

A Field Guide To Doomsday Proudly Presents...

DEVASTATION DRIVE-IN

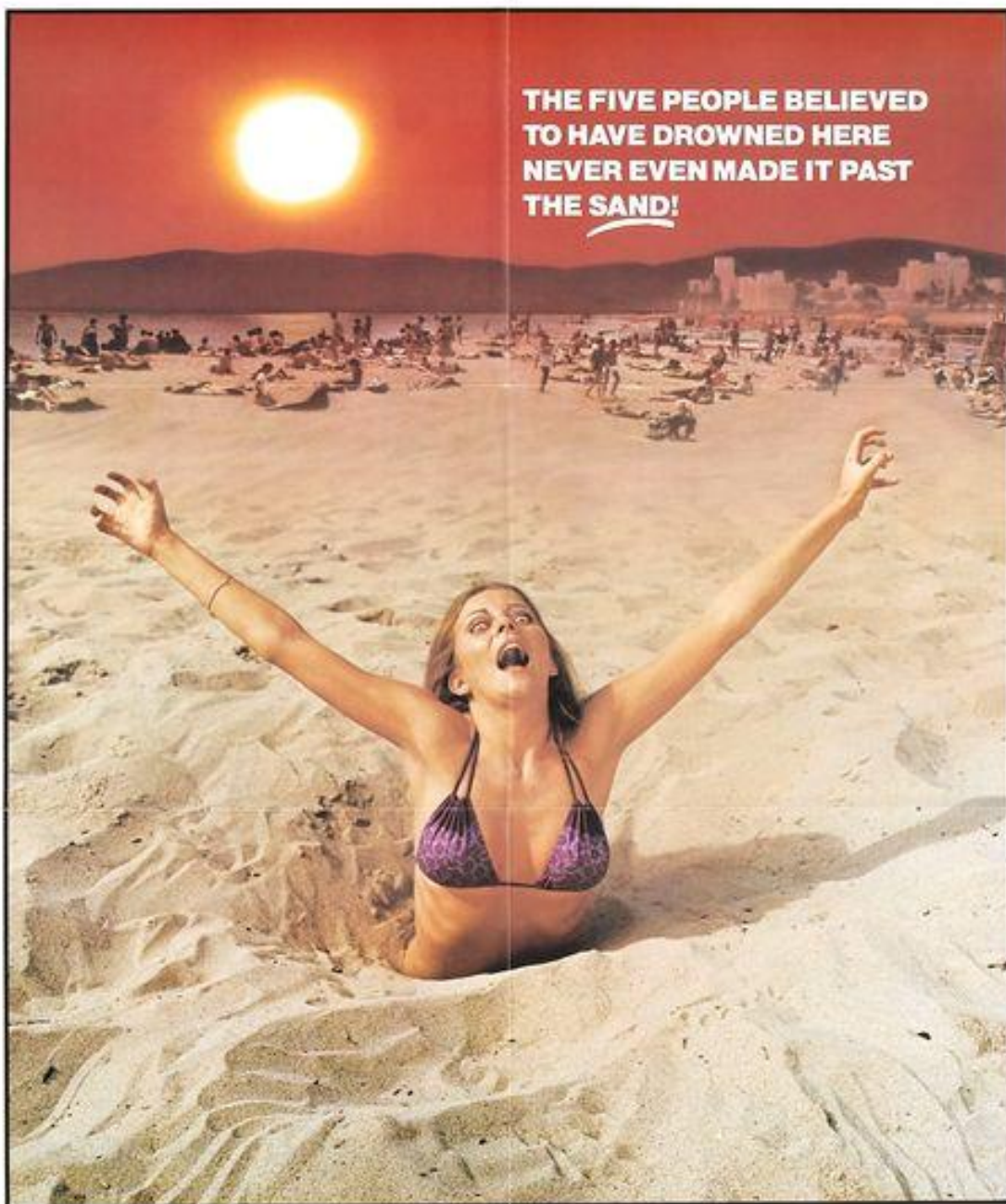
*A Spooky Celluloid Supplement for the
Mutant Future Role-Playing Game*

Justin S. Davis



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THE FIVE PEOPLE BELIEVED
TO HAVE DROWNED HERE
NEVER EVEN MADE IT PAST
THE SAND!

BLOOD BEACH

JUST WHEN YOU THOUGHT IT WAS SAFE
TO GO BACK IN THE WATER—YOU CAN'T GET TO IT.

JERRY GROSS PRESENTS A SIR RUN RUN SHAW AND SIDNEY BECKERMAN PRODUCTION "BLOOD BEACH"
STARRING DAVID HUFFMAN • MARIANA HILL • JOHN SAXON • STEFAN GIERASCH • BURT YOUNG AS LT. BONHO
DIRECTED BY JEFFREY BLYTH • PRODUCED BY STEVEN MALKINOVSKY • EXECUTIVE PRODUCER JERRY GROSS • SCREENPLAY BY JEFFREY BLYTH
STORY BY JEFFREY BLYTH AND STEVEN MALKINOVSKY • MUSIC BY OL MELLE • METRO-GOLDWIN • DISTRIBUTED BY THE JERRY GROSS ORGANIZATION **R**
RESTRICTED
PARENTS STRONGLY CAUTIONED
SOME MATERIAL MAY BE INAPPROPRIATE FOR CHILDREN UNDER 17

Beachteeth

No. Enc.:	1 (1)
Alignment:	Neutral
Movement:	15' (5')
—Burrow:	30' (10')
Armor Class:	0, or 9 (see below)
Hit Dice:	7
Attacks:	1 (bite)
Damage:	3d6 + special
Save:	L4
Morale:	11
Hoard Class:	VII, VIII
XP:	1,140



It's taken centuries for the oceans to recover from the damage inflicted by the The Ancients, and the beaches are once again pristine and alluring...

...BUT CERTAIN DEATH AWAITS THOSE WHO DARE TROD UPON THE SHIFTING, SHIMMERING SHORES!!!

Beachteeth (both singular and plural) are 15'-20' long annelids that dwell beneath coastal sands. Ambush predators, they lie in wait for unsuspecting prey to walk atop them...which they then suck down into their inescapable maws.

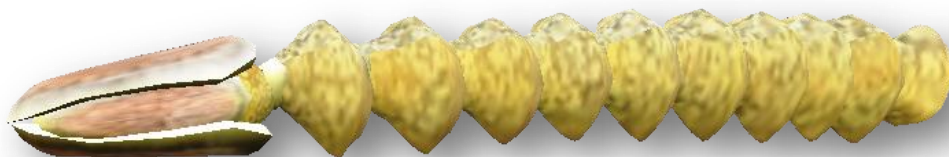
With a successful hit, a beachteeth latches onto the feet of its prey, and slowly gnaws it to death from the bottom up. Each round, the victim takes an automatic 3d6 damage, and is dragged downward 1' into the sands. When the dragging depth exceeds the victim's height (typically around 6', at the end of 6 rounds), the victim perishes instantly due to a combination of being eaten alive *and* suffocation.

Escaping from a beachteeth is next to impossible. Not only is there really no way to hurt the submerged creature (they have an effective 0 AC when underground), but any damage that does manage to get through is split equally between both the beachteeth and its vulnerable victim!

When not hunting, beachteeth lair in seaside ruins or ocean caves, where they surface to store regurgitated kills for later re-consumption. They *must* surface to disgorge their stomach contents, and this is when they're vulnerable, having an effective surfaced AC of 9.

During the summer months, beachteeth spawn 4d6 eggs beneath the sands, which hatch in 1d4 weeks into 1 HD young.

Mutations: None



A 20th. CENTURY
HORROR
BEYOND BELIEF!



BLOOD FREAK

CLARE, THROSTING

ONLY THE BLOOD OF DRUG ADDICTS
CAN SATISFY THE THIRST
OF THE BLOOD FREAK MONSTER!

IN VIVID EASTMAN
COLOR

RATED "X" - NOT FOR SEX

STARRING

STEVE

A SAMPSON

WILLIAM WATSON

A CULLIVAN • HEATHER HUGHES

STATION COMPANY RELEASE

Blood Freak

No. Enc.: 1 (1)
Alignment: Neutral
Movement: 120' (40')
Armor Class: 5
Hit Dice: 9
Attacks: 3 or 1 (2 fists, 1 peck, or weapon)
Damage: 2d4 / 2d4 / 1d10, or by weapon +2
Save: L7
Morale: 10
Hoard Class: VI, IX
XP: 1,700

In the Mutant Future, many desperate souls turn to pharmacological agents and illicit substances to dull the pain of their arduous existences. But those that do....

...FIND THEMSELVES IN THE SANGUINARY SIGHTS OF A BLOOD FREAK!!!



Blood freaks are powerful, 6'-7' tall beings with the bodies of men and the feathered heads of fanged turkeys. They prowl impoverished communities and slums in search of the only substance that can keep them alive: the tainted blood of addicts and junkies. Ordinary, "pure" blood is toxic to a blood freak.

Most blood freaks are intelligent enough to disguise themselves with clothing while hunting, and use melee weapons (particularly power tools). And their incessant gobbling changes pitch according to their moods and desires.

Any PC that eats poisoned, radioactive, or chemically-treated poultry has a 20% chance of becoming a blood freak themselves.

Mutations: Unique Sense (Detect Drug-Use)

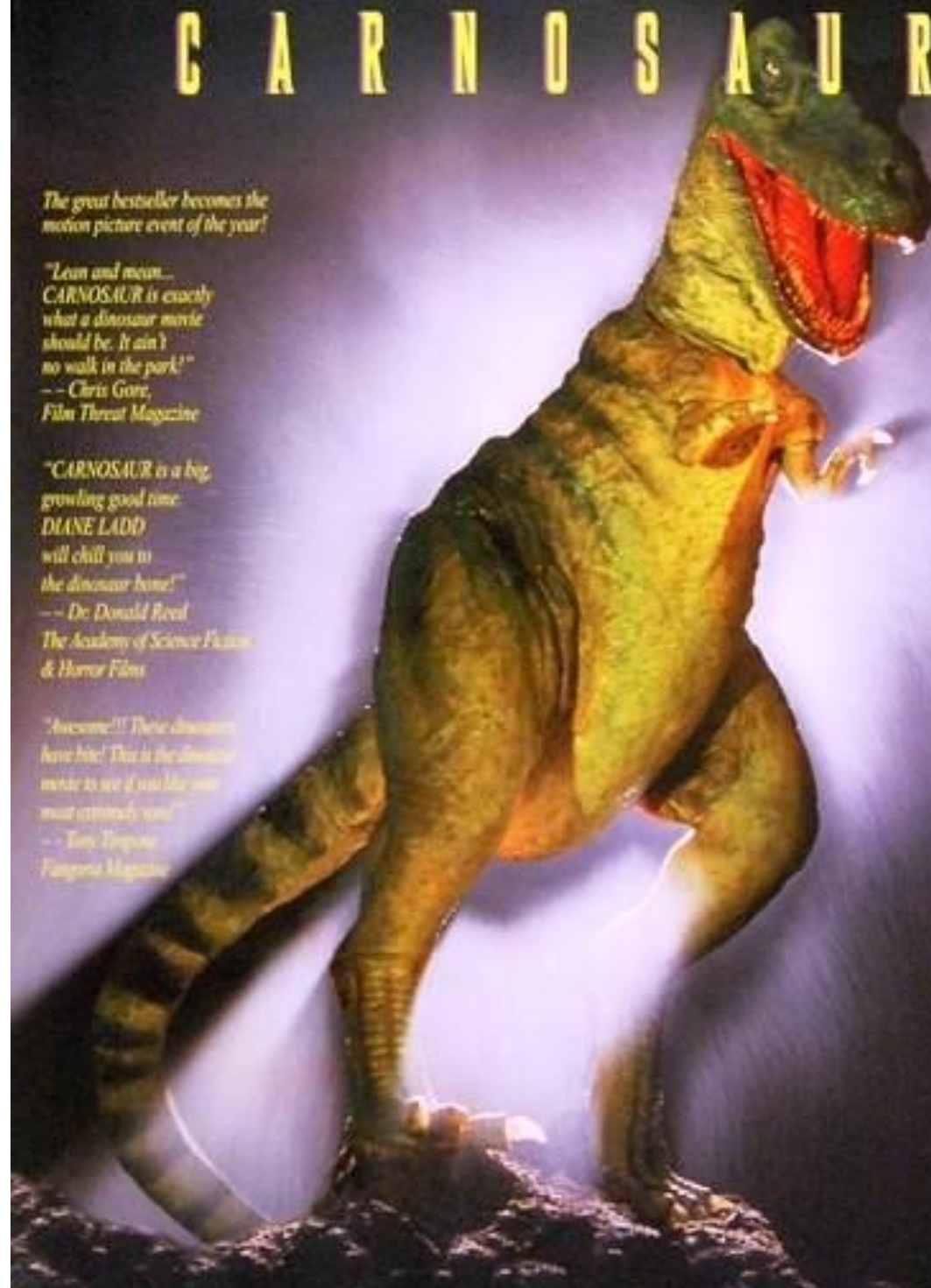
DIANE LADD
CARNOSAUR

The great bestseller becomes the motion picture event of the year!

*"Lean and mean...
CARNOSAUR is exactly
what a dinosaur movie
should be. It ain't
no walk in the park!"*
-- Chris Gore,
Film Threat Magazine

*"CARNOSAUR is a big,
growling good time.
DIANE LADD
will chill you to
the dinosaur bone!"*
-- Dr. Donald Reed
*The Academy of Science Fiction
& Horror Films*

*"Awesome!!! These dinosaurs
have bite! This is the dinosaur
movie to see if you like your
meat extremely rare!"*
-- Tim Torgue,
Fangoria Magazine



The
Academy
of
Science
Fiction
&
Horror
Films



Driven to extinction.
Back for revenge.

A ROGER CORMAN PRODUCTION

DIANE LADD / JENNIFER RAYSON / WARREN FINE / JET BELLIAM / CLINT HOWARD

Executive Producer: ARTHUR SCHWAB / Producer: JERRY KATZ / Screenplay and Motion Picture Adaptation by: JIM BUCKLEY / MUSIC BY: MICHAEL KATZ / COSTUME DESIGNER: JIM LADD / EDITOR: JIM LADD / EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS: JIM LADD / PRODUCED BY: JIM LADD / WRITTEN BY: JIM LADD / DIRECTED BY: JIM LADD

Soundtrack available on Compact Disc, Reel-to-Reel and Tapes. Read the Book!

RECORDED IN
STEREO

MPAA
R
RESTRICTED
Under 17 requires
accompanying parent or guardian

Disease: *Carnovirus*

Save Modifier: -5

Infection Duration: 1d3+1 days

Affected Stats: STR -3, DEX -3, CON -3,
INT -1

Damage Per Day: 1d10 + special

As the Ancient, war-ravaged earth gasped its last from pollution, overcrowding, environmental collapse, and mass animal extinctions, some Ancient scientists dreamed of restoring the earth to a pristine Garden Of Eden...



...BY UNLEASHING A VIRUS THAT WOULD RETURN THE WORLD TO THE PRIMORDIAL EPOCH RULED BY THE DINOSAURS!!!

Of all the Ancient bioweapons, perhaps the most demented is the *carnovirus*, a genetically modified contagion spread through poultry meat and eggs.

In Pure Human males, the disease manifests much like common influenza, with fevers, aches, nausea, and general weakness.

But in Pure Human females...oh, heavens, the poor human females! They, too, suffer the flu-like effects...but also become spontaneously pregnant, and ready to deliver at the end of the 1d3+1 day duration.

And what they deliver is a nightmare. On 1-5 on 1d6, an infected woman gives "birth" to an 18" long, blackish-green, slime-encrusted, hard-shelled egg, and then she falls into a coma. The egg hatches into an infant 1 HD carnosaur (see below) in 1d4 hours, which grows to full adulthood in 1d4 days.

On a 6 on 1d6, though...the egg hatches inside the infected woman, and the reptilian beast gnaws and rends its way through her abdomen to freedom. Death of the host is instantaneous.

The only cure for *carnovirus* is an injection of the original viral serum, which can be found hidden in the depths of military installations, biolabs, or automated chicken hatcheries and/or processing plant.



Carnosaur

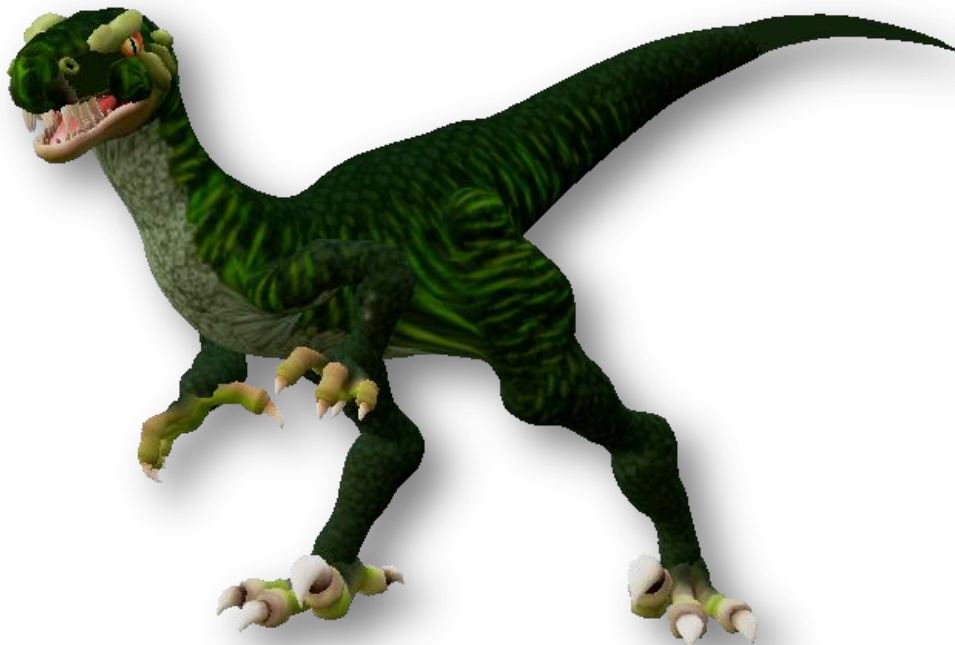
No. Enc.:	1d4 (1d8)
Alignment:	Neutral
Movement:	165' (55')
Armor Class:	5
Hit Dice:	4
Attacks:	3 (2 claws, 1 bite)
Damage:	1d6 / 1d6 / 1d8
Save:	L3
Morale:	11
Hoard Class:	None
XP:	245



Carnosaurs are green-hued, man-sized reptiles that hunt in packs. They are methodical, patient, and cunning, and surprise prey on a 1-3 on 1d6. They also get +1 to all Initiative rolls, due to their speed.

Rumors persists that, if provided with enough food, a carnosaur will ultimately grow into a full-sized tyrannosaurus rex [as per p. 100 of the *Labyrinth Lord Core Rules*]....

Mutations: Enhanced Vision (Night Vision)



SOMETHING WEIRD VIDEO

GODMONSTER OF INDIAN FLATS

WANTED!
Have you seen
this sheep?



DVD
REGION 1

SPECIAL EDITION

Bleat

No. Enc.: 1 (1d4)
Alignment: Neutral
Movement: 60' (20')
Armor Class: 7
Hit Dice: 6
Attacks: 3 (2 claws, 1 bite)
Damage: 1d10+4 / 1d6-4 / 1d4
Save: L3
Morale: 8 (or 11)
Hoard Class: None
XP: 820



Everything The Ancients knew about history, the sciences, and their role in the cosmos shattered upon the discovery of bizarre fossils that indicated *Homo sapiens* may not have evolved from primates at all...

...BUT INSTEAD, FROM BIPEDAL, PHORPHORUS-SPEWING SHEEP-BEINGS!!!

Bleasts are freakish, 7'-8' tall ovines with hefty frames covered in matted, mangy wool. No one knows if they evolved from sheep, or if sheep devolved from them...or how mankind factors into the genetic mix, as the creatures possess just enough throwback human DNA to provide primitive intelligence and empathy. Such genetic anomalies also warp their limbs, making the creatures ponderous and clumsy; consequently, bleasts suffer -2 to all To Hit rolls, and one claw always does more damage than its stunted fellow.



Three times per day, a bleast can exhale a 15' long, 15' wide cone of Class 4 phosphorus gas, to which it (and all other bleasts) are immune. And when reduced to 0 Hit Points, a bleast in its death throes expels its gaseous reserves into a lethal Class 13 cloud 25' in diameter.

When treated with kindness and gentleness, or coaxed with sinuous dancing, a bleast will bond with a Pure Human or Mutant Human female. But if abused or provoked, it will lash out with a wrathful, Morale-11-fueled fury.

Ordinary pregnant sheep exposed to too many environmental contaminants have a 15% chance of giving birth to a bleast.

Mutations: Frailty (Malformed Limbs) [D], Toxic Weapon ("Phosphoric Cloud")

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING WRONG
WITH THE DAVIS BABY...



IT'S ALIVE

THE ONE FILM YOU SHOULD NOT SEE ALONE

A LARRY COHEN FILM • "IT'S ALIVE" • A LARCO PRODUCTION
starring JOHN RYAN • SHARON FARRELL • ANDREW DUGGAN • GUY STOCKWELL
JAMES DIXON • MICHAEL ANSARA • music by BERNARD HERRMANN
TECHNICOLOR® • written, produced and directed by LARRY COHEN
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Fangbaby

No. Enc.:	1 (1d3)
Alignment:	Neutral
Movement:	120' (40')
Armor Class:	2
Hit Dice:	4
Attacks:	3 (2 claws, 1 bite)
Damage:	1d6+2 / 1d6+2 / 1d10
Save:	L4
Morale:	11
Hoard Class:	None
XP:	245



Even in the forlorn Mutant Future, the arrival of a newborn is a blessed event...

**...UNLESS THE INFANT IS A MALIGNANT
MACHINE OF MURDEROUS
MALEVOLENCE!!!**

Fangbabies are some of the most tragic—and horrific—denizens of the Mutant Future. These creatures have bulbous heads, pallid skin stretched too tightly over their frames, razored claws, and needle teeth. They are agile and sly, and can leap and pounce like primates.

Fangbabies are born to those exposed to overwhelming environmental hazards. If a pregnant Pure Human fails any 3 *Saving Throws Versus Radiation, Poison, Energy*, or combination thereof in the same day, there is a 30% chance that the offspring will be born as a fangbaby.

Most authorities attempt to slay newborn fangbabies the instant they're delivered, but the confused, frightened creatures always fight back...and gain +3 To Hit and +3 Damage per attack within the first hour of birth. They are never a threat to their parents.



If a fangbaby is forcibly separated from its parents (whether to be caged, sent off for study, or banished into the wilds), the creature will unfailingly escape, and relentlessly—and murderously—make its way home. Their *Know Direction* mutations always take them directly to their sires.

And as if fangbabies weren't terrible enough, just wait until they grow up....

*Mutations: Know Direction (Modified),
Negative Empathy [D]*

The IT'S ALIVE babies are back...

Larry Cohen's
It's Alive III

ISLAND OF THE ALIVE



They do something
worse than kill.
They multiply.

A LARCO PRODUCTION • IT'S ALIVE III "ISLAND OF THE ALIVE"
Starring MICHAEL MORIARTY • KAREN BLACK • LAURENE LANDON • GERRIT GRAHAM
NEAL ISREAL • JAMES DIXON • and MACDONALD CAREY • A LARRY COHEN FILM
Director of Photography DANIEL PEARL • Music Composed and Conducted by LAURIE JOHNSON
Original "It's Alive" theme by BERNARD HERRMANN • Executive Producer LARRY COHEN
Produced by PAUL STADER • Written and Directed by LARRY COHEN
Distributed by Warner Bros.  a Warner Communications Company

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Fangfreak

No. Enc.: 1d4+1 (1d4+1)
Alignment: Neutral
Movement: 120' (40')
Armor Class: 5
Hit Dice: 12
Attacks: 3 (2 claws, 1 bite)
Damage: 1d12 / 1d12 / 2d8
Save: L12
Morale: 11
Hoard Class: VII
XP: 3,600

Some communities are known to abandon their fangbabies into the wilderness, to let Nature run its course...

...but, against all odds, not only do they survive, they thrive...

...AND MULTIPLY!!!

Wild fangbabies congregate in small groups for protection, and in a mere 4-5 years, grow into fully mature fangfreaks. These primitive, hulking beings are ferocious when threatened, and have no compunction against devouring their fallen foes. They are also brutally cunning, which is only enhanced by their mind-reading abilities.

In any group of fangfreaks, there will be 1d2 fangbaby infants. And fangfreaks recognize that the harsh, cruel wastelands of the Mutant Future are no place to rear children...so in an ironic and tragic twist, they often leave their own monstrous offspring on the doorsteps of the very same Pure Human villages in which they themselves were born, hoping the little ones will be adopted and accepted by their grandparents....

Mutations: Know Direction (Modified), Mental Telepathy, Negative Empathy [D]





**Nature created him.
Science perfected him.
But no one can
control him.**

**man's
best
friend**

NEW LINE PRODUCTIONS... ROVEN SAVALLO ENTERTAINMENT... JOHN LAFIA
"MAN'S BEST FRIEND" ALLY SHEPPY LANDS HENRIKSEN... FREDRIC LEHN... ROBERT COSTANZO... JOEL GOLDEN... JAYMES HUNTER... KEVIN YACHER
MICHAEL N. KNIE & C.E. MARK IRWIN... ROBERT KOSBERG... DAN GROOM... BOB ENGELMAN... JOHN LAFIA
R... NEW LINE CINEMA

Composi-Dog

No. Enc.: 1 (1d4)
Alignment: Neutral
Movement: 420' (140')
—Climb: 45' (15')
Armor Class: 6
Hit Dice: 5
Attacks: 1 (bite)
Damage: 2d4+6
Save: L4
Morale: 10
Hoard Class: None
XP: 1,400



Since the dawn of time, humanity and canines co-evolved for mutual benefit...

...until the day that the beasts advanced far past their human masters...

...TURNING MAN'S MOST LOYAL COMPANIONS INTO THEIR GREATEST ENEMIES!!!

Composi-dogs are the end results of demented Ancient science intended to create the ultimate protector animal. They resemble ordinary mastiffs...but they are far, far more, indeed, as their genetic code is an unholy chimeric stew.

Composi-dogs' physical strength rivals that of bears and tigers...and speaking of big cats, they can climb vertical surfaces like jaguars, and run as fast as cheetahs. Composi-dogs see as well as owls; they bound over obstacles like jackrabbits; they camouflage themselves like chameleons. Rattlesnakes are even included in their genetic heritage, as the horrible hounds can both distend their jaws to swallow small prey whole, and excrete a Class 6 poison (which manifests as corrosive bodily waste).

As if their physical abilities weren't terrifying enough, composi-dogs are uncannily intelligent. They can open doors and windows with ease, and disable vehicles and machinery by cannily finding—and chewing through—critical components. They even understand up to a dozen different languages...but whether they decide to obey is a different matter entirely.



Composi-dogs are usually encountered in Ancient laboratories or military installations. If freed by a PC, the grateful canine will bond with its savior. However...the dog is ferociously jealous of its new master, and will slowly—and insidiously—remove all other adults in that same individual's life...often by extreme means. (The word "adults" is crucial, as composi-dogs don't target children, but not because of any particular fondness for tykes; no, it's simply because they don't view them as threats...yet....)

Mutations: Chameleon Epidermis, Combat Empathy, Increased Sense (Hearing), Increased Sense (Smell), Increased Sense (Taste), Increased Sense (Vision), Quickness, Toxic Weapon ("Acid-Urine")

**Horror Heap
from the
Nuclear
Trash!**



STARRING
KERWIN MATHEWS
PIER ANGELI

CASTING BY
JEFF BROWN JERRY GUARDINO NORMAN FIELDS ROBERT WARNER DAVID ESSEX

Octaman

No. Enc.:	1 (1)
Alignment:	Neutral
Movement:	75' (25')
—Swim:	75' (25')
Armor Class:	8
Hit Dice:	10
Attacks:	5 (4 tentacles, 1 bite)
Damage:	1d8 / 1d8 / 1d8 / 1d8 / 1d4
Save:	L10
Morale:	10
Hoard Class:	VII
XP:	3,800



In the arid wastes of the Mutant Future, a watery oasis is a rare treasure, indeed...

...UNLESS IT IS HOME TO AN ANTAGONISTIC, AMOROUS, EIGHT-ARMED ABOMINATION!!!

The rubbery, aggressive octamen lurk in isolated bodies of (fresh, or polluted) water located in scrublands, arid hills, and deserts. They fiercely guard their territories, and attack any intruders on sight...and will trudge miles through the grit and brush to hunt those that escape their clutches.

An octaman lashes out with 4 powerful tentacles. If any 2 successfully strike the same target in the same combat round, the victim must make a *Saving Throw Versus Stun*, or be knocked unconscious for 1 full Turn. And an octaman's *Body Adjustment* mutation automatically activates any time it makes contact with water (including rain and bottled liquids).

Octamen lapse into a fugue state if they are exposed to strobing/moving lights—flashlights, camera flares, warp-field weapons being waved back and forth, etc.—for 2 consecutive combat rounds (during which the creatures still attack). After the last "flashing action" of the 2nd round, they are effectively *Confused*, and rendered helpless for 1d6+1 rounds afterwards.



Octamen are obsessed with Pure Human, Mutant Human, or Android females with CHA scores of 13 or higher, and kidnap them when at all possible. Why they behave this way is a mystery, as the creatures seemingly reproduce asexually, as evidenced by the presence of 1d6 "octaspawn" (1 HD infants that resemble standard octopodes) that dwell in the same ponds.

Mutations: Aberrant Form (Lungs and Gills), Body Adjustment (Modified), Frailty ("Strobe Hypnosis") [D]

They bred the ultimate killing machine...
Now you're not safe OUT of the water!

PIRANHA II **Flying Killers** [®]



OVIDIO G. ASSONITIS presents "PIRANHA II: FLYING KILLERS" starring TRICIA O'NEIL
STEVE MARACHUK [and LANCE HENRIKSEN as "Steve"] co-starring TED RICHERT
RICKY G. PAULL · LESLIE GRAVES · Director of Photography ROBERTO D'ETTORRE PIAZZOLI, A.S.C.

Music Composed and Conducted by STEVE POWDER · Music Publisher—PEER ITALY

Produced by CHAKO VAN LEEVWEW and JEFF SCHECHTMAN for CHAKO FILM CO.

Executive Producer OVIDIO G. ASSONITIS · Directed by JAMES CAMERON

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All-Terrain Piranha

No. Enc.: 2d6 (4d10)
Alignment: Neutral
Movement: 3' (1')
—Fly: 120' (40')
—Swim: 150' (50')
Armor Class: 4
Hit Dice: 1
Attacks: 1 (bite)
Damage: 1d8
Save: L2
Morale: 12
Hoard Class: None
XP: 16



In times of war, The Ancients flooded the rivers and lakes of their foes with all manner of baleful beasts...

...BUT THEY DIDN'T ALWAYS STAY IN THE WATER!!!

An unholy blend of piraña, grunion, and flying fish, the 2' long, dark-hued, all-terrain piranha is yet another aquatic abomination unleashed by the Ancient bioweapons program known as *Operation: Razorteeth*.

While perfectly at home in any type of water—fresh, salt, and even polluted—they often take to the air to hunt terrestrial prey. All-terrain piranhas can survive indefinitely on land, and often lurk in ambush from inside the carcasses of half-devoured victims.

Ancient canisters of all-terrain piranha eggs may still be buried in the muck and mire of the Mutant Future. Woe be to any settlement whose waterways become infested...!

Mutations: Aberrant Form (Gills and Lungs), Complete Wing Development



**SHE LIVES.
DON'T MOVE. DON'T BREATHE.
THERE'S NOWHERE TO RUN.
SHE WILL FIND YOU.**



PROPHECY

The monster movie

PARAMOUNT PICTURES PRESENTS A JOHN FRANKENHEIMER FILM A ROBERT L. ROSEN PRODUCTION "PROPHECY" STARRING TALIA SHIRE ROBERT FOXWORTH
ARAMAND ASSANTE RICHARD DYSART AND VICTORIA RACIMO MUSIC-LEONARD ROSENMAN WRITTEN BY DAVID SELTZER PRODUCED BY ROBERT L. ROSEN
DIRECTED BY JOHN FRANKENHEIMER PANAVISION® A PARAMOUNT PICTURE READ THE BALLANTINE BOOK

PERMANENT GRANDMASTER
THE MONSTER MOVIE IS A TRADE MARK OF THE MONSTER MOVIE

DOLBY STEREO
IN SELECTED THEATRES

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Grodiak

No. Enc.: 1d4 (1d4)
Alignment: Neutral
Movement: 135' (45')
—**Swim:** 60' (20')
Armor Class: 5
Hit Dice: 9
Attacks: 3 (2 claws, 1 bite)
Damage: 1d10 / 1d10 / 1d12
Save: L6
Morale: 12
Hoard Class: VII
XP: 4,500

As The Ancients stripped the forests of trees and flooded the rivers with toxins, Nature found a way to adapt to the damage...

...BY SPAWNING HIDEOUS AND HORRIFIC ABOMINATIONS HUNGERING FOR HUMAN FLESH...AND SAVAGE VENGEANCE!!!

Grodiaks are gruesome, hulking ursines that stand a towering 15' tall, and they walk—and *sprint*—exclusively on their hind legs. Their hideous bodies are riddled with sores and growths, and their skin sloughs off in rancid sheets.

The beasts are relentless combatants. Not only do grodiaks get +1 To Hit with all attacks, but they squeeze their prey for an additional 3d6 damage if both claws successfully hit in the same round. They can also hold their breaths for up to 1 hour underwater, and fight without hindrance when submerged.



Grodiaks reproduce rapidly (going to term in 1d3 months), and usually give birth to sets of twins. Each encounter involving adults will also include 1d2 young.

Interestingly, the same contaminants that give rise to grodiaks also impact the native fauna around their dens. In a 2 mile radius around a grodiak lair, the ordinary fish, amphibians, and rodents grow many times their size (typically reaching 1-3 HD)...and, even worse, they become bold and aggressive, with their Morale scores bumping to 10-12 and damage increasing by +1 per die.

Mutations: Bizarre Appearance (Burns, Tumors, and Wounds) [D]

MOON MONSTERS LAUNCH ATTACK AGAINST EARTH!

HOW CAN SCIENCE MEET THE
MENACE of ASTRAL ASSASSINS?
New SCIENCE-FICTION THRILLS!

3D



ADVENTURES INTO THE FUTURE
New TRU-3 DIMENSION!

ROBOT MONSTER

RELEASED THRU ASTOR PICTURES CORP.

with GEORGE NADER
CLAUDIA BARRETT
Produced by AL ZIMBALIST

Setting Seeds: Robot Monsterpocalypse

Once The Ancients unlocked the secrets of atomic energy, it was only a matter of time until they discovered the most powerful weapon in the known universe: the *Cosmic Ray*! Intergalactic beings known as the Ro-Mans took notice, however...

...and decided that it was necessary to neutralize the threat posed by homo sapiens...

...BY ANNIHILATING THE ENTIRE HUMAN RACE...AND THEN DESTROYING THE EARTH ITSELF JUST TO BE THOROUGH!!!

An entire Mutant Future setting can be designed around an apocalyptic invasion from space by the Ro-Mans. The ape-bodied mechanoids hail from the farthest reaches of space, and wield wondrous technologies that seemingly defy all scientific laws and principles: teleporters, infinite-distance sensors and communicators, planet-eradicating weaponry, and even time machines.

In one potential Mutant Future, the Ro-Mans landed and laid waste to entire cities with their *calcinator beams* (or *C-Rays*), which instantaneously caused all of Earth's cities to crumble, and all life forms "*above lepidoptera level*" within to perish.

The only defense against the effects of the *calcinator beam* is an inoculation from an extremely rare antibiotic serum that makes the recipients immune to all diseases...and, inadvertently, to death-rays from space. So, those given the injections are now the last people on the planet, eking out meager existences in the ruins of civilization...all the while hiding from the Ro-Man hunters sent to exterminate them!



Ro-Man

No. Enc.: 1 (1)
Alignment: Chaotic
Movement: 60' (20')
Armor Class: -2
Hit Dice: 350 hp
Attacks: 2 or 1 (2 fists, 1 beam)
Damage: 2d10 / 2d10, or special
Save: L20
Morale: 10
Hoard Class: XVI, XVII, XIX, XXI, XXII
XP: 20,000

A Ro-Man is a stocky, 7' tall extraterrestrial construct with a gorilla-like body and a helmet-like head. They have computerized minds and sensors.

Ro-Mans [sic] are powerful physical combatants, pummeling with mighty fists...and if both fists successfully hit in the same round, they can squeeze its target for an additional 2d12 damage. But their brute strength is almost an afterthought when compared to their godlike powers.

A Ro-Man can detect and focus on any and all sentient life on a planet, right down to the specific location of any given individual. It is immune to all attacks and damage from any man-made weapon (*"the arms of the entire world tried and failed..."*), and all forms of disease, poison, and energy. And one cannot forget their individual *calcinator rays*, which burst forth in a 100' radius and kill everything larger than a moth not treated with a special vaccine...with no *Saving Throw* allowed. Ro-Mans are immune to the effects of their fellows' *C-Rays*.

There are only 3 ways to defeat a Ro-Man: bypass its logic core with philosophical musings and emotional quandaries (in other words, teach it how to be *"a hu-man"*), entice it with a female Pure Human with a CHA of 13+, or have it be destroyed at the hands of its commanding officer, a being known as a Great Guidance....

Mutations: Unique Mutation (*"Calcinator Beam"*), Unique Sense (*"Life-Sense"*)



Ro-Man – Great Guidance

No. Enc.: 1 (1)
Alignment: Chaotic
Movement: 60' (20')
Armor Class: -4
Hit Dice: 550 hp
Attacks: 2 or 1 (2 fists, 1 beam)
Damage: 3d10 / 3d10, or special
Save: L20
Morale: 11
Hoard Class: XVI, XVII, XIX, XXI, XXII
XP: 40,000

A Great Guidance is the intergalactic commander of the Ro-Mans. It possesses all of a typical Ro-Man's abilities and defenses, plus three unique powers.



First, a Great Guidance's *C-Ray* not only has twice the radius, but it is powerful enough to instantly slay a Ro-Man.

Second, a Great Guidance can unleash *cosmic tube rays*, which open vortices into the prehistoric past and draws forth 2d10 dinosaurs into the present. These reptiles berserkly devour every living thing—animal and vegetable—they encounter.



And, lastly, a Great Guidance can bombard a planet with "*cyclotron vibrations*" strong enough to "*knock [it] out of the universe.*" These beams can vibrate an Earth-sized body to dust in only 3d4 rounds.

All of the above powers have no maximum range, and can be broadcast across space, and through communications media (vid-screens, etc.).

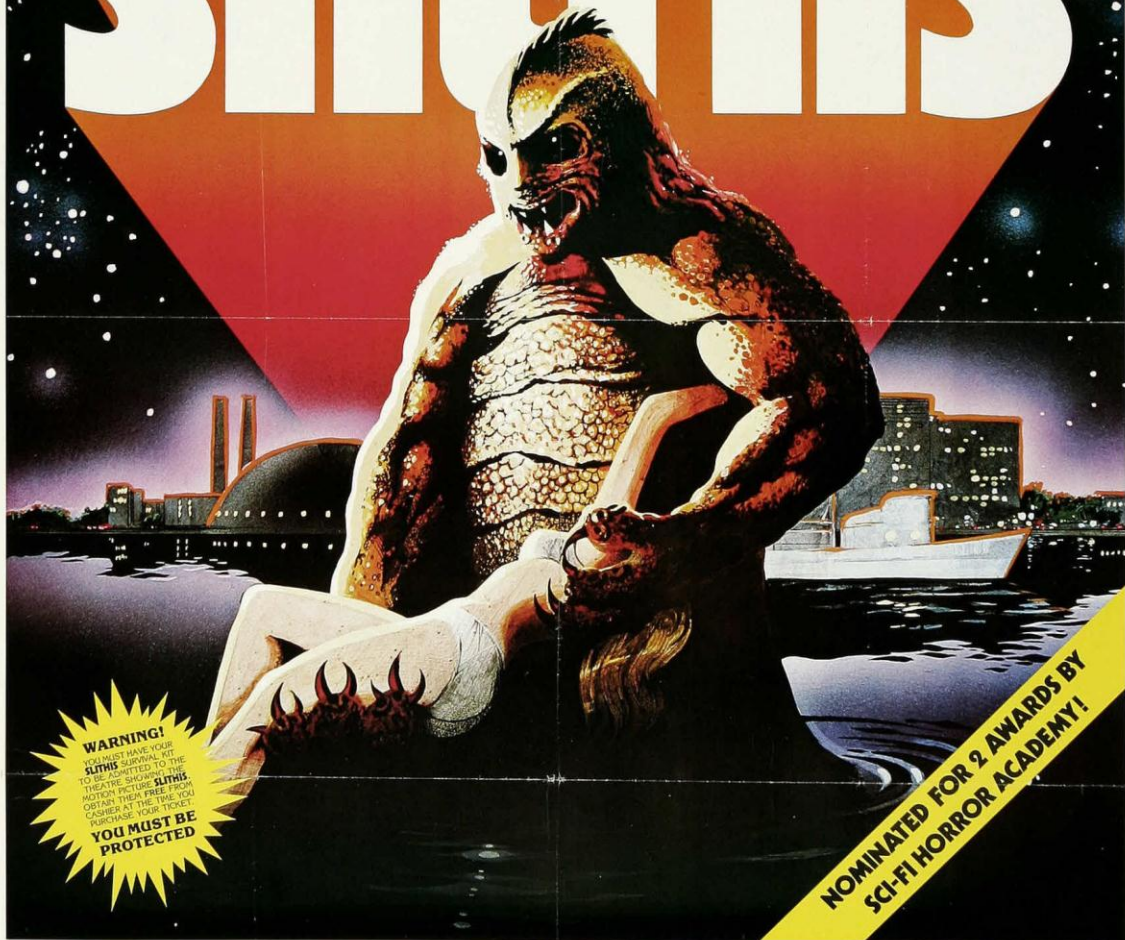
Unfortunately, the computers governing the Great Guidances are the most advanced in the cosmos, so appeals to emotion, reason, or philosophy go ignored. Great Guidances are beings of pure intellect and drive, and never fall prey to human manipulations.

Mutations: Unique Mutation ("*Calcinator Beam*"), Unique Mutation ("*Cyclotron Vibrations*"), Unique Mutation ("*Cosmic Tube Rays*"), Unique Sense ("*Life-Sense*")

FINALLY, NATURE UNLEASHES IT'S REVENGE!
FROM THE POLLUTION OF OUR NUCLEAR WASTE,
CAME THE KILLER WE COULDN'T DESTROY!

HELL HATH
NO FURY... LIKE

Slithis



FABTRAX FILMS Presents A DICK DAVIS PRODUCTION

Starring ALAN BLANCHARD • JUDY MOTULSKY • MELLO ALEXANDRIA
DENNIS LEE FALT • WIN CONDUCT

Produced by STEPHEN TRAXLER and PAUL FABIAN Written and Directed by STEPHEN TRAXLER

Music by STEVE ZUCKERMAN Color by MOVIELAB Sound by CINESOUND

Advertising and Creative Promotion by ENERGY GRAPHICS, INC.

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PG PARENTAL GUIDANCE SUGGESTED
SOME MATERIAL MAY BE INAPPROPRIATE FOR CHILDREN

Environmental Hazard: *Slithis*

As the nuclear plants of The Ancients fell to disuse and disrepair, they began to leak radioactivity into [the sky](#), [the soil](#), and the water...

...and not only did the liquid absorb the powerful atomic energies...

...IT BEGAN TO ABSORB EVERY LIVING THING—ANIMAL, VEGETABLE, AND MINERAL—WITH WHICH IT CAME INTO CONTACT!!!

Slithis is a protoplasmic "organic mud" found downstream from Ancient nuclear power plants. It is both organic and inorganic, and emits slight Class 1 radioactivity. (Prolonged, long-term exposure, however, causes tumors, deformations, and even death.)



Pools of *slithis* are passive hazards much like tarpits...but those that fall into their depths not only drown, but are also absorbed and assimilated upon death. Bacteria; algae; animals; humanoids: all are incorporated into the *slithis*...and the *slithis* then takes on its victims' characteristics!

When a *slithis* pool has absorbed 25 HD of living things, the goo coalesces into a monstrous, ambulatory, carnivorous...thing. All manner of mutants can arise from *slithis* [meaning the Mutant Lord can use it as a default, all-purpose monster maker], but the most typical result is an amphibious humanoid with an overpowering hunger for flesh and blood....

Spawn Of The Slithis

No. Enc.:	1 (1)
Alignment:	Neutral
Movement:	75' (25')
—Swim:	45' (15')
Armor Class:	3
Hit Dice:	10
Attacks:	2 + special (2 claws)
Damage:	2d6 / 2d6, + special
Save:	L7
Morale:	12
Hoard Class:	None
XP:	3,800

Spawns of the *slithis* are doughy, lumbering beasts that stalk waterways, sewers, and Ancient ports. They arise from pools of *slithis*, but migrate away in search of live prey.



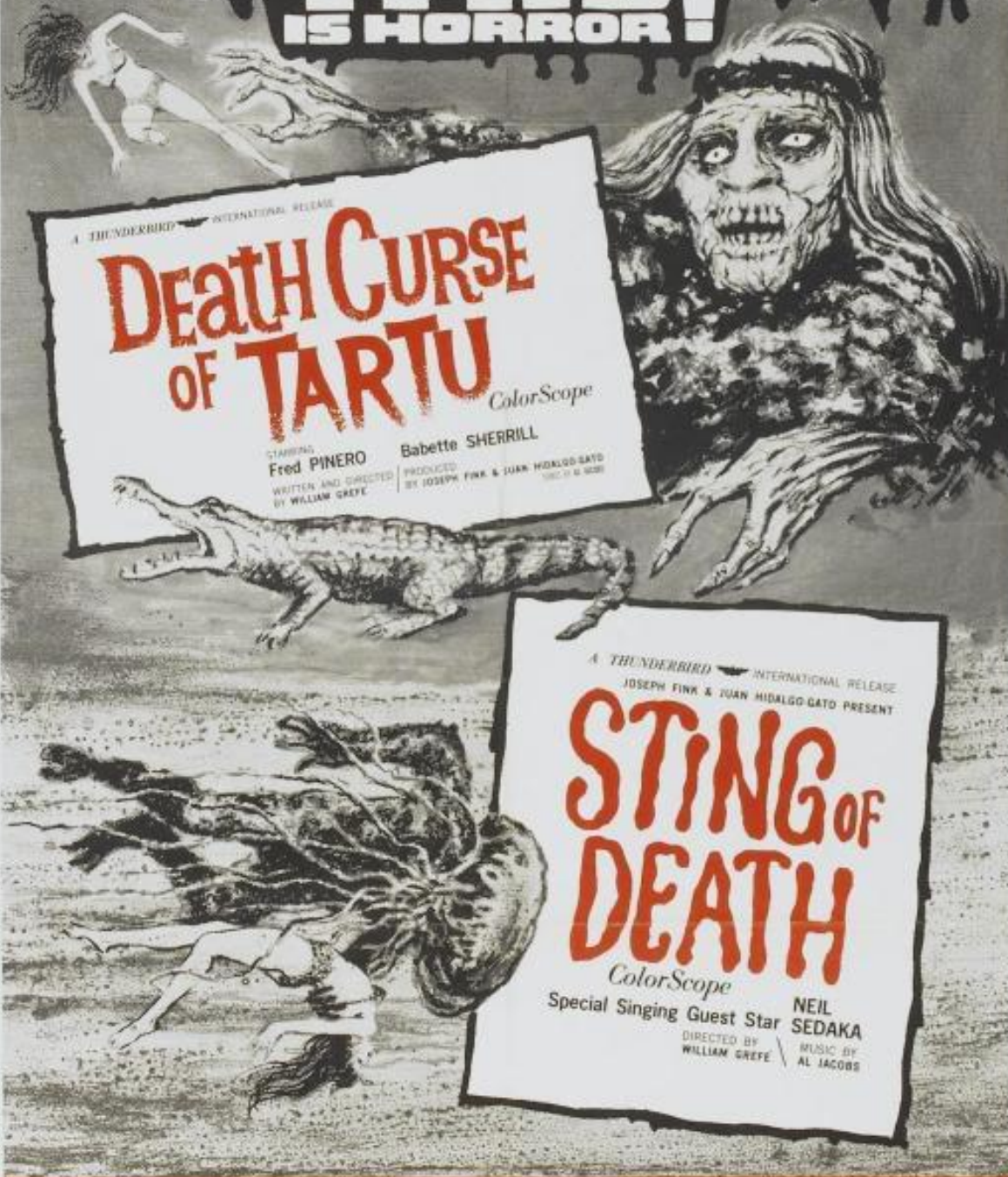
Spawns of the *slithis* devour anything they catch, but relish mammalian viscera most of all. If a spawn of the *slithis* successfully strikes with both claws in the same round, it savages its victim's abdomen for 2d8+4 damage. Once tearing into the innards, the creature fixates on feasting (doing only automatic 2d8+4 biting damage each round), and ignores all other incoming attacks. Only when the prey item is dead will the spawn of the *slithis* move on to other foes.

The creatures regenerate rapidly when submerged; in fact, the worst way to dispose of a vanquished spawn of the *slithis* is to dump it back into the waters from whence it came...!

Mutations: Aberrant Form (Gills and Lungs), Pain Insensitivity [D], Regenerative Capability (Modified)

FILMED DEEP IN THE FLORIDA EVERGLADES

THIS!
IS HORROR!



A THUNDERBIRD INTERNATIONAL RELEASE

DEATH CURSE OF TARTU

ColorScope

STARRING
Fred PINERO
WRITTEN AND DIRECTED
BY WILLIAM GREFE

Babette SHERRILL
PRODUCED
BY JOSEPH FINK & JUAN HIDALGO-GATO
1962 11 45 8000

A THUNDERBIRD INTERNATIONAL RELEASE
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STING OF DEATH

ColorScope

Special Singing Guest Star
DIRECTED BY
WILLIAM GREFE

NEIL
SEDAKA
MUSIC BY
AL JACOBS

Man O' Were

No. Enc.:	1 (1)
Alignment:	Chaotic
Movement:	75' (25')
—Swim:	75' (25')
Armor Class:	7
Hit Dice:	9
Attacks:	2 (2 claws)
Damage:	1d8 / 1d8, + poison
Save:	L8
Morale:	10
Hoard Class:	XV
XP:	3,100

Ancient scientists seemingly had no scruples or morality, and would explore every avenue of unhinged science...

...and in laboratories hidden deep in the darkest swamps, they combined sea water, electricity, chemicals, and human blood...

...TO CREATE THE ULTIMATE TREACHEROUS, LECHEROUS FUSION OF MAN AND MAN-OF-WAR!!!



A man o' were is a twisted being that infiltrates a swamp- or oceanside community to sow murder and mayhem. It appears and acts as an ordinary Pure Human, but when stressed, angry, or seeking revenge against perceived slights and/or romantic rivals, it spends 1 full round transforming into a mind-bending half-man, half-jellyfish hybrid. The creature grows savage claws, dangling tentacles, and a bulbous, inflated head.

Men o' were are cunning strategists, and often set traps, sabotage vehicles and buildings, and attack from ambush. Their claws inject Class 17 poison, but the poison is slow-acting, so those struck get 2 separate *Saving Throws* to avoid death [if failing the first roll, the victim can roll again to Save for half damage].

A man o' were can summon 3d10 common jellyfish to come to its aid during aquatic battles. The animals each have 1 HD, do 1d4 damage, and inject Class 3 poison.

Mutations: Aberrant Form (Gills and Lungs), Toxic Weapon ("Death-Sting")

ASTRO ZOMBIES

TERRIFYING COLOR BY
DE LUXE

see
ASTRO SPACE
LABORATORY

see
BRUTAL
MUTANTS MENACE
BEAUTIFUL GIRLS

see
CRAZED
CORPSE STEALERS

see
BERSERK HUMAN
TRANSPLANTS

GP

Jack H. Harris
Enterprises, Inc.

Wendell
Corey

John
Carradine

PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY TED V. MIKELS
SCREENPLAY BY TED V. MIKELS AND WAYNE ROGERS

© 1971/1983

Astro-Zombie

No. Enc.: 1d3 (1d6)
Alignment: Neutral
Movement: 120' (40')
Armor Class: 2
Hit Dice: 12
Attacks: 1 (strangle, or melee weapon)
Damage: 3d6, or by melee weapon +5
Save: L12
Morale: 12
Hoard Class: XVI, XIX
XP: 6,000

In their initial attempts to colonize the stars, The Ancients took the strongest, hardest specimens mankind had to offer...

...AND STRIPPED OUT EVERYTHING HUMAN ABOUT THEM, LEAVING BEHIND ONLY ANTAGONISTIC AUTOMATONS FUELED BY AN INSATIABLE BLOODLUST!!!

Intended to be the ultimate explorer, an astro-zombie is a semi-robotic "*quasi-man*" designed to withstand the rigors of space travel. Once-weak flesh is now a silicon skin through which flows an instantly-coagulating hemo-fluid, rendering an astro-zombie "*impervious to bullets and meteorites,*" and disease. Its organs are mechanical simulacra—an "*electro-driven heart, stainless-steel-mesh stomach, plastic pancreas, cell-ulized liver*"—powered by photonic energy. Its brain is scoured of all memories and the ability to formulate independent thought, so as to provide a clean slate for the long-range sending and receiving of data via radio-telepathy.

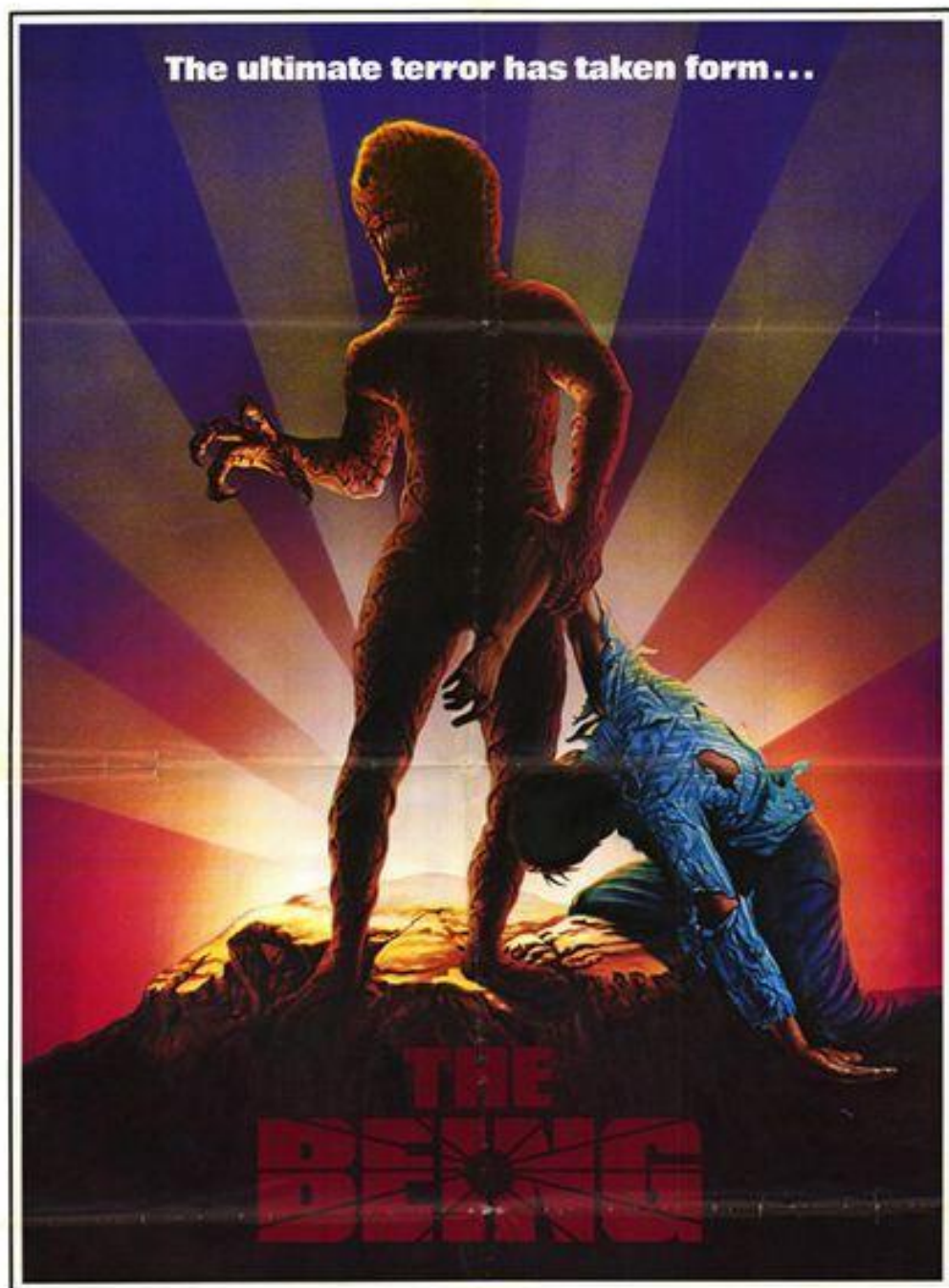


But through some flaw in the creation process, one human trait remains in an astro-zombie: the overpowering desire for wanton violence against Pure Humans. This manifests through strangulation (which does automatic choking damage each round after a successful hit until either the victim or astro-zombie is killed) or frenzied hacking and bludgeoning with the closest available weapon (usually a crowbar, scalpel, or machete). Consequently, Ancient rogue nations often utilized astro-zombies as assassins and soldiers.

Astro-zombies ignore all deleterious effects of extreme temperatures imposed by their *Epidermal Photosynthesis* mutations. Furthermore, they can offset their movement penalties in darkness by holding light sources (flashlights, etc.) to the photoelectric cells implanted in their foreheads. They cannot use their strangling attacks when doing so.

Mutations: Class II Sensor System, Epidermal Photosynthesis (Modified), Mental Programming (Programming), Robolink





A BILL OSCO PRODUCTION OF A JACKIE KONG FILM

**Starring: MARTIN LANDAU • JOSE FERRER • DOROTHY MALONE • RUTH BUZZI
MARIANNE GORDON ROGERS • REXX COLTRANE in "THE BEING"**

Special appearances by MURRAY LANGSTON • KINKY FRIEDMAN • JOHNNY DARK • KENT PERKINS

Director of Photography ROBERT EBINGER • Associate Producer KENT PERKINS • Editorial Supervision DAVID NEWHOUSE

Music Composed & Realized by DON PRESTON • Produced by WILLIAM OSCO • Written & Directed by JACKIE KONG

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R RESTRICTED Under 17 Requires Accompanying Parent or Adult Guardian



Contaminoid

No. Enc.:	1 (1)
Alignment:	Chaotic
Movement:	120' (40')
— Burrow:	30' (10')
— Ooze:	30' (10')
Armor Class:	2
Hit Dice:	10
Attacks:	3 or 1 (2 claws, 1 bite, or 1 tongue-lash)
Damage:	1d10+4 / 1d10+4 / 1d12+4, or 1d10 + special
Save:	L12
Morale:	11
Hoard Class:	VIII, IX, XIV
XP:	8,700



Centuries after The Ancients themselves had faded into oblivion, the toxic seeds of their downfall still lay dormant deep within the earth...

...UNTIL THEY DAY THEY AWOKE AS RAVENOUS, LIMB-RENDING MONSTROSITIES NO BARRIER COULD CONTAIN!!!

Contaminoids, cyclopean beings with bodies seemingly comprised of butchered meat, are Pure Humans and Mutant Humans thus transformed by prolonged exposure to underground toxic waste and radioactivity. The change brings about a savage hunger for human flesh...and a wide array of abilities with which to acquire it.

In close quarters, contaminoids are savagely strong and brutal...but they're just as deadly at range, for their forked tongues can shoot out a distance of 30'. If a contaminoid successfully hits with its tongue-lash, the victim can be dragged in for a free biting attack, or strangled at range for 1d10 automatic damage per round (escaping requires severing the tongue by doing 15+1d6 damage against it). However, if the creature hits with its tongue with an Attack Roll of 18-20, the target must make a *Saving Throw Versus Death*. Success means strangulation as above...but failure indicates immediate decapitation.

Contaminoids retain enough of their intelligence to be cunning hunters (always *Surprising* on a roll of 1-3 on 1d6, and often isolating victims to pick them off one by one) and masters of infiltration and escape. Not only can they tunnel beneath the earth, but they can assume a liquid form to ooze through even the smallest cracks and openings. They are particularly fond of seeping into places where the occupants feel

secure, such as locked vehicles or (seemingly) secured rooms, and then reforming for an attack that *Surprises* on a roll of 1-4 on 1d6. In pure liquid form, a contaminoid is immune to all damage from physical attacks, weapons, and explosions, and can only be harmed by energy attacks or Mental Mutations. They leave a sticky green residue wherever they travel.

The beasts are strictly nocturnal, as direct sunlight disintegrates their skin at a rate of 2d6 damage per round. They lair in hidden underground ruins and containment facilities, and litter their dens with reminders and tokens from their former lives. Some contaminoids even visit their former families in the night, without incident...leaving only a slime trail as evidence of their presence.

Mutations: Aberrant Form (Amorphousness), Aberrant Form (Elongating Tongue), Accumulated Resistance (Pollutants), Frailty (Sunlight-Sensitivity), Night Vision, Reflective Epidermis (Radiation), Regenerative Capability, Vision Impairment (Light Sensitivity) [D]



SOME THINGS SHOULDN'T BE DISTURBED...

The Boogens

Afraid of not knowing...
Afraid to find out...
After 100 years someone has
reawakened "The Boogens"

THERE IS NO ESCAPE!



R RESTRICTED
Under 17 requires accompaniment
by an adult parent or guardian

FILMWORKS ENTERTAINMENT PRESENTS
A CRAFT INTERNATIONAL PRODUCTION

Rebecca Balding • Fred McCarren • Anne-Marie Martin • Jeff Hartman in "The Boogens"

Story by Tom Chapman & David O'Malley • Screenplay by David O'Malley & Bob Ford

Produced by Charles E. Butler, Jr. • Directed by Jonard L. Gennep

Boogen

No. Enc.:	1d3 (1d6)
Alignment:	Neutral
Movement:	75' (25')
—Burrow:	15' (5')
Armor Class:	4
Hit Dice:	5
Attacks:	5 (4 tentacles, 1 bite)
Damage:	1d4 / 1d4 / 1d4 / 1d4 / 1d8
Save:	L3
Morale:	11
Hoard Class:	VI, XII
XP:	1,250



Deep within the frigid earth, strange creatures have been sealed away since the time of The Ancients...

...and now they've broken out...

...AND THEY'RE HUNGRY!!!

The boogens are subterranean beasts the size of hogs that dwell deep within mines and natural caves, but they surface (often burrowing up through the floors of residences) when deprived of food. They possess squat, round bodies encased in hard carapaces, toothy maws, and multiple flailing tentacles.

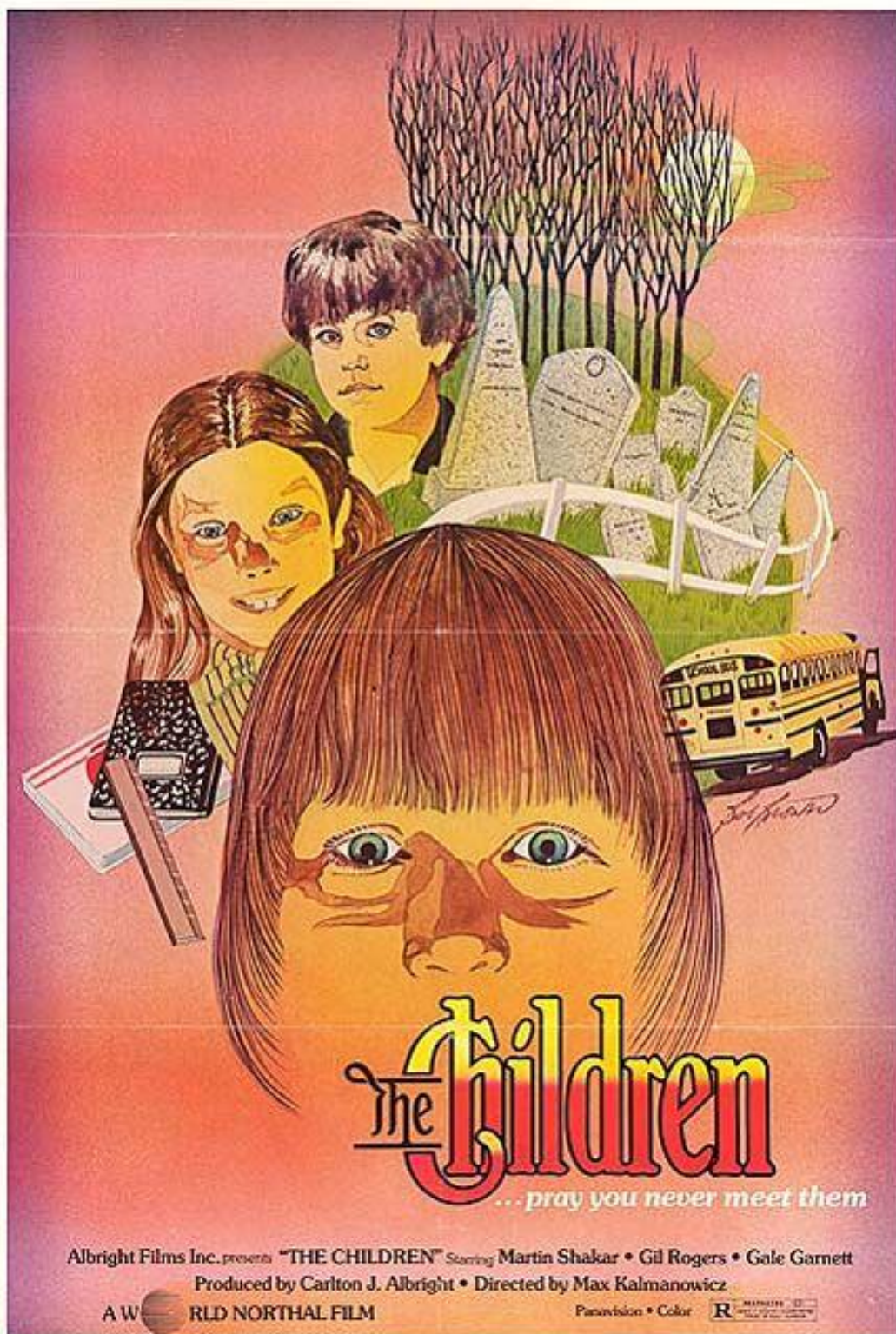
Of a boogen's tentacles, the front 4 end in piercing spikes, and they can lash targets up to 15' away. If any 2 tentacles successfully strike the same target in the same round, said target is grappled and drawn into the boogen's mouth for an automatic biting attack.

The boogens take only half damage from melee weapons and conventional firearms.

Mutations: Echolocation, Extra Parts (Tentacles), Increased Caloric Needs [D], Natural Armor (Extreme), Reflective Epidermis (Cold)



Something terrifying has happened to...



Albright Films Inc. presents "THE CHILDREN" Starring Martin Shakar • Gil Rogers • Gale Garnett

Produced by Carlton J. Albright • Directed by Max Kalmanowicz

A WORLD NORTHAL FILM

Paravision • Color

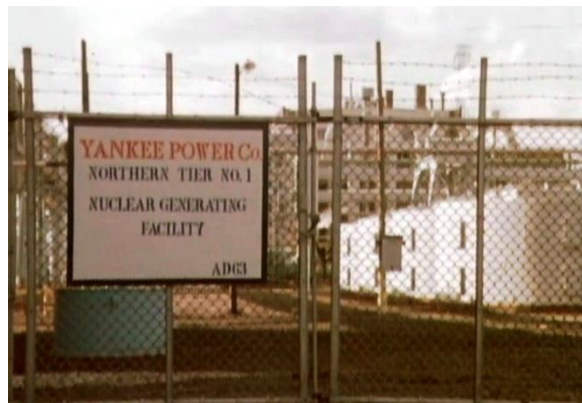
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Environmental Hazard: Cindercloud

The atomic detritus of The Ancients gave rise to many of the abominations of the Mutant Future...

...BUT WHEN IT CAUSED THE CHILDREN OF THE WORLD TO SLAUGHTER THE ADULTS, IT WAS AS IF THE VERY FUTURE ITSELF LAID WASTE TO THE PRESENT!!!

There is nothing that terrifies the Mutant Future's remaining Pure Human populations more than the roiling, creeping miasmas known as *cinderclouds*. They leak from the most antiquated and dilapidated of Ancient reactors, and can vary in size from several hundred feet wide to, horrifyingly, miles in diameter.



Cinderclouds have no impact on flora, animal fauna, or materiel...but any Pure Human youth 15 years or younger caught inside its borders transforms into a *cinderkid* (see below) upon failure of a *Saving Throw Versus Death*. Pregnant Pure Human women must also make a *Saving Throw Versus Death*, or give birth to infant cinderkids at term.

When a *cindercloud* envelops a region, the resulting *cinderkids* unite to kill off every person and animal they encounter. And even if the besieged adults survive the experience, they are faced with the dreadful realization that, with the loss of all their offspring, their own future is just as dead....



Cinderkid

No. Enc.:	1d6 (3d8)
Alignment:	Chaotic
Movement:	45' (15')
Armor Class:	8
Hit Dice:	3
Attacks:	2 (2 claws)
Damage:	1d8 / 1d8, + special
Save:	L5
Morale:	12
Hoard Class:	None
XP:	185

Cinderkids are Pure Human children transformed by *cindercloud* vapors into malevolent monstrosities with only one goal: to relentlessly stalk and incinerate any and all beings they encounter. None are safe in their presence.

Cinderkids are so named because of their lethal scorching touch. Anyone struck by both hands in the same combat round not only takes the initial contact damage, but they are also embraced in an unbreakable hug that does a sustained 4d6 damage each round thereafter. No further attack rolls are necessary...and the only upside is that victims usually burn to death within moments.

Cinderkids are nigh-indestructible, being immune to the effects of all blunt trauma, firearms, toxins, diseases, and Mental Mutations. Upon being beaten or shot, they are knocked backwards to the ground, but then arise unharmed at the end of the very next round. Chopping off both of a cinderkid's hands—which requires a "called shot" and a To Hit roll of 18-20—will kill it instantly. (Note that *both* hands must be removed, as a one-handed cinderkid can still latch on for base damage plus 1d12 continual damage per round.) Obviously, dismemberment will eliminate a cinderkid threat.

The creatures have no need to eat or respire, but may somehow absorb sustenance through their hands during the burning process.

While cinderkids' physical abilities are impressive enough, it is their cunning that makes them truly dangerous. Aside from pale skin, dark eyes, vacant smiles, and blackened fingernails, they look just like ordinary children...and they use their innocent appearances to lull adults into a false sense of security. They never run or make overtly threatening gestures; all they do is methodically walk towards adults with arms extended for seemingly loving hugs. Cinderkids can vocalize, but generally only make single exultations ("Mama!" or "Daddy!" or the first names of those they recognize) so as to lure unsuspecting adults to their doom. They also feign helplessness when encountering armed resistance, and cower in fear to manipulate the



sympathies of their foes...and then lash out at the first opportunity. They remember how to do routine physical tasks, like open doors and windows, and climb vertical surfaces.

Perhaps the most horrible thing about cinderkids is that their favorite victims are their own families. They normally congregate and attack in packs, but individuals will break off to visit their former homes and massacre those that love them most...while grinning the entire time.

Mutations: Pain Insensitivity [D], Unique Mutation ("Death-Touch")



**THE FIRST NEW
HORROR CREATURE**



**THE INCREDIBLE
MELTING
MAN**

...come prepared!

R RESTRICTED
Under 17 requires accompanying parent or adult guardian

Disease: *Starslime* ("Space Leprosy")

Save Modifier: -4

Infection Duration: See Below

Affected Stats: STR +5, DEX -3, CON +5, INT -2 (per day), CHA -All

Damage Per Day: See Below

As the Ancients took to the stars, they beheld wonders never before seen by human eyes...

...AND THEY BROUGHT BACK UNIMAGINABLE HORRORS THAT COULD NEVER BE UNSEEN!!!

The disease dubbed *starslime* is a hideous condition contracted by space travelers who pass through planetary rings during times of intense solar activity. The eerie combined radiations set off an unstoppable chain reaction of cellular degradation...and the only panacea is the consumption of living humanoid flesh!

An infected subject begins to dissolve at the rate of 2d8 Hit Points per day; however, this damage can be counteracted by devouring a corresponding amount in Hit Points [represented as doing equivalent damage with biting attacks] from Pure Humans or Mutant Humans.

Starslime victims leave slimy residue on anything and everything they touch, and their features and digits slough off. As their appetites rage out of control, their mental faculties fade at a rate of -2 INT per day. Bizarrely, an infected individual becomes stronger and tougher, and immune to all damage from conventional firearms. They also emit Class 1 radiation, and can be tracked with Geiger counters.

If still alive at the end of 3 days, the subject begins to take an additional—and cumulative—1d8 damage per day [ex: 5 days of infection = 5d8 damage per day] as the decomposition accelerates. It takes an ever-increasing amount of raw meat to offset the disease, and eventually becomes impossible to keep up.

The ultimate fate of those poor souls infected with *starslime* is melting into a sloppy pile of blood-sludge. The only blessing? The disease isn't communicable...at least, not yet....



Meltman

No. Enc.:	1 (1d3)
Alignment:	Neutral
Movement:	90' (30')
Armor Class:	3
Hit Dice:	14
Attacks:	3 (2 fists, 1 bite)
Damage:	1d8+ / 1d8+ / 2d6+ (see below)
Save:	L14
Morale:	11
Hoard Class:	None
XP:	4,200

The abhorrent meltmen are former Pure Humans gripped by *starslime* infections. They are primarily encountered in abandoned spaceports, orbiting satellites, and the wreckage of interstellar vehicles.



Meltmen are fearsomely strong, with STR values ranging between 18-21 and the corresponding STR melee damage bonuses. They are immune to all diseases and poisons, and also to all damage from conventional firearms. Strangely, losing sensory organs or limbs doesn't impact their effectiveness as predators.

Meltmen have ravenous appetites, and enough feral cunning to patiently stalk their prey. They often invade settlements under the cover of night to unleash gore-fueled frenzies of destruction.

Mutations: as per disease

all that was left after...

THE KILLER SHREWS



INGRID **GOUDE** • JAMES **BEST** • KEN **CURTIS**

Produced by
Baruch Lumet • Gordon McLendon • KEN CURTIS Directed by
RAY KELLOGG

A McLendon Radio Pictures Release

Killer Shrew

No. Enc.: 1d8 (3d6)
Alignment: Neutral
Movement: 150' (50')
—Burrow: 30' (10')
Armor Class: 7
Hit Dice: 2
Attacks: 1 (bite)
Damage: 1d6 + poison
Save: L1
Morale: 11
Hoard Class: None
XP: 47



The Ancients' breakthroughs in miniaturization led to all manner of innovations—in biomedicine, nanotechnology, and even the novelty pet industry—but one experiment had the opposite effect...

...and transformed once-tiny creatures into gigantic monstrosities...

...WITH ALL-CONSUMING APPETITES TO MATCH!!!

Killer shrews are aggressive, nocturnal rodents the size of 50-100 pound canines. Shaggy fur covers their bodies, and fangs dripping Class 17 poisonous saliva jut from their snouts.

Not only do the beasts scour the landscape in a perpetual hunt for food, but they breed at a mind-boggling rate: young shrews reach full reproductive maturity just 2-3 weeks after birth. A male/female pair can spawn a ravenous rodent regiment that reduces a region to ruin in just a few short months...and as food supplies dwindle, they turn to cannibalism...and ultimately hunt livestock and human victims.

Accordingly, many communities in the Mutant Future pay premium bounties for killer shrew carcasses.

Mutations: Increased Caloric Needs [D], Enhanced Vision (Night Vision), Toxic Weapon (Venom)



WARNING!

If you see **THE STUFF**
in stores...
call the police.

If you have it
in your home...
don't touch
it...get out.

THE STUFF
is a product
of nature...
a deadly
living organism.

It is addictive
and destructive.

It can overcome
your mind and
take over your
body...

and nothing can stop it.

THE STUFF

New World Pictures presents A Larco Production A Larry Cohen Film "THE STUFF"
Starring MICHAEL MORIARTY ANDREA MARCOVICCI GARRETT MORRIS SCOTT BLOOM PAUL SORVINO as "Spears"
Guest Star DANNY AJELLO and PATRICK O'NEAL Director of Photography PAUL GLICKMAN Music by ANTHONY GUEFEN
Edited by ARMOND LEBOWITZ Executive Producer LARRY COHEN Associate Producer BARRY SHILS
Produced by PAUL KURTA Written and Directed by LARRY COHEN

R RESTRICTED
UNDER 17 REQUIRES ACCOMPANYING
PARENT OR ADULT GUARDIAN



NEW WORLD PICTURES

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Environmental Hazard: *Stuffsludge*

Despite The Ancients' rapacious gobbling of unhealthy, processed, food-like products, they were always searching for a miracle food—a *perfect* food—that was nutritious, delicious, and painless to prepare...

...and they believed they found it upon unearthing *The Stuff*. They began devouring it by the bucketful, but as they discovered far too late...

...it wasn't they who were eating The Stuff...

...IT WAS THE STUFF WHO WAS EATING THEM!!!

The subterranean substance known as *stuffsludge* is a collective microorganism that bubbles up from beneath the earth in non-desert and non-urban environments. It appears as a gurgling puddle of viscous white liquid, and any mammal who stumbles upon it must make an *Ability Check Versus WIL* at a -2 penalty. Those that fail are compelled to lean down and taste the substance...and the sweet, euphoria-inducing flavor makes them settle in and shovel mass quantities into their mouths.



Unless dragged away by those not under the *stuffsludge*'s influence, the eater will gorge themselves for 2d6 turns. At the end of that period, they must make a *Saving Throw Versus Stun* at a -3 penalty, or become infected with *stuffsickness* (see below).

While *stuffsludge* typically appears topside in small pools, its mere presence often indicates massive deposits deeper beneath the site. In fact, vast subterranean lakes of *stuffsludge* lurk in the bowels of the earth....



Disease: *Stuffsickness*

Save Modifier: -3

Infection Duration: See Below

Affected Stats: STR +2, DEX +2, CON +5, WIL -7

Damage Per Day: none (See Below)

Stuffsickness is the term describing infection by the parasitic *stuffsludge* microorganism, which literally devours its host alive. Those thus infected are nicknamed *stuffies*.

Victims of *stuffsickness* initially experience numerous positive effects: elation and increased sense of well-being, beneficial weight loss, heightened energy levels, and an elimination of the need for sleep. They look and feel better than at any other time in their lives.

Personality changes set in 2d4 days later, however. The infected become militant advocates of *stuffsludge* and the consumption thereof, and foist the substance on others at every opportunity. Before long, they give up other comestibles entirely, and eat only *stuffsludge* at each and every meal...and, ultimately, they cease all other activities *but* eating. They just consume serving after serving after serving...



...unless directed by the parasite—which has an intelligent will of its own—to unearth and collect more quantities of *stuffsludge* for mass distribution. These automatons are allowed to perform more complex tasks like digging, drilling, pumping, packaging, and driving in order to spread *stuffsludge* far and wide.



The parasite systematically digests the host's innards, and at the end of the 2d4 day period, the infected effectively gain both the *Pain Insensitivity* and *Pain Sensitivity Physical Mutation Drawbacks*. The bizarre combination means that the infected have no awareness or regard of injury to their persons, but also suffer double damage from all attacks due to the hollowing-out of their bodies. *Stuffies* also gain the *Metaconcert Mental Mutation*. They can speak, act, and coordinate attacks as one over long distances.



The most horrifying aspect of *stuffsickness* is that once the mutations are acquired, the host is little more than a skin-husk...and at this point, the accumulated *stuffsludge* can burst forth from the mouth as a fully-formed *stussiend*. The host must make a *Saving Throw Versus Death* when the *stussiend* erupts, with success indicating that their body lies dormant until the creature slithers back inside to resume control and activity...and explosive, gory death upon failure.



Any mammalian Pure Human, Mutant Human, Mutant Animal, wildlife, and/or monster is susceptible to *stuffsickness*. The only cure is forced withdrawal through diet change (which takes 2d6+2 weeks), powerful Ancient antivirals, or immersion in a regeneration tank [see p. 126 of the *Mutant Future Core Rules*].

Stuffiend

No. Enc.:	1 (1d4)
Alignment:	Chaotic
Movement:	60' (20')
Armor Class:	6
Hit Dice:	10
Attacks:	1d4, or 1 (1d4 tendrils, or immersion)
Damage:	1d10 per tendril, or special
Save:	L5
Morale:	10
Hoard Class:	XII + 2d6 foodstuffs
XP:	5,900



Stuffiends are masses of *stuffsludge* grown large and strong enough to escape their host bodies. They appear as creeping, white, gooey masses that resemble nothing less than Ancient dairy desserts.

Stuffiends are intelligent, and desire nothing less than the infection of every living mammal in the Mutant Future so as to unite all creatures under one giant collective hive-mind.

In combat, stuffiends lash out with acidic tendrils. If they successfully strike twice in the same round, their target is force-fed a gullet-full of *stuffsludge*, causing an additional 2d6 suffocation damage and a *stuffsickness* infection with a failed *Saving Throw Versus Stun*. They also use their *Empathy* and *Fragrance Development* Mutations to force opponents to cease their attacks and instead start gulping down parts of the stuffiend's own mass....



Stuffiends actually try not to kill those they encounter, as they appreciate the need for living hosts. They only destroy those deemed dangerous enough to foil their plans for domination.

Stuffiends are completely immune to most physical attacks. Conventional melee weapons and firearms have no effect, and explosives just scatter them for 2d6 rounds. Stuffiends can only be physically harmed by fire, electricity, chemical contaminants, and energy weapons. For Mental Combat, stuffiends possess WIL scores of 14-21 (13 +1d8).

Terrifyingly, individual stuffiends can merge into one gigantic composite entity. This veritable tidal wave of *stuffsludge* can shatter barriers and containment units, and wreak havoc against many targets at once. [It is up to the Mutant Lord to determine the exact Movement, Hit Dice, Attacks, Damage, and Experience Points of such a massive creature.]

There are rumors that stuffiends and [fizzhttp://www.worldpath.net/~minstrel/hobosign.htm](http://www.worldpath.net/~minstrel/hobosign.htm)fiends have formed an alliance...and may even be hybridizing into a new species. These *floatfiends* could very well be amassing in the wreckage of Ancient factories and bottling plants, just waiting for hapless—and hungry—adventurers to discover them....

Mutations: Empathy, Fragrance Development, Metaconcert, Reflective Epidermis (Cold)



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Skintruder

No. Enc.: 1 (1)
Alignment: Chaotic
Movement: 90' (30')
Armor Class: 3
Hit Dice: 3
Attacks: 3 (2 claws, 1 bite)
Damage: 1d6 / 1d6 / 1d8
Save: L3
Morale: 12
Hoard Class: None
XP: 70



The Mutant Future gives rise to all manner of deadly viruses and illnesses...

...AND THEY SOMETIMES MUTATE SO WILDLY AS TO TAKE ON HIDEOUS LIVES OF THEIR OWN!!!

A skintruder is a living—and altogether malevolent—tumorous mass that dwells inside the abdominal cavity of a domestic feline. When angry or hungry, it attacks by slithering forth from the mouth and assuming the shape of a shaggier, toothier, bipedal version of its host, somehow expanding to almost double said host's original size. When done rampaging, it compresses and wriggles back inside the slack flesh-shell, resuming the guise of an innocuous pet once again.

Skintruders are strong enough to rend their way through solid steel, possessing a 20 STR for the purposes of breaking doors, gates, and machinery. And their bites are fatal, as their saliva contains a Class 20 toxin that causes a victim's blood cells to replicate a thousandfold, resulting in throbbing, overinflated veins that erupt in an agonizing geyser of gore 3d4 rounds after a failed *Saving Throw Versus Poison*.



The horrid beasts are wantonly destructive, as they relish gnawing into foodstores and medical supplies to contaminate them. Even the smallest crumbs and scraps are rendered deadly.

While skintruders usually manifest within housecats, they could theoretically form inside the bodies of larger, more dangerous animals...or even human beings. The Mutant Lord should adjust accordingly the Hit Dice, Attacks, Damage, etc. of such atypical specimens.

Mutations: Metamorph (Modified), Toxic Weapon (Venom)



THE END...?