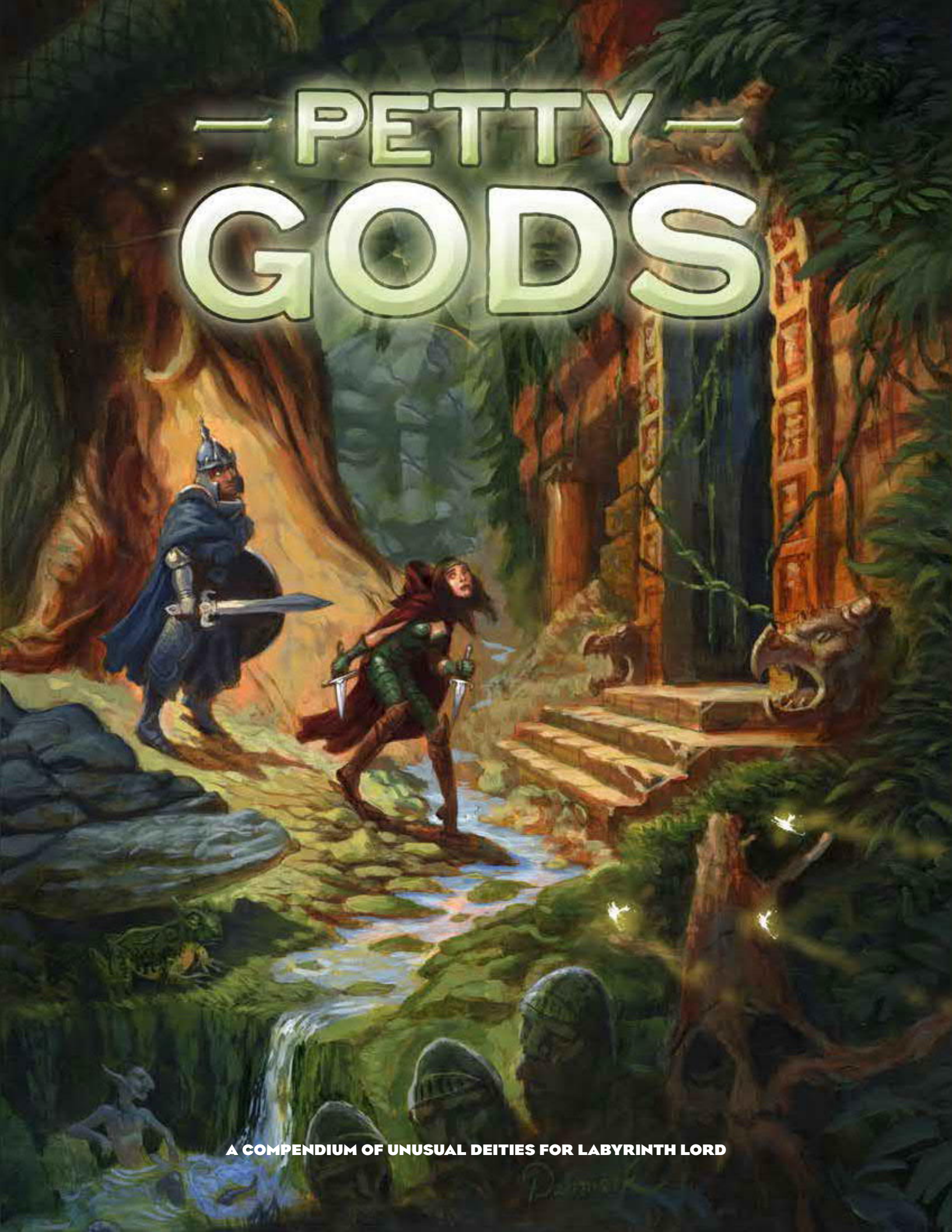


— PETTY — GODS



A COMPENDIUM OF UNUSUAL DEITIES FOR LABYRINTH LORD

Dan Smith

- PETTY - GODS

A COMPENDIUM OF UNUSUAL DEITIES FOR LABYRINTH LORD

Original idea by Blair Fitzpatrick (*planetalgol.blogspot.com*).

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Cover illustration by Thomas Denmark.

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Foreword

BY PAUL JAQUAYS

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.

Paul Jaquays

December 25th, 2010

Author of *Dark Tower* & *The Caverns of Thracia*

Foreword

BY PETER GIFFORD

In October 2012 I stumbled across James Maliszewski's *Grognardia* blog, and a little something called the 'OSR' that had been ticking along for several years without my knowledge. As someone who came into the hobby in 1978 with *Empire of the Petal Throne* and the Holmes *Basic D&D* set, it was right up my alley. I'd been in touch with Maliszewski before, when he contributed a lot of gaming-related material to my Tekumel.com website, so I contacted him and offered to do the layout for this 'Petty Gods' project he kept mentioning on his blog.

Several weeks of hard graft later I'd got it to the stage you see here, and after a final editorial review or two it would have been ready to publish. But now the project has been taken up in a new form by a new editor, who suggested I make this somewhat unfinished version available to the OSR community. After a very rough, quick edit by yours truly, here it is—despite the best efforts of a petty god or two ...

My thanks to Gorgonmilk (gorgonmilk.blogspot.com) for resurrecting *Petty Gods*, and my admiration to the authors and artists within. Enjoy!

Peter Gifford

April 1st, 2013

Graphic designer (universalhead.com, headlesshollow.com) and creator of the *Tekumel.com* website

Contents

Forward	5	33	Gadfiel	45
Contents	6	34	Galdu Aurkitu.....	46
01	Ap	35	Glorfall.....	47
02	Abondiance	36	Gnunnug	49
03	Adassec.....	37	Gremlyn (Murphee)	50
04	Aglaos	38	Groín	51
05	Aglet	39	Grugzaret the Snuffer	52
06	Anwyn Wood	40	Haiah	53
07	Arolohnso	41	Harbordorim.....	54
08	Aspix the Forsaken	42	Heka-Kup	55
09	Atra.....	43	Iracaeus.....	57
10	Attrecoppea.....	44	Jhillenneth	58
11	Aurus Argentus.....	45	Jöögengeld.....	59
12	Azwa	46	Kalantos	60
13	Barococar	47	King Under the Mountain.....	61
14	Bashiuus.....	48	Khaldranath	62
15	Behzd	49	Lacta Lacrima.....	63
16	Beorl	50	Lord Barleycorn.....	64
17	Chelk & Jodj.....	51	Lord Downall.....	65
18	Chulg	52	Machuk the Smith	67
19	Clavibor	53	Magpie Princess.....	68
20	Clobrek	54	Maladmin	70
21	Coprolias.....	55	Manidono	71
22	Davy Jones	56	Man in the Moon, The.....	73
23	Deeker	57	Meer-Smah.....	75
24	Dekardinis.....	58	Meifer	76
25	Digiskleros	59	Mespilus	77
26	Dinud	60	Mico	78
27	Diplodias.....	61	Mixmalix.....	79
28	Drasheeng	62	Mosht Al Blopp.....	80
29	Ellsbeth	63	Naaragiga	82
30	Eraisho	64	Nanefesterad	83
31	E'rsae.....	65	Nazarash	84
32	Fluxalle.....	66	Nebius.....	85

67	Neuph.....	86
68	Nocton Zython	87
69	Nwee	88
70	Obnomhet	90
71	Ochlos Volgus	91
72	Odxit	93
73	Old Snicker	94
74	Ophurton.....	95
75	Ouk of the Stump	96
76	Qualdoni.....	97
77	Qurgan Quagnar	99
78	Päkkaan.....	100
79	Palester Olhm.....	101
80	Pilikke.....	102
81	Rosartia.....	103
82	Satrum	104
83	Screbblo	105
84	Seshati Pyhatia	106
85	Silvarno.....	107
86	Somnau.....	108
87	St.Vineria of the Eyes	109
88	Tau.....	110
89	Tremella of the Cups	111
90	Tricruxia.....	112
91	Tybesi-O	113
92	Tyop.....	114
93	Undek.....	115
94	Vexarus Mouse-God.....	116
95	Vydia.....	118
96	Whisper Will.....	119
97	Zikcub	121
98	Zirkonia	122
99	Zzyzz	123
00	The Last Petty God.....	???

Create a Religion In Your Spare Time for Fun and Profit

A DISCUSSION OF RELIGIOUS CONSIDERATIONS FOR
REALISTIC FANTASY ROLE PLAYING GAMES BY M.A.R.
BARKER 124

Ap

BY MIKE "CARLSON" DAVIS, ILLUSTRATED BY GLEN HALLSTROM

NAME: Ap (Ath), God of Oaths, God of Wells

SYMBOL: A silver arm ring

ALIGNMENT: Lawful

MOVEMENT: 120' (40')

ARMOR CLASS: -3

HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 90 hp (20 HD)

ATTACKS: 2 spear

DAMAGE: 2d6+10

SAVE: F20

MORALE: 10

HOARD CLASS: VII, XXII (magic only)

XP: 10,000



Ap 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, cleansing or spoiling their waters at will.

Ap 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, he will curse them, bestowing a -4 penalty to hit, damage (minimum 1 point), saves and armor class. Afterwards, he will attack full force, alternating melee attacks with spells (as an 8th level Magic-User). It is rare, however, that Ap will strike a killing blow against one who has held to the terms of their combat.

Ap 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), and will be 2 levels higher in power. For those maintaining an oath at peril, Ap bestows his blessing, granting them a +4 bonus to hit, damage, saves and armor class.

Reaction Table

2d6

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

≤ 2

Friendly: Blesses (double strength) 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 strength) 1d8 nearby targets

Abondiance

BY E.T. SMITH, ILLUSTRATED BY KELLY BENNETT

NAME: Abondiance, Patroness of Ephemeral Wealth
SYMBOL: An upset jeweled wine goblet spilling its contents
ALIGNMENT: Neutral
MOVEMENT: 300' (100')
ARMOR CLASS: 6
HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 27 hp (7 HD)
ATTACKS: None
DAMAGE: None
SAVE: MU7
MORALE: 7
HOARD CLASS: Special
XP: 440



Some creeds extol their followers to practice wise investment for the future. But other gods would rather have a big party right now, damn tomorrow. Abondiance appears as a exotically beautiful, nearly bombastically figured woman dressed in stylishly rich garments and glittering jewelry, usually serving as the hostess of a celebration of epic debauchery. She will only be encountered in civilized environments, never the wilderness or a dungeon. If attacked, she will flee immediately, remembering the assailant for future payback through her next paramour.

The treasures she knows of are real, but guarded by deadly obstacles; 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, offering a rare quick entrance to high society via their new-found wealth (a house for sale in a fashionable neighborhood, invitations to grand ball, a ceremonial court position up for bid). Characters will find that Abondiance's bonus for Charisma (18) is added to their own when others react to them in social situations, granting ever more friendly contacts.

However, Abondiance will only remain a companion as long as the character keeps her entertained with luxurious hedonistic living, costing 2d10x100gp per week. When the character refuses or is unable to to pay for this lifestyle, roll for a new reaction, modified by the character's current wealth.

This is the only way Abondiance will offer new leads to treasure, she will never volunteer such information sooner. If Abondiance tells of a new treasure, the character may maintain her favor. If she leaves, they lose the advantage of her high Charisma with the well-to-do.

Reaction Table

2d6

Modify by Charisma, plus a penalty of +1 for every 1,000gp wealth the character has (on their person or elsewhere). If the character is destitute (no more clothes on their back), give an additional -2 bonus 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 Boredly indifferent

12 Mortified: After a mocking comment, abandons the character, leaves a high bar tab in their name (d100gp worth)

Adassec

BY IGOR SARTORATO, ILLUSTRATED BY JASON SHOLTIS

NAME: Adassec, of Many Steps

SYMBOL: A ladder

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic

MOVEMENT: 180' (60')

ARMOR CLASS: 0

HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 80 hp (18 HD)

ATTACKS: 1 (fists, trample), or spell

DAMAGE: 1d6

SAVE: T18

MORALE: 10

HOARD CLASS: XVII

XP: 9,000



Adassec, the god of stairs and ladders, is a grotesque creature similar to a massive giant centipede with human torso and feet. His dark hair is long and greasy, his nose hooked and his eyes are bottomless spirals of darkness.

It is said that he resides on very important or very exceptional ladders and stairs (very old, very large, very dangerous, etc.). Adventurers and explorers who have fallen from stairs know how these buildings can be dangerous and tend to respect Adassec in an almost fearful manner.

Just as some of its object of protection, Adassec is treacherous and capricious. Likewise as one can not always predict what's beyond the next staircase, one hardly knows what to expect from this petty god. One false step and he can lead an adventurer to the ruin.

Adassec has the power to teleport anyone to the beginning or the top of any ladder (save vs. wands to negate). He can use this ability both to help or to disturb someone. In combat, whenever he is above their opponents in a stair, Adassec make a trample and anyone who is hit by the attack must make a save vs. breath attack or roll down the stairs. Moreover, the petty god can make some steps of any stair or ladder slippery and dangerous, forcing anyone crossing the area to make a save vs. spell or stumble and fall. If he feels in trouble, as a last option, Adassec tries to trap his opponents in an illusion of an endless staircase, similar to the **Maze** spell, and flees.

Reaction Table

2d6

Use Dexterity instead of Charisma for modifier.

2

Friendly: Teleports 1d4 nearby targets to the beginning or top of a desired ladder or stair

3-5

Indifferent: Teleports 1d4 nearby targets to the beginning or top of a desired ladder or stair if properly propitiated

6-8

Neutral: Proposes a race in the stair, betting something

9-11

Unfriendly: Tries to prevent that anyone climb the ladder or stair if not properly propitiated

12

Hostile: Tries to prevent that anyone climb the ladder or stair

Aglaos

BY EVAN ELKINS, ILLUSTRATED BY RYAN BROWNING

NAME: Aglaos
SYMBOL: A torch with a blue flame
ALIGNMENT: Neutral (Good)
MOVEMENT: 120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS: -2
HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 75 hp (15 HD)
ATTACKS: Claws +3, Special
DAMAGE: 2d6, Special
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 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 on any object or person.

2d6

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

BY STUART ROE, ILLUSTRATED BY ALEXANDER COOK

NAME: Aglet

SYMBOL: A length of cord or rope, knotted at both ends

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic (Neutral)

MOVEMENT: 90'

ARMOR CLASS: 4

HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 40 hp (5 HD)

ATTACKS: 3 attacks against one opponent

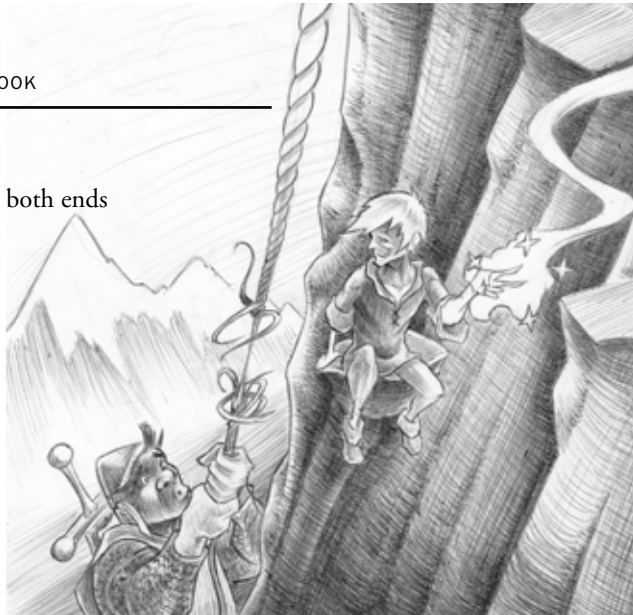
DAMAGE: 1d4 each attack

SAVE: MU6

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. 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. His greatest ability is how difficult it is to notice him. While not invisible, few will see him even when 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. Each of the three ends is a separate attack and damage roll against the target.

2d6

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 won't 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: Again, 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: As unfriendly he will fray any and all unbound ropes. He will also attack the most egregious transgressor in righteous indignation. It will however be a sneak attack. After which he will berate the players for their sloppiness and inattention to their ropes, while attacking. |

Anwyn Wood

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY ANDREW CRENSHAW

NAME: Anwyn Wood

SYMBOL: Left-pointing arrow with right-pointing arrow beneath

ALIGNMENT: Lawful

MOVEMENT: 90' (30')

ARMOR CLASS: 2

HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 56 hp (14 HD)

ATTACKS: Special

DAMAGE: Special

SAVE: M14

MORALE: 10

HOARD CLASS: XXII

XP: 3,800



Anwyn Wood is the petty god of Favors. Rarely revealing his presence, he works to ensure favors are repaid in kin—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.

Can cast **Charm Person** and **Geas** at will and **Limited Wish** once per week. Teleports without error. Travels ethereally. Comprehends and speaks all languages. Wields a set of +3 silver darts of returning.

d6

- 1 Friendly:** offers a favor
- 2 Neutral:** 50% chance to either offer or request a favor
- 3 Pragmatic:** requests a favor
- 4 Urgent:** demands a favor
- 5 Suspicious:** requires a quest before any discussion
- 6 Harried:** leaves as quickly as possible

Arolohnso

BY BRIAN A. COOPER, ILLUSTRATED BY RYAN BROWNING

NAME: Arolohnso

SYMBOL: An asymmetrical, ungainly labyrinth

ALIGNMENT: Neutral

MOVEMENT: 150' (50')

ARMOR CLASS: -1

HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 60 hp (12 HD)

ATTACKS: Backstab, traps

DAMAGE: 5d4 or traps

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 X*. Within the city of X, 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, Arolohnso'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-storey 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 X. And 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 back-stab 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 Arolohnso 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.

2d6

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. Arolohonso 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 |

**Arolohonso is a "local god," tied to a specific location, the "undercity" of a particular city. He is not in any sense the god of ALL undercities. His followers of course would disagree.*

Aspix the Forsaken

BY BENJAMIN BALL, ILLUSTRATED BY GLEN HALLSTROM

NAME: Aspix the Forsaken (God of the Butcher's Alley)

SYMBOL: None

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic (Evil)

MOVEMENT: 120' (40') or 150' (50')

ARMOR CLASS: 3 or 2

HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 32 or 48 hp (4 or 6 HD)

ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE: 1-6 or 1-8 (plus drains one or two levels)

SAVE: F4 or F6

MORALE: 7

HOARD CLASS: None

XP: 2,000 or more (Referee's option)



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 (the game world equivalent of a Ouija 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 (referee'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 referee.

Atra

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY JOHNATHAN BINGHAM

NAME: Atra Goddess of Recidivism, Licentiousness, Addiction, and Uncontrolled Urges

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'

ARMOR CLASS: 0 (-5)

HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 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 Atra. Tempting those of weak character; Atra revels in the lewd, crude, and socially unacceptable. Urging her thralls into an orgy of unrestrained passion without thought to consequence; Atra wrecks homes, brings low the mighty, and abandons those enslaved by her capricious charms.

Atra 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 Atra charms are at a -1 to save for each successive successful ensnarement by the goddess (negated by **Remove Curse**).

Atra 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/Holds/Sleep and only takes half damage from electricity/cold/fire. Ultimately a coward at heart, Atra will flee if pressed into attack by dissipating into a cloud of foul greenish vapor (AC reduced to -5, Move 300', able to seep through cracks/small openings).

Atra is usually in possession of a golden, jewel encrusted water pipe (or hookah). With the hookah, Atra can create 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 the following: **Hallucinatory Terrain** and/or **Feeblemind**. Once per day, the water pipe can cast the following: **Geas**, **Irresistible Dance**, **Mind Blank** or **Mass Charm**.

Atra appears as a tempting seductress adorned in glittering jewels and alluring attire to those ensorcelled by her charms. She is fond of tempting pillars of society into corruption; the more virtuous/famous/powerful the person, the more tenaciously Atra 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 abandons her thralls to their fate.



Attrecoppea

BY RAGNAR ARNESON, ILLUSTRATED BY MARK ALLEN

NAME: Attrecoppeam Goddess of very small spiders

SYMBOL: A spiderweb in a corner of a ceiling

ALIGNMENT: Lawful

MOVEMENT: 240' (120')

ARMOR CLASS: -4

HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 88 hp (19 HD)

ATTACKS: 2

DAMAGE: Special

SAVE: M19

MORALE: 10

HOARD CLASS: XI, XVII

XP: 8,000



Attrecoppea is the goddess of very small spiders; the sort which adventurers would take little notice of in a dungeon, but which may prompt a shiver of revulsion from even the bravest fighting man if found in his bedchamber or water closet.

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 grey gown woven of fine spider silk. No flesh is visible, instead the areas of hand, forearm, head, neck and décolletage 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 2HD 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.

2d6

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

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 or Good alignment, they must save vs poison or sleep for six hours (or until the poison is neutralized). If the victim is neither, 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.

Aurus Argentus

BY PATRICK WETMORE, ILLUSTRATED BY JOEY LINDSEY

NAME: Aurus Argentus, God of Currency Debasement
SYMBOL: Electrum coin, high in silver content
ALIGNMENT: Neutral
MOVEMENT: 120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS: 0
HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 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. 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 x 1,000 electrum pieces.

Reaction Table

2d6	<i>Modified by Wisdom.</i>
≤ 2	Aurus is well pleased, and he upgrades all coins the mortal carries to the next more valuable type. Platinum coins are converted to jewels worth 100 gp each
3-5	Aurus doubles the amount of coins the mortal is carrying. The coins are slightly thinner than normal, which may be noticed by savvy merchants and bankers
6-8	Aurus Argentus is bored by the mortal, and curses him, such that no one will give him a loan until the mortal performs an act of currency debasement (coin shaving over 1,000 gp of value, counterfeiting, or other such crimes)
9-11	The Electrum God is unhappy, and all the mortal's coinage changes to the next less valuable type. Copper coins are replaced with lead slugs
12+	The Electrum God is enraged, and attacks

Azwa

BY GARRETT WEINSTEIN, ILLUSTRATED BY THOMAS DENMARK

NAME: Azwa, Protector of Giant Stone Heads in the Wilderness

SYMBOL: A seemingly-giant stone head, or a rune of a double-ankh

ALIGNMENT: Unknown

MOVEMENT: 0' (0')

ARMOR CLASS: -3

HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 85 hp (15 HD)

ATTACKS: Petrifying Curse

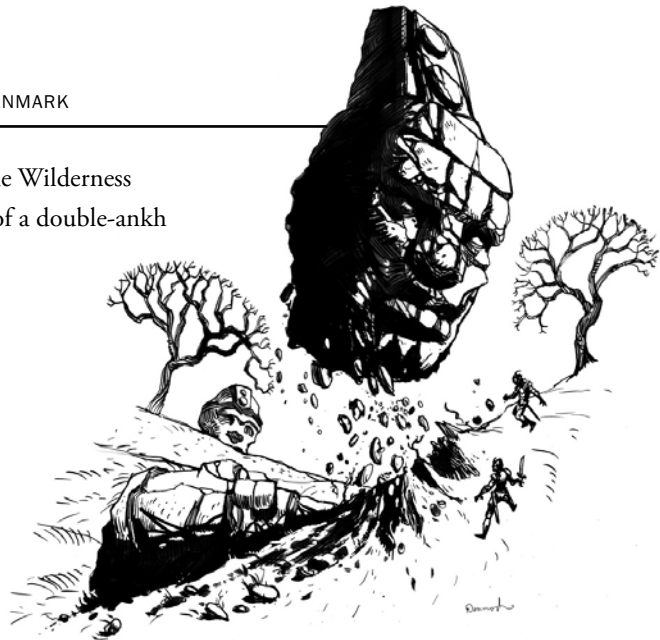
DAMAGE: Special

SAVE: M17

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. Whether these stone heads 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 will might whisper a short prayer 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 is up to Referee) 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. petrify).

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, perhaps by a large offering of gems, or by 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.

Reaction Table

2d6

Modifier = +1 per 1,000gp 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

Barococar

BY MATT FISCHER, ILLUSTRATED BY LUIGI CASTELLANI

NAME: Barococar, God of Absurd Architecture

SYMBOL: A golden tablet or statue (*see below*)

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic

MOVEMENT: 180' (60')

ARMOR CLASS: 0

HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 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 x 440 ft., massive rooms with no sign of support for the ceiling, huge amounts of pointless bas-reliefs 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 x 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 plus 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 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.

2d6

Reaction Table

2-3 Collapse structure (this functions as an Earthquake spell)

4-5 Reshape structure in a way that makes things more difficult for the party (closing off access to sought areas, sealing off exits, etc...)

6-8 Reshape structure in a random, unnecessary way that does not unduly help or hinder the party

9-10 Reshape structure in a way that makes things easier for the party

11-12 Inspires (using an effect exactly like a **Quest** spell) a member of the party to build an absurd piece of architecture (any of the strange ideas listed in the text will do. Now you know where all those “mad” dungeon-building wizards come from!)

Bashiuus

BY M. T. BLACK, ILLUSTRATED BY JONATHAN MCNALLY

NAME: Bashiuus

SYMBOL: Cluster of grapes

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic

MOVEMENT: 50'

ARMOR CLASS: 3

HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 52 hp (10 HD)

ATTACKS: Special

DAMAGE: Special

SAVE: F10

MORALE: 10

HOARD CLASS: XII

XP: 3,200

Bashiuus is the petty god of wine and merriment. He 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 unrecognised, 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 spells 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 spells or be held fast for two turns, by which time Bashiuus will have fled.

2d6

2-5 Befriend

6-9 Ignore

10-12 Avoid

Behzd

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY LUIGI CASTELLANI

NAME: Behzd, God of Lost Items
SYMBOL: A set of mismatched keys held by a piece of string
ALIGNMENT: Neutral
MOVEMENT: 90' (30")
ARMOR CLASS: -1
HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 90 hp (20 HD)
ATTACKS: Up to 4 (2 claws, 1 bite, 1 tail), roar
DAMAGE: 1d4 for claws, 1d10 for bite, 1d8 for tail
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. As of right now 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 crocodile. Many of the pieces of the statue were 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.

However 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 out all the missing pieces of the great statue. Once the statue is rebuilt Behzd can again manifest on this plane as a lion-headed crocodile.

Behzd only be struck by +2 or better weapons. Due to his divine nature, Behzd can cast Cleric spells has a Cleric of 15th level and can cast detection spells at will.

Behzd can attack front facing enemies twice per turn with his claws and once per turn by biting. Behzd can also use his tail to strike at enemies behind his back. Behzd can also emit a powerful roar once per turn, all living creatures 120 feet must succeed in a save versus paralyze or suffer weakness. Those within 30 feet are deafened. These effects last 2d6 rounds. Behzd can only be surprised on a roll of 1 on 1d6.

Behzd has currently no clerics, but thieves and fighters of third or higher level that 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 it's a fighter)

An unspecified number of pieces (10?, 20?) of varying sizes is missing from the statue. These chunks of jade are clearly been worked by man and usually have the form of a piece of reptilian anatomy. The 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. At this point the owner can use the piece to **Commune** with Behzd once per week. However, each time this power is used a Save versus spell is necessary. If this save is failed, the character will start looking for the ruins of Ku-ehmeth or Behzd followers for the next 1d4 days.

Beorl

BY ALAN BRODIE, ILLUSTRATED BY ALEXANDER COOK

NAME: Beorl

SYMBOL: Stylised bee in a hexagon

ALIGNMENT: Neutral

MOVEMENT: 150' (50')

ARMOR CLASS: 0

HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 66 hp (14 HD)

ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE: 1d6+6

SAVE: F14 (immune to poison)

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 colour. He often hums tunelessly to himself.

Beorl’s demeanour 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—honey-roasted meat and vegetables, sweet pastries, honey cakes, and the like—and the “water” will in fact be mead.

Beorl has had numerous colourful adventures, acquiring in the process a reputation for wit and guile. He may use honeyed words thrice per day, 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. spells).

2d6

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

Chelk & Jodj

BY JUSTIN DUNNUCK, ILLUSTRATED BY CHRISTOPHER LOWRANCE

NAME: Chelk

SYMBOL: A smudged palm-print

ALIGNMENT: Neutral

MOVEMENT: 45' (15')

ARMOR CLASS: 3

HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 56 hp (10 HD)

ATTACKS: 1 (touch)

DAMAGE: 1d6 + Special

SAVE: C15

MORALE: 9

HOARD CLASS: I

XP: 2,400

NAME: Jodj

SYMBOL: Any other local god's symbol, but depicted "broken" in 2

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic

MOVEMENT: 180' (60')

ARMOR CLASS: -2

HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 90 hp (15 HD)

ATTACKS: 2 (weapon, touch)

DAMAGE: By weapon, 1d6 + special

SAVE: T15

MORALE: 7

HOARD CLASS: XIV

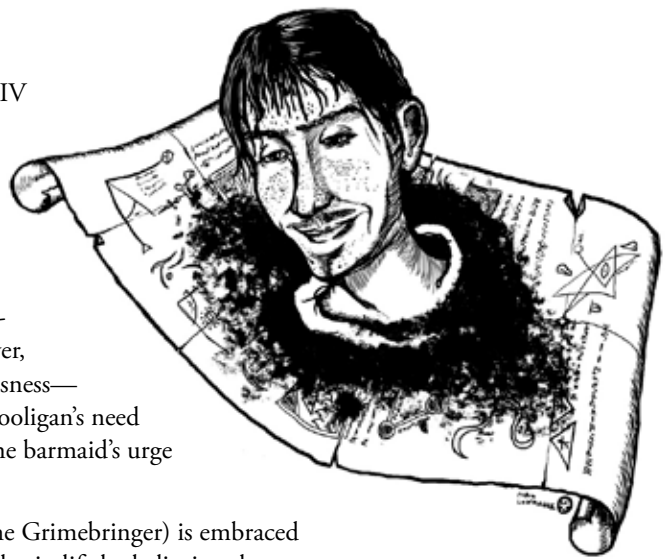
XP: 5,100

"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, however, signifies more 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.



2d6

Chelk's Reaction Table

2-3 Talkative, Helpful

4-10 Neutral, Indifferent

11-12 Wants To Induce Humility, May Attack

Chelk's general air of melancholy is at direct odds with the impish, dangerous demeanor of his brother, Jodj. He 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 like 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 will flee 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 “break” it... meaning they—and often Jodj himself—incur the divine wrath of a god insulted in this manner.

2d6

Jodj's Reaction Table

2-3 Mirthful, Helpful

4-6 Impish

7-11 Mean-Spirited, May Attack

12 Hostile, Attacks

Chulg

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY THOMAS FITZGERALD

NAME: Chulg

SYMBOL: Neusis construction diagram of the interior angles of a regular heptagon

ALIGNMENT: Lawful

MOVEMENT: 30' (10')

ARMOR CLASS: -3

HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 56 hp (7 HD)

ATTACKS: *See below*

DAMAGE: *See below*

SAVE: C7

MORALE: 12

HOARD CLASS: Nil

XP: 11,000



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. The recitation will last 3d4 rounds upon which time 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.

The propitiation of Chulg was undertaken by worshippers whose origins are lost in deep time. Its manifestation seems also 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.

2d12

Reaction Table for Heptagonal Blasphemies

- | | |
|--------------|--|
| 2-5 | 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 |
| 6-7 | 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 |
| 8-12 | 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 |
| 13-20 | 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 to all within ear-shot (500'). Chulg then confiscates any heptagons and returns to its place of origin |
| 21-24 | For some reason Chulg exudes a buttery green substance that renders anyone who rubs it on their body invisible (as cast by M-U7). 1d3 smearings of this substance are left. In such cases Chulg appears, exudes and leaves within 2 rounds |

Clavibor

BY ANTOINE MARC BELLE, ILLUSTRATED BY RYAN BROWNING

NAME: Clavibor, god of doors and locks

SYMBOL: Iron lock

ALIGNMENT: Lawful (neutral)

MOVEMENT: 60' (20')

ARMOR CLASS: 7

HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 16 hp (3 HD)

ATTACKS: 1 tool (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 Thief. 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.

Clobrek

BY ANTOINE MARC BELLE, ILLUSTRATED BY LUIGI CASTELLANI

NAME: Clobrek
SYMBOL: A black dagger parted in two halves
ALIGNMENT: Chaotic
MOVEMENT: 180' (60') Fly 240' (80')
ARMOR CLASS: 0
HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 45 hp (9 HD)
ATTACKS: Weapon (dagger) + 3, Special
DAMAGE: 1d4 + 3, Special
SAVE: T9
MORALE: 10
HOARD CLASS: XIV
XP: 2,400



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 of manifesting when a player rolls a natural 1 on an attack roll, usually on a result of 1 on a d8; although the Labyrinth Lord may increase the probability according to circumstances: the more dramatic the consequences of a failed roll, the more chances are to attract the attention of this malign deity.

He usually manifests himself in the liking 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 make a Saving Throw against Wands or suffer a -1 penalty on attack rounds and Saving Throws for 1d6 rounds.

Sometimes, he just enjoys the spectacle; but more than often, 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.

Due to his malign nature, the results of the reaction table are more often unfavorable to the players.

Reaction Table

2d6

Modified by Charisma.

2

Friendly: Allows to redo the attack roll

3-5

Indifferent: Can negate the effects of the fumble if properly propitiated

6-8

Neutral: Just enjoys the show

9-11

Malicious: Aggravates the effects of the fumble if not properly propitiated

12

Hostile: Aggravates the effects of the fumble

To determine the exact consequences of his malice the Labyrinth Lord can use the following table:

d12	Consequences Table
2	Weapon breaks. Use one round to change weapon
2-3	Weapon breaks, character is confused. Use two rounds to change weapon
4-5	Weapon breaks and injures character (1d4 damage). Use two rounds to change weapon
6	Weapon breaks and injures the closest ally (1d4 damage). Use one round to change weapon
7-8	Weapon breaks and character falls. Loses initiative next round
9	Weapon breaks and character falls provoking the hilarity of the adverse party who loses initiative next round (animals and undead not affected)
10	Weapon breaks and injures the closest enemy (1d3 damage)
11	Character cursed with unluck (see below)
12	Weapon breaks and injures character (1d4 damage). Character cursed with unluck (see below)

A character cursed with **Unluck** by Clobrek must roll a d6 when engaging a fight with any bladed weapon. His blade will sunder on a roll of 1 (magical weapons are allowed a Saving Throw against Spell). The curse persists until removed by a **Remove Curse** spell.

Coprolias

BY PETER REGAN, ILLUSTRATED BY THE MARG

NAME: Coprolias
SYMBOL: A golden trumpet
ALIGNMENT: Chaotic
MOVEMENT: 180' (60')
ARMOR CLASS: -2
HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 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 (roll under Wisdom on a d20) 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' 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 ticks, which only subside once they no longer threaten Coprolias' subject.

If encountered in other circumstances, Coprolias may have a target deliver a spontaneous outburst directed at the individual likely to take most offence (roll under Wisdom on a d20 to resist). Then, as a parting shot, he may leave the whole group with a **bless** 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.

2d6

- | | |
|-------------|--|
| 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 |

Davy Jones

BY JONATHAN BECKER, ILLUSTRATED BY MARK ALLEN

NAME: Davy Jones

SYMBOL: Locker

ALIGNMENT: Neutral

MOVEMENT: 30' (120' swimming)

ARMOR CLASS: 0

HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 100 hp (20 HD)

ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE: Drowning

SAVE: F20

MORALE: 12

HOARD CLASS: Hx10

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 versus spells 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 worshipers.

2d6

Reaction Table

2	Attacks the leader/speaker, showing the interloper his proper place in the natural order
3-5	Smiles and demands tribute; will summon D12 random aquatic monsters otherwise
6-8	Bored with the adventurer; will probably leave unless accosted
9-11	Is well disposed to the adventurers; may offer a useful piece of information
12	Is extremely well-disposed; the character need never fear storm at sea, so long as they offer tribute with each voyage of their ship.

Deeker

BY AL KROMBACH, ILLUSTRATED BY CHRISTOPHER LETZELTER

NAME: Deeker, Petty God of Petty Revenge

SYMBOL: Red spot

ALIGNMENT: Neutral

MOVEMENT: 90'

ARMOR CLASS: 0

HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 44 hp (10 HD)

ATTACKS: 2 fists, bite

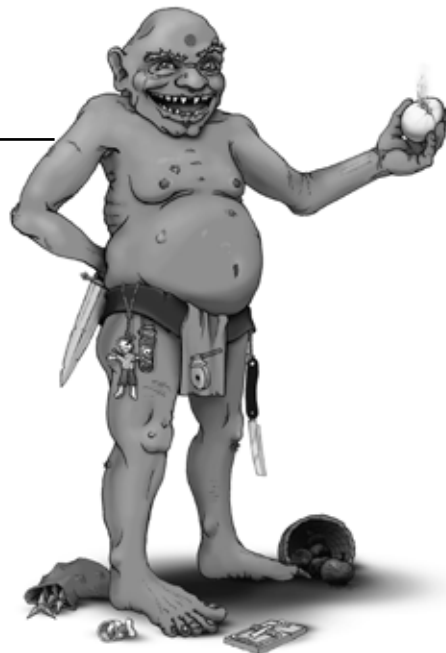
DAMAGE: 1d6 x 2, 3d6

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 is rolled on when a character swears petty revenge or is tricked, betrayed, ambushed, ripped off, or otherwise wronged (d6).

d6

Reaction Table

- 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 wronged him
- 6 Deeker appears periodically to mock the character to his associates and friends as a sniveling weakling until revenge is sought

Dekardinis

BY TIM STEPHENS, ILLUSTRATED BY EUGENE JAWORSKI

NAME: Dekardinis, God of the Ten Foot Pole

SYMBOL: Ten foot pole

ALIGNMENT: Neutral

MOVEMENT: 90' (30')

ARMOR CLASS: -2

HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 77 hp (15 HD)

ATTACKS: 2 (with ten foot 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 jealously guards).

Dekardinis appears as an old human man, with a long gray beard. He is stooped shouldered from eons of travelling 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:

2d6

Reaction Table

2

Satisfied: Dekardinis bestows the ability to see all traps and secret doors on his target for 1d20 rounds

3-8

Indifferent, uninterested: 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 he or she is in

Digiskleros

BY E.T. SMITH, ILLUSTRATED BY KELLY BENNETT

NAME: Digiskleros, Collector of Dead Men's Fingernails

SYMBOL: A pair of grooming shears laid upon a mortician's sash

ALIGNMENT: Lawful

MOVEMENT: 150' (50')

ARMOR CLASS: 9

HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 45 hp (9 HD)

ATTACKS: 1 (plus spell use)

DAMAGE: As per weapon or spell (usually 1d6+1)

SAVE: C9

MORALE: 10

HOARD CLASS: VI

XP: 1,700



The deceased must have proper ministrations, doubly so in a world where shoddy postmortem attentions leave the way open for insulted spirits to animate the corpse and express their anger through bodily violence. Few people realize that morticians and embalmers are a first line of defense against incursions from the nether-world, cleaning and grooming bodies so that lingering spirits may begin to be eased away from the living world. For those serving in this grim profession, Digiskleros is an inspiration.

Digiskleros appears as a modest, intent man wearing the grey cloak and red sash of an itinerant embalmer, accouterments meticulously arranged but stylistically archaic. He travels the world, going where his skills are needed. He is a orderly-minded quasi-deity, wanting mainly to do his job well and avoid any complications. His attitude towards any adventurers he encounters depends entirely upon what degree of responsibility they've been showing towards the many corpses they've 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.

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

The **Silver Shears of Digiskleros** are a special tool, preternaturally quick and keen. With them, Digiskleros can fully groom a cadaver for burial in moments. If necessary they can be used in combat. Against mortal foes they are equivalent to a short sword +1. Against corporeal undead the bearer may choose to forgo making a damaging attack and instead attempt to forcibly groom the animated corpse and thereby end its unrest. When making such an attack the bearer rolls to hit as normal. If successful, the target must Save vs. Poison or Death. If the save fails, the undead immediately loses its animating fury and is defeated.

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 LL should increase the chance for encounters with these sorts of monsters). This dire trend will grow worse until The Silver Shears are found 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.

Dinud

BY SEAN HOLLAND, ILLUSTRATED BY JEREMY DUNCAN

NAME: Dinud, Least God and Protector of Eggs, Master of Shells, Lord of Shields

SYMBOL: An egg within an egg

ALIGNMENT: Lawful

MOVEMENT: 90' (30')

ARMOR CLASS: -3

HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 110 hp (20 HD)

ATTACKS: 2

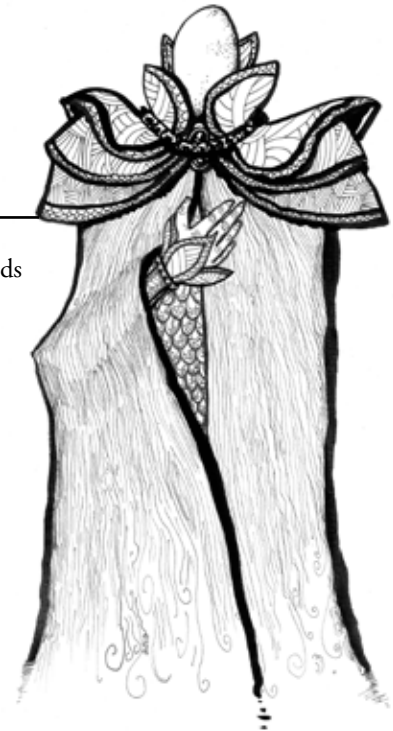
DAMAGE: 1d8+6 / 1d8+6

SAVE: F21

MORALE: 10

HOARD CLASS: VIII, IX, XIV (x2)

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. Shines 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, or 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 saves against Death magic at -4, and then the shield is only safe until Dinud chooses to attempt to destroy it again.

Dinud's blessing make any of the things in his portfolio safer, eggs only crack when it is time for them to hatch, shield turn blows without splintering and so on. Most adventurers will be seeking his blessing for shields, he can make any shield 1 with an added 1 against a specific threat (arrows, orcs, tigers or some such). His curse can simply destroy shields or make them into cursed ones, or make a person more fragile causing them to take 1 damage whenever struck a physical blow.

Reaction Table

2d10

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. Unless they have done something to offend Dinud, he will never be hostile to those carrying a shield or born from an egg

Diplodias

BY DAVE TRAUBE, ILLUSTRATED BY THOMAS FITZGERALD

NAME: Diplodias

SYMBOL: Withered corn stalk

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic

MOVEMENT: 100' (40')

ARMOR CLASS: -4

HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 114 hp (18 HD)

ATTACKS: 6 Claws (+ Special)

DAMAGE: 1d6 per claw

SAVE: F20

MORALE: 10

HOARD CLASS: X, XIX

XP: 11,000



Diplodias, the god of crop rot and poor harvest 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 in a 50' radius around 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 sight. 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 to attack crops or fight in combat. The Giants Slugs are as follows:

NO ENC: 2d8

ALIGNMENT: Neutral (but always hostile)

MOVEMENT: 60' (20')

ARMOR CLASS: 5

HIT DICE: 10

ATTACKS: 1 (Bite: each successful bite requires a save vs Poison or the victim is slowed per the reverse of the Magic User spell, **Haste**).

DAMAGE: 1d8 (+ special)

SAVE: F8

MORALE: 11

HOARD CLASS: N/A

XP: 3,000

Drasheeng

BY TREY CAUSEY, ILLUSTRATED BY MARK ALLEN

NAME: Drasheeng

SYMBOL: Two eyes, super-imposed, but slightly offset

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic

MOVEMENT: 120' (40')

ARMOR CLASS: -4

HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 100 hp (21 HD)

ATTACKS: Special

DAMAGE: Special

SAVE: T21

MORALE: 10

HOARD CLASS: X

XP: 7,000



Drasheeng, the Lady of the Blurry Veil, is the godling of misperception due to intoxication, and deception utilizing that misperception. She aides 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 marks' judgement.

Drasheeng usually appears as human female whose voluptuous form is scarcely hidden by a near-diaphanous gown. She wears a veil which hides her features, but if removed, reveals 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 versus death, in which case they will be merely experience queasiness and revulsion, and suffer a -1 to all attack rolls.

Typically when encountered, however, Drasheeng projects an aura of intense attractiveness which charms mortals. She can also cause a pleasant **confusion** (as per spell) of intoxication among opponents, at will. Drasheeng's caress, or kiss, causes **feblemind**. Despite these abilities, Drasheeng is not inclined to battle with mortals unless absolutely necessary, preferring to teleport away, then strike at would-be attackers later when their guard is down.

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

2d6

Reaction Table

2	Friendly: Blesses an individual as above
3-5	Indifferent: Blesses an individual if properly propitiated as above
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: The individual will fall victim to a deception through intoxication within the next 2 weeks

Ellsbeth

BY JAMES SMITH

NAME: Ellsbeth

SYMBOL: A frilly handkerchief or a hennin with attached veil

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic

MOVEMENT: 120' (40')

ARMOR CLASS: 2

HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 80 hp (19 HD)

ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE: 1-4 +3

SAVE: MU19

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** at -4 to save against, 3/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, smiling contentedly as he carries her off, into the sunset. Or, almost as often, wailing 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 fails, 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 rescuers 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, not playing their part 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.

2d6

Reaction Table

- | | |
|-------------|--|
| 2 | Friendly/Hostile: Ellsbeth Will be charming and helpful, quickly losing interest, save for in 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, males may find themselves abandoned, within a few days, 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 |

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.

Eraisho

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY ERIC WIRSING

NAME: Eraisho, God of Protection From Angry Gamblers

SYMBOL: A pair of eyes on a six-sided die

ALIGNMENT: Neutral

MOVEMENT: 90' (30')

ARMOR CLASS: -4

HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 144 hp (18 HD)

ATTACKS: 2

DAMAGE: Special (*see below*)

SAVE: T18

MORALE: 9

HOARD CLASS: VI, XVI

XP: 6,250



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. Anyone who truly has the audacity to attack him he can also burrow the shadow stuff into their eyes, effectively blinding them. He also has the power to turn **invisible** (as the spell). Finally, as he is insubstantial, it would take a +2 or greater weapon to hit him.

E'rsae

BY SEAN WILLS, ILLUSTRATED BY ZAK SMITH

NAME: E'rsae, Goddess of Rumour and Gossip

SYMBOL: A flaming ear or a gemstone within a pair of open lips

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic

MOVEMENT: 120' (40')

ARMOR CLASS: -1

HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 82 hp (12 HD)

ATTACKS: Charm

DAMAGE: None

SAVE: MU8

MORALE: (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 Iersae knows for sure

XP: 2,000



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

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 Undetectable 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 by invoking her name before investigating or spreading gossip results in the ability to Detect Lie or tell an Undetectable Lie as if a 5th level Cleric. This boon will work up to 1d6 times.

Reaction Table

2d6

*Modify by +/-1 dependent on characters initial approach to the Goddess—
courtesy and conversation matter to E'rsae.*

2 Smitten: Will flirt with the highest CHA character. If found entertaining by E'rsae (1 in 6 chance, plus any positive CHA 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 rumours

9-11 Unfriendly: Will spread a disparaging rumour about the party in the nearest town

12 Hostile: Will spread 1d4 vile rumours about the party across the land

Fluxalle

BY MICHAEL SMITH AND ILLUSTRATED BY KELVIN GREEN

NAME: Fluxalle

SYMBOL: A blackened frying pan behind a flagon of frothing mead

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic

MOVEMENT: 90' (30")

ARMOR CLASS: -2

HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 63 hp (12 HD)

ATTACKS: Special

DAMAGE: Special

SAVE: D12

MORALE: 9

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 the region where 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 metallic cooking utensils and alcoholic beverages he can find 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 the **Oil of Ethereality**). If engaged in melee, he fights with a Dagger +2, Corrosion (a successful hit destroys metal objects like 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 possessions 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 local 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 receive 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 to not enjoy or suffer any other effects.

Reaction Table

2d6	<i>Modified by Charisma. Halflings -1, Dwarves +1.</i>
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 possessions of 1 creature, then escapes
12	Hostile: Attacks with surprise on 1-3 on d6

Gadfiel

BY MATT FISCHER, ILLUSTRATED BY MARK ALLEN

NAME: Gadfiel, Goddess of Spells Gone Awry

SYMBOL: A prism

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic

MOVEMENT: 180' (60')

ARMOR CLASS: 3

HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 38 hp (20 HD)

ATTACKS: 1 (dagger)

DAMAGE: 1d4

SAVE: MU20

MORALE: 6

HOARD CLASS: VIII + XIV

XP: 2,263



Gadfiel has all the power of a 20th level magic user. She appears as a statuesque, gorgeous redheaded woman dressed in gauzy robes. To any whose eyes can pierce illusion, however, Gadfiel appears as a slightly below average height aging redheaded man with a bald spot, a weak chin and a thick mustache.

Gadfiel's favors are fickle, though she often responds favorably to flattery. 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 and then for effect), possibly affecting the wrong target (all at the discretion of the Labyrinth Lord.) Her spells work perfectly, of course.

Reaction Table

2d6

Use Charisma modifier.

0-4 **Gadfiel leaves**, puts up spell defenses, then returns to attack the party or misleads them with illusions

5-6 **Gadfiel curses** any spellcaster so his spells go awry for 1-3 days

7 **Gadfiel dances and sings** popular songs of a bygone era

8-9 **Gadfiel helps** the party briefly with her spells

10-11 **Gadfiel tags along** making lascivious comments or inviting PCs to dance, sing or otherwise cavort with her

12+ **Gadfiel attempts** to "make out" with the comeliest male in the party

Galdu Aurkitu

BY ANTHONY RAGAN, ILLUSTRATED BY SCOTT FAULKNER

NAME: Galdu Aurkitu

SYMBOL: Keys on a ring. A single sock

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic

MOVEMENT: 180' (60')

ARMOR CLASS: -3

HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 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: the 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 Galdu Aurkitu's hand, 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.

Reaction Table

2d6

Modified by Intelligence.

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

Glorfall

BY BLAIR FITZPATRICK AND JOHNSTONE METZGER, ILLUSTRATED BY THOMAS FITZGERALD

NAME: Glorfall, Petty God of Academic Arguments

SYMBOL: A large tome wrapped in chains

ALIGNMENT: Lawful (Evil)

MOVEMENT: 120' (60')

ARMOR CLASS: 2

HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 90 hp (20 HD)

ATTACKS: 1 tome

DAMAGE: 6-15 (1d10+5) plus intelligence and memory loss

SAVE: C20

MORALE: 11

HOARD CLASS: Nil

XP: ?



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, that bound shut with heavy clasps and is 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 then immediately pull it back. Any struck by the tome must make a saving throw versus spells or lose a 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 suffer a -2 penalty on attacks against Glorfall.

Any former students of a university, college, academy and the like who find themselves in Glorfall's presence must make a saving throw versus paralysis or be struck awed, dumbfounded, and unable to take any action while Glorfall speaks, aside from any commands from Glorfall, which will be immediately obeyed.

Any current professors (or equivalent, but not including honorary professors) who find themselves in Glorfall's presence must also make a saving throw versus paralysis or else 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-foot 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 receive $2d20 \times 1.7$ (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.

2d6

Reaction Table

2	Hostile: Attacks
3-5	Unfriendly: Strikes one being with his tome and than leaves
6-8	Neutral: Pontificates to academics but ignores non-scholarly types
9-11	Indifferent: Disappears
12	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

Gnunnug

BY GAVIN NORMAN

NAME: Gnunnug

SYMBOL: A seven pointed star atop a rainbow

ALIGNMENT: Lawful

MOVEMENT: 120' (40')

ARMOR CLASS: -7

HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 77 hp (17 HD)

ATTACKS: 7

DAMAGE: 1d7 (roll 1d8 and count results of 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 colours 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 colours.

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**, **Prismatic Sphere**. The rod is fabled to also have other powers relating to the colours 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 favourably to groups of seven characters, also granting a -2 to the reaction roll.

Reaction Table

2d6

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

6-7

Neutral: Ignores nearby creatures and returns to meditation

8-11

Unfriendly: Attempts to discourage further intrusion by use of the powers of his rod

12

Hostile: Attacks intruders

Gremlyn (Murphee)

BY CHRISTOPHER J. ZEIGLER

NAME: Gremlyn (Murphee)

SYMBOL: A cracked gear

ALIGNMENT: Neutral

MOVEMENT: 90' (30')

ARMOR CLASS: -6

HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 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 hear grumblings about Gremlyn, the imp of mechanical mischief. His origins are unclear, but he has been around since the simplest mechanical devices were constructed. Gremlyn appears in two forms: primarily as a shoddy dressed unkempt imp, with a bearded face and spindly limbs. Alternatively, among humans or demi-humans, he adopts 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 malicious, but 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 crack, bowstrings snap, axles break. If allowed to work on a device, the mechanism will invariably fail in the future. Gremlyn has no ability to affect magical devices unless they have some physical mechanism. In these cases, failure of the device does not permanently break it or cause it to lose charges; 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 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; eg “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.

Reaction Table

2d6	<i>Modified by Charisma.</i>
2-4	Appears before party but departs immediately
5-8	Follows party secretly 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, either following the party secretly for several days, or offering to travel with them

Groín

BY KEVIN BRENNAN, ILLUSTRATED BY KELVIN GREEN

NAME: Groín, The God of *The Battered Dwarf*
SYMBOL: Dwarven adventurer carrying foaming mug
ALIGNMENT: Neutral
MOVEMENT: 60' (20")
ARMOR CLASS: 4
HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 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 the 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.

Reaction Table

2d6

-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 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 the Snuffer

BY DAVID WELLINGTON, ILLUSTRATED BY RYAN BROWNING

NAME: Grugzaret the Snuffer
SYMBOL: Candle Snuffer
ALIGNMENT: Chaotic
MOVEMENT: 60' / 140' in total darkness
ARMOR CLASS: 0
HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 75 hp (12 HD)
ATTACKS: 2
DAMAGE: 1-12/3-18 (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 will gain a saving throw versus taking damage from the 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.

d12

Reaction Table

1-2	Attacks without provocation
3-5	Sound rebuff , will attack if suppliant does not immediately flee
6-9	Will taunt with riddles and impossible demands
10-11	Favorable disposition , will aid suppliant against light-bearing foes
12	Extremely favorable: Will poke out suppliant's eyes, to spare them the pain of ever seeing light again!

Haiah

BY DAN HARMS, ILLUSTRATED BY ELEANOR FERRON

NAME: Haiah, God of “Judicious Retreat”

SYMBOL: A man running

ALIGNMENT: Neutral

MOVEMENT: 360' (120')

ARMOR CLASS: -3

HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 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 Labyrinth Lord should assign a bonus of +1% to +20% to rolls to evade pursuers. These rolls should be based on roleplaying 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 Labyrinth Lord.

Any time Haiah is called upon, there is a 50% that some negative consequence ensues—treasure being left behind, other monsters’ attention 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

BY TIM HUNTLEY, ILLUSTRATED BY ADAM HUNTLEY

NAME: , herald of a dead god
SYMBOL: Whatever pleases those who recognize him
ALIGNMENT: Chaotic
MOVEMENT: 120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS: 0
HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 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 saving throw to ignore the effect.

2d6

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

BY BRIAN RAE, ILLUSTRATED BY COURTNEY CAMPBELL

NAME: Heka-Kup, Petty God of Hiccups

SYMBOL: *See below*

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic (evil)

MOVEMENT: 120'

ARMOR CLASS: -2

HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 66 hp (16 HD)

ATTACKS: *See below*

DAMAGE: *See below*

SAVE: T16 (+2 magical weapons or better to hurt)

MORALE: 12

HOARD CLASS: Q

XP: 10,000



Heka-Kup stands as one of the vilest, most 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.

Heka-Kup's attacks are: 2x Claw, Curse (constant hiccups) as 30th level Cleric, Steal Breath (automatic, one target, one per round. Special Abilities as a 16th level thief. He does 2d6 damage (Claw) plus back-stab if applicable, 1d6 Con drain (**Steal Breath**). Changing target before the first target asphyxiates allows the previous target to regain 1d6 Con per round. Beings affected by the Steal Breath ability may not cast spells and suffer a +4 penalty to their AC due to panic.

Heka-Kup automatically flees when presented with a set of cold keys or an intelligent being standing on it's head.

His symbol is the head and neck of a blue-faced goblin, clutching with both hands at his own throat, on a field of black.

Reaction Table

2d6

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 characters 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 group 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 utilise his stealth abilities to follow the party at a close distance. He will giggle quietly to himself while following the party. During their next combat, he will begin cursing each party member who attempts to cast a spell with hiccups, thereby hoping to foil their attempts at spell casting. Once all apparent spell-casters in the party have been dealt with in this manner, he will randomly pick one to afflict with his **Steal Breath** power. Once the 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** power, 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 hirelin—is dead. Once he has killed a character with his **Steal Breath** ability, he flees, only to return 1d4 hours later after consuming the body and soul of the fallen character

Iracaecus

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY JOHNATHAN BINGHAM

NAME: Iracaecus the Flaming Fury, God of blind rage
SYMBOL: A face twisted in rage with sightless eyes wreathed in flame
ALIGNMENT: Chaotic
MOVEMENT: 90' (30')
ARMOR CLASS: -4
HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 81 hp (20 HD)
ATTACKS: 3 (2 Fist, 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. Spells 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 do 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 Weapon is made.

Iracaecus is immune to **Sleep/Charm/Hold/Slow/Fire** spells. 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.

Reaction Table

2d6

Use Charisma modifier.

2-3

Neutral: Is blinded by his own rage and does not acknowledge others unless they try to inhibit him in some fashion (Note: 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

Jhillenneth

BY MATT FISCHER, ILLUSTRATED BY MARK ALLEN

NAME: Jhillenneth, Mother of Horrors
SYMBOL: A headless bust having 6 breasts
ALIGNMENT: Chaotic
MOVEMENT: (as monster form taken)
ARMOR CLASS: (as monster form taken)
HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): (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 x 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 mantichore) with many breasts (for suckling her "children".) She has the power to magically nourish her "children" (any monster the Labyrinth Lord 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.

Reaction Table

2d6

Modified by Charisma.

- | | |
|-------|---|
| 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 |

Jöögengeld

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY ADAM DICKSTEIN

NAME: Jöögengeld, AKA 'The Mocker'

SYMBOL: A combined comedy and tragedy mask of disturbed visage

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic

MOVEMENT: 150' (50')

ARMOR CLASS: -6

HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 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 appreciated 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 make a Saving Throw vs. Petrify or Paralyze at -2. If the victim manages to save, they will still suffer from minor tearing or 'the giggles' respectively. He can only use this attack on any given individual once.

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.

2d6

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: Ignores everyone and yawns from boredom

12 Hostile: Curses 2d4 nearby targets if no one is making him laugh for double duration

Kalantos

BY M.T. BLACK, ILLUSTRATED BY ERIC WIRSING

NAME: Kalantos, God of Axe Executions

SYMBOL: Axe

ALIGNMENT: Lawful

MOVEMENT: 50'

ARMOR CLASS: 2

HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 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 ray 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 headsman who are especially unpopular, and in danger of violence.

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.



2d6

2-3 Ignore

4-12 Flee

King Under the Mountain

BY EVAN ELKINS, ILLUSTRATED BY LUIGI CASTELLANI

NAME: King Under the Mountain
SYMBOL: A crown placed over the hilt of a sword
ALIGNMENT: Lawful
MOVEMENT: 120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS: -4
HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 89 hp (18 HD)
ATTACKS: 1 weapon
DAMAGE: As Weapon +3 (+6 against 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 down-trodden. They pray to him for deliverance from various political malefactors they found unsuitable. When he appears, it is always as a ghostly figure in the finest of contemporary armors. He is usually a middle aged man with a wise face, or whatever other standard his worshipers believe he should look like.

He may cause any who look upon him to Save vs. Magic; 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 various dissidents and compelled people to victory against whatever regime provoked his wrath, he disappears and allows the remaining rabble to sort things out for themselves.

Reaction Table

2d6

Use Wisdom 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

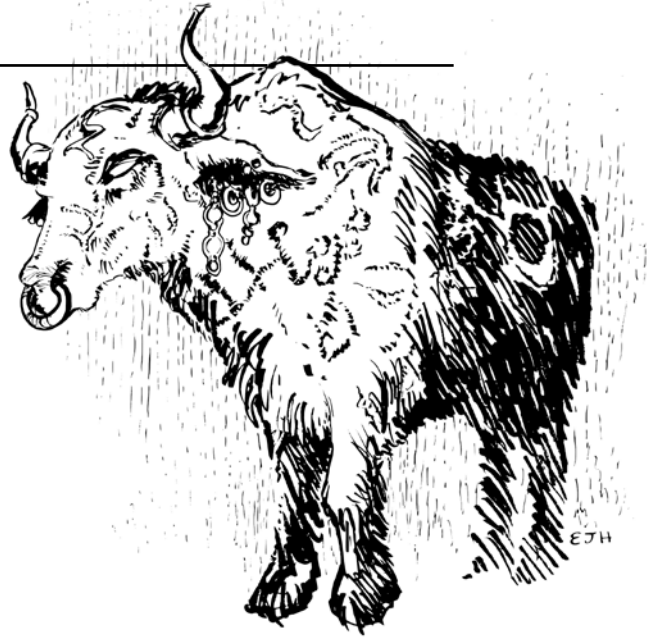
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Hostile: Simply attempts to kill present targets

Khaldranath

BY WILL MARANTO, ILLUSTRATED BY EDWARD HEIL

NAME: Khaldranath
SYMBOL: Ox's head superimposed on a wagon wheel
ALIGNMENT: Neutral
MOVEMENT: 180' (60')
ARMOR CLASS: -4
HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 108 hp (20 HD)
ATTACKS: 1 Gore and possible trample
DAMAGE: 3d6+3 (trample 2d8)
SAVE: F20
MORALE: 9
HOARD CLASS: XV, XX
XP: 9,000



Khaldranath, the Ox Lord, is the god of draft animals. To 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 harness, 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 make a saving throw vs. paralysis or fall to the ground and be subject to his trample attack.

2d6

Reaction Table

2	Friendly: 1d6 nearby Draft animals are blessed with increased speed, strength, or stamina
3-5	Indifferent: 1d6 nearby draft animals are 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

Lacta Lacrima

BY DUNCAN YOUNG. ILLUSTRATED BY ELEANOR FERRON

NAME: Lacta Lacrima

SYMBOL: A vial of white liquid, carried on a chain

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic

MOVEMENT: 120' (40')

ARMOR CLASS: -2

HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 90 hp (20 HD)

ATTACKS: Special

DAMAGE: Special

SAVE: C20

MORALE: 7

HOARD CLASS: IX, X

XP: 8,000



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. Any attempt to take an action requires a Save vs. Spells 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.

Reaction Table

d6

Charisma or Wisdom modifier depending on roleplay.

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

Hostile: Blames character for a randomly determined problem—may cause the character to be affected as by the **Phial of Penitence** described above.

Lord Barleycorn

BY ROGER GINER-SOROLLA, ILLUSTRATED BY MICHAEL COTE

NAME: Lord Barleycorn, Stalker of the Fields, Rattler of the Ears

SYMBOL: A doll of straw bound around animal bones

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic

MOVEMENT: 120' clad, 180' unclad, 60' burrowing

ARMOR CLASS: -3 clad, -1 unclad

HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 75 hp (15+15 HD)

ATTACKS: 2 claws

DAMAGE: 2-20/-2-20

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 of this writer's acquaintance. The center of his area of worship is a town I shall not name, 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 a druid of like level, if such exist.

(With apologies to Stephen King and Anthony Shaffer.)

Lord Downall

BY JOEL SPARKS, ILLUSTRATED BY MARK ALLEN

NAME: Downall, Lord of Drains and Floods

SYMBOL: Forked spiral

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic

MOVEMENT: Swim 120' (40')

ARMOR CLASS: 9 (Special)

HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 108 hp (18 HD)

ATTACKS: Special

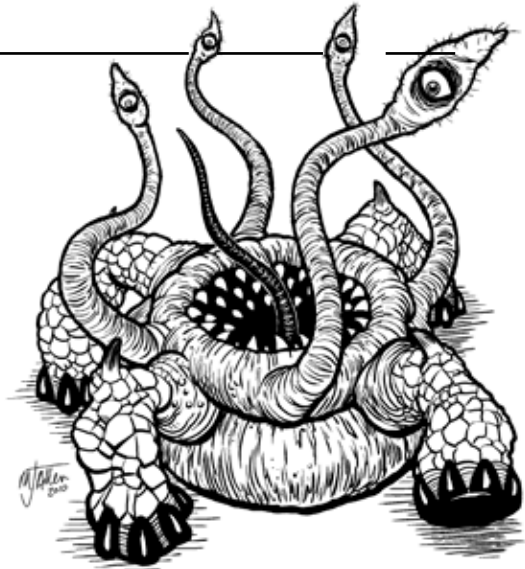
DAMAGE: Special

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 Rat God 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-foot wide whirlpool itself issues a wretched miasma, requiring all within 60 feet to save v. 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. spells 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: 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:

Reaction Table

2d6	<i>Modified by Charisma. The uglier the better!</i>
< 2	Friendly: 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 saving throw against 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. Referee's call as to what 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
> 12	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.

Machuk the Smith

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY TOM KILIAN

NAME: Machuk the Smith

SYMBOL: An anvil with a grinning face

ALIGNMENT: Lawful

MOVEMENT: 300' (100')

ARMOR CLASS: -4

HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 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, but 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. 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 it (see Orru'Khan'Owon, Princeling of That Which Cuts).

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.

d8

- 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 Cuts off an ear or puts out an eye
- 5 The Sword removes a hand or a foot
- 6 Severs an arm or leg
- 7 Strikes an internal organ
- 8 The Sword decapitates its target, killing him instantly

Magpie Princess

BY JAMES MURPHY, ILLUSTRATED BY RYAN BROWNING

NAME: Magpie Princess

SYMBOL: A golden ring

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic

MOVEMENT: 120' (40') Fly: 300' (100')

ARMOR CLASS: 0

HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 54 hp (9 HD)

ATTACKS: 2

DAMAGE: As 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.

Reaction Table

2d6

Adjust for the highest Charisma in the group.

2-3

She considers their presence an intrusion, and she bestows a curse (as per the spell) on one random member

4-6

Ahe ignores the party unless they force themselves into her attentions. Roll again, but this time adjust the roll by the lowest Charisma in the group

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 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 a 10% chance that she will steal some random shiny from the PC with the lowest Charisma |
| 11-12 | She is fascinated. She will follow the party for 2d4 days, either in human or bird form. During 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 from a randomly chosen member of the party |

Maladmin

BY MALCOLM BOWERS, ILLUSTRATED BY ERIC QUIGLEY

NAME: Maladmin, God of Bureaucracy
SYMBOL: Sheaf of paper tied with red tape
ALIGNMENT: Ineffably Evil
MOVEMENT: 30' (10") at top speed
ARMOR CLASS: 6
HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 112 hp (18 HD)
ATTACKS: Special only
DAMAGE: Special
SAVE: T18
MORALE: 8
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, grey-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 lists and forms at will.

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 paralyzes those slowed (as **Hold Monster**), and a third puts those 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 3HD mini-avatars; cause paper cuts for d3) force them to fill out a series of tedious forms for mundane or absurd things. (If players choose to fill forms rather than fight, invent details and dialogue to torment them.) Typically infuriating personalities for the god or his uncivil servants are rolled for on the table below as each is encountered.

Reaction Table

d12

Unmodified; Wisdom has no effect.

1 Annoyingly inept

2 Blandly evasive

3 Grindingly dogmatic

4 Huffily officious

5 Insufferably pompous

6 Irritatingly earnest

7 Ominously bleak

8 Patronisingly dismissive

9 Snidely sarcastic

10 Soporifically verbose

11 Stolidly inert

12 Whinily obsequious

Manidono

BY ERIN PALETTE, ILLUSTRATED BY ADAM DICKSTEIN

NAME: Manidono

SYMBOL: An unmade bed

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic

MOVEMENT: 90' (30")

ARMOR CLASS: 9

HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 21 hp (7 HD)

ATTACKS: Special

DAMAGE: Special

SAVE: F7

MORALE: 12

HOARD CLASS: V

XP: One. 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.

?

Instructions for using Manidono's 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.

Reaction Table

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 50gp 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.

The Man in the Moon

BY BARRY BLATT, ILLUSTRATION BY NDEGE DIAMOND

NAME: The Man in the Moon

SYMBOL: Anthropomorphised crescent moon, smiling

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic

MOVEMENT: Special

ARMOR CLASS: Varies

HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): Varies, maximum 75hp (21HD)

ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE: Special, bites from 1 damage to 3d10

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. He cannot appear in iron or steel objects. He only appears where people can see him; at any time the object is not observed, seen from the wrong angle, or 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 in and effectively dismissed by a strong enough willed observer (roll WIS -6 or below on a d20) but everyone who is in sight of the image must make the disbelief roll. If the GM 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 IQ above 15, +1 if WIS is below 6, +1 if he has been encountered before, +1 if someone nearby has pointed at him or mentioned where he is, and +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 deliberately carved into faces or to have any rough semblance of a face. The face must be accidental.

Reaction Table

2d6

+1d6 if a person tries to disbelieve in him.

2

Very friendly: will inquire what a persons business is and how he can help

3-4

Friendly: will say hello, and maybe wink or whistle, and if someone addresses him, he will act as 2 above.

9-10

Winks, whistles or makes a rude noise, then goes still again, waiting to see what the observer will do. He likes 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

10-11

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 (effective morale -2) then demanifest

12-13 Quite 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, and if the person reacts negatively he will demand to be fed gold, or he will attack, or even worse haunt a person's nightmares

14-15 Very annoyed: Will holler loudly to any nearby monsters, sing rude songs, imitate a persons voice, and generally be irritating. He will fight, and if the object he is manifesting in is destroyed, he will appear in the next appropriate object the person sees a face in and renews the attack. Can only be bought off with gold, or a large amount of food

12-13 Very annoyed with knobs on: After the initial assault he will play a long game, scaring the living daylights out of and distracting the targets by momentarily manifesting in all sorts of nooks and crannies and glaring at them and muttering 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 three holes in etc etc, He can only be bought off by a living sacrifice, which he will ask to fed by having it taken to a cave or building where he can manifest and swallow it whole

14-15 Incandescent: As above, but he will use his best power, breathing fire. Each time he does it he loses 1d6 HP in addition to any damage he might cause the object he is inhabiting, but can do 1d6-6d6 damage depending on the size of flame he can create, and any flame can of course cause a general fire. Stick two pewter plates on the mantle piece above a great hall's fireplace and you might just have signed your own death warrant.

Fighting the Man in the Moon is not easy. He can de-manifest in split second if he feels like like it, change the object he inhabits at the drop of a hat, inhabit horribly hard things like granite (AC-9), take over 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 an old boot he is using will have maybe 5 HP and an AC of 8, and do damage of 1. If it is destroyed 5 HP will taken off his total of 75, and he will have to find something else to manifest in. An object like a barn will have many more HP than 75, but if 75 damage is done to it he will be dead, and is highly likely to withdraw from it before that point is reached (leaving the PCs the job of explaining to the farmer why they have been hacking madly at the doors and window shutters with battle axes).

He 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; old halfling ladies leave crumbs of cake in front of brass locks plates by way of a bribe for this service.

Witches, wizards (and the odd druid) who bribe him may learn the art of watching for his faces in any environment and the charm for calling him. Roll Int or Wis, whichever is higher, or under on a d100 to spot a face, and the summoning spell is a level 1 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 to the caster at all. He is always a source of good advice and may give hints on the best course of action in any circumstances.

Experts disagree as to what the Man in the Moon is, and whether he exists at all. He says he is a god, though often claims to be merely the product of the observer's diseased imagination, but exhibits characteristics of a demon, a faerie creature, Ventriloquism spell gone wrong and an elemental. Magic designed to dismiss these classes of being might work of the Man in the Moon too, at the GMs discretion.

Meer-Smah

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY ERIC WIRSING

NAME: Meer-Smah, God of Preventing Flatulence

SYMBOL: Dark clouds

ALIGNMENT: Lawful

MOVEMENT: 90' (30')

ARMOR CLASS: -3

HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 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 hardest of souls.

On a tiny altar, a piece of artichoke or cabbage is burnt in sacrifice, while supplications are voiced to Meer-Smah. His is 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

BY THORBJØRN STEEN, ILLUSTRATED BY EUGENE JAWORSKI

NAME: Meifer

SYMBOL: A lantern surrounded by a glow

ALIGNMENT: Lawful

MOVEMENT: 120' (40')

ARMOR CLASS: 0

HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 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**, **Sanctuary** (A small percentage of the street-lamp lighters also know one or more of these spells). She can also view (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.

2d6

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 adequately lit, and generally safe
9-11	Unfriendly: The characters will find that the streets they visit has a tendency to be ill lit. Heightened risk of robbery attempts follows
12	Hostile: Not only are the streets ill lit, but the characters' own light sources has a tendency to flutter out at the worst of times

Mespilus

BY CHRIS WELLINGS, ILLUSTRATED BY CHRIS HÜTH

NAME: Mespilus
SYMBOL: A medlar fruit
ALIGNMENT: Neutral
MOVEMENT: 120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS: 1
HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 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.

Reaction Table

2d6

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**

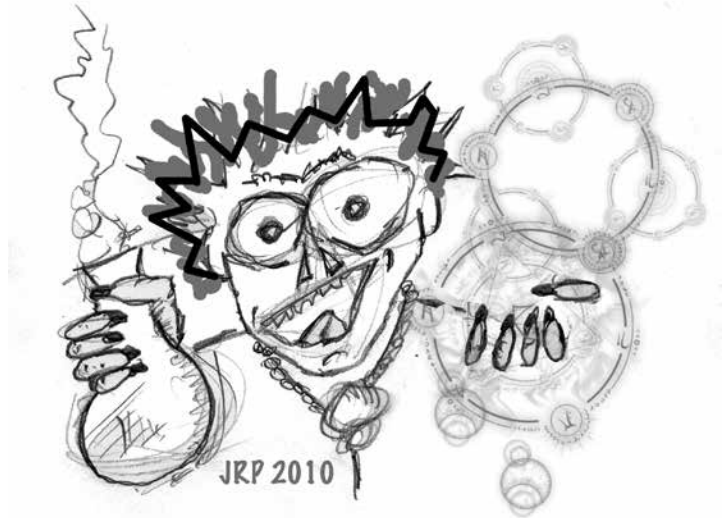
11 **Unfriendly:** rather than attacking, he will gift the party with unbletted medlars, telling them that they are delicious, without letting on that they are actually foul

12 **Hostile**

Mico

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY JIM PACEK

NAME: Mico
SYMBOL: A broken bottle wreathed in flame
ALIGNMENT: Chaotic
MOVEMENT: 120' (40")
ARMOR CLASS: -4
HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 90 hp (15 HD)
ATTACKS: 2 or see below
DAMAGE: Varies by attack
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 attacks by hurling balls of flame that he forms in the palms of his claw-like hands. He attacks in this manner twice per round. Targets are automatically hit for 2d6 damage; half damage with a successful save at -3. He can also cast his gaze upon any creature within sight; that creature must save or take 3d6 fire damage plus 1d6 for every flask of oil it carries upon its person. Mico can sense the presence of any type of oil within his sight, so he'll usually use this upon the target with the most oil in their backpack. If engaged in melee, Mico will attack as a (15th level fighter) with both claws for 1d6 damage each plus 1d6 damage from the flames (no save). Mico can also summon 1d6 Hell Hounds to himself as backup 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.

Reaction Table

2d6	<i>Roll 2d6 and add the average number of oil flasks possessed by party members.</i>
2-3	Attacks immediately: Focuses his attacks on wizards and those that have oil in their backpacks for maximum damage
4-5	Demands tribute in the form of magic or gold. If not assuaged, attacks ferociously
6-8	Neutral: Identifies himself and expects appropriate treatment. If treated poorly, may attack or merely disappear.
9-10	Reacts in a favorable manner. Identifies himself and if given a tribute, will reward one party member with a boon
11-12	Grants a boon to the party member with the most oil flasks on their person, or a party member with burn scars or current burn damage
13-14	Grants a boon to 1d3 members of the party
11-12	Grants a different boon to every member of the party

Mixmalix

BY MALCOLM BOWERS, ILLUSTRATED BY SCOTT FAULKNER

NAME: Mixmalix, God of Pratfalls

SYMBOL: Banana skin

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic

MOVEMENT: 150' (50')

ARMOR CLASS: 9 (Special)

HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 75 hp (12 HD)

ATTACKS: 1 + 1 prank

DAMAGE: 2d6 + Special

SAVE: T12 + Special

MORALE: 8

HOARD CLASS: I-V, IX

XP: 4,400



Mixmalix appears as a swarthy, monkey-like man, some of whose clothing is particoloured. 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 knobby 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, or cause a 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 d3 important encounters (social or combat) will be marked by party grace (everything done well) or clumsiness: wine spilled, minor chaotic effects as above.

Reaction Table

d8

+/- d2 for victim reaction.

1-2 **Pleased:** Graces victim and friends

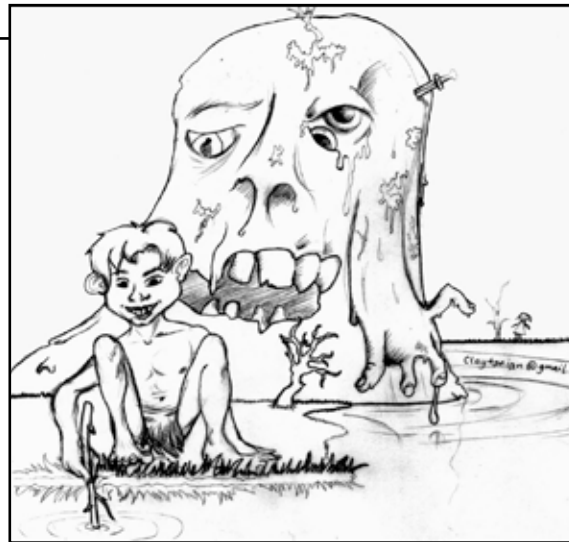
3-6 **Ho hum:** Goes on his way

7-8 **Irritated:** Disgraces victim and friends

Mosht Al Blopp

BY CHUCK TUMITSA, ILLUSTRATED BY CLAYTONIAN JP

NAME: Mosht Al Blopp
SYMBOL: Turtle head dripping with slime
ALIGNMENT: Chaotic
MOVEMENT: 120' (40')
ARMOR CLASS: -7
HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 120 hp (27 HD)
ATTACKS: Special (*see below*)
DAMAGE: Special (*see below*)
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 to great slimy fists, each doing 2d10 of damage if they strike), but he would rather summon his holy servants from the realm of the 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, traveller, 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. The effect it has is to slow down all who move through the region down to a speed of 20' per round.

If Mosht Al Blopp enters an actual fetid pool at our plane, he can then teleport at will to any other fetid pool. 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.

NAME: Servant of Mosht Al Blopp

NO. ENC.: Special (*see above*)

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 traverse.

Should the unthinkable occur, and Mosht Al Blopp be slain while in our world, then the pool he is in (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%). The disease will subtract 1 point from strength, dexterity and constitution per week, for 1d12 weeks. Should any of those reach 0, then the inflicted perishes. The recovery takes just as long (1 point recovered per week) after the disease runs its course.

Naaragiga

BY TODD ROE, ILLUSTRATED BY MARK ALLEN

NAME: Naaragiga

SYMBOL: An iridescent disk

ALIGNMENT: Neutral (possibly Chaotic)

MOVEMENT: 0

ARMOR CLASS: 9

HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 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 foot diameter cloud. Any character caught in this cloud must save versus 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.

Worshippers 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

BY DENNIS CARTER

NAME: Nanefesterad

SYMBOL: A friendly smile

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic

MOVEMENT: 120' (40')

ARMOR CLASS: -1

HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 75 hp (15 HD)

ATTACKS: 2 tentacles (4 if enraged)/Special

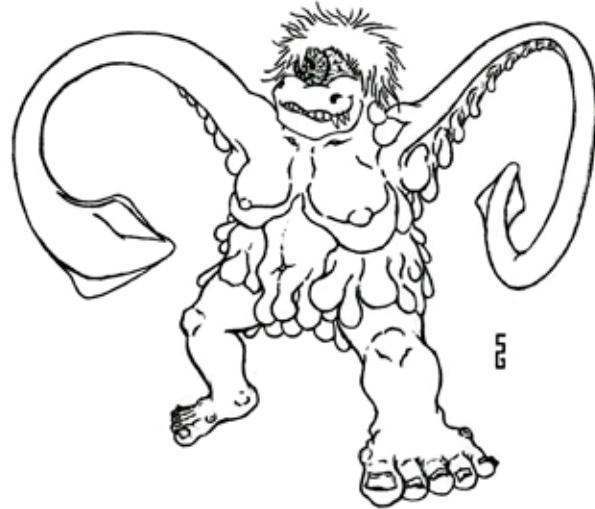
DAMAGE: 2d6 per tentacle (2d6 + 4 if enraged)

SAVE: M15

MORALE: 5

HOARD CLASS: XVIII (in lair), XIV (carried)

XP: 6,000



Nanefesterad is the petty god of false friendship; deceitful handshakes are his prayers, dishonest smiles are his sacraments. He is commonly seen as a young man with blonde hair, a slightly chubby stomach, and an earnest grin. In this form, Nanefesterad is jovial and slightly bumbling, quick with a joke and a pat on the back. His true form is bloated and hideous, with a single large bloodshot eye, thick stumpy legs, and two greasy tentacles.

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 cast by a 15th level Magic-User. If the save is made, the character is immune to Nanefesterad's charm effect for 24 hours. Those who spend longer than 2 hours in his presence within a 24 hour period 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, and the hit points cannot be regained until a **Remove Curse** spell is cast on the victim. The hit points lost to this ability heal an equal amount of Nanefesterad's hit points. 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.

Nanefesterad can only be hit by +2 or better weapons. 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. 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, and each successful hit will do 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 there no other options are available.

2d6

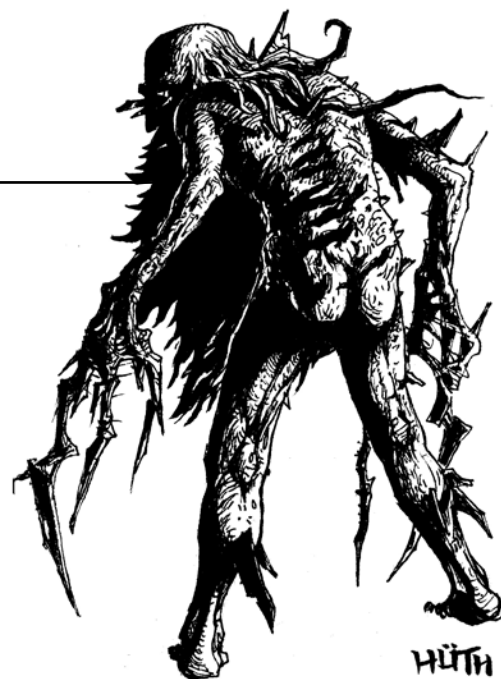
Reaction Table

2-4	Friendly: Offers 1 random magic item
3-5	Friendly: Seeks to shake hand of PC with highest Charisma (see above)
6-8	Friendly: Smiles but does not approach
9-11	Runs away

Nazarash

BLAIR FITZPATRICK, ILLUSTRATED BY CHRIS HÜTH

NAME: Nazarash the Shatterer
SYMBOL: A shattered glass bottle
ALIGNMENT: Chaotic
MOVEMENT: 120' (60') or 180' (60') in glass storm
ARMOR CLASS: 0
HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 68 hp (15 HD)
ATTACKS: 2 slashes
DAMAGE: 3-18/3-18
SAVE: F15
MORALE: 10
HOARD CLASS: Nil
XP: 3,000



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 eyesockets 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, with 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 instead 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. 3 times per day. Nazarash may utter a greater shriek that shatters all glass within a 500' radius; again with magic items allowed a saving throw and the 10% chance of gems shattering.

Nazarash may take the form of a swirling storm of glass shards at will; in this for his fills a 20' diameter globe and inflicts 2d4 + the victims' AC per round to all within this area.

Sometimes Nazarash will extrude a crooked dagger of jagged glass shards from his body; these daggers inflict triple damage but will shatter on an attack roll of an unmodified 4 or less.

2d6

Reaction Table

2	Hostile: Lets off a greater shriek and attacks
3-5	Unfriendly: Lets off a shriek if approached
6-8	Neutral: Ignores nearby creatures
9-11	Unfriendly: Disappears
12	Friendly: Provides one Glass Dagger of Nazarash

Nebius

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY JOHNATHAN BINGHAM

NAME: Nebius the Shrouded Lord (God of Dismal Fogs and Dreary Mists)

SYMBOL: A stylized cloud with morose human facial features

ALIGNMENT: Neutral

MOVEMENT: 150' (50') / Fly 600' (as per **Wind Walk** spell)

ARMOR CLASS: -6

HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 86 hp (21 HD)

ATTACKS: 2 (2 tendril/Special)

DAMAGE: 1d8/Special

SAVE: C21

MORALE: 8

HOARD CLASS: VIII, XIV

XP: 13,000

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 a 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' 30' radius must save versus 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 max). Nebius can solidify a portion 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 spell slow Nebius' movement by half. Fire based spells do half damage.

Reaction Table

2d6

Use Charisma modifier.

2-3

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

4-8

Indifferent: Will glide silently along ignoring everything unless obstructed or attacked. May be amenable to entreaties from others

9-12

Neutral: Will ignore nearby creatures

4-8

Unfriendly: Will envelop subject in his misty shroud and continue on in his morose ramblings

9-12

Hostile: Will attack

Neuph

BY THORBJØRN STEEN, ILLUSTRATED BY KELVIN GREEN

NAME: Neuph

SYMBOL: An unringing bell

ALIGNMENT: Neutral

MOVEMENT: 120' (40')

ARMOR CLASS: -7

HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 181 hp (23 HD)

ATTACKS: 2

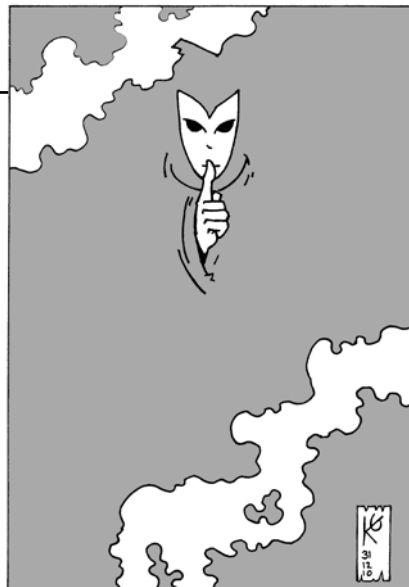
DAMAGE: Special

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 grey robe, and seems to be neither male nor female. Where Neuph appears, all sound within 500 feet is silenced, and all sound within a further 500 feet 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 500 feet, simply by pointing at the character. 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 a saving throw versus Poison or 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 Labyrinth Lord's discretion, non-sonic communication methods might work.

2d6

Reaction Table

- | | |
|-------------|--|
| 2 | Friendly: Neuph will regard the characters from a distance, and 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, and then proceed to ignore them |
| 12 | Hostile: Neuph will cast a permanent Silence 15' Radius spell on all the characters, and then proceed to follow them, as long as they stay in the area |

Nocton Zython

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY LESTER

NAME: Nocton Zython, God of Hallucinations and Dreams

SYMBOL: Trident

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic

MOVEMENT: 180' (60')

ARMOR CLASS: 20

HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 86 hp (23 HD)

ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE: 2-12

SAVE: MU12

MORALE: 10

HOARD CLASS: XVI

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. His Staff functions as a fully charged **Staff of Power** that strikes for 2d6 damage. He casts spells as a 12th level Spell Caster and favours illusory spells.

Nocton Zython is a patron of lotus eaters, dreamers, illusionists, and sailors. He may reveal himself in visions or dreams. The chances of encountering Nocton Zython are as follows:

- **Lotus Eaters:** there is a 5% chance a lotus eater will encounter Nocton Zython in their hallucinations.
- **Spell Casters:** there is a 1% chance, per illusory spell memorized, that a spell caster will have a vision of Nocton Zython.
- **Sailors:** there is a 1% chance, per week at sea, that a mariner will encounter Nocton Zython in their dreams.

All chances are cumulative. However he is encountered roll on the Reaction Table:

Reaction Table

2d6

Modified by Wisdom.

2

Friendly: Grants 1 additional point to the character's Wisdom. Grants spell casters 1 additional **Phantasmal Force** or **Sleep** spell

3-5

Indifferent: Will converse and answer most questions. Grants spell casters 1 additional **Phantasmal Force** or **Sleep** spell

6-8

Neutral: Ignores the character. Will only answer the most general questions

9-11

Unfriendly: Drains 1 point from the character's Wisdom

12

Hostile: Drains 2 points from the character's Wisdom

Nwee

BY EDWARD GREEN, ILLUSTRATED BY EUGENE JAWORSKI

NAME: Nwee, Godling of Boredom and Ennui; often goes by other names, just for fun

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 POINTS (HIT DICE): 91 hp (19 HD)

ATTACKS: Special

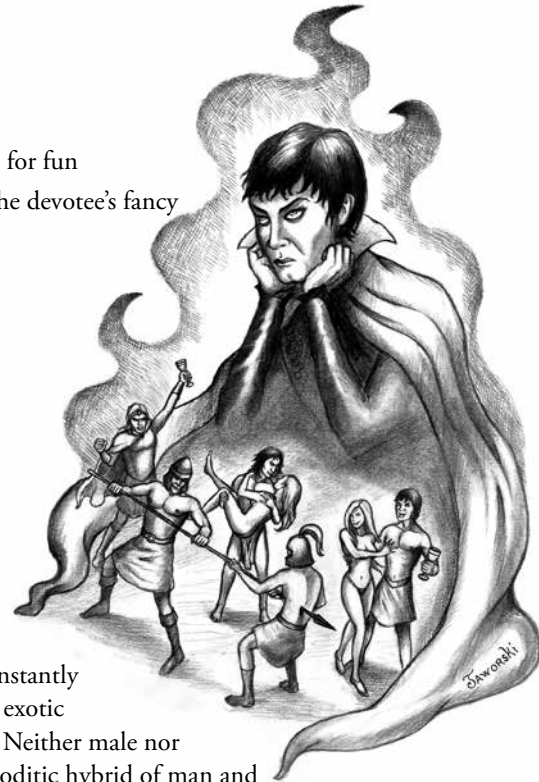
DAMAGE: Special

SAVE: C19

MORALE: 7

HOARD CLASS: XIV

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 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):

- 1) **Stupor:** Causes one living being to fall into a toxicant-induced stupor on a failed save vs. spells 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.
- 2) **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. spells at -4 is allowed to pierce the illusion's effects. The scenario Nwee creates depends greatly on Nwee's whim, but is usually something disorienting and uncomfortable for the victim. The godling derives immense pleasure watching its victim(s) cope with the illusion. The illusion lasts as long as Nwee focuses on it, or until Nwee gets bored and leaves.
- 3) **Ennui:** On a failed save vs. spells 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. Actually defeating Nwee in battle is worth 9,999 experience points. Simply encountering the godling, say 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.’

When Nwee is encountered, roll on the following reaction table:

Reaction Table

d6	<i>No modifiers whatsoever.</i>
1	Nwee inflicts some cruel, supernatural torment on the PCs, and then watches their suffering with fascination
2	Nwee, posing as a mortal or an animal, verbally torments the PCs, doing its best to provoke a reaction
3	Nwee engages in some senseless act of vandalism, and may try to get the PCs to participate)
4	The mere sight of the PCs saps all of Nwee’s enthusiasm, who then teleports away in disgust
5	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
6	Nwee is in a good mood and does something selfless and nice for a change

Obnomeht

BY JONAS MUSTONEN, ILLUSTRATED BY JOEY LINDSEY

NAME: Obnomeht

SYMBOL: Forceps

ALIGNMENT: Neutral

MOVEMENT: 180' (60')

ARMOR CLASS: -2

HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 75 hp (15 HD)

ATTACKS: Special

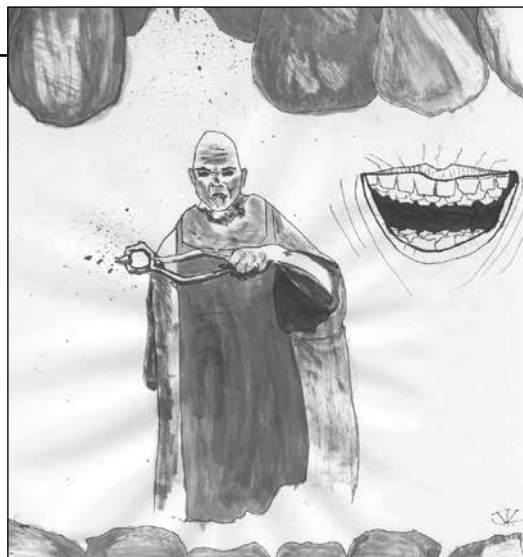
DAMAGE: 1d4 + Special

SAVE: C15

MORALE: 7

HOARD CLASS: XV

XP: 3,300



Obnomeht is god of pulling teeth and dentistry, he is petty god associated with professions that deal with dentistry and more specifically that of extracting teeth, barbers and physicians tend to pay him at least lip service. He appears as gaunt bald man with white robes, sandals and leather apron with forceps in his left hand. He rarely smiles but when he does it is with with three rows of teeth.

If forced in to combat Obnomeht will attack with unnerving speed and accuracy, extracting one tooth from his opponent with each succesfull attack, he teleports to his own home pocket plane (White Desert of Skulls) when he has extracted at least one tooth from each offender (or after being beaten badly), then he will curse each offending party whose teeth he has.

Obnomeht owns every tooth extracted in his name, he has magical connection with everyone whose teeth fall in to his possession and his motivations are not always exactly benevolent. Obnomeht may curse anyone whose teeth he has with wracking pain in jaw that gives the one cursed -2 modifier on to hit rolls and saving throws. This curse will always succeed without possibly of saving throw if Obnomeht owns a tooth from the subject.

Reaction Table

2d6

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 some trade secrets straight from the source

6-8

Obnomeht ignores the presence of 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 from him years ago; that PC is cursed.

Ochlos Volgus

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY ERIC JONES

NAME: Ochlos Volgus

SYMBOL: A burning torch

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic

MOVEMENT: 180' (60')

ARMOR CLASS: -4

HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 8 to 200 hp (1 to 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 candidate 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, with a penalty of -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, 1597, 2584, 4181, 6765, 10946, 17711, 28657, and finally 46368. 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 (4181 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 + 5000xp. In the unlikely event that the mob reasonably encompasses 46368 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.

2d6

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	Mob Size	HD (hp)	Additional Powers
0	1 (8hp)	Instigator Curse (once/day)	233	14 (112hp)	-
Instigator	2 (16hp)	-	377	15 (120hp)	Control Weather (once/day)
1 Follower	3 (24hp)	-	610	12 (128hp)	-
2 Followers	4 (32hp)	-	987	12 (136hp)	-
3 ...	5 (40hp)	Confusion (once/day)	1,597	18 (144hp)	-
5	6 (48hp)	-	2,584	19 (152hp)	-
8	7 (56hp)	-	4,181	20 (160hp)	Meteor Shower
13	8 (64hp)	-			(expends followers)
21	9 (72hp)	-	6,765	21 (168hp)	-
34	10 (80hp)	Feeblemind (once/day)	10,946	22 (176hp)	-
55	11 (88hp)	-	17,711	23 (184hp)	-
89	12 (96hp)	-	28,675	24 (192hp)	-
144	13 (104hp)	-	46,368	25 (200hp)	Becomes a major deity

Odxit

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY NDEGE DIAMOND

NAME: Odxit
SYMBOL: Five vertical wavy lines
ALIGNMENT: Neutral
MOVEMENT: -, Fly 360'
ARMOR CLASS: 0
HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 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 through. 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 Labyrinth Lord's interpretation of Odxit's disposition can be based on the chart below.

2d6

Reaction Table

2-3	Helpful: Spends 1d6 x 10 minutes observing individual or party, will help if able, will communicate if attempts are made
4-5	Curious: Spends 2-12 minutes observing, will communicate
6-7	Vaguely interested: Spends 1-2 minutes observing. If communication is attempted roll reaction again ignoring this result
8-9	Inscrutable: spends 2-12 minutes observing, no communication
10-11	Unfriendly: Will attack if communication is attempted, otherwise leaves
12	Hostile: Attacks immediately

Old Snicker

BY JOHN FELDMAN, ILLUSTRATED BY GLEN HALLSTROM

NAME: Old Snicker, God of Insults

SYMBOL: Closed fist with extended middle digit
(or if you prefer, Face with Tongue Sticking Out)

ALIGNMENT: Chaos/Chaotic Neutral

MOVEMENT: 50'

ARMOR CLASS: 10

HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 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 *Reaction Table*) 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** [see spell below], **ESP** (finds secrets to exploit), **Continual Light** (casts a spotlight on himself), **Confusion** (any insult he utters can act as this spell), **Irresistable Laughter** (same as **Irresistable 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 allowed. Insult can be uttered at same time normal actions are done during the round.

Reaction Table

2d6

Modified by Charisma.

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 to next initiative)

9-11

Provides clever repartee to victim allowing them +2 to hit on next roll

12

Offers gift of **The Zinger** to opponent instead!

Ophurton

BY BLAIR FITZPATRICK, ILLUSTRATED BY ADAM DICKSTEIN

NAME: Ophurton, Master of Profits

SYMBOL: An abacus framed by coins

ALIGNMENT: Neutral

MOVEMENT: 120' (60')

ARMOR CLASS: 2

HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 81 hp (18 HD)

ATTACKS: 1 rod or whip

DAMAGE: 3-18 or **Charm Person**

SAVE: M18

MORALE: 10

HOARD CLASS: XV

XP: 6,250



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 versus spells or be affected by a **Charm Person**. Ophurton can transform 100 gallons of water into fine scotch per day. 3 times per day Ophurton may attempt to curse any being within 100' with the **Curse of Misfinance**. Those that fail a saving throw versus spells with a -4 modifier will, over the course of the next month find that all of their expenses have increased threefold; and they will also lose d12% of their money and assets per day. Ophurton can also **Teleport** (without error) once per day.

2d6

Reaction Table

2	Hostile: Attacks
3-5	Unfriendly: Curses one being with the Curse of Misfinance and than leaves
6-8	Neutral: Ignores nearby creatures
9-11	Unfriendly: Disappears
12	Friendly: Provides financial advice that allows a 6d% percent return on all investments over the next month

Ouk of the Stump

BY DAN CASSAR, ILLUSTRATED BY TONY MULLINS

NAME: Ouk of the Stump

SYMBOL: A body with stumps for limbs

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic

MOVEMENT: Infinite

ARMOR CLASS: 10

HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 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 had been wronged.

If a character attracts Ouk's attention in this way and answers "yes", he 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.

Qualdoni

BY JED MCCLURE

NAME: Whisper Will, Petty God of Crossroads

SYMBOL: 4 circles in a row: ••••

ALIGNMENT: Lawful Neutral

MOVEMENT: 120' (40')

ARMOR CLASS: -4

HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 72 hp (16 HD)

ATTACKS: 1 (Staff): will teleport away after 4 rounds

DAMAGE: 4d4

SAVE: F12

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. But when usually 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 he 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 then the number 2, who was his father).

2d6

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 reasoning ability, and taste.

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 a d4 and consult the following:

ROLL EFFECT

- 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 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 breath, 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 does not receive one, will depart for the Plane of Order in a huff. Party members can attempt appeal for him to reverse the change, rolling again on the reaction table as long as he is present.

Qurgan Quagnar

BY PAUL AND EMMETT BRINKMAN, ILLUSTRATED BY EUGENE JAWORSKI

NAME: Qurgan Quagnar
SYMBOL: A three-legged toad
ALIGNMENT: Chaotic
MOVEMENT: 60' (20')
ARMOR CLASS: 3
HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 73 hp (13 HD)
ATTACKS: 1 (stick or gaze)
DAMAGE: Special
SAVE: D10
MORALE: 10
HOARD CLASS: VI, IX
XP: 3,300



Qurgan Quagnar, petty 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 who is horribly disfigured, missing one leg, and carrying a gnarled walking stick. Qurgan has few followers (aside from the occasional sentient three-legged toad); folks only pray to placate 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 pressed, he can rap enemies with his “ugly stick.” (treat this as a quarterstaff +1). Any being suffering maximum damage from his stick also loses one point of Charisma permanently. Qurgan Quagnar can also wither opponents with his stare. Anyone meeting this withering gaze must successfully save vs. petrify or roll on the table to the right (d6):

Those who somehow gain Qurgan Quagnar’s favor may be granted **Qurgan’s Boon**. The recipient of the boon may treat any one 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.

The Curmudgeon God uses the reaction table to the right (2d6). Characters should apply the opposite of any charisma adjustments they would normally make (high charisma is viewed as a negative thing in the eyes of Qurgan Quagnar).

d6

- | | |
|-----|---|
| 1 | Lose a foot (reduce movement speed by half) |
| 2 | Lose a hand (-1 Dexterity) |
| 3-4 | Lose an eye (-1 to hit) |
| 5-6 | Horrible scarring (+1 reaction roll) |

The effects are permanent until reversed by means of a remove curse spell.

2d6

- | | |
|-------|--|
| 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 |

Päkkaan

BY ALAN BRODIE, ILLUSTRATED BY ELEANOR FERRON

NAME: Päkkaan
SYMBOL: Aurora borealis
ALIGNMENT: Neutral
MOVEMENT: 150' (50')
ARMOR CLASS: 1
HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 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, he 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 weapon for half).

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 “civilised” exploitation of his domain such as mining or large-scale hunting. If he 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 favoured shamans. He never speaks (perhaps he cannot) but may communicate in dreams and visions.

Reaction Table

2d6

Modified by Wisdom.

- | | |
|-------|--|
| 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 trampling' time! |

Palester Olhm

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY ANDREW CRENSHAW

NAME: Palester Olhm

SYMBOL: Leather circle sliced through

ALIGNMENT: Neutral

MOVEMENT: 120' (40')

ARMOR CLASS: 10

HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 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 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 and no save). 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. This deactivates the permanent damage-causing power for 1d4 rounds.

He takes only 1 pt 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). Can bestow the same immunity on others for a limited duration.

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.

d6

- 1 **Cogent**, possibly helpful
- 2 **Grim**
- 3 **Unfocused**, unresponsive
- 4 **Paranoid**
- 5 **Irritated**
- 6 **Aggressive**

Pilikke

BY PAUL AND EMMETT BRINKMAN, ILLUSTRATED BY ADAM DICKSTEIN

NAME: Pilikke
SYMBOL: A skipping stone
ALIGNMENT: Neutral
MOVEMENT: 150' (50'), 240' (80') in deer form
ARMOR CLASS: -1
HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 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 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 1-4 damage each or head butt for 1-6 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 uses the following reaction table. Characters should apply the opposite of any wisdom adjustments they would normally make (high wisdom is viewed as a negative thing in the eyes of Pilikke). 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.

Reaction Table

2d6

Apply the opposite of any Wisdom adjustments.

2-3 **Friendly:** Joins/aids nearby beings for a time

4-6 **Intrigues:** Joins/aids nearby beings for a time if interesting reason given

7-9 **Neutral:** Ignores nearby creatures

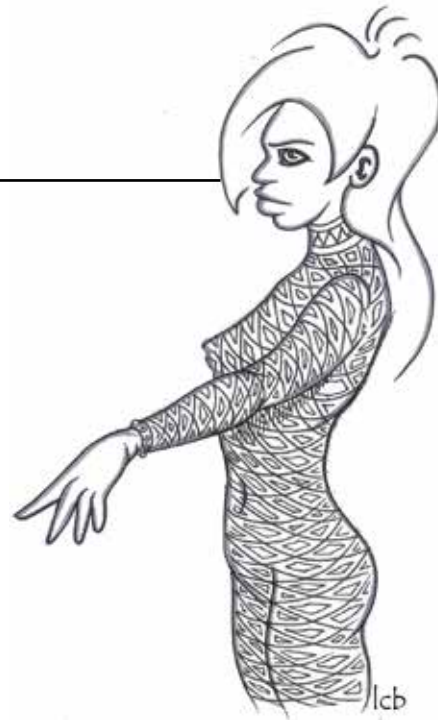
10-11 **Bothered:** Changes to deer form and retreats

12 **Hostile:** Throws pebbles; laughs

Rosartia

BY SHAUN HASKINS, ILLUSTRATED BY LIAM BRENNAN

NAME: Rosartia, Goddess of Lost Time
SYMBOL: A stylized silver eye inside an emblem of a shield
ALIGNMENT: Neutral
MOVEMENT: 90' (30")
ARMOR CLASS: 6
HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 46 hp (10+1 HD)
ATTACKS: 2 (1 physical + **Forgetful Mist**—see below)
DAMAGE: 1D6
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 points at which they are likely to be lost, such as before great cataclysms, wars, and other tragedies. Her sole purpose is to prevent the destruction of these objects, and to 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 who would be good stewards of the objects, testing them, and bringing them to her domain to bestow gifts upon those who prove themselves worthy.

Rosartia herself appears as a slender, brown-haired human woman of ancient origins wearing a greyish-brown robe of indistinct design. 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, and if threatened will use the **Forgetful Mist** ability to strip her opponents of the will to fight until they are unconscious, at which point she will strip them of objects of power and deposit them far from their point of origin to teach 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. The party gains a +1 modifier for each Cleric of a non-neutral deity present, and a -1 for each powerful magic item (+2 weapon/armor or object of wonder; no scrolls, potions or wands) 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. Roll 2d6 and apply these modifiers, consulting the following chart:

2d6

0-6	Friendly, Helpful
7-8	Indifferent, Uninterested
9-11	Neutral, Uncertain
12	Unfriendly, May Attack
13+	Hostile, Attacks

Satrum

BY DAN PROCTOR, ILLUSTRATED BY MARK ALLEN

NAME: Satrum

SYMBOL: Five droplets of blood arranged in a circle

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic (evil)

MOVEMENT: 120' (40')

ARMOR CLASS: -3

HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 105 hp (21 HD)

ATTACKS: 4 or Special

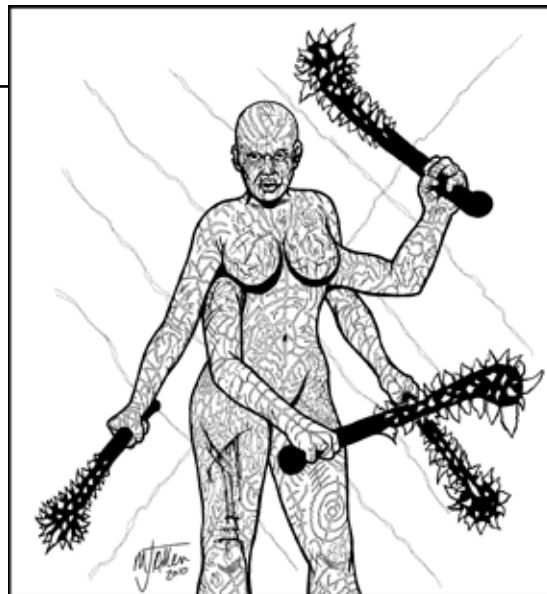
DAMAGE: 2d6

SAVE: F21

MORALE: 10

HOARD CLASS: IX, XVII

XP: 19,000



Satrum is the Goddess of Blood Letting, 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. Satrum can attack with all four arms per round for 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 succeed in a save versus paralyzation or become stunned, wracked with pain, for 3d4 rounds.

Satrum is a sadistic Goddess. She will prefer to take her time hurting an opponent unless she is at a disadvantage. Satrum 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. Worshipers of Satrum are sometimes gifted with pints of her blood, and when quaffed one pint heals 3d10 damage, leaving permanent scars where there were wounds, and further acts as a **Cure Disease** spell. At any given time she will have 4d4 blood creatures with her, which she is capable of animating from her own blood. These creatures will be small, such as bats, rats, snakes, toads, etc. and have the following stats: AL C; MV 120' (40') fly, walk, slither, etc.; AC 3; HD 3; #AT 1; DG 1d6; SV F3; ML 12.

2d6

Reaction Table

- | | |
|-------------|---|
| 1 | Intrigued: Offers the characters her blood for worship |
| 3-5 | Amused: Proposes to ritually scar the characters instead of kill them |
| 6-8 | Uninterested: Will attack the characters in 2d4 rounds if they do not leave her presence |
| 9-11 | Annoyed: Will attack the characters in 2d6 rounds if they do not leave her presence |
| 12 | Angry: Will immediately attack the characters |

Screbblo

BY M. T. BLACK, ILLUSTRATED BY FAT COTTON

NAME: Screbblo, God of quality footwear
SYMBOL: Upside down boot
ALIGNMENT: Lawful
MOVEMENT: 50'
ARMOR CLASS: 2
HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 58 hp (10 HD)
ATTACKS: 1 (hammer) / 1 (nails)
DAMAGE: 2d8 / 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 ray or trip over.

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 multi-verse. His own boots are exceedingly beautiful, and are enchanted with every magic power ever devised for footwear.

2d6

Reaction Table

2-3 Friendly

3-8 Plays a trick

6-12 Hides

Seshati Pyhatia

BY NULL NULL, ILLUSTRATED BY ZAK SMITH

NAME: Seshati Pyhatia, Protector of Female Scholars

SYMBOL: A book covering a hand mirror

ALIGNMENT: lawful

MOVEMENT: 90' (30')

ARMOR CLASS: -2

HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 99 hp (22 HD)

ATTACKS: 2

DAMAGE: 1-6 + 5 + **Feeblemind**

SAVE: M14

MORALE: 7

HOARD CLASS: VIII x10

XP: 8,000



Any female cleric or mage whose Intelligence exceeds her Charisma adds 1; any female whose Charisma exceeds her intelligence subtracts 1.

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 or 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 hit (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.

2d6

Reaction

- | | |
|---|-------------|
| 1 | Peeved |
| 2 | Distracted |
| 3 | Indifferent |
| 4 | Friendly |
| 5 | Curious |
| 6 | Fascinated |

Silvarno

BY PATRICK WETMORE, ILLUSTRATED BY JASON SHOLTIS

NAME: Silvarno, God of Late Submissions

SYMBOL: Image of man clutching manuscript, banging on closed door

ALIGNMENT: Neutral

MOVEMENT: 180' (60")

ARMOR CLASS: 2

HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 36 hp (8 HD)

ATTACKS: 1

DAMAGE: 1d8

SAVE: MU8

MORALE: 8

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. spells 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's reaction to the mortals he encounters is determined by rolling 2d6 on the following table:

Reaction Table

2d6

Subtract Wisdom modifier.

≤ 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!

Somnau

BY ANDREW BRANSTAD, ILLUSTRATED BY MARK ALLEN

NAME: Somnau
SYMBOL: An iron rod, partially wrapped in white linen bandages
ALIGNMENT: Neutral
MOVEMENT: 90' (30")
ARMOR CLASS: 0
HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 77 hp (17 HD)
ATTACKS: 2 (rod and 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 that they should never forget the lessons of failure. Mortals who forget the injuries they suffered in the past and don't learn from their mistakes 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. He also attacks by magically transferring some of his own injuries onto his opponent's body via touch. Armor is little help against this attack (treat the target as unarmored, although magical armor still adds the magical portion of its bonus). Each successful "touch" inflicts 1d6 damage to the target and restores 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 affecting the subject (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.

Reaction Table

2d6

Modified by Wisdom instead of Charisma.

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.

St. Vineria of the Eyes

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY FR. DAVID EYNON

NAME: Mespilus

SYMBOL: A bowl with a pair of eyes inside it

ALIGNMENT: Lawful

MOVEMENT: 150' (50')

ARMOR CLASS: 0

HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 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 a d6 on the table to the right:

Those who hit St. Vineria in combat must make a 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**.

Bowl of the Eyes

These rare magic items resemble St. Vineria's own bowl, 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 a d6:

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.

d6

- 1 Locate Object
- 2 Detect Invisible
- 3 Find Traps
- 4 Infravision
- 5 Arcane Eye
- 6 True Seeing

d6

- 1-3 Cure Light Wounds
- 4 Cure Blindness
- 5 Cure Disease
- 6 Cure Serious Wounds

Tau

BY JNO WEED, ILLUSTRATED BY MARK ALLEN

NAME: Tau, the Guardian of Tombs and Cemeteries
SYMBOL: Shears and a torch
ALIGNMENT: Lawful
MOVEMENT: 180' (60')
ARMOR CLASS: -4
HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 126 hp (21 HD)
ATTACKS: 3
DAMAGE: 1-4 + 4
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 four feet tall, has bluish-gray skin, four arms, frog's legs, and sharp dorsal spines. He appears naked but heavily ornamented with necklaces, earrings, bracelets, and anklets made from human bones.

This terrible little god 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 a limited teleportation ability that functions as that of a blink dog. In his humanoid form, Tau bears +4 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.

Reaction Table

2d6	Use Wisdom as modifier instead of Charisma; +10 to tomb robbers and defilers.
2	Benevolent: Will Commune with or Raise Dead party members or character if properly propitiated
3	Positive: Will Bless or Cure character or party if properly propitiated
4-8	Indifferent: Ignores character or party
9-10	Negative: Will Quest character or party if not properly propitiated. The quest will involve the protection of burial places or the restoration of defiled burials or looted grave goods
11	Hostile: Will attack character or party if not properly propitiated
12+	Enraged: Attacks character or party

Tremella

BY GARRETT WEINSTEIN, ILLUSTRATED BY JEREMY DUNCAN

NAME: Tremella of the Cups, goddess of pub-crawling and drunken love

SYMBOL: A glowing mug of beer, tankard, or keg

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic (Good)

MOVEMENT: 180' (60')

ARMOR CLASS: 0

HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 70 hp (12 HD)

ATTACKS: 1 or Special

DAMAGE: 1d4+4 or Special

SAVE: C19

MORALE: 8

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, and 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 until the next dawn.

Tremella is likely to bestow her blessing on those who buy her a drink, and will certainly do so on those who buy a round for everyone. Her typical blessing is to raise the effective Charisma of a reveler to all those who drink at least two alcoholic beverages by 1d4+1 until the next sunrise. These blessings may sometimes be mixed, as those so blessed also see everyone around them as 2 Charisma points higher than they normally would be. She rarely uses curses, but if annoyed, may curse offending persons with either severe inebriation (lasts 1d4+2 hours with a massive hangover remaining for the entire next day). If severely angered, she may curse an individual with the inability to become intoxicated (permanent until removed). These curses may be resisted with a saving throw 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 to hit, Armor Class and Saving Throws. The goddess of pub-crawling may also defend herself physically (she's an skilled drunken boxer) if necessary..

Reaction Table

2d6

Modified by Charisma. +1 bonus for the inebriated.

2

Very friendly: Blesses 1d4 nearby targets

3-7

Friendly: Blesses individual if properly propitiated

8-10

Neutral: Orders a drink and waits for party to start

11

Depressed: Leaves unless properly propitiated

Tricruxia

BY JOHN STATER, ILLUSTRATED BY CHRIS HÜTH

NAME: Tricruxia, Demi-Goddess of Forked Tunnels

SYMBOL: Y

ALIGNMENT: Neutral

MOVEMENT: 210' (70')

ARMOR CLASS: 2

HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 66 hp (9 HD)

ATTACKS: Military fork

DAMAGE: 1d8+3

SAVE: C9

MORALE: 11

HOARD CLASS: XVI

XP: 3,150



Tricruxia is the triple-faced goddess of Y-shaped forks in subterranean tunnels. As the daughter of the twin gods of the road and the daughter of the King of the Underworld, she is a cthonic goddess whose idols are typically found at forks in corridors. These idols, always carved from gray stone, are placed in the center of the intersection with their three faces each looking down a divergent tunnel. There is a 1% chance that an idol is actually Tricruxia herself.

The goddess has pale grey skin and raven hair and a chiseled appearance. She swathes herself in a long, gray toga and, in addition to having three faces on her head, has a third arm jutting from her back and a third leg. The faces are all identical save for the eyes—one has ruby red eyes, the other sapphire blue eyes and the third emerald green eyes.

Crucita's third arm holds a +3 military fork that, when struck against solid stone activates both a stone to mud and confusion effect in a 30 foot radius.

The goddess can move over any surface without slowing and can even walk on walls and ceilings.

Tricruxia accepts sacrifices in threes, and prefers sacrifices that include a liquid (wine is preferred), solid (precious stones are preferred) and gas (the worshipers own breath is most common). If such a sacrifice is made at one of her idols, or the goddess herself, there is a 5% chance she will grant the petitioner with knowledge of which path will lead to their most desired goal.

Tricruxia can cast spells as a 9th level cleric and 6th level magic-user. As a demi-god, she is immune to mind affecting magic, sleep and hold spells and is only harmed by +2 or higher weapons.

Tybesi-O

BY IGOR SARTORATO AND DAIANE ASSEN CHALES, ILLUSTRATED BY MATTHEW SHULTZ

NAME: Tybesi-O

SYMBOL: A golden spoon

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic

MOVEMENT: 90' (30')

ARMOR CLASS: 6

HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 75 hp (15 HD)

ATTACKS: 1 (fist, swallow attack), or curse

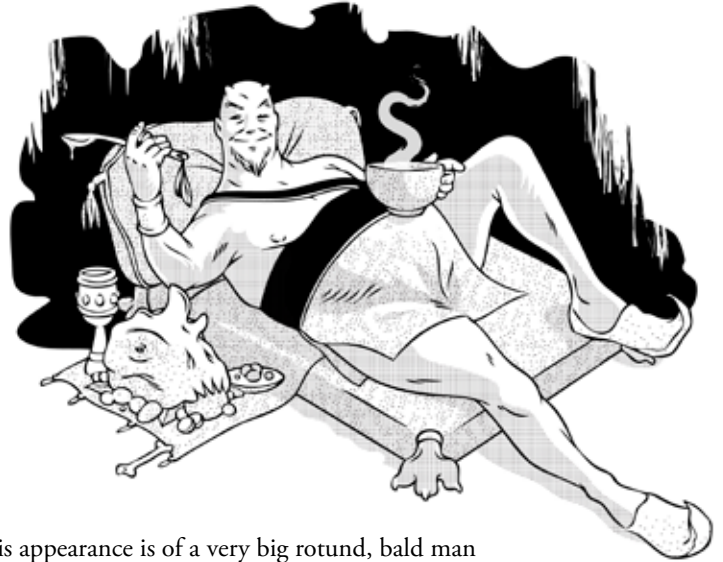
DAMAGE: 1d4 (1d8, swallow)

SAVE: MU15

MORALE: 8

HOARD CLASS: XIX

XP: 5,000



Tybesi-O is the god of food, cuisine and gluttony. His appearance is of a very big rotund, bald man with greedy eyes, dressed in fine and tawdry clothes. His most common worshipers are cooks who seek his blessings before preparing your recipes, especially when for important dinners.

His few priests are generally nomads who travel from community to community asking for hospitality in return for their blessings. The main dogma of these usually obese priests is never refuse a meal, and a lot of these gluttons see as offense if is not offered food to them. However, many innkeepers and chefs usually receive these priests with open arms in an attempt to achieve a new and tasty recipe among the thousands that the priests of Tybesi-O are famous for knowing.

Tybesi-O's attention is particularly attracted when some great gastronomic feast or banquet is held. In these situations, Tybesi-O requires that a great offering is offered to him, in the form of food and drink. If this is not done, or the offering is deemed insufficient, the god curse the community causing food to deteriorate, milk to sour, and recipes to go wrong.

Tybesi-O has the power to bless someone, causing that person develops a kind of culinary genius, being able to create wonderful recipes. Likewise, this capricious god is also able to curse those who dislike him, and this curse can take two forms. One way of the curse makes all food eaten by the target to get an unpleasant taste. The other way affects those with culinary skills, making everything they cook to deteriorate 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! When the petty god roll a "19" or "20" in an attack hit, he immediately leads the victim to the mouth and swallows whole, in a gruesome scene. The victim then suffers 1d8 hit points damage per round, until be regurgitated or the god be defeated.


Tyop

BY PATRICK WETMORE

NAME: Tyop, God of Print Errors and Minor Heresies
SYMBOL: Book filled with gibberish
ALIGNMENT: Neutral
MOVEMENT: 60' (20")
ARMOR CLASS: 3
HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 40 hp (7 HD)
ATTACKS: 1
DAMAGE: 2d8 + **Confusion**
SAVE: MU7
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. magic, 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. magic, or find that they mispronounce the words (still erasing memory of the spell, or destroying the scroll, as the case may be).

Reaction Table

	<i>Modified by Wisdom.</i>
≤ 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. magic 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

Undek

BY ATAILTON MIRANDA, ILLUSTRATED BY COURTNEY CAMPBELL

NAME: Undek, God of Lost Souls

SYMBOL: Skull in blue nimbus

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic

MOVEMENT: 60' (20')

ARMOR CLASS: 0

HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 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 throughout the world, gathering both evil spirits (such as spectres and wraiths) to him, 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 Person**, and other mind-or body-affecting spells have no effect upon Undek. In addition, he is immune to cold and electricity-based attacks.

d6

Reaction Table

1-2	Undek ignores the person
3-4	Undek is friendly; but roll again after 10 rounds
5	Undek curses the person!
6	Undek attacks!

Vexarus Mouse-God

BY EVAN ELKINS, ILLUSTRATED BY CHRIS LOWRANCE

NAME: Vexarus Mouse-God

SYMBOL: Three rats with their tails tied together

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic (evil)

MOVEMENT: 120' (40')

ARMOR CLASS: 2

HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 100 hp (22 HD)

ATTACKS: Bow +3

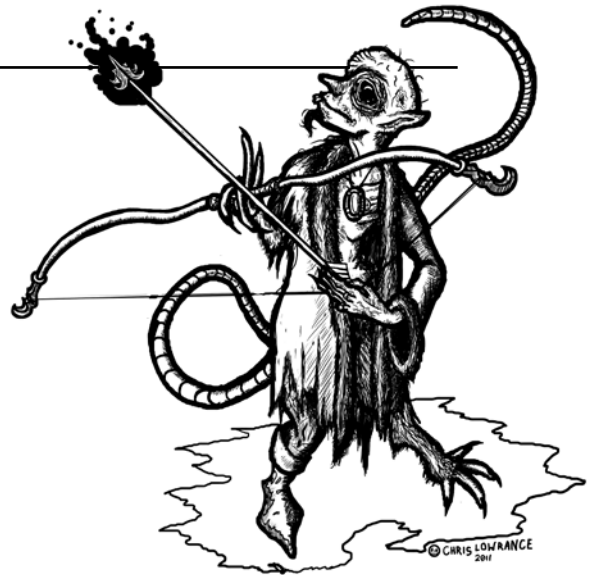
DAMAGE: Special

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 arrows. The first deals no damage, but anyone struck by them must Save vs. Wands or act as though they are under the effects of a **Charm Person** spell. The second also deals no damage, but those struck must Save vs. Poison or die of a fast acting disease within the next 1d6 turns. The Mouse-God can reanimate these as Zombies with maximum Hit Points. These Zombies can spread disease as if they were a rat (assume all of these carry the disease). The last type is the one Vexarus uses to spread plagues. This arrow again does no damage, and he never shoots it at sapient beings. 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 determined by the Labyrinth Lord.

Vexarus will never engage in melee combat preferring to flee instead. He is a coward of the worst sort, and the Labyrinth Lord is encouraged to play this to the hilt. He can turn invisible at will and will rarely approach anyone who may be an enemy while visible. Six times per day he may teleport; when Vexarus does so he disappears in a cloud of greasy smoke. Those in close proximity to this smoke must Save or contract a disease similar to the one contracted from rats.

Reaction Table

2d6

This roll is unmodified by ability scores. Instead, use the chart 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 or 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 ascertains, 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. However, if it appears he is in danger he will flee

Reaction Table Modifiers

<i>Action</i>	<i>Modifier</i>
Willingly Committed Treason	-6
Exposed Treason	+6
Chaotic Alignment	-3
Lawful Alignment	+3
Contracted a Plague and Survived	Always a 12
Caused Others to Contract a Plague	Always a 2

Vydia

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY LUIGI CASTELLANI

NAME: Vydia, charlatan god

SYMBOL: A fake golden chain holding adorned with many colored glass beads

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic

MOVEMENT: 150' (50')

ARMOR CLASS: 2

HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 75 hp (15 HD)

ATTACKS: 1 by 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 middle sized cities, faires and markets trying to acquire new followers promising wealth, power and riches. In this case he is usually served by a small group of delusional followers.

The fact is that Vydia is mostly a charlatan and can't actually make his promises true, so quite often he can be encountered fleeing enraged mobs of angry ex-followers.

The wandering god usually keeps away from greater cities and densely settled areas, so to avoid the unwanted attention of greater gods and better organized religions, as these tend to be jealous of their followers. Also 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 is gone forever.

Vydia can only be struck by +1 or better weapons.

Due to his divine nature, Vydia can cast any Magic-user spell up to 5th level at will, he is limited to spells that are connected to illusions, charms, movement, air and fire.

For example Vydia could cast **Phantasmal Force**, or **Fly**, or **Haste**, but never **Detect Magic** or **Dispel Magic**.

Vydia is considered a 15th level spell caster.

The charlatan deity can also change his shape twice per day, but only to one of the following form: fair-haired man, fair-haired woman, fly, horse.

Vydia has currently no clerics, and no matter how much he promises power to his followers he can't really grant them spells.

Whisper Will

BY DALE CAMERON

NAME: Whisper Will, Petty God of Crossroads

SYMBOL: A baying dog or a crossroads

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic

MOVEMENT: 120' (40') or 150' (50') Fly: 240' (80')

ARMOR CLASS: 0 or -8

HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 77 hp (11 HD)

ATTACKS: Special

DAMAGE: Special

SAVE: T11 + Special

MORALE: 10

HOARD CLASS: XIV (platinum coins and gems at first appearance look like any coin type)

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 (Move 150', AC 0, Attacks 1, Damage 1D8); a Will-o-Wisp, a soft glowing light resembling a lantern, (Fly, AC -8, Attacks 1, Damage 2d8 electrical shock) and a man in a long black cloak (Move 120', AC 0, Attacks 1, Damage 1d8). 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. 2-3 Will-o-Wisp, Black Dog 4-9 and a man in a long black cloak, 10-12; modified by +1 for each female with charisma > 12 in the party.

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.

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 but prefer to appear at another crossroads on another night as the man in the long black cloak.

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 any dice game the party suggest but he has the ability to move each die 1 pip in either direction, making his chances of winning very high. The Labyrinth Lord 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 defends himself, flees early in Will-o-Wisp form but casts the **Curse of the Crossroads** (see below) on the party (saving throw vs spells at -4) before he leaves. If the party bargains for something other than coin Whisper Will has special demands. If there are any female party members of charisma >12 Whisper Will demands a night with them, simultaneously, else 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 is the same as outlined above, for gambling for something other than coin. 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 and will disappear if approached, reappearing elsewhere, but are 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) or 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 the musical contest he will not protest, he is confined by ancient ties to honor his bargain despite his Chaotic nature. Mysteriously for the party any coins they have won will have been upgraded the next morning (silver/gold to platinum, platinum to 50gp gems). Additionally the main protagonist in the gambling or musical contest will gain the **Blessing of the Crossroads**. Females will have permanent +1 improved reaction roll if standing at a crossroads (many women have turned this to enterprising use); males if standing at a crossroad, on a 1-4 on a d6 will have a feeling to the direction which will take them in the direction they seek.

Women who spend the night with Whisper Will have no memory of the night and gain no special benefit/penalty but will always seem to smile if standing at a crossroad. If more than one woman has spent the night with Whisper Will NPCs must take a reaction roll to the other woman, a very negative roll indicating future hostility and a very positive roll indicating potential romantic interest. Even player females should be urged to alter their relationship with each other in same way.

If seriously threatened Whisper Will transforms into a Will-o-Wisp and attacks the weakest party member. He can summon aid: 1-5 (1-3 Will-o-Wisps, as per *Advanced Edition Companion Labyrinth Lord* page 140, arriving in 1-4 rounds) or 6 a vampire, arriving in 2-8 rounds. If Whisper Will can stand in the very centre of a crossroad he can teleport instantly with 100% success to any other crossroad within 3 miles. If he can, before he flees, he casts the **Curse of the Crossroads** on the whole party (save vs spells at -4). This is the reverse of his blessing, -1 negative reaction roll for females when standing at a crossroad, and for males, when standing at a crossroad on a 1-4 on a d6 they will take the wrong path to the direction they seek. Only a **Remove Curse** cast by a cleric of 20th level ability or Whisper Will can lift this curse

Zikcub

BY DOUG RUSCH

NAME: Zikcub

SYMBOL: Bloody paw

ALIGNMENT: Lawful

MOVEMENT: 90' (40")

ARMOR CLASS: 2

HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 45 hp (12 HD)

ATTACKS: 3

DAMAGE: 1d6, 1d6 (claws), 1d10 (bite) plus disease

SAVE: M20

MORALE: 10

HOARD CLASS: VII

XP: 5,800



Zikcub, the patron petty god 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. Zikcub appears as a wasted slightly humanoid looking feline with only disheveled tufts of fur remaining, weepy eyes, lumpy ulcerated skin, sagging teets, and emaciated flesh. Though no longer dying Zikcub is in constant pain. 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.

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 can provide instant solace through painless death (save applicable if drinker does not desire death). The potency of her other teets 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 a ill omen foretelling pain 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 versus poison or be incapacitated due to nausea from 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. She even recovered from being turned to stone after a few days. Mystics speculate that she cannot die while she continues to receive the blessing of the gods.

d10

Modified by Wisdom.

0

Positively Inclined: Will communicate possibly offering help or asking for help

1-9

Neutral: Will not communicate and will try to maintain distance

10+

Hostile: Will attack and/or animal retinue will attack

Zirkonia

BY JOHN GAVIN LIGHTERNESS

NAME: Zirkonia

SYMBOL: Golden ring in a sunburst

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic

MOVEMENT: 360' (120')

ARMOR CLASS: -8

HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 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 versus paralysis or be turned to gold, diamond, silver, or anything else which shines and glitters. Zirkonia's only interest is the adoration of every thing 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 decorated, 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 d4 days they will have a glint in their eye or a gleam in their teeth, and this will give 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 d6 days. During this time they will not tarnish or scratch and cannot be broken by any means.
- 6 Zirkonia's Gift:** d6 of the mundane items they are carrying are transmuted into gold and silver versions. New values are determined by rolling on the Jewellery table in the treasure section.

Reaction Table

2d6

-1 for every piece of ostentatious jewellery 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

Zzyzz

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY JUSTEN BROWN

NAME: *Zzyzz*

SYMBOL: Swirling red vapor within a black void

ALIGNMENT: Chaotic

MOVEMENT: 360' (120')

ARMOR CLASS: -4

HIT POINTS (HIT DICE): 90 hp (20 HD)

ATTACKS: Special

DAMAGE: Special

SAVE: M19

MORALE: Fearless

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 travellers, 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. 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 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. death 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 is cast after *Zzyzz* possesses the victim.

2d6

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; 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

Create a Religion In Your Spare Time for Fun and Profit

A DISCUSSION OF RELIGIOUS CONSIDERATIONS FOR REALISTIC FANTASY ROLE PLAYING GAMES BY M.A.R. BARKER

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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 colourful 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 time-line” 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 colourless—just normal Americans running about in funny costumes. Many science-fictional worlds have this flavour 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.

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 anthropomorphised 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 its eventual denouement is going to be, and especially what man has to do in order to acquire the most goodies: eternal salvation, the favour 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 anthropomorphise, 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 commerce 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 neighbouring 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, homogenous, 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's

own 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 thus 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 favours, 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 pay your money, and you take 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, valour) 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 palled. This is not just my own insatiable dilettantism: bored and blase 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 may 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 entitled "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 favour 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 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 favours 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 armourmaking. 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-coloured 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 god-like 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 honoured, 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. armoury 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 favours 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 colour 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 favour. 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 favoured 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 grey.

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 favour 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, Alraitia. 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 armoury 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 Ghurbofahz, 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 role-playing: 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 balked 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 role-playing 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 sits 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 mightythewed 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 neighbouring 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 its 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 its 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 neighbourhood 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 favour 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 chanches 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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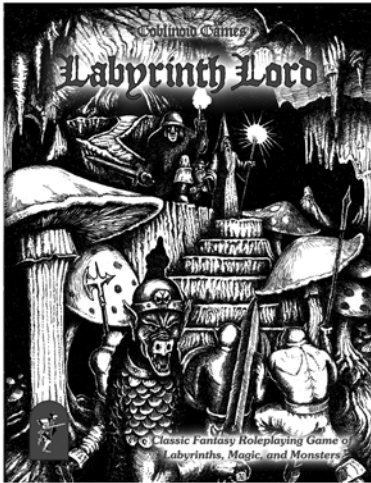
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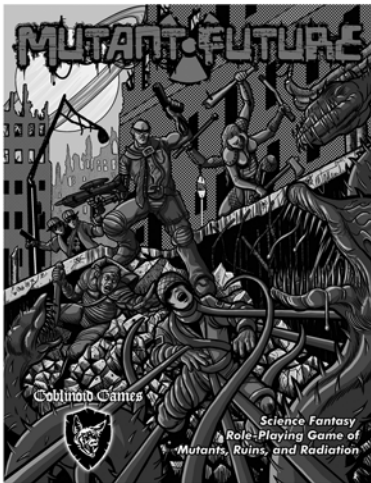
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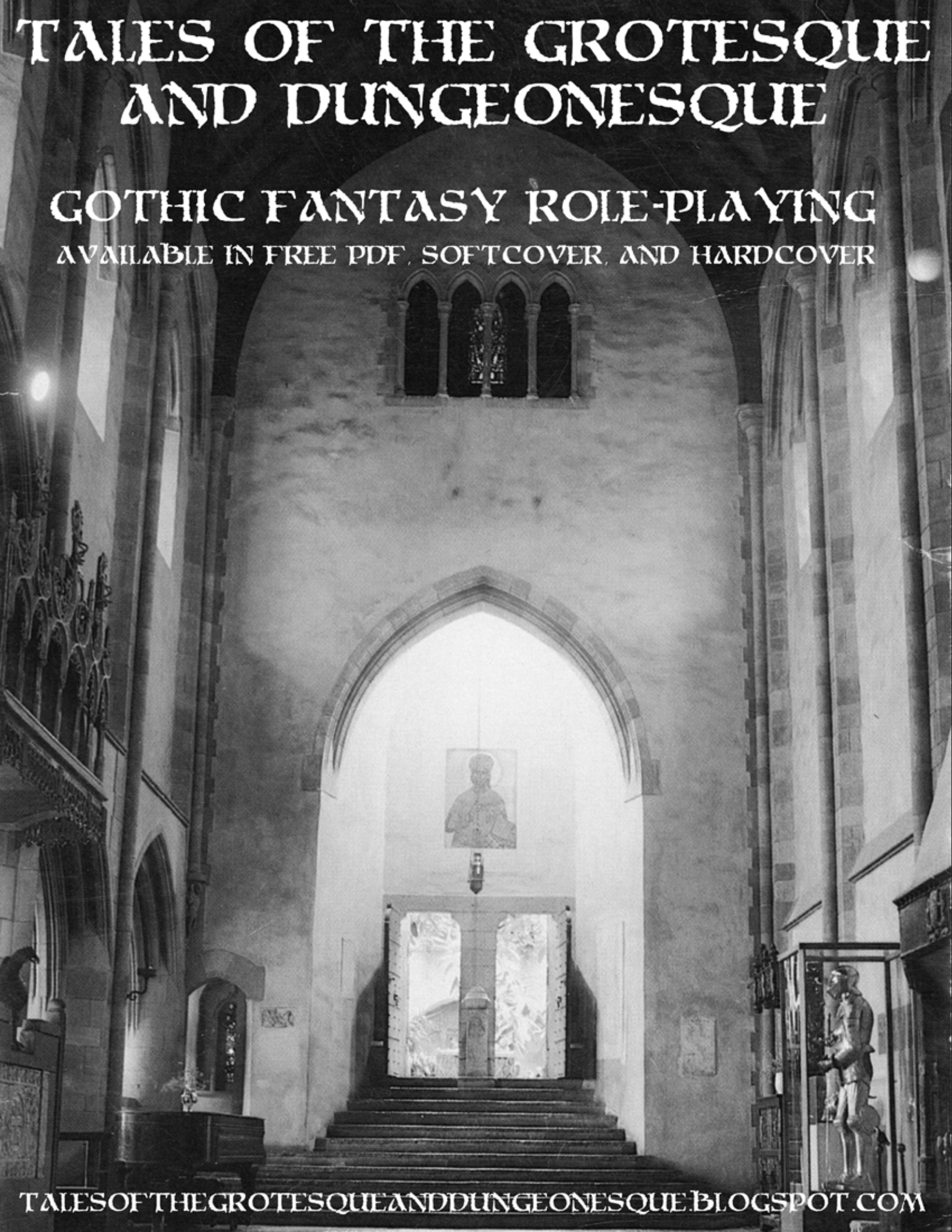
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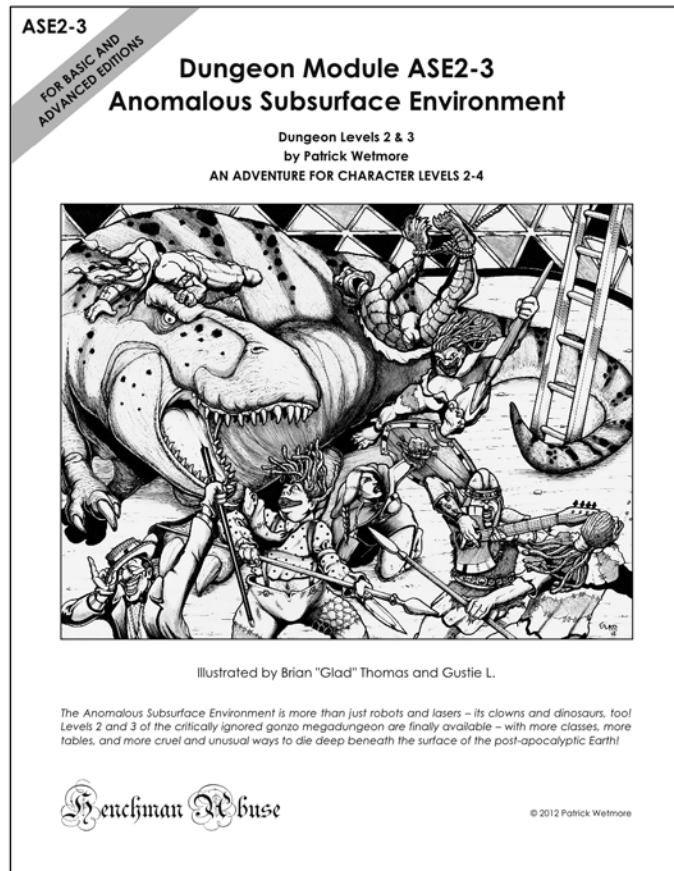
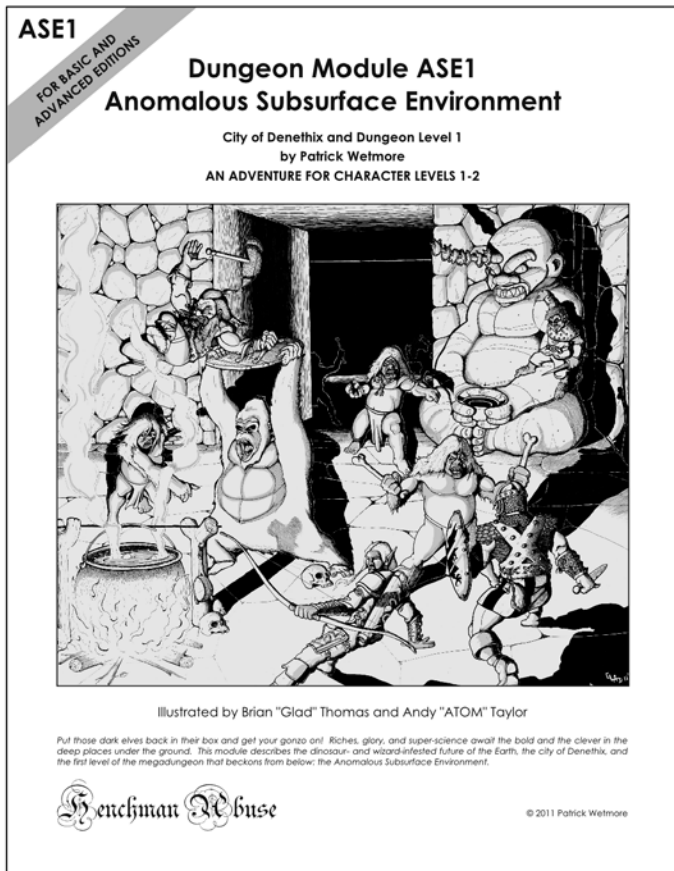


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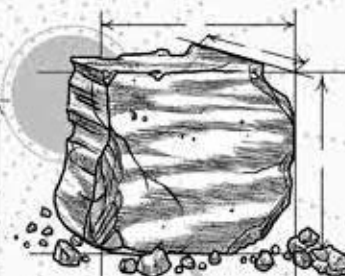
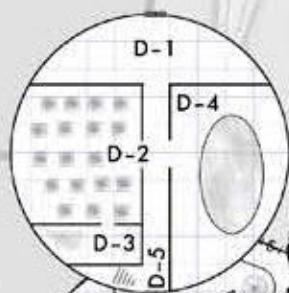
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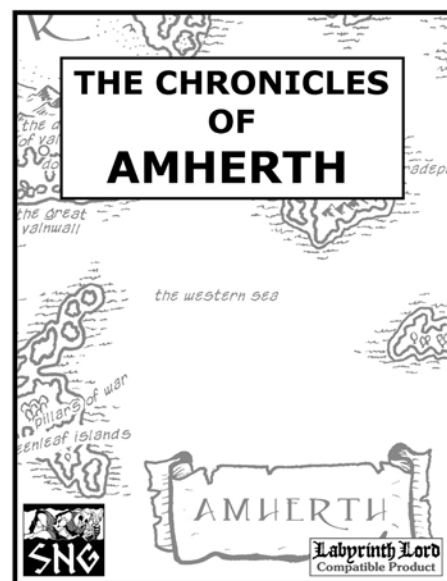


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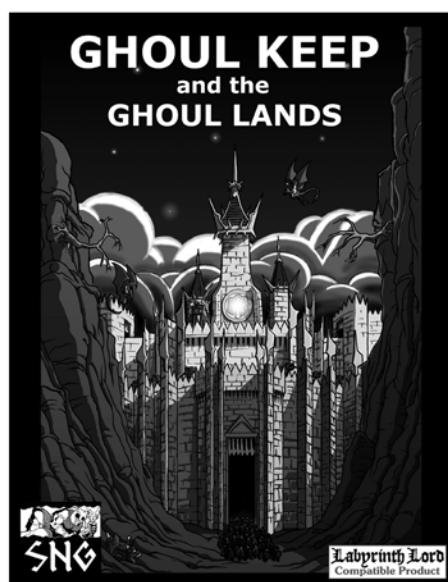
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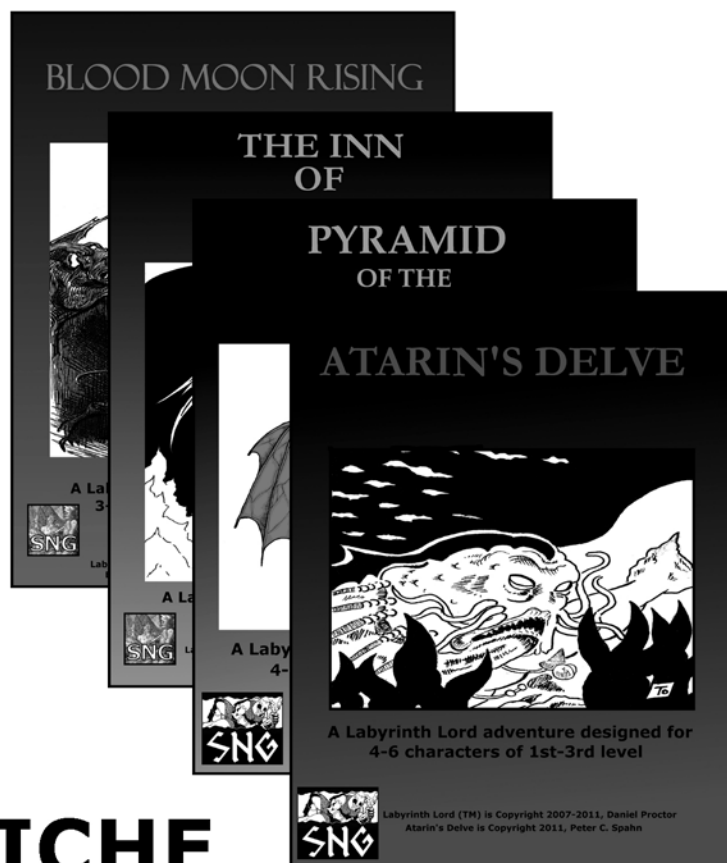
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