (delicious blue apples) are consumed by many gods.

In mortals, the fruit's effects are dangerous (save vs. poison at –4 or die), but the rare survivors gain a gift... +2 Wisdom.

Impada

Atailton Miranda

Impada is a bitter pie made of crushed imps. Popular among the foulest gods, it is dangerous for mortals (save vs. poison at –4 or die). Survivors suffer 3d6 points damage and must save vs. spell or become chaotic.

Keewee Juice

Darcy Perry

Often called the "nectar of the petty gods", *Keewee juice* is a green, sweet-tasting liquid. Scholars hotly debate whether it is made from the liquefied pulp of hairy fruit, the blood of a small brown flightless bird, or the urine of the Keewees (a mythical people that serve the petty gods). Most agree on its benefits, however. Drinking even a small amount certainly improves health and protects against disease and infection. Folklore suggests regularly imbibing the juice may also improve eyesight and delay the effects of aging. Unfortunately its rarity has prevented further sagely studies.

Kraken's Brain

Atailton Miranda

Favored by the petty gods from the sea's deep, *kraken's brain* is a mighty food, granting the ability to move at double the normal movement rate in water (e.g., swimming), as well as another rare gift—a permanent ability to detect coming storms.

Lágrima

Atailton Miranda

A drink made from a hundred maiden's tears, the bitter taste of *lágrima* is favored by evil petty gods. Mortals must save vs. spell at –2 or suffer sadness (–2 penalty on all attacks and saves for 1d20 hours).

Milk of Barghobulya the Thrice-Horned

Sándor Gebei

On plateaus most unreachable, Barghobulya the Thrice-Horned is known to pasture among other bovids of divine origin. *Barghobulya's milk* is said to cure all diseases; when mixed with powdered unicorn horn it becomes pestilential, infecting imbibers with a virulent disease that twists their bodies and minds in equal measure. Fanatical followers of the Jale God often wonder what properties the mixture of *Barghobulya's milk* and the powdered horn of an Atacorn might have.

Odin's Mead

Matthew W. Schmeer
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

Spouting from the teats of Odin's goat, Heidrun, mead is gathered in raw form by dwarven milkmaids who have their eyes put out by Tyf's sword. The raw mead is then mixed with honey, the blood of petty gods who have displeased Odin, and snot from Odin's left nostril, and left to ferment in great cauldrons in the labyrinthine tunnels beneath Asgard (Odin's spittle acts as yeast).

Odin's mead imparts the gift of poetry and wisdom on those mortals lucky enough to save vs. spell while drinking a draught, as they gain a permanent +3 to Wisdom. Bards who drink also gain a +3 to Charisma.

Oil of Obatala

Scott Sutherland

This oil is similar in appearance and taste to virgin olive oil, but even better for your cholesterol levels... assuming you are a petty god! Of unknown and ancient origin, this oil is found in the oldest of ruins and catacombs, ancient temples and crypts. Usually stored in elaborate brass or stone urns, *oil of Obatala* is easily identified as its container is warm to the touch. The oil can be used to cook the head of a creature, or as a condiment in the consumption of one. A divine being that does so gains irrevocable possession of the consumed creature's soul which can be used as the divine being desires (consuming it for power or using it for reincarnation). However, a mortal creature takes 5d12 damage as the oil burns him from within. If he survives he rolls a 1d10 and consults the table below:

1-2	No further effect
3-4	Gains the consumed creatures alignment
5-6	Gains 100 XP per level/HD of the consumed creature
7-8	Gains one special ability or spell of the consumed creature at the DM's discretion
9-10	Becomes that creature in all respects, with his own soul forever lost

Olives of Roryae

✎ Matthew W. Schmeer

The twelve Roryae are sturdy olive trees regrown from a green branch which shot forth from a charred stump burned during a battle of the gods. These trees can only be found in the garden of the gods. Anyone besides a god or godling who eats the pale-black fruits of a Roryae tree will incur the wrath of the gods themselves in the form of a non-revokable *curse* which deals a –3 morale penalty and a –3 on attack and damage rolls.

The curse can only be removed by completing a quest at the behest of a petty god.

Oyster Cider

✎ Matthew W. Schmeer

Made from the pressed flesh of Aphrodite's favorite mode of transport, this milky pale cider is a favored love potion of the petty gods; they often slip it into each other's drinks and watch the hilarity ensue. If imbibed by a mortal, the drinker falls madly, passionately in love with a random petty god and will do anything for them in order to consummate the relationship if they fail a save vs. spell. The effects of *oyster cider* wear off immediately upon sexual congress with a petty god, at which point the PC will be filled with so much self-loathing that they will suffer a permanant –2 to Intelligence and suffer –2 to all melee attacks for 1d4 weeks.

Persimmons of Truth

✎ Matthew W. Schmeer

These hard-fleshed, orange, fish-shaped fruits grow exclusively on the only known Amber Tree on the shores of the Crystal Sea. The gods enjoy them when breaking fasts. If eaten by a mortal, they impart a permanent +3 to Wisdom but have the added side effect of making the ingester speak the objective truth no matter the consequences. This effect can be countered by drinking the raw milk of Odin's goat.

Potted Cheese

✎ Matthew W. Schmeer

This rank, crumbly, hard white cheese is streaked with veins of red slime mold. Made from soured goat milk and potted in golden urns by the Order of Amelkin, this favorite cheese of the petty gods is aged for twenty years in the cellars beneath small shrines dedicated to Curdle, the petty goddess of blind milk maids, and offered as sacrificial foods during the Dark Moon Festival.

The cheese is highly toxic to humans; anyone eating of potted cheese must save vs. paralysis or be turned to stone.

If potted cheese is found and opened before it has fully aged (40% chance), it will appear as a runny, mottled mass. If the liquid in such an urn of potted cheese touches skin, it will burn the flesh for 6d6 acid damage. Only blind milk maids trained in the ways of the Order can avoid such injury.

Mortals are advised to avoid potted cheese at all costs.

Pustule Pudding

✎ Matthew W. Schmeer
Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

Cooked in unwashed cauldrons by the witches of Westwick at the behest of several petty gods, pustule pudding is highly regarded for its restorative properties. No one knows the exact recipe, but the witches have been seen milking the burns of warriors who come to them for healing, so it is assumed that is where this gray, oatmeal-like substance gets its kick. While pustule pudding can restore lost health to maximum capacity with a single bowl, it is more highly regarded for its, shall we say, cleansing properties. Anyone eating a single serving must save vs. poison or immediately spend 1d4 rounds noisily voiding their bowels. Anyone foolish enough to eat another serving must spend 1d4 rounds loudly regurgitating (no save).

Sagrada's Waters

✎ Atailton Miranda

Sagrada is a beautifull waterfall of the Upper Planes. The cold, holy waters from Sagrada are beneficial for mortals (a drink cures 1d4 hp per bottle), and perilous for servants of evil (undead, demons and devils suffer 5d6 points of damage just for touching the waters). Petty gods and angels enjoy imbibing the fresh waters while watching the falls.

Scrambled Totlyanian Eggs

✎ Sándor Gebei

The sainted flock of Totlyanian birds roam the world from season to season, and it is during the spring when they lay their golden eggs in places where they will be most safe from the followers of deities associated with beggars and poverty, known to scramble these precious eggs. Even a single bite of such a meal results in heavy hallucinations resembling the sickest and wettest dreams imaginable. Besides being highly addictive, regular consumption of these eggs causes the weak-willed to slowly abandon morality and swear allegiance to one of any number of deities associated with serial killing (or a similar amoral action or actions).

Synn Fruit

✎ Atailton Miranda

Synn is a unique, dark dread tree found often found in a hell lord's garden. *Synn fruit*—which look like beautiful black apples—are the sweetest thing in the dark realm. Mortals, angels, and petty gods who eat of the fruit of Synn must save vs. spell at –4 or become evil and depraved, and permanently charmed by the devil lord owning the garden. *Synn fruits* are very rare—only 1d4 appear per decade.

The Flavor Out of Space

✎ Troy J. Truchon

While the greater, lesser, and low gods may have their ambrosia, petty gods live on a diet somewhat more humble (and a hell of a lot more cost effective)—namely, the *flavor out of space*. Produced cheaply by the gnome goddess and her minions deep beneath the earth, and sold to the petty gods in bulk, the *flavor out of space* is simply too good to be true, and it is.

This strange canned meatstuff made from a sort of cosmic swine (originating in a dimension you would much rather not know about) lasts far longer than it keeps, and tastes horrible to most mortals who consume it. Though a mere bite will feed a man for a month, he'll need a good save vs. poison to keep it down. The petty gods suffer no such problem, as they can very easily make their food taste like whatever they'd prefer it to be. Spent cans are sometimes left with priests as holy relics, and whole cans are sometimes delivered with much fanfare by petty gods who don't want their zealots to worry about supply lines while they are extirpating a competing faith.

Tralanaira's Burning Milk

✎ Atailton Miranda

The milk from Tralanaira, (the Lost Cow of the Gods) is dangerous to a mortal's body. Imbibers must save vs. poison at –4 or take 10d6 points of fire damage. Survivors gain a permanent +2 bonus to their Strength and Constitution scores. This is a very rare item found in jeweled bottles lost in ancient planes.

Undek's Food

✎ Atailton Miranda

Undek (hungry for the taste of divine spark) feeds on the life force of the priests of rival gods. He also likes the sweet energy from the young maidens. Should a mortal eat a soul in an edible form (a bright rose—a rare gift from Undek for the faithful), he gains +1 level for 1d10 days. Souls from special persons (maidens, priests, paladins) should give more benefits (at DM's discretion) .

Walnuts of the Agrapax Tree

✎ Sándor Gebei

During the magical autumn in the land of fairies, the Agrapax tree bears exactly thirteen walnuts, each the size of a grapefruit. The seed of such fruits carries the blessing of [deity associated with wisdom or fairies], and its consumer gains knowledge about the locales or items he seeks the most. Cracking the walnut's shell, however, releases nightmarish sounds that terrify mortals and urge them to crack each other's skulls instead.

War Wine

✎ Atailton Miranda

Made of grapes from the war god's vineyards, this red wine causes berserker rage in mortals (save vs. poison at –2 or rage for 3d10 rounds—effects and bonuses at DM's discretion). The gods occasionally give a bottle of *war wine* to the faithful—a valuable gift indeed!

Xanathur's Waters

✎ Atailton Miranda

Xanathur is a small dark underground lake in the world's deepest cave. Birthplace of a lost god, *Xanathur's waters* are powerful and chaotic for mortals and petty gods.

Xanathur Drink Effects (roll 1d8)

1	Cures 1d20 hp
2	Causes 1d20 points of damage
3	Permanent +1 gain in random attribute
4	Permanent –2 loss in a random attribute
5	*Polymorph* into small creature (e.g., frog, cat, dog or another little animal at DM's discretion)
6	*Polymorph* into monster (e.g., manticore, centaur, minotaur, or another monster at DM's discretion)
7	Grants a permanent spell-like ability usable 1×/day (e.g., *fireball*, *cure wounds*, *fly*, *summon monster*, or another spell at DM's discretion)
8	Permanent whispers from lost god in the brain... (permanent madness; effects at DM's discretion—a great hook for adventures!)

Zincatulkiavor's Pieces

✎ Atailton Miranda
✎ *Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.*

Zincatulkiavor (a fungal petty god, also known as The Father of Fungus), killed by a rival power, rests in many dried pieces, lost and scattered among the planes. Eating one of these pieces is deadly (save vs. poison at –4 or die). Survivors, however, gain a strange madness, and will suffer fungal-related nightmares and waking delusions (e.g., fungus growing from their bodies, transformation into a fungoid, etc.; the specific effects, instance, and/or cures are at the discretion of the DM). Petty gods are immune to both the poison and the madness.

APPENDIX E
Petty Classifieds

✐ **Matthew W. Schmeer**

MINIONS WANTED!

God of Abject Poverty needs lackeys for entry-level field positions managing ruination portfolios. Must like body vermin and travel by foot. Apply at the Sign of the Crooked Foot in Lochnamsh next full moon. Serious inquiries only. No elves.

PUNY MAN! Bow before the Goddess of Wondrous Strength and be the master of your muscle! You are called to a special meeting of the Muscle Cult at the next nexus of the twin moons of Joon at Temple Square in Portown. Only the first ten applicants who fail the feats of strength will be admitted. No dwarves; farmboys need not apply unless partially crippled.

LOST: Small, ruby, triple-headed goat statue inscribed with the name "EMKILM" on base. Last seen behind the bar at the Sign of the Wrinkled Tit. If found, please return to Faroo the Magnanimous in Harnthorp for special reward. Note: DO NOT attempt to milk the statue!

RUM MAIT WANTTED! Slorg need rum mait. Nice layer. Tastful decorated with skuls. Must not be orc. Cum to bridge. Look under. Aks for Slorg. Show add or I will eet you.

FOR RENT: Small hovel on outskirts of town. Tends to wander if left unattended. Special discounts for old crones and/or witches. Inquire at Yaga Babba's Bakery Shoppe.

SOULS FOR SALE!
CLEARANCE PRICED!

Demon lord has been demoted and must clear all inventory! Thousands of contracts reduced below cost! My loss is your gain! Come on down to Lecherous Larry the Lemure Demon's Soul Emporium NOW! No lawyers or wholesalers will be admitted.

WANTED: Small, jewel encrusted bronze statue of a demon laughing in its sleep. Will pay 1,000gp for same. I'll know it when I see it. Bring it to Yalek Aieleek, Master of Sleep, at Zabit's Magic Shop in Darkwood Shire.

You: Handsome halfling rogue with velvet touch. Me: The drunk bar maid at the Wrinkled Tit with dishwater hair and a small mole under her left eye. Lost: My trust, my heart, my crystal pendant. If I see you again, you turd on an owlbear's ball sack, this wench will wrench your furry little toes clean off.

Skeleton keys for sale. Must provide own skeleton. W.S. Largish & Sons, Locksmiths.

ADVENTURERS WANTED!

Cowardly villagers seek foolhardy and short-sighted rogues to sacrifice life and limb for paltry reward and bragging rights in an attempt to kill black dragon disrupting local sheep-based economy. Interested parties must provide own weapons and mounts. Interested applicants please inquiry with Old Man Slathery at Goatshire's blacksmith shop.

Sisyphut's Miscellaneous Labor Services. No task unreasonable or too dangerous. Trained and untrained laborers ready to work at reasonable rates. Special orders our specialty. Just whistle and we'll work!

Walter Withcroft, Ph.D, M.U.F.C, R.O.T.C., Br.OF (ret.), will repair and recharge your magic items for minimal cost. No guarantee of normal function after upgrades or recharges. Also have small number of special items for sale, including lover's knots, bracelets of clasping, wands of mendacity, pendants of stag's endurance, and rings of hope. Hours: one hour after sun-up till mid-day, every day, unless sign on door says otherwise. Stall located behind Yaga Babba Bakery, next to cobbler shop. Discrete transactions available at extra cost.

DELIVERY MAN NEEDED.

The Brothers of the Order of the Fist in Northern Kirlangen, brewers of the realms-famous Miasmimosa bittersweet brew, have immediate need for a delivery driver. Must be able to lift a half-cask unaided and be amenable to being the subject of multiple spell protections. Apply in person to Brother Bendover, Prior of Kirlangen Abbey.

100GP REWARD! Clear crystal pendant in shape of stag's head. If found, return to Bethda Tillminder at the Sign of the Wrinkled Tit.

DUNGEONEERS! Have your latest forays beneath the earth left you feeling you've lost your mirth? Has crawling through the underdark taken away your divine spark? Perhaps a case of raging doom has left you confined to your room, or maybe your gut is in a fit because of a case of the lucky shits? Whether it's tenebrites, ghosts of fleas, fly mites, undead lice, or just scraped knees, HARPOOL'S APOTHECARY HAS THE CURE! Our trained apothecaries are supervised by a fully royal-licensed alchemist of the sixth degree. No ailment too small or to large. Conveniently located in Market Square next to Yaga Babba's Bakery.

THARWICK'S FEED & LIVESTOCK
MULE TRAIN SPECIAL!
Why buy when you can rent? We have mules available for as low as 5gp per day. Rent five mules, get a sixth for free! Carts and mule drivers available at extra cost. Come on down to Tharwick's: it's your move, so trust us to haul it right.

DISWASSERTHOP LAUGHS!

YANKEE. HOTEL. FOXTROT. SEVENTY-SIX. THIRTY-THREE. TWENTY-FOUR. SHOOP.

Dwarves needed for dangerous mission to retrieve lost birthright. Must be stout of heart, sober of mind, and fast with fists. Ability to speak Northlander helpful, but not required. Come to the Shady Dragon Tavern and ask for Walker.

OFFICIAL NOTICE: Be it herewith known that Raffles Kuntfingers of the Shire of Darkwood has been found guilty of theft from the royal treasury and is to be executed at dawn on the second day after this notice is circulated. He is to be drawn and quartered in the public square. The convicted's personal belongings were sold at auction under sealed bid to the highest bidder, as per royal custom. All citizens of title of the kingdom are invited to attend the execution. Refreshments will be follow the spectacle courtesy of the Baron Walthamthorp.

Alchemist in need of rare and hard-to-find ingredients seeks to hire intrepid explorers to secure such. Inquire at front gate of Stonefist Keep. Show ad for admittance.

GUNTHER'S TAXIDERMY, located in Walthamthorp, will stuff and mount your trophy in true-to-life fashion. Gunther Fishkiller has 30 years experience in helping customers relive the hunt through tasteful taxidermy. In his years in service to Baron Walthamthorp, Gunther learned to hunt the big ones and mount them! Drop by our showroom to see our handiwork and discuss how we can help you furnish your home, guild, or keep and help you keep your memories alive. Gunther Taxidermy: Preserve The Adventure!

Curses removed.
Reasonable prices.
Come to stall 7 on market days. Ask for Renata.

Escorts provided for single knights in need of companionship to court-required social engagements. Our girls are fully trained in small talk, friendly gestures, and royal social graces. Special services available for paladins. Jaleen's Social Circle is here to serve. Two blocks off Market Square on Guilds Way. Ask for Lefpth.

REPENT, REPENT!
YWEHBOBBOBHEWY,
LORD OF WATERS,
KING OF MIRRORS,
PATRIARCH OF THE
MOST PROFOUND
DEMANDS
YOU REPENT!

Run this ad three times and your prayers will be answered. For details, send 1cp to Ywehbobbobhewy, Lord of Waters, King of Mirrors, Patriarch of the Most Profound, c/o Bob Dacat, Temple Felinis, Whiskeryshire.

FOUND: Stag Head Pendant. Has curious properties only true owner would know. Inquire at Harpool's Apothecary. Ask for Kenwise. Be prepared to bargain.

SUPER REPLICAS!

Non-magical magical weapon reproductions, Gag-bags of Holding, Glass Jewelry, Boots and Capes of Elviskind, inaccurate hourglasses of all shapes and sizes! Make your buddies laugh and cry at the most inopportune moments! Unbelievable pricing! Narwick Reproductions, Slant's Way, Brookshire.

TRY THE NEW ALL ALE DIET! St. Armitage used this diet to lose 5 stone a week! Amazing results with little effort! You won't believe your eyes! Come talk to Talia at the Slatternly Mermaid, back left booth on even days only.

LOST: Angry dwarf. Usually drunk. Regular dwarf height, grayish-brown beard, beady eyes. Has no clan name, but will respond to "Vlaaran" or "Vlark". Last seen in Dolmvay. If found or sighted, please report to Filchard Fallagen at Guard House 2, Walthamthorp.

WHERE OH WHERE HAS
MY LITTLE DOG GONE?

Will pay top coin for return of my little poochie-woochie. Wolfhound/hellhound mixed breed answers to the name "Norris"—but not always. Beware his nip! If found, return to Reginald Falkenberry, Hawkthorp.

MIRACLES PERFORMED WHILE YOU WAIT! Tent 16, Fairground Circle. Ask for Sister Aleenea of the White Crescent.

RESURRECTION SPECIAL!

Half-price resurrections now through Wintertide.

Brother Olaf of the Clenched Fist will raise your fallen friend, no strings attached, now through Wintertide for half the normal donation. Harmstone Gaol, cell 8.

SPELLBOOKS, SCROLLS, GLYPHS, WARDS, TATTOOS. Visit Blivner's Magical Scrivener Shoppe for all your magical inks! From Black Dragon Essence to Domquil's Purple Folly, we stock over 700 essential pigments, dyes, and infusions for your written incantations. Bring this notice for a free sample of Doctor Stürck's Iron Golem Black! Market Way, Taverntoss, three doors down from the Spurned Wife Inn.

LOVELORN? Want to find easy local wenches for FREE? Come to Stall 69, Marketsquare. Ask for Alice. She can get you anything you want!

GOBLINS FOR HIRE! I've got 100 housebroken goblins ready and willing to do your bidding. 1cp per day plus daily rations. Windsnap Belvert Hireling Services, Courtside Square, Hawkthorp.

WANTED: 300gp reward for information leading to the capture or corpse of Grum Walsk, tokeweed merchant, Taverntoss. See Captain Grumm of the Keep Guard, Walthamthorp, to claim the reward.

WHAT DOES YOUR FUTURE HOLD?

Madame Sczyzyky knows! Palms, tea leaves, tarot, and crystal balls—you choose the the method of scrying and she'll do the future spying! 3sp per reading; prophecies guaranteed to come to pass within one year or your coinage back!

WILL PAY TOP PRICE FOR RARE DUNGEON FRUITS! Dolwich Apothecary, Dorswitchshire.

BEWARE THE POX OF GLIBSUTH!

Avoid the running trots and stinkfoot that accompany this dreaded malady by drinking two bottles of PROFESSOR CREAM'S ANTI-POX SOLUTION twice a day for three days. Only 10sp wherever top-shelf medicinals are sold.

KEEP YOUR PLATE IN TIP-TOP SHAPE! Grinder's Metal Polishing & Repair services all styles of full plate armor. We're the only shop in town with a friar and a mage on call to help with all cursed or magically-enhanced armor needs! Official Metal Polishers of Baron Walthamthorp's Guard. Come see Barney at Inner Keep Circle, Walthamthorp, today!

FREE RATS! Domesticated pet rats. Available in many colors, mostly brown with black markings; I have a few white ones, too! Atrium bred and raised, 10 weeks old. Trainable and easy to handle. Guaranteed non-were. Come see Pete "Knuckles" Pfeiffer at the Wizard's Tower.

UROBORIALIS GUIDE US IN OUR TIME OF NEED. Provider of wisdom and understanding, open our minds to see the mysteries and obtain for us the grace of the Greater Gods.

LOST PACK MULE. Medium-sized gray mule with trimmed mane and tail. Last seen near Borderkeep Caverns. If found, please contact Brother Agnon of the Order of the Clenched Fist, Taverntoss.

BEAT THE LICH AND WIN FREE DRINKS!

Come on down to the Toasty Harlot this Middlesday for another round of "Drink Down Danny!" By popular demand, Danny the Lich, undead bard of wide renown, will be on hand to inspire and disgust all comers. If you don't vomit during his rendition of "The Scourge of Al'mhet Ra" then you win FREE DRINKS for the rest of the night!

FOUND: Three-legged milk stool. Slight fire damage and smells like soot. Carved initials on underside: CPGBMM. Come see Luft at at Goatshire's blacksmith shop to get it back.

A PRAYER TO YOUR GOD OF LIGHT. Pray these words to your God of Light and soon you will receive blessings in abundance: Grant O Gracious One upon me knowledge to understand You, sense to see Your wisdom in all things, reason to discern Your hand turning the works of the world, and a spirit to know You in all things.

IS YOUR SHOP READY FOR HARVESTMOON and cooler days? There is still time to fix leaky cellars, loose shingles, unhinged doors, unglassed windows, and unpatched walls. Make HANDY HARKEN the only man you trust to get the job done. You won't find better work anywhere in the three shires! I personally oversee all work and hire only the best journeymen in the trades. Homeowners, mention this ad and get a free re-thatching estimate. HANDY HARKEN REPAIR SERVICES, Walthamthorp. Guild-certified.

IS GRANDMA UTTERING NONSENSE AGAIN? Is Da's arrow-induced knee injuries hurting so much that he can't get out of bed? Contact Helga's Homesitter Service! We provide personal assistance, companionship, nursing aid, and the occasional slap upside the head to those in need. Helga's Homesitters, Taverntoss.

PILGRIMAGE to St. Unrik's birthplace in the Cerisian Empire leaves in a fortnight from Taverntoss. Cost: 400gp. Cost does not include meals. Must provide your own mount. Contact Father Ernie Andbert, Order of the Open Hand, Taverntoss.

UNLEASH YOUR HIDDEN POWERS!

Become a mental super man overnight! Free scroll! Windorf, 27 Market Wayside, Hawkthorp.

BURIAL PLOTS FOR SALE. Exclusive rights for two burial crypts at Culledfist Cemetery at the Church of the Order of the Clenched Fist, Walthamthorp. These crypts are located in the mausoleum, corridor St. Flon of Wea, tier G, crypts 137 & 138. Today's selling price at this level would be 9,000gp. We are offering this space for 6,000gp (or best offer). Contact Father Ambrose, Order of the Clenched Fist, Walthamthorp.

VACATION IN STYLE. Mountain cabin in Northern Kirlangen. Fully furnished; sleeps 6. 3 rooms, each with 2 windows, stout firepot, and stone chimney. Small outbuilding less than 20 steps out back door. View of Ice Faery Realm from front door. Close to many points of interest and activities. Must provide own firewood. 6gp/night. Contact Thule Yongaw, Hawkthorp.

A PRAYER TO YOUR DARK GOD: Deceive me, O Dark One; Let me not know Your machinations, but only use me as You desire to accomplish Your will. Let me be clay in Your hands: useless until formed and hardened in the fires of Your wrath.

WANTED: LIVE MARLAFIX. Will pay top dollar. Gunther Taxidermy, Walthamthorp.

WANTED: Experienced pack mule in good condition. Must have less than 5,000 leagues ahoof and a white patch on left haunch. Willing to pay decent amount for the right one. NO JENNYS. See Reeda at the Talon & Onion in Walthamthorp.

OUTHOUSES CLEANSED AND DEODORIZED.

Why dig new when you can refresh for less? Just mix our dry powder with water and pour into shit-hole. Safe, non-poisonous formulae dissolves normal waste in just hours! Griswold the Minor Laboratories, Wizard Tower 1 -1/2b, Hawkthorp.

NOVICE CULTIST WANTED. Did you just join a cult? A curious seeker has questions. Come convince me your god should be my god. Ask for Reeda at the Talon & Onion in Walthamthorp.

EARN BIG MONEY! Learn to weave invisible threads in the comfort of your own home! Contact Wanted Weavers, Castle Tower 2, Taverntoss.

CAN YOU EARN 50sp a week writing classifieds? Enclose 1sp for free scroll! Windorf 27, Market Wayside, Hawkthorp.

RIGHTWAY CARTOGRAPHERS WANTS YOU to hire us for your next expedition!

We are expert mappers who won't slow your party down whether you delve beneath the sands or beneath the surf! Never get lost in a hedge maze again! You'll be amazed at our 85% accuracy rate while sketching on the run! Come see us before you leave for your next adventure. Reasonable and negotiable daily rates. Rightway Cartographers, Bedlam Lane, Walthamthorp.

NOGBLOOD'S
GOBLIN SCRUBBERS.
We'll clean your dirty bugger,
no questions asked.
42 Grifter Square, Taverntoss.

WE'LL GROOM YOUR ASS FOR FREE. Applethumb's Tack & Feed will groom your pack mule for free when you stable two horses with us for at least two nights. Reasonable daily rates. We can also re-shoe your horse while you wait. Haymarket Circle, Taverntoss, across the way from Ratcatcher's Smithy.

WANTED: Fighter with scary-fast sword skills. Come see Reeda at the Talon & Onion in Walthamthorp. Women need not apply unless willing to shave head.

MAS. edoc terces rou ekorb sutciR. adeeR ffo ti llaC adeeR.

SELL MIRACLE NOWOOLON! Looks, feels, like wool, wears four times longer and outwears linen 7 to 1. Acid-proof, fire-proof, and quick-dries in twenty minutes after a good river dousing. Amazing profits can be yours! Contact Wanted Weavers, Castle Tower 2, Taverntoss.

ATTENTION SHIELD-MAIDENS! Your shield may be sub-par! Let Lance Corporal Leechy Snickel (ret.) test your defenses! Trained by Baron Walthamthorp's royal armorer in the fine art of shield craft, Leechy is renown throughout the realms for servicing shield-maiden's particular needs. As Leechy always says, "A shield that thrusts is a shield that busts." Come on by Leechy Snickel's today for a free shield adjustment. Never let your guard go down! 16 Armor Circlet, Hawkthorp.

LIVE BABY INDIGO WORMS!

You can hold a hundred in the palm of your hand! Feel the tickle and watch them squirm! Amaze your friends and gross out your parents! Send 5sp to Windorf 27, Market Wayside, Hawkthorp.

GOT A TOWER FULL OF JUNK? A dungeon full of funk? Call DIAMOND MORT, THE CLEANING WIZARD! Mort will clean your home or hovel until it sparkles and smells like new. Fully trained and supervised cleaning goblins on call at all hours. 19 Grifter Square, Taverntoss. Note: Diamond Mike is NOT a real wizard.

WESLEY'S MINTY PURGATIVE: a discrete solution to all embarrassing bowel problems. Available at most respectable apothecaries in the realm. Ask for it by name. But whisper.

WANTED: Half-orc to lift heavy stuff and kill scary things. If you can read and are not afraid of taking a few risks on a dangerous journey, come talk to Reeda at the Talon & Onion in Walthamthorp.

NOTICE: SOAP CARVERS LOCAL GUILD 2112 of Walthamthorp now offers FREE soap carving classes for all interested parties! Come join the profession that has unlimited growth potential! Must provide own carving tools; a limited number of basic carving kits are available for 10gp purchase. Classes start this Marketday!

A THOUSAND USES FOR SOUR ALE! Since ancient times sour ale has been known to ward off ill health and prevent evil wards. Send for a FREE scroll to find out how! Send 12sp to cover courier costs to Upturn Potsherd, Barthian Way, Narlick.

I WILL BUY YOUR TRINKETS!
See Timberbull in
Stall 17, Marketsquare.

FATHER GILGARTH restores luck, love, health, and happiness. Narwith Abbey, east door. Reasonable prices.

PSYCHIC READINGS by Malach the Black. Find out who plagues your soul. Helps with love life, health, job, and relationships. Immediate results or no charge. Flargeth Alley, Kingskeep, Brookshire.

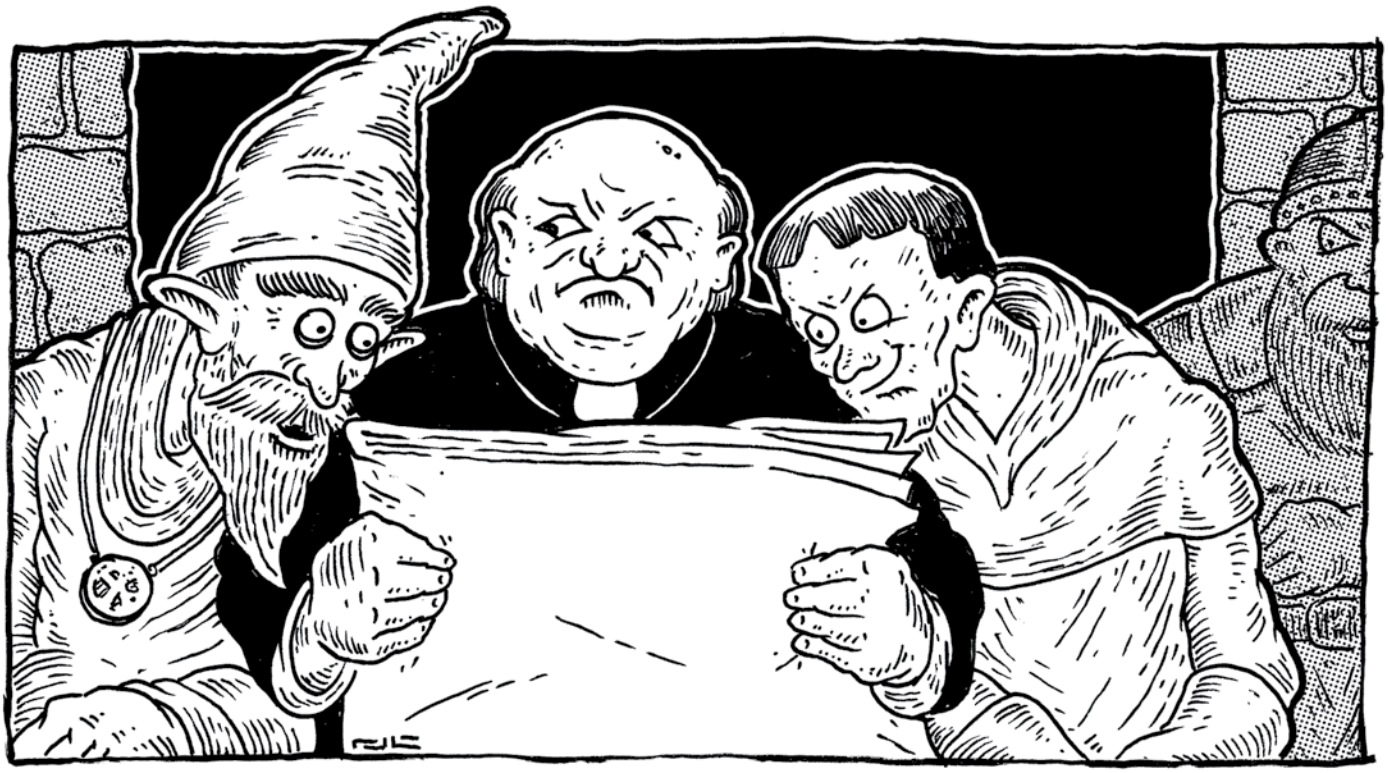
ROSEBRIAR THIMBTHWIT can change your life overnight. Send 25sp and emergency prayer request via courier to Dimswit Ditch, Doorchester.

HEMPSTEAD'S CURE-ALL! Doctor Hempstead, the healer's healer, has right potion to cure your ills. Hempstead's Cure-All is excellently adapted to carry off morbid excretions, restore and amend the appetite, and prevent sickness of the stomach and severe headaches. See Doc at Ye Old Emporium in Narlick for a free sample to cure what ails you!

BECOME A COURIER AND SEE THE REALMS!

Our business is booming and we need couriers to expand our reach! If neither orcs nor trolls nor blighted dark can keep your from your oath-sworn route, we want to talk to YOU! Stop by our Kingskeep offices today to learn how Kingsworn Couriers can help you achieve your dreams!

WANTED: BROKEN WANDS & STAVES. Bargard Billquarrel will buy your broken and discharged wands and staves for top dollar, no questions asked. See Stall 72, Marketsquare.



Richard J. LeBlanc, Jr.

APPENDIX N

Inspirational Source Material

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Harry Clarke

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Domains noted with an asterisk ("") indicate the petty god's domain is specific to a locality (e.g., a city or region).*
Alignments separated by a slash mark ("/") indicates a different alignment for different individuals.
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