

THE RUINS OF WOEBROOK (A.K.A., FANE OF THE FROST GOD)



By JUSTIN S. DAVIS & THE SKIRMISHER GAME DEVELOPMENT GROUP

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First self-standing Skirmisher Publishing publication: February 2019.

OVERVIEW

In the Time Before, Willowbrook Mall was a hustling, bustling mecca of conspicuous consumption. But now, nestled deep in the deadly Hugeston swamps, sits the forlorn “Woebrook”: an overgrown, waterlogged, abandoned ruin. Well, maybe not all *that* abandoned ...

THE STRUCTURE

A fetid, ankle- to waist-deep pond surrounds the mall. Marsh wildlife like crawdads, frogs, crawfrogs, frogdads, and the like abounds, and clouds of insects hum sonorously.

Access is problematic. Though their vestibules are shattered and open to the elements, the former anchor stores’ long-looted interiors are mazes of twisted plants, toxic water, and stabby debris that prevent deeper ingress to the mall proper. Massive mounds (300+ hp each) comprised of rusted vehicles, fallen logs, and jagged rubble obstruct all but one of the outer entrances, leaving seemingly only a single path [near the Sears] into the main building.

Closer inspection of the blockages, though, reveals narrow gaps navigable by man-sized individuals at ¼ movement rate. Mutant Animals of canine-size (or smaller) and Mutant Plants pass unimpeded. Most of those winding through the refuse never guess the gaps

are intentional ...

An aerial approach is ideal, as the ceilings of sections **A**, **B**, **C**, and **F** [but *not* **D** or **E**] are riddled with holes and broken skylights. The drop from ceiling to mall floor is 25’-30’. Vines hang thickly, perhaps aiding descent.

Inside, plantlife chokes the walls. A thick layer of mud interspersed with larvae-infested puddles, crumbling mortar, and garbage obscures the floors. Most stores have collapsed in on themselves, and signage is generally illegible due to age and overgrowth.

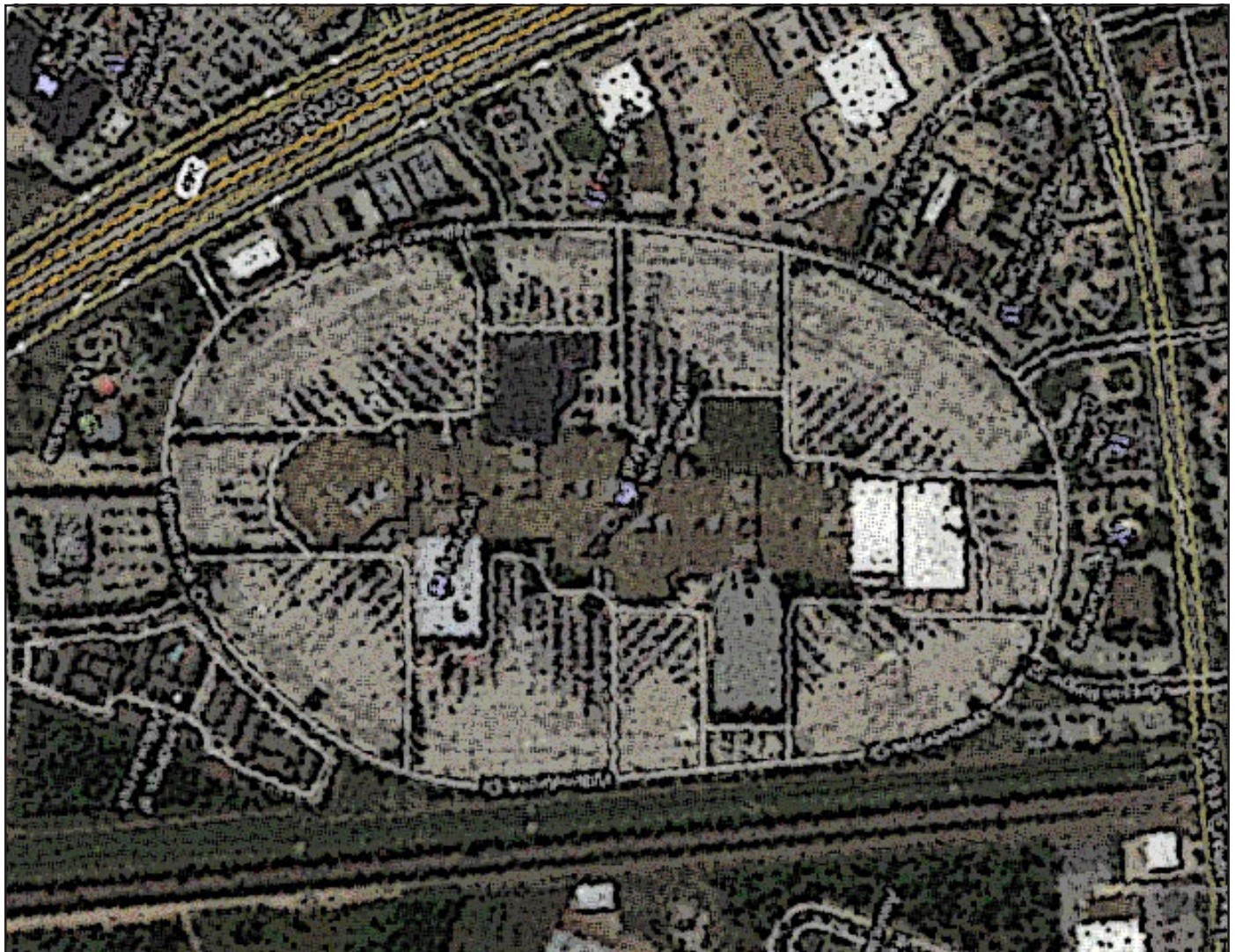
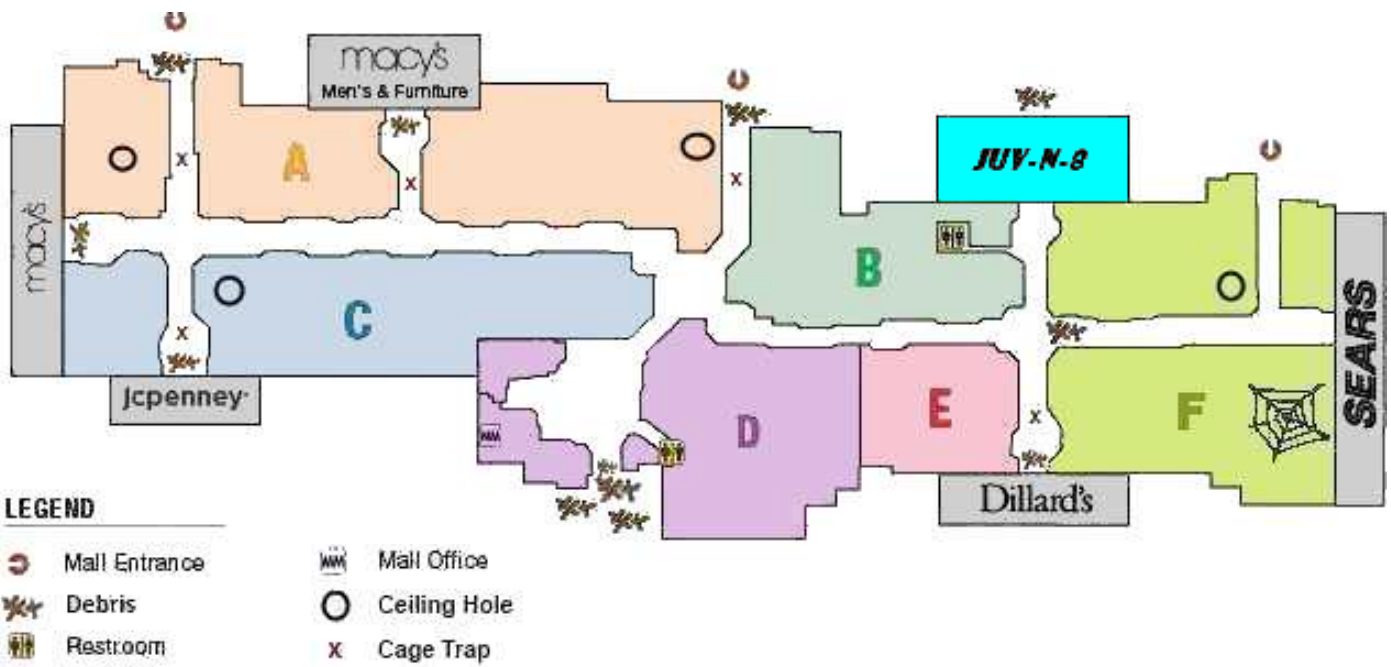
The building reeks of rot and guano, yet an underlying aroma of sweetness — true sugary sweetness, not the cloying scent of decay or death — taunts the nostrils and triggers pleasant childhood memories.

THE CAGES

The Xs on the map represent confinement traps triggered by tripwires. When activated, a 30 hp cage fashioned from plant matter and rebar will plummet from the ceiling, capturing up to three humanoid-sized victims standing beneath. One full round after activation, the cage will automatically back to the ceiling via vine ropes and makeshift pulleys if the weight of its victims totals 500 lbs or less.



THE RUINS OF WOEBROOK



THE RUINS OF WOEBROOK

THE BEARS

Scattered haphazardly about the mall's corridors are mouldering, mangled plush bears. When anyone gets within 5' of one of these not-so-stuffed animals, it drones in a depressing, run-down electronic drone: "I loooooove youuuuuu. I loooooove youuuuuu. I loooooove youuuuuu." These makeshift alarms warn the mall's current inhabitants of intruders.

SECTION A

Described below are several stores of note. Their signage is shattered, making the original names hard to decipher. Some are closed off by locked metal grates (25 HP) that recede into the ceiling. Add more locales, as desired. The sweet scent amplifies while advancing toward the center of the ruins.

Go'don's: Shards of hazardous glass from wrecked display cases make navigation difficult. Hidden within the jagged detritus are 377 gp worth of precious stones, 18 blue, velveteen cylinders that resemble human digits, and nine small, black boxes with rusty hinges. An unmarked bottle of jewelry polish (Class 17 toxin) rests on a shelf. The manager's office sports a rusted-out desktop computer with a leafy, red plant blooming from within its casing. This intelligent mutant shrub likes to tell jokes to passersby via telepathy ... but it doesn't know any good ones.

Ho'T'ic: 36 black, perma-polymer shirts emblazoned with Ancient slogans and pop-cultural iconography line the walls, as pristine as when originally unpacked. Some 124 rustproof, tarnishproof, skull-laden accessories — dangly earrings, ornate piercings, spiky bracelets and collars, etc. — adorn creepy plastic heads resting atop mossy shelves. There is a fortune to be made peddling these wares to fashion-conscious biker-mutants on the go. A family of "Copter Possums" ambushes from the ceiling.

Pozzooms (3) [AL N, MV ground 75' (25'), fly 210' (70'), AC 3, HD 3, HP 14, 10, 8, #AT ground 1 (bite) or flying 5 (4 claws, 1 bite), DG d6 or d4/d4/d4/d4/d6, SV L2, ML 9, Mutations: *Aberrant Form* ("Rotor-Tail"), *Accumulated Resistance* (*Poison/Toxins*), *Enhanced Vision* (*Night*), *Prey Scent* [D], *Prehensile Tail*, XP 125 each]. Their hidden nest contains 24 sp, two pristine lava lamp cylinders (purple and orange), and a soiled cyber-wig.

Vita'Wo': Some 319 bottles of expired nutritional supplements litter the floor. The irradiated tablets, liquids, and powders contained therein provide ample opportunities to contaminate, poison, and/or mutate those foolhardy enough consume them. There is a 5% chance that the contents of any given bottle will provide beneficial effects (e.g., increased healing rate, temporary ability boost, heightened senses, hyperactive libido).



SECTION B

The air is thick with that ubiquitous, cloying aroma ... but now with added notes of cinnamon.

"The Glowfruit": An icon in the shape of a non-mutated apple emits a gentle fluorescence 20' around the storefront.

Bizarrely, the store is immaculate, seemingly frozen in time. Two magno-clinging *iTidy™* robots are responsible. They pop out of hidden compartments in the walls every six hours to scrub the facility, floor to ceiling.

iTidy™ Robots (2) [HD 2, HP 6, FR armature, LC casters 30' [10'], MN pincer (d4 damage), AR alumisteel (AC 4), SN Class III, MP programming, Accessories: *All-Purpose Cleansers*, *Magnetic Feet*, *Omni-Nozzles*, *Sonic Sponges*, *Self-Repair Unit*, XP 29 each].

An intrusion of 21 Shockroaches also nests here, blissfully sucking the store's gadgets dry. They frenzy whenever the *iTidies™* appear, swarming the robots to feed, but their efforts are in vain, as the robots are too well insulated.

Shockroaches (21) [AL N, MV ground 120' (40'), fly 60' (20'), AC 5, HD 2+3, HP 7 each, #AT 1 (shock), DG d8 (4d4 vs Androids) + d6 drain of charges/uses/minutes of artifacts, SV L3, ML 7, Mutations: *Energy-Retaining Cell Structure*, *Reflective Epidermis* (*Electricity*), *Unique Sense* ("Detect Electricity/Voltage"), XP 83 each].

Of the 14 drained gizmos left in the store [determine at random], only three — a sleep-scribe (records dreams of wearer and projects them as 3-D holograms), a 5-exabyte external harddrive (blank), and a psiPod (telepathically beams music into one's brain) — have any juice. Each functions for d6 minutes.

Juv-N-8: The spelling of this store's logo is actually

THE RUINS OF WOEBROOK

intact. The interior of the former day spa is as verdant and humid as a greenhouse, and lurking within this dense jungle is a skinner tree [*Mutant Future* core book].

Skinner Tree (1) [AL C, MV 60' (20'), AC 4, HD 15, HP 63, #AT 1 (vines), DG 2d8, SV L5, ML 10, Mutations: *Free Movement, Natural Vegetal Weapons, Prehensile Tendrils, Tripping Tendrils*, XP 6,000].

Clearing the foliage reveals banks of Ancient equipment in miserable condition, including dome-style hair dryers, tanning booths (emit Class 7 radiation), five clone tubes that may or may not contain clones (in various states of "completion") and/or Walking Dead [*Mutant Future* core book], and a *Juv-N-8-R™* array. This artifact is similar to a regeneration tank, but specializes in removing blemishes, unwanted hair, scars, moles, wrinkles, cellulite, cataracts, cavities, and other imperfections via chemical, photonic, and surgical methods.

Juv-N-8-R™ booths work painlessly on Pure Humans, and a one-hour treatment leaves them with the healthiest of glows (+3 CHA for a full month). Mutant Humans, however, are tweezed, lanced, clipped, abraded, and generally brutalized to such an extent that they suffer 4d6 damage per turn enclosed and lose any bodily "imperfections" like claws, manes, scales, gills, etc. until regrowing them d3 months later ... *if not lost forever!* Mu-

tant Humans with extra limbs, wings, tails, etc. should stay far from *Juv-N-8-R™* booths entirely, to avoid inconvenient maiming. But as the Ancient saying goes: It's better to look good, than to feel good, and they still gain the +3 CHA bonus. Mutant Animals and Plants are wholly unaffected, and asked to exit the machine by a polite, mechanized voice.

Mar'lab: This storefront is essentially one long, filthy counter with a smudged glassine window that reaches chest height. A sliding glass lid adjoining the counter reveals 20 5-gallon plastic tubs, each coated with a colorful, fossilized residue.

Behind the counter stands a ruined, eight-foot-tall Dinerbot with a vaguely humanoid torso atop a 5'x5' boxy, tank-treaded base (*Wisdom From The Wastelands Issue #15: Robots Part 1*). Its six spindly servo-arms jut wildly, and a permanent rictus makes its balloon-like "face" all the more disturbing. The same bright stains adorn the midsection and, if cleaned, reveal a 3'x3' hatch on the robot's base and a bright Day-Glo decals that reads: "*Danger! Keep Hands, Head, and Body Clear of Organo-Port!*"

One claw clutches a Ronco™ mono-molecular scoop, which does d4+1 melee damage and hollows a 2" diameter orb out of anything softer than duralloy (AC 3). Fleishy targets suffer an additional +d4 damage per round for d10 rounds from blood loss.

The Restroom: Self-cleaning, hyper-cidal tiles keep these lavatories free of plants and grime. Flushing the toilets, though, unleashes a flood of effluvia. Anyone caught in the tide wearing open footwear (or none at all) must save versus poison, or contract a flesh-eating bacterial infection ["Sample Diseases," *MF* core book]. It takes the tiles a full hour to vaporize the waste.

Yank'le: A solid, two-foot-thick sea of dense wax, containing hundreds of wicks entombed like tapeworms in amber, coats the walls and floor. The unholy mélange of hues and scents induces nausea for d6 rounds on a failed saving throw versus stun attacks. Gas masks and/or advanced breathing apparatuses neutralize the effect.

SECTION C

Moving eastward, increasing sweetness infused with cinnamon assails the senses.

Ceiling Hole: Hiding in the rafters are three Mansquitos [*MF* core book] who periodically raid the mall for prey. These mighty specimens get +1 to hit, and their large wings grant full flight instead of gliding. Each carries a unique weapon: a golf club (d4+1), a boomerang of box fan blades (d8, range 30'/60'/90'), and a muffer embedded with fishhooks (d10).

They lair in a hollow tree several miles away from the ruins, which contains 208 gp, a boron solution spray with three charges, a portable detection radar unit, and many, many bones.



THE RUINS OF WOEBROOK

Mansquitos (3) [AL C, MV' ground 120' (40'), fly 150' (50'), AC 6, HD 9, HP 48, 42, 39, #AT 1 (proboscis, blood drain, or weapon), DG d4 + Paralysis (2d6 rounds) or d6 per round or by weapon, SV L4, ML 9, Mutations: *Complete Wing Development*, XP 3800 each].

Bi'l'-A-Be'r: Like a taxidermist's fevered nightmare, this shop contains 104 disintegrating plush animals. Their soggy pelts reek, and their scratched, soulful eyes beg for release from this twisted world.

A crate slathered with white slime that is vaguely gritty, and tangy-sweet is wedged under some collapsed shelving. It contains 315 2"x2" speaker-boxes that, when jostled or photo-electrically activated, wheeze: "*I loooooove youuuuuu. I loooooove youuuuuu. I loooooove youuuuuu.*"

S'n'as' Hu: Like insect carapaces, hundreds of shattered, black lenses crunch under the feet of those traversing this store.

Buried in the mess are six pairs of pristine sunglasses best described as "bitchin'." They protect against harsh sunlight and various blinding effects (including the *Optic Emissions* mutation), plus grant +1 to both WIL and CHA. Across the back wall, cryptic graffiti spraypainted in sloppy, 4' tall letters spell: "*FREE THE CORNDOG 7!!!*"

'Z'l'rf: This shop is almost an exact copy of the **Mar'lab** site, but with a scratched metal counter lined with empty plastic cartons. Salt dusts everything, rendering all nearby plants dead and blackened.

Here, too, stands a corrosion-riddled, grinning Dinerbot. It clutches a tungsten rolling pin (d6+1 damage), and its chestplate displays an image of a pretzel.

SECTION D

This dim, cavernous chamber is empty in the middle, and assorted food kiosks similar to those already described line the periphery. A literal mountain of debris (400+ hp, made mostly of chairs, tables, and kitchen equipment) blocks the entrance/exit doors and remaining windows. The mall's ever-present bouquet clearly emanates from this region, as the air is infused with sugar and cinnamon, to which is added reek of bodily waste. Those possessing the *Increased Sense (Smell)* mutation must make a saving throw versus stun attacks each turn or fall unconscious for 2d6 rounds.

Clouds of buzzing insects swirl so thickly here that all sight- and hearing-related ability checks suffer a +4 penalty.

The floors are coated with a mixture of the mall's ever-present filth and the viscous, ivory gunk present in the **Bi'l'-A-Be'r** store. Ground movement is halved.

The Food Court: Of the dozen crumbling eateries here, 11 host their own particular brand of multi-limbed, bulbous-domed, box-based Dinerbot. Signage clutters the floor, making assorted *Scrabble*-like mounds of letters.

Beneath the grime, various logos adorn the walls and robots' torsos, including an orange "O," a blue "7," a violet bell, a red-headed girl, a chicken, and a red, white, and green flag. Anything even remotely edible is long gone. There are two noteworthy features.

First, the Dinerbot with the flag-like icon is semi-animate. It activates when approached, eyes brightening and limbs flailing spastically for a few moments every minute or two. Sometimes its microphone erupts in screeching feedback, with garbled words that might be, "*Like a slice?*"

Second, there is one eatery conspicuously lacking a Dinerbot. Its counter, walls, and floor are thick with white gunk and no signage remains.

The Offices: A narrow passage winds behind the vendors, leading to a small cluster of derelict offices. Here, a first aid station inflicts far more harm than good, due to gangrene-transmitting bandages, rancid aspirin, and a malfunctioning defibrillator that masterfully alleviates heart distress right before electrocuting the patient on a failed save versus death. There is, at least, a solar-powered calculator concealed in a termite-ridden desk.

A clump of telepathic blue-green algae grows in a cracked wall aquarium. It is quite bigoted against mobile and leafy Mutant Plants, and their "dirty chlorophyll-lover" allies.

The Restrooms: This area is awash in bodily wastes piled 4'-6' high; the long-inert, self-cleaning tiles never stood a chance. Anyone entering without protection must make a saving throw versus poison or risk a 30% chance of contracting a random disease ["Disease," *MF* core book].

The Sticky Hall: Past the restrooms, on the far southern edge of the food court, is a curling passage that winds its way north again. Rotting velvety ropes on tarnished posts make a path, and the whitish sludge thickens to 18" deep here. Broad, deep footprints appear in the muck, leading to a set of double doors ... behind which are heard muffled, gurgling chants.

SECTION E

This area has only one obvious entrance, via the passageway from **Section D**. It is utterly closed off from the rest of the mall. Ground movement is still halved. Bugs abound.

Fane of the Frostgod! The double doors open into the expansive lobby of an Ancient cineplex. White glop coats *everything*. The gunky holo-poster frames discharge fountains of blue sparks, creating a trippy strobe effect.

Pressed into the wall-sludge is an awe-inspiring 40' x 20' mural made of glass shards and detritus. It's almost a picture-perfect representation of a cluster of large, frosting-covered cinnamon rolls. Standing beneath the artwork is an active, fully-functional, and quite sticky Dinerbot, a CinnaBot Elite Supreme Mk IV™.

THE RUINS OF WOEBROOK



With an almost divine look on its inflated cranium, this Dinerbot splays four of its seven arms wide, and discharges 15' arcs of alabaster, glutinous fluid directly into the slobbering, mewling maws of 18 supplicating Cinnamen (12 adults, three adolescents, five infants), much like a mother bird disgorges slop into the mouths of its young. The glowing-eyed, corpulent creatures are orgiastic in their feeding, and oblivious to anyone who enters. They reverently croak, in the most slobbery, mush-mouthed, Patton-Oswalt-doing-his-“fat-guy-voice”-impression’d way possible, the following litany: “*Allb hailb buh Frosthgodb. Lifeth needsb frostinguh. Lifeth needsb frostinguh.*”

The rounder-than-they-are-tall Cinnamen attack intruders on sight. Their “Frostgod” requires regular infusions of organic matter — primarily procured from the cage traps — to generate sacred manna, and the corpses of adventurers make the *tastiest* meals. The Cinnamen flee from overwhelming force, but those who attempt to harm or steal their metallic deity drive them to a Morale 12 wrath.

The Frostgod (Dinerbot — CinnaBot Elite Supreme Mk IV™) (1) [HD 12, HP 65, FR armature, LC treads 150' [50'], MN 2 basic hands, 1 probe (thermometer), 4 special-use grippers (frosting guns), AR neovulcanium (AC 2), SN Class III, MP programming, Accessories: *Assorted Cutlery and Spatulas, Fire Extinguisher, Food Synthesizer, Frosting Guns with Hose Attachments, Oven Unit, Poison Detector, Vocalizer*, XP 6,800].

The Frostgod synthesizes any organic matter (including garbage and excreta, which the Cinnamen stockpile for emergencies in the closest restroom) stuffed into its Organo-Port into three substances: dough, cinnamon, and frosting. The materials mix internally, then flow into the robot's chest-oven to bake into mouthwatering cinnamon rolls. When done, they are slathered with even more frosting. Somr 150 lbs of organic material, roughly one humanoid corpse, can thereby provide a week's worth of food for 30 people. In the resource-deprived Mutant Future, the Frostgod is a priceless relic that could feed an entire village for decades ...

The CinnaBot™ only attacks if commanded by its devotees. Upon hearing the slurred phrase, “*Shlooth themb,*” it fires its quad frosting guns at any non-Cinnamen. It can target four individuals, or spray a cone 30' long and 25' wide at the end. Anyone struck by the high-impact ooze must make a saving throw versus stun or an ability check versus DEX, whichever is easier, or be paralyzed for d4+1 rounds.

Once freed of the goop, it takes d3 turns to properly wipe away all the gluey paste, and twice as long to unclog artifacts, weapons, and/or powered armor. Anyone who doesn't properly clean themselves suffers a -3 DEX penalty from sheer stickiness, and triples their chances of encountering an insectoid Wandering Monster.

Cinnamen — Adults (12) [AL N, MV 18' (6'), AC 7, HD 11, HP 63, 61, 61, 53, 52, 52, 51, 50, 47, 47, 39, 38, #AT 1 (fist or crush or axe), DG d4 or 2d8 or d6, SV L8, ML 8, Mutations: *Accumulated Resistance (Radiation), Dermal Poison Slime (Class 6 — 6d6), Metaconcert, Mind Thrust, Optic Emissions (Bright Eyes), Obese (x2) [D], Reduced Oxygen Efficiency [D], Reflective Epidermis (Cold, Fire/Heat)*, XP 10,000 each].

Cinnamen — Youths (3) [HD 7, HP 35, 31, 28, #AT 1 (fist or crush or club), DG d3 or 2d4 or d4, SV L4, ML 7, Mutations: *Same*, XP 4,290 each].

Cinnamen — Infants (5) [HD 3, HP 22, 16, 13, 11, 10, ML 3, Mutations: *Same*, XP negative 300 each (because killing babies is terrible)].

The adults attack with fists and makeshift hatchets. The youths bellow encouragements. The infants trundle about wailing in panic.

The Theaters: The lobby area connects to six separate chambers, all closed off by their own soundproofed doors. Each sports an enormous, tattered screen that hangs down in strips on the farthest wall. The ripped-up seats are piled in the corners. Frosting, roiling with insects, coats everything.

The Cinnamen use two of the theaters as living quarters and one as a nursery. Seat cushions and carpet squares serve as bedding. The missing signage from the robot-less eatery hangs in the nursery, looming over the infants' pallets.

THE RUINS OF WOEBROOK

A fourth theater acts as the “treasury”, where the Cinnamen discard all non-edible items they have looted from the ruins or taken from captives. The pudgy freaks have been at this for years, and amassed quite a hoard: 8,794 gp, a fully-charged stun whip (acts as a stun baton at a range of 20’), an inferno grenade, a force screen belt (4 minutes remaining), a posthole digger (d8 damage), an electric blender base with reinforced cord (d6 flail damage), a dustpan honed to razor sharpness (d4 damage), two sets of plasti-armor (AC 4), two firestarter cubes, six gas mask filters, a random power cell, three medi-sprays (Class I), a bottle of eight proton energy pills, a tire gauge, five leather belts, four holographic pornographies, the “corpses” of a dozen or so dismembered Android adventurers, 2d8 items from your favorite Random Junk Table of choice, and a violet ID card that unlocks some unknown door at some unknown locale. Frosting covers everything.

The fifth theater is the “larder” and contains two trussed-up and miserably sticky captives: a male Mutant Human and a female Mutant Pigeon. They will do *anything* to get out of the pickle they’re in. Their gear was stripped and dumped in the treasury and they would really like it back.

The last theater is the armory (charitable term for “haphazard, gummy pile o’ weapons”) and general storage. Axes, mancatchers, sharpened sticks, and vine ropes — all to better wrangle cage-captives — are fashioned and stored here. Disintegrating theater essentials crowd the room (e.g., wrecked PopcornBots, smashed cash registers, drums of expired 4-D glasses, gallon-sized soda cups). Behind a seismo-slush unit sits the mother lode of Ancient cinematic ephemera: holo-posters, press kits, standees, wristbands, and more. Despite their gooeyness, the trove is a historian’s dream (the Mutant Lord can determine specific contents based on players’ particular entertainment interests).

Each theater chamber has a concealed fire door, complete with blaring alarm, leading to the outside world. All but those in the adult quarters are heavily blockaded.

Projection Booth: A hidden stairwell leads from the lobby up into the attic to another soundproof room. Inside, one has a clear view down into every theater. Leaks in the ceiling have utterly ruined the machinery here, except for the poly-prismatic lenses housed in each of the six rusted-out projectors. They are useful in the repair and maintenance of laser-based weapons and technologies and quite precious.

SECTION F

This wing of the ruins is easily accessible from the outside and purposely kept that way by the Cinnamen. The beings could not eradicate the arachnid predator that dwells in this corner of the mall, so they simply walled it off. The open entrance keeps food coming to the beast, and a means to actively hunt in the wild if needs be.

This area has seen so much activity over the years that it has been stripped of anything valuable. There is only one store that is surprisingly intact, nestled near the junction of the corridors. While the rest of the ruins reek of bog and sugar, this entire section smells of rich, smooth sandalwood. It’s heavenly.

Vic’Sec’: Floor to ceiling, gauzy silk drapes everything, particularly the comely mannequins still adorned in lacy Ancient fripperies. It’s *everywhere*, and feels exquisite to the touch, like a cloud’s kisses. The store has a dream-like quality, and instills a heady blend of soothing serenity and hedonistic bliss.

There is an alcove at the far end of the store, with intact signage reading “Body Shop.” As one advances towards the alcove, the sandalwood scent grows stronger. The “Body Shop” is a smaller nook, filled with racks of Ancient cosmetics (with 17 bottles of chameleonic nail polish being the most valuable). Silk covers everything here, too, and the sandalwood smell permeates the space ... and that is because it is generated by the giant mutant spider that lurks invisibly in its web, up close to the ceiling. *Oh, by the Great Reactor, that’s not silk, and those aren’t mannequins!*

The spider uses its *Fragrance Development* (the sandalwood, obviously) to hypnotize victims into a euphoric trance, and then gobbles them at its leisure.

Most “mannequins” at the back half of the store are actually web-shrouded corpses. They still carry the possessions they owned in life, which collectively includes 97 sp, 26 gp, an automatic shotgun with 16 shells, two swords (d8 damage), a set of AC 5 chainmail, two shields, and a stun pistol with an utterly depleted energy cell. Attached to the ceiling are the desiccated husks of four Cinnamen, two Mansquitos, and a three-legged horse with AC 5 barding.

Giant Mutant Spider (1) [AL C, MV ground 60’ (20’), web 120’ (40’), AC 6, HD 6, HP 35, #AT 1 (bite), DG 2d6 + Class 11 paralytic poison, SV L3, ML 9, Mutations: *Ability Boost, Body Adjustment, Chameleon Epidermis, Force Screen, Fragrance Development, Pain Insensitivity [D], Quick Mind, Vision Impairment [D]*, XP 2,070].



THE RUINS OF WOEBROOK



NEW MONSTERS

CINNAMAN

No. Enc.:	d8 (4d6)
Alignment:	Neutral
Movement:	18' (6')
Armor Class:	7
Hit Dice:	11
Attacks:	1 (fist, or trample, or melee weapon)
Damage:	d4, or 3d6, or by weapon
Save:	L8
Morale:	8
Hoard Class:	XV
XP:	10,000

Cinnamen (sometimes called "Cinnobites") are rotund, sparsely-haired humanoids that stand 4'-5' tall and measure twice as wide. They are so blubbery that their genders are indeterminate. Their pasty, doughy hides continually excrete a sticky glaze (Poison Class 6) that induces systemic shock with its hyper-absorptive super-sweetness. Cinnamen only ingest mush and slurries, as their teeth rot away in infancy. They are immune to all known diseases and toxins.

When a Cinnaman successfully strikes with a fist attack, it adheres to its target; each round thereafter, it freely pummels with its other fist or melee weapon for automatic damage. Those stuck must make an ability check versus STR at a +2 penalty to escape. Cinnamen also slam foes with their prodigious bulk, knocking them prone and Trampling (+4 to hit). Possessions crushed by the overweight onslaught are up to the Mutant Lord.

Mutations: *Accumulated Resistance (Radiation), Dermal Poison Slime, Metaconcert, Mind Thrust, Obese (x2) [D], Optic Emissions (Bright Eyes), Reduced Oxygen Efficiency [D], Reflective Epidermis (Cold, Fire/Heat).*

POZZOOM ("COPTER POSSUM")

No. Enc.:	d4 (d8)
Alignment:	Neutral
Movement:	75' (25') Fly: 210' (70')
Armor Class:	3
Hit Dice:	3
Attacks:	1 (bite) or 5 (4 claws, 1 bite)
Damage:	d6, or d4/d4/d4/d4/d6
Save:	L2
Morale:	9
Hoard Class:	IV, VIII
XP:	125

Pozzooms are furry, 2'-3' long nocturnal marsupials with long, whip-like tails. They lurk in forests, Ancient ruins, abandoned sewers, and on the fringes of settlements. Opportunistic and rapacious feeders, they devour anything edible. Pozzooms are drawn to shiny objects and stash trinkets in their pouches.

When not skulking and rooting through underbrush and refuse, Pozzooms travel by whirling their tails so rapidly that they achieve lift-off, allowing for vertical, horizontal, and even hovering flight. Pozzooms are at their most dangerous while airborne, as they become vertible whirlwinds of destruction, gaining five attacks per round, instead of their earthbound one. Even worse, there is a 50% chance that any given pozzoom will have d4 young clinging to its body. These tiny joeys (AC 0, 1 hit point) drop from their parent onto a target and dig in with needle-like claws and teeth. Each "baby-bomb" automatically does d3 damage per round until the target, or the adult pozzoom, is dead. Upon the death of the parent, the surviving young alight from their prey and zip away.

While the creatures reek of decay, this is not always a disadvantage, as many predators drawn by the scent find themselves on the pozzoom menu.

Mutations: *Aberrant Form ("Rotor-Tail"), Accumulated Resistance (Poison/Toxins), Night Vision, Prey Scent [D], Prehensile Tail.*





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