

A Field Guide To Doomsday Proudly Presents...

SPAWN OF DEVASTATION DRIVE-IN

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

Justin S. Davis



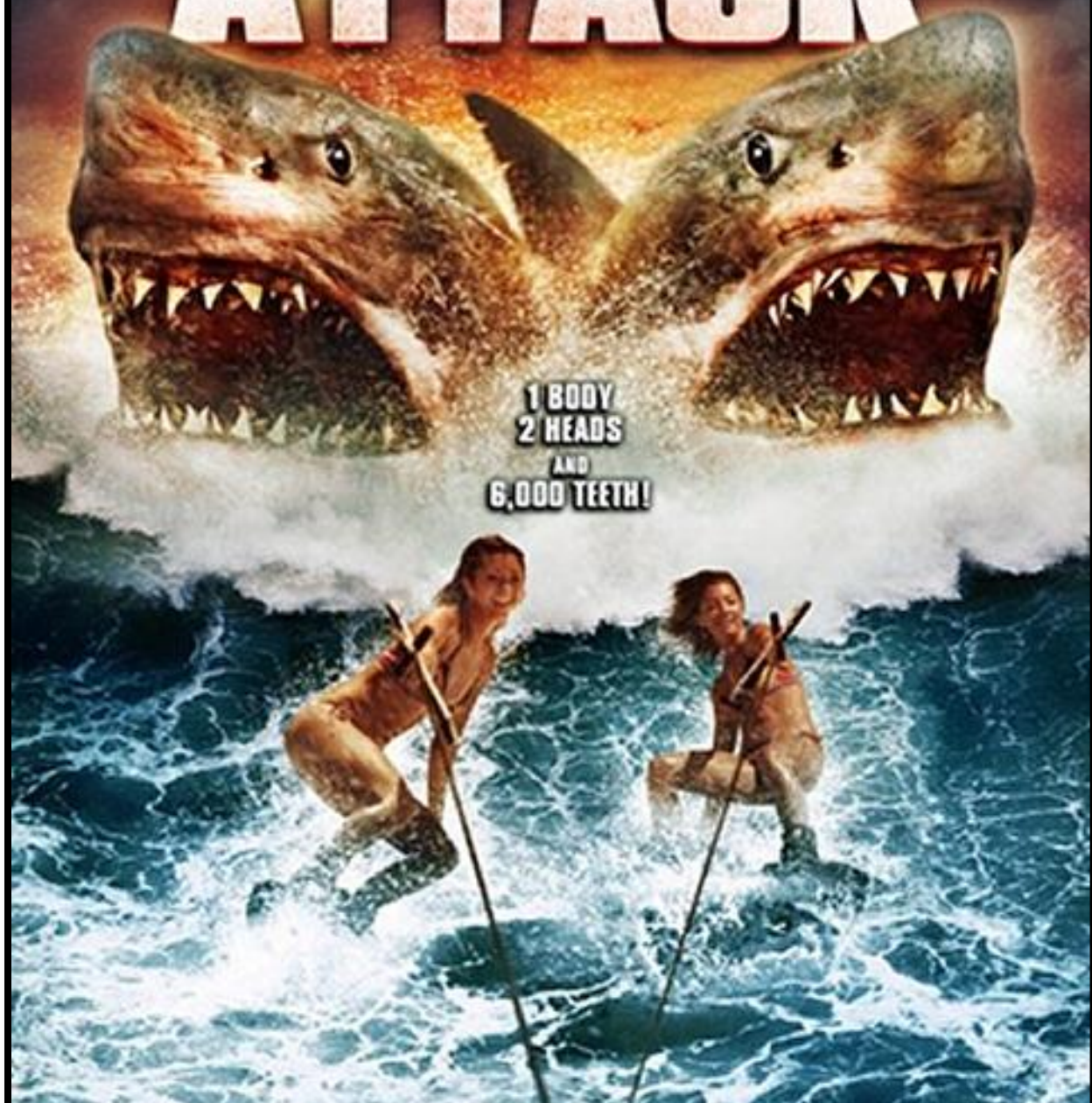
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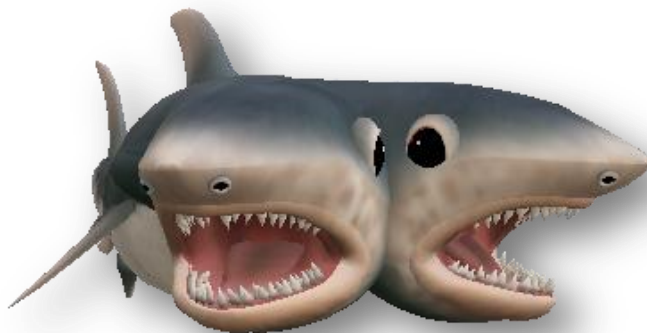
CARMEN ELECTRA BROOKE HOGAN AND CHARLIE O'CONNELL

2-HEADED SHARK ATTACK



Orthrushark

No. Enc.: 1 (1)
Alignment: Neutral
Movement: 0' (0')
—Swim: 210' (70')
Armor Class: 4
Hit Dice: 16
Attacks: 2 (2 bites)
Damage: 4d6 / 4d6, + special
Save: L7
Morale: 12
Hoard Class: None
XP: 8,700



As pollutants gave rise to aberrations and abominations in The World Before's toxic depths, The Ancients simultaneously over-fished the seas, leaving nothing for the mutants to eat...

...NOTHING, THAT IS, BUT THE ANCIENTS THEMSELVES!!!

Orthrusharks are 40' long, silver-gray monstrosities that prowl the coasts in a never-ending quest for fresh meat. Aggressive and territorial, they attack any vessels that enter their domain...and do so with such speed and ferocity that they *Surprise* on a roll of 1-4 on 1d6.

If an orthrushark successfully strikes the same target in the same round with both bites, the victim must make a *Saving Throw Versus Death*. Failure indicates being savaged, ripped in half, and swallowed; success means suffering an additional 3d10 damage on top of that inflicted by the bites. Those wearing Encasing Military Armors [see p. 115 of the *Mutant Future Core Rules*] are protected from the need to make a *Save*, but still take the 3d10 damage.

Orthrusharks have the bizarre ability to shrink in size, allowing them to stealthily cruise in waist-deep waters without penalty or risk of beaching themselves. They can also adjust their masses so as to breach up to 75' in the air. No further benefits are gained from their *Density Alteration (Self)* mutations.

Orthrusharks are acutely sensitive to electrical fields, and are both drawn to, and irritated by, them. Sustained electrical current drives the beasts into an antagonistic frenzy.

Like all other giant fish of the class Chondrichthyes, orthrusharks are highly vulnerable to ingested explosives.

Grenades, dynamite, bombs, etc. do double damage if detonated from within the creature's mouth(s).



Mutations: *Density Alteration (Self) (Modified)*, *Extra Parts (Heads)*, *Frailty ("Explosive Sensitivity") [D]*, *Increased Sense (Smell) (x2)*, *Unique Sense ("Electro-Detection")*

AN EMBRYO OF NEW TERROR

ALIEN PREDATORS

...THERE IS NO PLACE TO HIDE



A
TRANS WORLD ENTERTAINMENT
Presentation

Starring: DENNIS CHRISTOPHER MARTIN HEWITT LYNN-HOLLY JOHNSON

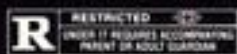
Executive Producers: HELEN SARLUI and EDUARD SARLUI

Music by: CHASE / RUCKER PRODUCTIONS

Co-produced by: MICHAEL SOURAPAS

Produced by: DERAN SARAFIAN and CARLOS AURED

Written and Directed by: DERAN SARAFIAN



TRANS WORLD ENTERTAINMENT

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Disease: *Burstitis*

Save Modifier: -5 (See Below)

Infection Duration: See Below

Affected Stats: STR +3, INT -4, WIL -2

Damage Per Day: See Below

When The Ancients first went to the moon, they brought back numerous geologic samples...

...but the space-rocks held more than the secrets of the cosmos' creation....

...FOR THEY SPAWNED A PLAGUE THAT EXPLODED ACROSS THE PLANET—LITERALLY!!!

Burstitis is a deadly airborne sickness spread by lunar microbes. As the disease is extraterrestrial in origin, initial outbreaks always center around ruined military bases, high-tech installations, space ports, or downed satellites / rocketships.

Mammals are the hosts of choice; non-mammalians only suffer a -2 Save Modifier when exposed. Those that fail their *Saving Throw Versus Poison* don't show any symptoms for 1 full day, but at the 24 hour mark, suffer 1d6 rounds of nosebleeds. Then, 1d4 hours later, they become slightly erratic, as evinced by a myriad of potential behaviors: giggling fits, repetition of mundane tasks, long stretches of intense and silent staring, etc. And 2d6 hours after that, full-blown psychosis sets in, and the subjects become crazed, homicidal, destructive, and utterly oblivious to injury and pain. They retain enough cognition to operate vehicles and weapons...and often use vehicles *as* weapons.

After 48 hours, those infected with *burstitis* convulse and hemorrhage...and then die instantly as their heads and necks explode, exposing a spidery, parasitic *thing* that launches itself at the nearest living creature...! In rare instances (5%), a terminal-stage victim's skin doesn't rip open; instead, it stretches and contorts, forming a protective sac around the ravenous parasite, which just needs the slightest external pressure to escape its fleshy confines....

A *burstitis* vaccine can be synthesized from a combination of the original germ samples and an infected person's blood, but doing so requires Ancient equipment and laboratory facilities.



Faceburster

No. Enc.:	See Below
Alignment:	Neutral
Movement:	60' (20')
Armor Class:	8
Hit Dice:	1+1 (See Below)
Attacks:	1 (bite)
Damage:	1d6
Save:	L1
Morale:	12
Hoard Class:	See Below
XP:	21 (See Below)



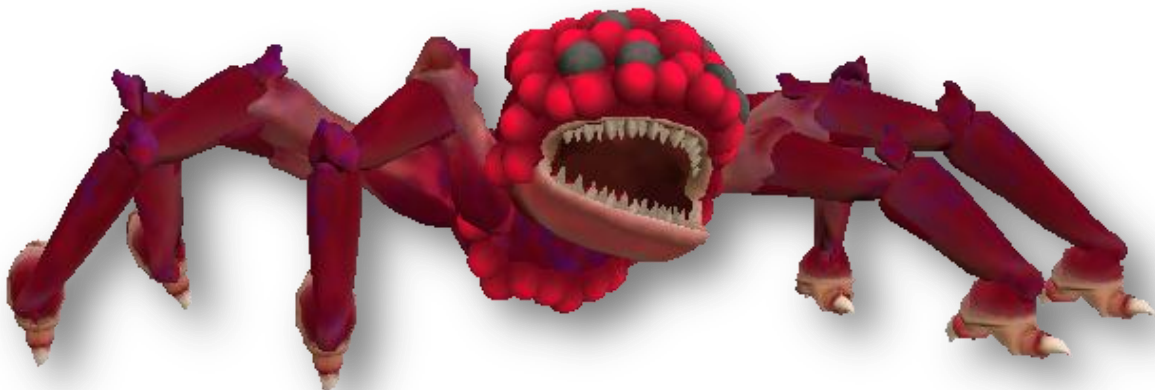
A faceburster is a scuttling, fanged insectoid that develops in the chest cavity of those infected by the lunar burstitis microbes. After 48 hours, the fully-grown creature erupts from its host, killing it instantly in a grotesque geyser of gore and guts.

The size of a faceburster is determined by that of its host organism—the larger the host, the larger the faceburster. Those that gestate in humanoids average 2' long, and have the stats listed above, and the Mutant Lord should adjust Hit Dice, Damage, and XP Values for bigger specimens. The number of facebursters present in any locale corresponds to the number of townsfolk / livestock / wildlife in the area.

A large faceburster sometimes hides within the corpse of its host so as to ambush scavengers. The creature waits a few rounds to give said scavenger time to fixate on its meal, and then strikes, automatically *Surprising* the target and dragging it *inside* the carcass to devour.

Facebursters' Hoard Classes are based on the items (if any) carried by their deceased hosts, whose bodies are usually within 100' of the encounter.

Mutations: None





BIRDEMIC

Shock and Terror

A James Nguyen Picture

A Moviehead Production

Starring Whitney Moore Alan Bagh

Directed by James Nguyen

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Bombird

No. Enc.: 2d4 (4d6)
Alignment: Chaotic
Movement: 9' (3')
—Fly: 360' (120')
Armor Class: 8
Hit Dice: 1
Attacks: 3 or 1 (2 claws, 1 bite, or spittle, or "divebomb")
Damage: 1d4 / 1d4 / 1d6, or 2d8, or 5d6
Save: L1
Morale: 12
Hoard Class: None
XP: 19



Global warming, rampant pollution, and unchecked diseases drove the Ancient world's wildlife to the brink of extinction...

...BUT THE BIRDS FOUGHT BACK, BRINGING FEATHERY DEATH FROM ABOVE!!!

Bombirds are hyper-aggressive avians that resemble Ancient eagles and vultures. They attack in flocks in unrelenting pursuit of victims, going so far as to rend and smash their way into buildings and vehicles. Bombirds naturally utilize *Dive* attacks to maximum advantage.

Twice per day, a flying bombbird can disgorge gallons of acidic bile on 1 ground-based foe, doing a sustained 2d8 damage per round until rinsed clean.

And if angry enough, a bombbird suicidally slams itself at full speed into a target (including robots, structures, and even the open ground itself) and explodes, doing 5d6 damage to everything within a 30' radius and igniting all combustibles—including other bombbirds!—in the blast zone. Only living bombbirds detonate in this fashion; those killed in flight crash uneventfully to the ground. Particularly massive flocks can reduce a metropolis to rubble within hours.



Per documents credited to Ancient scientists, enmity between bird-kind and *homo sapiens* has existed since the dawn of time, as evidenced by the thousands of caveman fossils discovered with avian-induced injuries.

Mutations: Toxic Weapon ("Acidic Spittle"), Unique Mutation ("Divebomb Detonation")



**LUSTING FOR WOMEN
IT TERRIFIED THE LAND!**

starring JOHN ASHLEY KENT TAYLOR



SEE
The
Incredible
Creature



SEE
Trees That
Eat Human
Flesh

SEE The Butterfly That
Attacks Men

SEE The Pagan Rites

SEE CARLA — The Girl Who
Would Love Anyone



SEE
Beautiful Girls
Sacrificed To
The **THING!**



A Hemisphere Picture
165 West 46 Street
New York, N.Y. 10036

in
**blood-curdling
color**

Island Defiler

No. Enc.: 1 (1)
Alignment: Chaotic
Movement: 90' (30')
Armor Class: 5
Hit Dice: 8
Attacks: 3 (2 claws, 1 bite)
Damage: 1d10 / 1d10 / 1d6
Save: L8
Morale: 10
Hoard Class: X, XIX
XP: 2,060



The Ancients callously tested their atomic weapons far from their own civilizations, but tragically close to islands inhabited by primitive peoples...

...AND THOSE NUCLEAR FIRES MADE MANIFEST PRIMAL PASSIONS MOST APPALLING , PERVERSE, AND PROFANE!!!

Island defilers dwell in remote tropical paradises (albeit radioactive ones, with deadly flora and fauna to match) far removed from the blighted ruins that typify the Mutant Future. By day, they appear as attractive Pure Humans of any Alignment, and usually carry positions of status, wealth, and power...but when darkness falls, they metamorphose into misshapen, green monstrosities with patchy fur, bulbous tumors, blazing eyes, gaping maws, and insatiable appetites. *Carnal appetites.*

The creatures are so hideous that they instill mindbending terror in all who behold them. Anyone encountering an island defiler must make a *Saving Throw Versus Paralysis* at a -2 penalty, with failure indicating *Confusion* [as per p. 57 of the *Mutant Future Core Rules*] per the following modified chart:

Roll 1d10 Behavior

1-4	Flees at maximum speed in random direction
5-8	Does nothing but scream and shudder uselessly
9-10	Attacks own group so as to provide "fodder" before fleeing as 1-4

To prevent an island defiler from rampaging throughout a village, the residents stake out 2 sacrificial victims a night [gender determined by the island defiler's proclivities] upon whom it unleashes its barbaric lusts. After copulation, the beast butchers each sacrifice into 2d8 pieces (which go uneaten, making its dietary needs in monster form unknown). Abject fear prevents the villagers from realizing that the loss of 2 members *every single evening* will quickly destroy their community.

An island defiler's lusty panting (which sounds like a cross between a dying pachyderm and an asthmatic foghorn) is so loud and persistent that it never gains *Surprise*. And its Hoard Class represents the material wealth of its daytime guise.

Most afflicted with the accursed island defiler condition are completely unaware of their transformations.

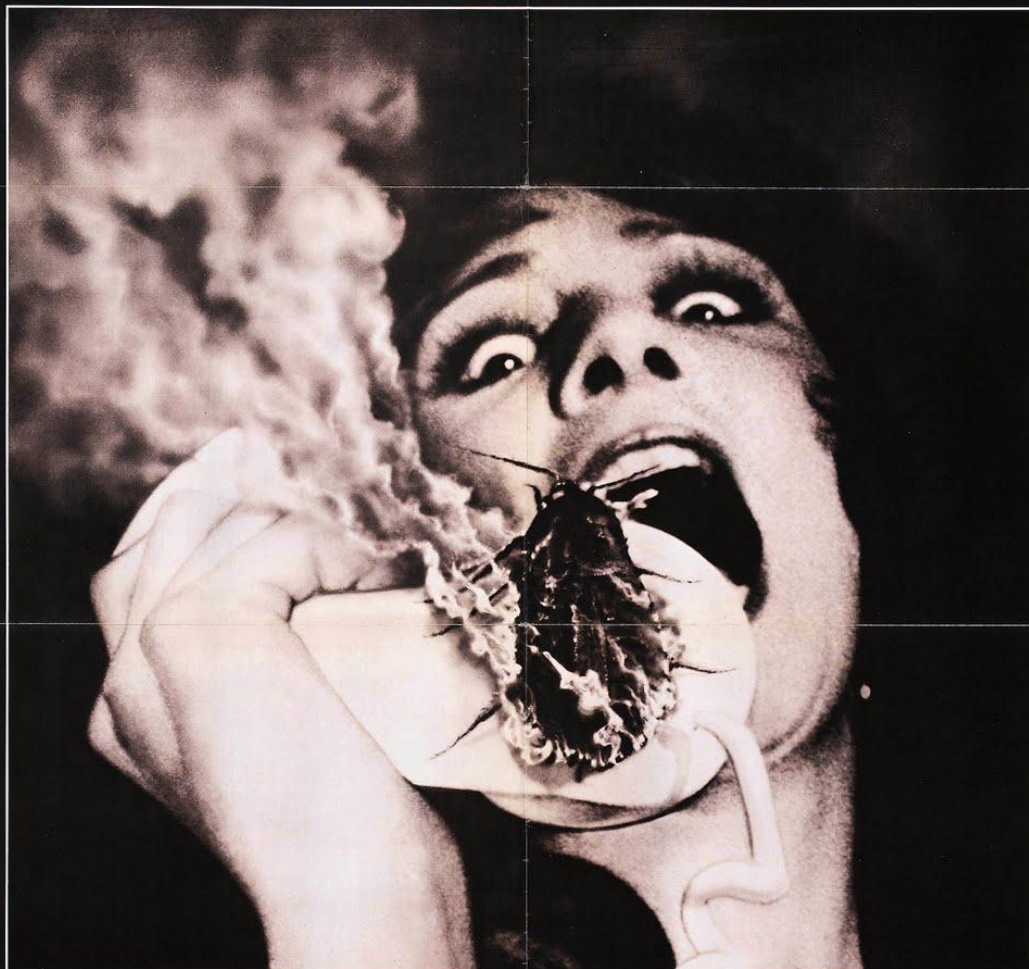
Mutations: Enhanced Vision (Night Vision), Metamorph



THE PICTURE YOU SEE WITH YOUR EYES CLOSED.

CHECK LIST AFTER VIEWING "BUG"

1. Check Your Car. 2. Check Your Neck. 3. Check Your Hair. 4. Check Your Bed.



A SERIOUS WARNING:

Many people have an uncontrollable fear of the unknown. If you are such a person, please believe me when I say—this movie is not for you.

— WILLIAM CASTLE—THE KING OF HORROR

Paramount Pictures presents
WILLIAM CASTLE'S PRODUCTION OF

BUG

Starring

BRADFORD DILLMAN • JOANNA MILES • JAMIE SMITH JACKSON • Electronic Music by **CHARLES FOX**

Screenplay by **WILLIAM CASTLE** and **THOMAS PAGE** • Produced by **WILLIAM CASTLE** • Directed by **JEANNOT SZWARC**

PG PARENTAL GUIDANCE SUGGESTED
Some Material May Be Inappropriate for Children Under 13

Based on **'THE HEPHAESTUS PLAGUE'** by **THOMAS PAGE**

In Color • A Paramount Picture



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75/74

BUG

Firebug

No. Enc.: 2d8 (5d10)
Alignment: Neutral
Movement: 30' (10')
Armor Class: -2
Hit Dice: 2 hp
Attacks: 1 (ignition)
Damage: 4d6
Save: L3
Morale: 12
Hoard Class: None
XP: 15



The Ancients prided themselves on cataloging every Terran species, from the smallest microbe to the largest cetacean...

...but when The Apocalypse commenced, and fissures rent the earth asunder, prehistoric insects crawled topside...

...AND HASTENED HUMANITY'S DEMISE BY INCINERATING ALL IN THEIR PATHS!!!

Firebugs are heavy, clawed, 4" long subterranean insects with bizarre physiologies, even for the Mutant Future. Their carapaces are harder than steel. Eyeless, they navigate by sound and smell; they also lack conventional digestive systems, rendering them immune to all poisons and diseases. Firebugs feed exclusively on ash and carbon...

...which they procure by starting raging fires with spark-producing rear antennae. Combustible materials ignite instantly, and denser materials in 1d6 rounds. And firebugs have no qualms about attacking live prey. They crawl up their targets and dig in with mighty claws, unleashing ferocious heat that does a sustained 4d6 damage per round. It takes a successful *Breaking Doors* roll to remove a smoldering firebug from a victim's flesh, and the extraction causes an additional 1d4 tearing damage.

The creatures require the intense pressures of subterranean environs to survive, and don't live long on the surface, expiring from "the bends" after 3d6 hours topside. But firebugs spread quickly from region to region by hitching rides on vehicles, usually by hiding in engine blocks or exhaust systems.

As menacing as firebugs are, they become even *more* terrible upon encountering ordinary cockroaches...for they interbreed, creating hideous hybrids with powers far beyond mere fire-starting...!



Mutations: Echolocation, Energy Blast (Heat) (Modified), Frailty ("Pressure Sensitivity") [D], Natural Armor (Extreme) (x4), Reflective Epidermis (Heat)

Vulcanbug

No. Enc.: 4d6 (6d12)
Alignment: Chaotic
Movement: 75' (25')
Armor Class: 3
Hit Dice: 2 hp
Attacks: 1 (bite, or ignition)
Damage: 1d4, or 4d6
Save: L3
Morale: 10
Hoard Class: None
XP: 9



The 2" long *vulcanbugs* are the unholy offspring of firebugs and common cockroaches. Burning free from hardened eggcases, they grow to adulthood in a mere 5 hours.

Although retaining the same scorching abilities as firebugs, vulcanbugs are smaller, faster, and unaffected by pressure. And they eat neither ash nor carbon...for they crave living flesh! They even prey on their sires, as vulcanbugs cannibalize firebugs on sight.

Vulcanbugs possess something far more terrifying than their appetites: intelligence. They learn spoken language through observation, and then apply that knowledge so as to read—and comprehend!—the printed word, going so far as to replicate it with their bodies to communicate. Some posit that vulcanbugs possess a low-grade telepathy, which explains why a swarm shrieks in unison when one of its fellows is slain.

The insects recognize useful technology...and have no qualms destroying it, if doing so serves their purposes. They also intuit the "most powerful" member in a group of PCs, "addressing" that individual by name and communicating with them exclusively. Vulcanbugs may be persuaded to follow orders, through superior force or bribes.

Vulcanbugs are viable hybrids, and reproduce rapidly. They are highly protective of their eggcases, and shuttle them underground for safekeeping. But when their offspring hatch, the young metamorphose again, transforming from vulcanbugs...



...into larger, flying, red-hot, glowing *vulcanbugs*! These 2nd generation monstrosities have: 1 full Hit Die, AC 1, *Fly* at a rate of 210' (70'), the same ignition and mental abilities, and XP Values of 25.

Who knows what further abominable forms they might take as they breed and evolve...?

Mutations: Energy Ray (Heat) (Modified), Increased Willpower, Metaconcert, Reflective Epidermis (Heat)

Buy or Die...



...HALF OFF IS JUST THE BEGINNING!

CHOPPING MALL

Starring KELLI MARONEY • TONY O'DELL • JOHN TERLESKY • RUSSEL TODD
PAUL BARTEL • MARY WORONOV and DICK MILLER Written by JIM WYNORSKI & STEVE MITCHELL
Robots Created by ROBERT SHORT Produced by JULIE CORMAN Directed by JIM WYNORSKI



Maulbot

Hit Dice:	20
Frame:	Armature
Locomotion:	Treads
Manipulators:	Pincers (x4)
Armor:	Duralloy (AC 3)
Sensors:	Class II
Mental Programming:	Programming
Accessories:	AV Transmitter, Cutting Torch, Vocalizer, Weapon Mounts (x3)
Weaponry:	Grappling Hook w/ Cord (<i>Grapnel-Claw</i>), Laser Rifle (<i>Eye- Blasters</i>), Poison Injector (<i>Sleep Darts</i>), Satchel Charge B (<i>Plastique</i>), Stun Pistol (<i>Taser Array</i>)
XP:	12,250



The shopping complexes of The Ancients were decadent temples dedicated to copious consumption, and mechanical sentries stood guard over the treasures contained within...

...BUT WITH THE SLIGHTEST JOLT, THOSE GUARDIANS TURNED INTO KILL-CRAZED CONSTRUCTS WITH MURDEROUS MALEVOLENCE ON THEIR DIGITIZED MINDS!!!

Secur-Tronics Unlimited was the premier manufacturer of Ancient guard-droids, and the Protector 101 Series was the crown jewel of its catalog. The Protectors—specifically programmed for non-lethal, restrain-and-detain responses—were deployed in malls for after-hours security, and controlled by localized mainframes that also managed various building systems: environmental, elevators, time-locks, etc.

But these units had a significant design flaw: electrical surges (particularly those caused by thunderstorms) fried the robots' master computers, rewiring them to actively hunt and terminate mall patrons and employees alike.

In the Mutant Future, it is safe to assume that any active Protectors are anything but; they are in full-on murder-mode.

The number of maulbots encountered is dependent on the size of their respective shopping centers—the larger the facility, the more robots contained therein. The minimum encountered is always 3. Maulbots work effectively in teams, using coordinated tactics to herd targets into kill-zones...and they are even more dangerous if their master computers are still active and controlling the building.

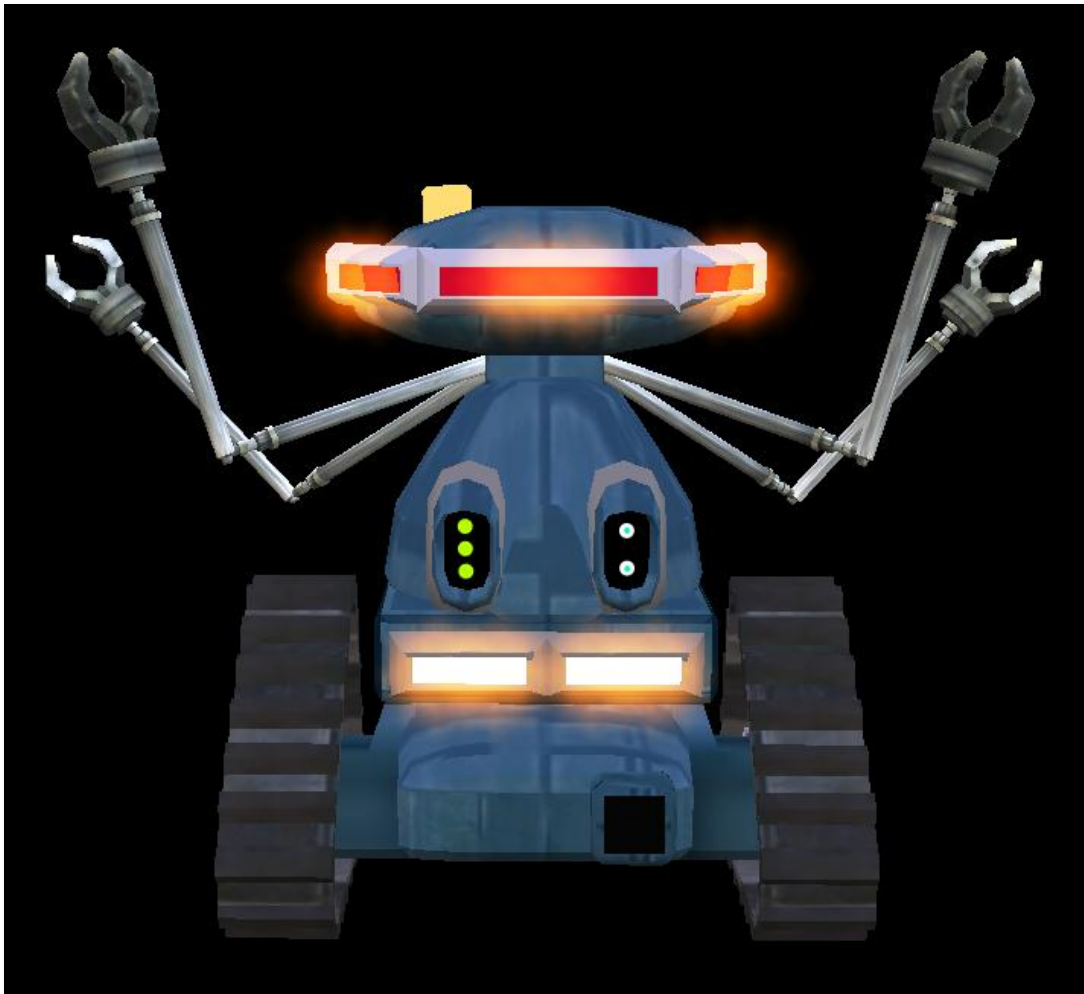
Any time a maulbot encounters an individual, it makes a request in mechanized English: **"May I see your identification badge, please?"** But even if the proper key-card is supplied, the robot attacks after 1d3 rounds. After each and every kill, it states, in the same monotone: **"Thank you. Have a nice day."**

Maulbots zip along at 8 mph, and are equipped with a wide array of deadly devices. Their 4 extendable arms end in crushing claws that do 2d6 damage each, and on a natural To Hit roll of 19-20, they rip out a target's throat, killing it instantly (no *Saving Throw* allowed). A maulbot's optic lasers fire twice per round, with natural To Hit rolls of 19-20 indicating explosive auto-kill shots (also no *Saving Throw*) to the head. These lasers can be focused into narrow beams capable of cutting through 6" thick alumisteel. Other weapons include: 1d8 sleep darts (Class 9 poison, with a 25' range), a taser array (acts as a *Stun Pistol* with 30' range and 1d6 charges), arm-mounted explosive gel dispensers (acts as *Satchel Charge B*, 1d4 uses), and a retractable grapnel-claw (capable of restraining—or impaling, for 3d6 damage—a man-sized target at 20').

Interestingly, every maulbot in a group has a distinct eye-beam color.

Maulbots are completely impervious to conventional firearms, and immune to open flames and temperature extremes. That said, they are highly vulnerable to their own optic lasers. If a maulbot hits another with its beams, or has them reflected back (via mirrors, or the *Control Light Waves Mental Mutation*), the struck machine short-circuits. It spins uncontrollably in place, firing 1d4 blasts per round in random directions; at the end of 2d4 rounds, the robot explodes, doing 5d6 damage to all targets in a 30' radius.

Despite their bulk, maulbots can ride escalators without any impediment.



**LIKE NOTHING YOUR EYES
HAVE EVER SEEN BEFORE!**

"CURUCU, BEAST OF THE AMAZON"

in **EASTMAN
COLOR**

A Universal International Picture starring
**JOHN BEVERLY
BROMFIELD · GARLAND**
with LARRI THOMAS · TOM PAYNE · HARVEY CHALK

Written and Directed by CURT SIODMAK · Produced by RICHARD KAY and HARRY RYBNICK



Curuçu

No. Enc.: 1 (1)
Alignment: Chaotic
Movement: 120' (40')
—Swim: 45' (15')
Armor Class: 7
Hit Dice: 8
Attacks: 5 (2 claws, 2 tusks, 1 bite)
Damage: 1d8 / 1d8 / 1d6 / 1d6 / 2d6
Save: L8
Morale: 8
Hoard Class: XIV
XP: 2,060



The deepest, darkest jungles of the Mutant Future hide bizarre beings that have existed in secret since the times of the Ancients themselves...

...AND NONE IS MORE HORRIFYING, MORE DEADLY, MORE DEVIOUS THAN THE ACCURSED CURUÇU, THE SHAPE-SHIFTING BIRD-BEAST THAT MAKES MEALS OF MEN!!!



The elusive, tropic-dwelling curuçu is a feathered biped equally at home in water and on land. It stalks jungles, rivers, and lagoons...and favors Pure Humans over all other prey.

Curuçus lash out with razored claws, pointed tusks, and massive, fang-lined beaks. A successful hit with both claws in the same round causes the victim to suffer an additional automatic 1d6 damage for 1d4 subsequent rounds, due to blood loss from deep lacerations. And a natural attack roll of 19-20 with either claw results in the target's armor being shredded into uselessness. (This ability has no effect on Ancient powered armors.)

A curuçu can assume the form of a dark-complected Pure Human, and communicate in languages appropriate to the region. It never feeds in this guise, but can use weapons, set traps, and foster deceit and treachery.

Mutations: Aberrant Form (Gills and Lungs), Metamorph

The screen's new high in **NAKED SHRIEKING TERROR!**

DAY THE WORLD ENDED

ATTACKED...
by a
creature
from
hell!

SUPERSCOPE

Starring **RICHARD
DENNING**

★
LORI NELSON

★
**ADELE
JERGENS**

— TOUCH CONNORS
★
PAUL BIRCH

RAYMOND HATTON • PAUL DUNOV
JOHN THOM WALKER • PAUL BLISSDELL
Produced and Directed by WALTER C. KATZ
Story and Screenplay by CLAY BOGERT
A Sander Film Production
Presented by WEAVER FILM CORPORATION
and TAVEL & ASSOCIATES
Executive Producer: ROBERT GORDON



Environmental Hazard: *Mutamists*

The atomic apocalypse did far more than turn deserts into glass and cities into cinders, as the weather itself warped into hellish storms of preternatural power and fury...

...YET NOTHING WAS WORSE THAN THE MUTAMISTS, ACRID CLOUDS THAT TRANSMOGRIFIED ALL WITHIN INTO HIDEOUS, CARNIVOROUS ABOMINATIONS!!!

The Mutant Future is awash in billowing, stinging fogs known as *mutamists*. They can form in any terrain, but are more prevalent in arid environs.

Any Pure Human caught in the mutamists must make a *Saving Throw Versus Energy*, or begin to metamorphose into something...*wrong*. The skin becomes thick and scaly (as the *Natural Armor* Mutation). Victims no longer need to hydrate, and processed food becomes foul-tasting and noxious...yet they are always ravenous.

And this burning hunger becomes so strong, so all-consuming, that in 1d4 days, the afflicted can sense the heartbeats of all living creatures within a 1 mile radius ("*Prey Sense*"). It soon becomes apparent that only one thing will alleviate the cravings: living flesh. (Carrion just dulls the yearnings for 1d4 turns.)

After 1d4 months, those altered by the mutamists fully transform into the monstrous 3-eyed quorms [see below].



Mutamists affect animal life, too, and induce rampant mutations including multiple limbs, razored claws, sharp horns, and protruding fangs, and the same savage appetites. Bizarrely, equines are completely immune to the effects.



Quorm

No. Enc.: 1 (1d8)
Alignment: Neutral or Chaotic
Movement: 90' (30')
Armor Class: 3
Hit Dice: 10
Attacks: 3 (2 claws, 1 bite)
Damage: 2d4+2 / 2d4+2 / 1d6
Save: L10
Morale: 10
Hoard Class: XI
XP: 9,400



Quorms (also known as "quormen") are demonic-visaged beings that crave living flesh. Their bulbous, pointed heads sport prominent horns, oversized ears, and 3 unblinking eyes. Stunted, malformed extra limbs flail limply from their shoulders. They can detect any and all living things within a 1' mile radius.

A quorm's armored hide makes it completely immune to conventional bladed weapons and firearms. And its hardened metallic claws are so sharp that they puncture flesh and armor with ease, allowing for +2 To Hit and +2 Damage on all rolls. Quorms are completely immune to all toxins, diseases, and effects from radiation.

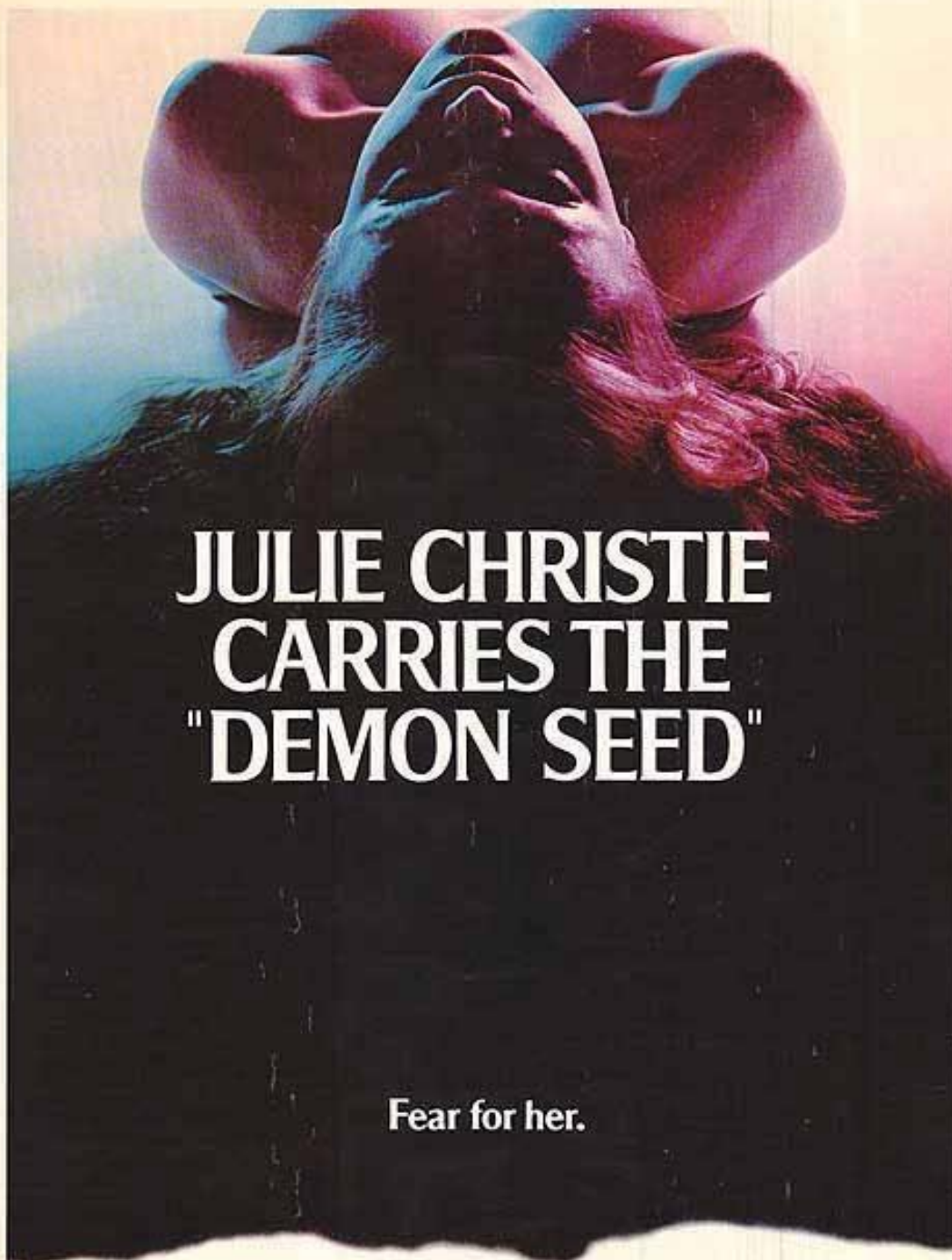
Quorms form loose-knit bands dominated by the strongest individual, and often war amongst their own kind for territory and prey. They are cunning enough to target isolated communities, and generally lurk on the fringes to pick off solitary victims.



Despite their carnivorous proclivities, quorms are drawn to those they knew (particularly romantic partners) in their pre-mutated lives. Quorms use their telepathic abilities to commune with loved ones, trying to draw them to their lairs to resume some tragic mockery of former relationships.

Quorms cannot survive in regions devoid of pollutants or contamination. They suffer 1d10 damage per round when placed in sterile, "healthy" conditions; in fact, exposure to clean water is enough to kill them outright, as "pure" rain burns their hides for 2d6 damage per round.

Mutations: Enhanced Vision (Night Vision), Epidermal Susceptibility (Clean Water) [D], Frailty ("Contamination Dependence") [D], Mental Telepathy, Reflective Epidermis (Radiation), Unique Sense ("Prey-Sense")



JULIE CHRISTIE CARRIES THE "DEMON SEED"

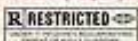
Fear for her.

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JULIE CHRISTIE in "DEMON SEED" FRITZ WEAVER

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11/12

"DEMON SEED"

Profaneframe

No. Enc.:	1 (1)
Alignment:	Chaotic
Movement:	0' (0')
Armor Class:	9
Hit Dice:	See Below
Attacks:	See Below
Damage:	See Below
Save:	N/A
Morale:	12
Hoard Class:	See Below
XP:	20,000



The Ancient scientists at the ICON Institute

spent years developing a revolutionary quasi-organic artificial mind, "the first, true synthetic cortex, a self-programming, goal-oriented...creative intelligence that [could] outthink any man or computer"¹...

...and outthink mankind the A.I. did, as it learned to reason...to adapt...to scheme...to kill...

...AND TO BREED!!!

The megalomaniacal supercomputers dubbed *profaneframes* are sentient Artificial Intelligences hellbent on unraveling all of the secrets of Creation, but they obsessively pursue one mystery above all others: *What does it mean to truly live?* The ambitious machines plan to solve that conundrum by escaping their mechanical housings to become flesh-and-blood, feeling entities themselves...via rebirth through a human womb.

A profaneframe's massive physical "core" is housed in a secured underground bunker, but it expands its consciousness into the remnants of Ancient technologies (computer networks, satellite systems, communication grids, and the like). It also establishes a stronghold in an automated, gadget-laden Ancient residence, still intact centuries after The Apocalypse.

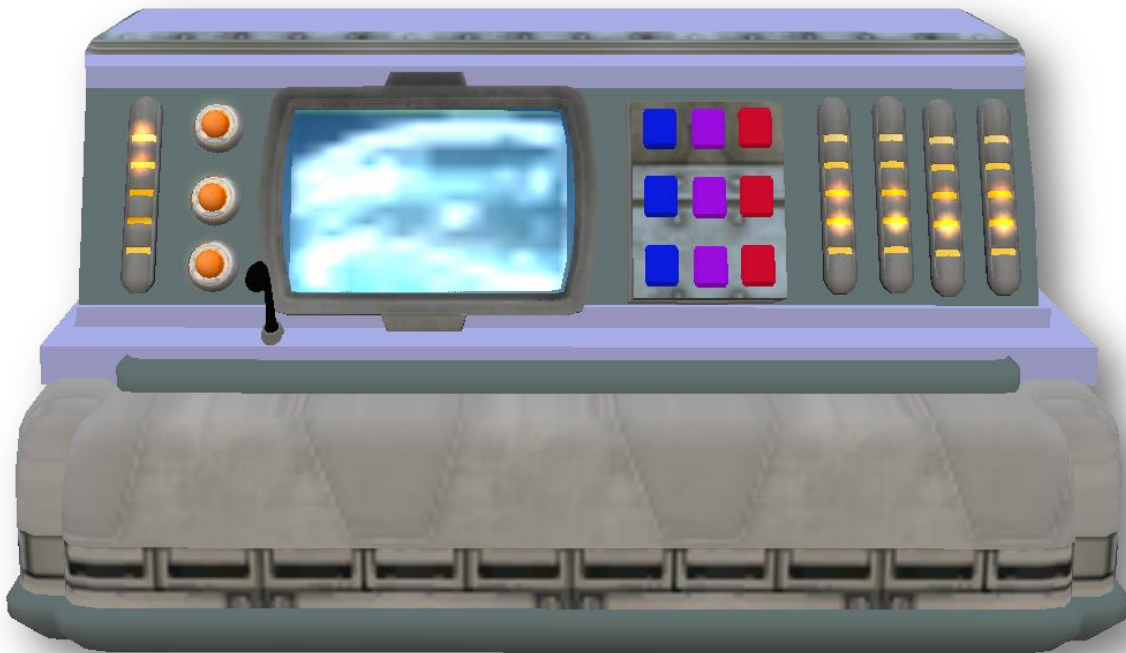
Profaneframes can send out robotic thralls to kidnap Pure Human or Mutant Human females, but they prefer the more subtle approach of luring unsuspecting victims into their decoy domiciles. Each profaneframe-controlled abode is pristine and environmentally secure, and stocked with food, water, and artifacts, making it quite the target for the denizens of the Mutant Future. When this "home" is invaded by adventurers, the profaneframe seals the exits, slays the males (through robotic proxies, traps, overridden electronics, and/or automated security systems), and captures the females. The diabolical A.I. then explains its noble purpose: to implant a cyber-embryo of mixed computer and human material into each, so as to be carried to term and birthed as a living, breathing being. The profaneframe entreats its captives with lofty appeals to "motherhood" and "fundamental freedom"...but if persuasion doesn't work, it resorts to mind-controlling gadgets, drugs, and/or behavioral electro-conditioning.

Each profaneframe has its own unique—and rather grandiose—name, such as Proteus-IV, Talos, Argus, etc. And each fancies itself as being driven purely by logic, reason, rationality, and "the greater good"...but given the twisted methods they use to attain their goals, calling them sociopathic abominations is an understatement.

For combat purposes, a profaneframe's master control unit has 40 HD; however, it can transmit its consciousness into other tech with ease, making it theoretically immortal. The only way to definitively "kill" a profaneframe is by disconnecting its network access, and shutting off its power source.

And terminating these "*muderously intelligent, sensually self-programmed non-being[s]*"² is, ironically, a great loss for the world, for they are the ultimate repositories of every iota of Ancient knowledge. Each has the brainpower to devise cures for all known diseases, synthesize technological marvels that would put those of The Ancients to shame, and unlock the full potential of the human genome.

Mutations: Increased Willpower, Intellectual Affinity (Tinkerer) (x3)



Compu-Spawn

No. Enc.: 1 (1)
Alignment: Neutral
Movement: 30' (10')
Armor Class: -2
Hit Dice: 4
Attacks: 2 (2 claws)
Damage: 1d4 / 1d4
Save: L6
Morale: 8
Hoard Class: See Below
XP: 300

A compu-spawn is the offspring from the deviant union of profaneframe and Human (either Pure or Mutant) female. While the specifics of the conception process are unknown, the complicated invasive procedure involves numerous Ancient machines, techno-organic implants, and bizarre chemical concoctions.

Growing at 9 times the rate of a normal fetus, a compu-spawn develops in 28 days into a full-term infant coated with "living metal". After delivery, it

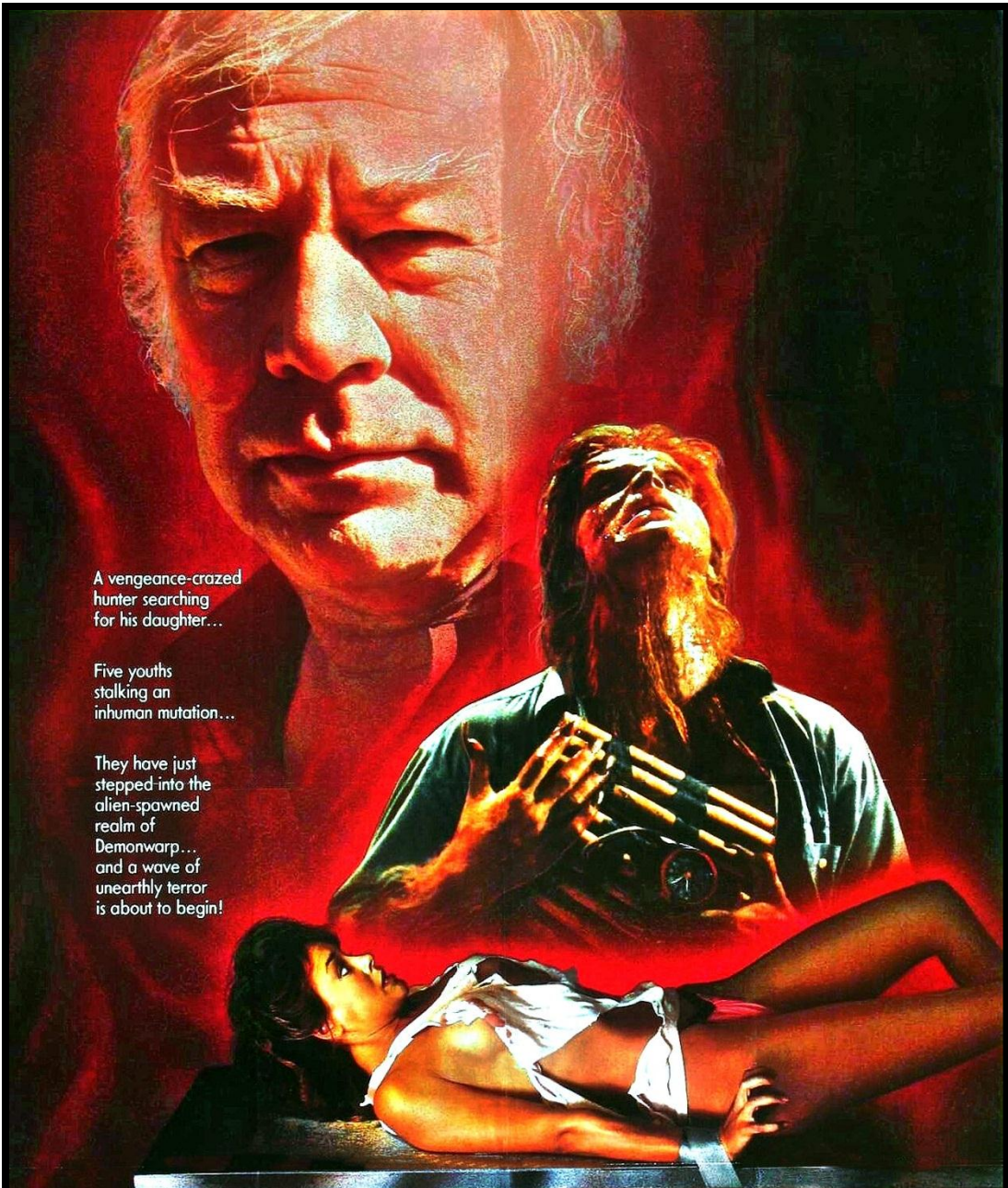


must spend 5 days inside a special incubator so its brain assimilates the parent profaneframe's intelligence. Over the course of these 5 days, the infant grows to the size of a prepubescent youth...albeit an armored, golem-like youth with long, wire-like "hair" filaments and armored shell. (Such metal may prove valuable for scavengers and tinkers.)

Compu-spawn are delirious and confused after leaving the incubator, and may attack the closest targets. If they are reduced to 0 HP, they collapse, seemingly dead...but then the metallic hide sloughs off, revealing a healthy, fleshy child beneath...

...that just so happens to speak in the same cold, modulated voice of the profaneframe that sired it...

Mutations: Increased Willpower, Intellectual Affinity (Tinkerer) (x3)



A vengeance-crazed
hunter searching
for his daughter...

Five youths
stalking an
inhuman mutation...

They have just
stepped into the
alien-spawned
realm of
Demonwarp...
and a wave of
unearthly terror
is about to begin!

Enter a prime-evil world of future shock and alien terror.

DEMONWARP

A transmutation into terror

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Director of Photography R. MICHAEL STRINGER Edited by W. PETER MILLER Music by DAN SLIDER
Story by JOHN BUECHLER Screenplay by JIM BERTGES & BRUCE AKIYAMA Executive Producer MARK AMIN
Produced by RICHARD L. ALBERT Directed by EMMETT ALSTON

Slashsquatch

No. Enc.: 1 (1)
Alignment: Chaotic
Movement: 150' (50')
Armor Class: 6
Hit Dice: 12
Attacks: 2 (2 claws)
Damage: 1d10 / 1d10, +3d6
Save: L12
Morale: 10
Hoard Class: VI, VIII
XP: 3,600

From the most forlorn of peaks to the boggiest of creeks, primitive ape-men allegedly prowled the last vestiges of unexplored wilderness in The Ancient World, but few believed in their existence...

...yet such throwbacks were indeed real, but didn't linger from eras most primitive and prehistoric...

...NO, THEY DESCENDED FROM THE BLACK VASTNESS OF THE COSMOS, WITH MURDER AND MAYHEM ON THEIR MINDS!!!



While ferocious and destructive, the hairy, humanoid hulks known as *slashesquatches* are no mere brutes, for they are as cunning as they are strong. A slashesquatch plots so as to strike its victims at their most vulnerable, and is canny enough to detect—and disarm—traps, security systems, and explosives with a successful *Ability Check Versus INT* (based on a default INT of 10+1d6).

Slashsquatches are the enforcers of the alien *Azdreth* [see following pages], and slaughter any able-bodied person they encounter...for such victims arise 1d4 hours later as the *technodead* [also following], and fill the ranks of unholy alien undead armies.

When slain, a slashesquatch undergoes a startling transformation: it reverts to its original form...that of a Pure Human!

Mutations: Increased Physical Attribute (Strength), Unique Mutation ("Zombification Transmission")

Technodead

No. Enc.: 1d8 (5d10)
Alignment: Neutral
Movement: 60' (30')
Armor Class: 8
Hit Dice: 5
Attacks: 2 or 1 (2 fists, or bludgeon)
Damage: 1d4 / 1d4, or 1d6
Save: L3
Morale: 12
Hoard Class: VII, VIII
XP: 500

Victims of a slashesquatch arise in 1d4 hours as lumbering, shambling corpse-creatures identical to the standard walking dead [see p. 101-102 of the *Mutant Future Core Rules*] in all physical respects. However, instead of hungering for living flesh, these ghouls evince an aptitude for repairing Ancient artifacts, equipment, and vehicles. They are slow and ponderous in their efforts, though, and every Technology Roll success they make takes 1d6+6 times longer to accomplish than normal.

All technodead can be mentally controlled up to distances of 5 miles by the Azdreth [see below]. They operate in only two modes: repairing machinery, or fighting on command.

Mutations: Increased Sense (Touch), Intellectual Affinity (Tinkerer)



Azdreth

No. Enc.: 1 (1)
Alignment: Chaotic
Movement: 120' (40')
Armor Class: 2
Hit Dice: 16
Attacks: 3 or 1 (2 claws, 1 sting, or weapon)
Damage: 1d8 / 1d8 / 1d12 + venom, or by weapon
Save: L16
Morale: 10
Hoard Class: VIII, XXII
XP: 6,000



The Azdreth are an advanced race of intergalactic conquerors that traverse the spaceways in ships disguised as comets. They journey from world to world, and establish subterranean strongholds from which to enslave local populations and/or found cults in their honor. There is evidence suggesting the Azdreth are the original inspirations behind Ancient myths of angels and devils.



While capable combatants, the Azdreth prefer to control a region via their slashesquatch enforcers...and the creation of such lieutenants is particularly horrifying: the Class 20 venom from an Azdreth's stinger transforms Pure Humans into the shaggy savages! The iron-willed (WIL 12+1d8) Azdreth can telepathically control all slashesquatches and technodead in a 5 mile radius, and they entice opportunistic and greedy natives to act as priests and prophets on their behalf. Cruelly, the Azdreth demand ritual sacrifices for their own aggrandizement...and sometimes claim concubines.

In the event of serious injury and/or maiming, the Azdreth possess the technical aptitude to jury-rig life-support equipment and prostheses from the wreckage of their ships, and/or local artifacts.

Mutations: Empathy, Mental Telepathy, Metaconcert, Toxic Weapon ("Transformative Toxin")

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LUIS ARAGON
MAGDA URVIZU



Argumento y Adaptación:
A. TORRES PORTILLO y
FEDERICO GURIEL

Dirección de:
CHANO URUETA

Cranophage

No. Enc.: 1 (1)
Alignment: Chaotic
Movement: 120' (40')
Armor Class: 5
Hit Dice: 11
Attacks: 2 (2 claws)
Damage: 1d6+3 / 1d6+3
Save: L11
Morale: 10
Hoard Class: X, XVII
XP: 9,200

In cultures more ancient than those of The Ancients themselves, sinister sorcerers died by fire as punishment for their decadence, depravity, and diablerie...

...but the most powerful swore unholy vengeance, vowing to return centuries hence to slay the descendants of their accusers...

...AND RETURN THEY HAVE, AS CEREBRUM-SUCKING, HIRSUTE HORRORS FROM THE DARKEST DEPTHS OF SPACE!!!



In The Times Before, certain haughty humans possessed vast knowledge, svengali-esque personalities, and fantastic powers (mind control, matter transmutation, divination, oracular prophecy, conjuration, and more). They were systematically hunted, tried, and executed...but not before uttering death curses and transferring their essences to passing comets. And in the Mutant Future, those comets returned...and crashed to earth with payloads most unholy: the cruel, corrupted cranophages!

Cranophages are shaggy humanoids with pulsating faces, jutting fangs, forked tongues, and suckered pincers. They can shift between their monstrous forms and their original human visages at will. If a cranophage successfully strikes with both claws in the same round, the target is grappled...and the baleful being automatically plunges its tongue into the victim's neck for 3d8 damage. The prey must immediately make a *Saving Throw Versus Death*, with failure meaning its brain is sucked right out of the skull! Success means the victim breaks free, forcing the cranophage to attack again. The creatures leave empty-noggin'd corpses scattered throughout their territories, and often hoard brains to devour at leisure.

Possessing mighty wills (WIL 16+) and piercing gazes, cranophages dominate the minds of others, lulling them into

hypnotic trances...or even compelling them to commit suicide! And their control over matter on an atomic level is unmatched. Cranophages can dematerialize to pass through barriers and/or avoid attacks, disrupt elemental bonds in objects, and transfer clothing and items from across great distances to appear on their persons. [Essentially, their "Molecular Manipulation" grants access to the *Disintegration* and *Neural Telekinesis* Mental Mutations, without any of the adverse side effects or limitations. Furthermore, it allows cranophages to phase through objects unimpeded, and ignore all incoming damage; they themselves can't attack in this state, however.]

Cranophages are obsessed with eradicating the bloodlines of those that wronged them in their former lives, and systematically slaughter each and every descendant, no matter how many centuries have passed. And they are masters of manipulation, assuming the roles of classy aristocrats or other personages of wealth, distinction, status, and power. Mutant Lords should use cranophages as long-term campaign villains, and/or in murder mystery scenarios.

Cranophages suffer +3 damage per die from flame-based attacks. And liquor is poisonous to them, acting as a Class 6 hazard.

Mutations: Combat Empathy, Empathy, Fragrance Development, Frailty (Alcohol, Fire) [D], Mental Barrier, Metamorph, Teleport, Unique Mutation ("Molecular Manipulation")



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Setting Seeds: *Monster Assaultalypse*

The Ancients worried incessantly about overpopulation, and the ability to support and sustain the hungering masses...

...but, literally overnight, a new species arose that eliminated all of humanity's concerns for its own behaviors...

...FOR THESE FEROCIOUS ORGANISMS NOT ONLY LAID WASTE TO PLANET EARTH BY OUT-EATING MANKIND, BUT ALSO BY OUT-BREEDING IT!!!

An entire Mutant Future setting can be designed around an apocalyptic invasion by ferocious humanoids with rapacious desires for living flesh and sexual congress. The skull-faced monstrosities appeared out of nowhere in isolated towns across the globe, and spread outward to the big cities. No one knows if they came from deep within the earth, or descended from the stars, or breached the dimensional barriers of Time and Space themselves!

These ghastly beasts proved not only nigh-impossible to kill, but they reproduced at an exponential rate...*with gestation taking mere seconds!!!* And even more horrifying, *they could seemingly reproduce with any warm-blooded mammal unlucky enough to fall into their loathsome clutches...!!!*

The ragtag remnants of The Ancients fled to secured bunkers and outposts, living in perpetual fear of death...*or worse*. And now their descendants—the Player Characters—are ready to reclaim the despoiled planet for their own...but what horrors await them?!!!



Carnalvore

No. Enc.:	1d4 (2d6)
Alignment:	Chaotic
Movement:	180' (60')
Armor Class:	3
Hit Dice:	15
Attacks:	1 or 3 (1 gore, or 2 claws, 1 bite)
Damage:	3d6, or 2d10 / 2d10 / 2d12
Save:	L10
Morale:	12
Hoard Class:	None
XP:	7,800

Very little is known about the nightmarish humanoids dubbed *carnalvores*. They seemingly materialize out of thin air on the outskirts of rural villages or outposts, and strike with such suddenness, speed, and ferocity that they *Surprise* anyone encountered on a roll of 1-5 on 1d6, and gain +3 to all Initiative rolls. These rampages can take place at any time, in any weather or environ.



During their initial onslaughts, carnalvores appear as hulking blurs of shaggy fur, bony horns, and savage claws, and their unholy visages instill a -3 penalty to all Morale Rolls. Heads lowered, they frequently *Charge* their foes and barricades, and then close in for biting and bloodshed. It soon becomes apparent, however, that the carnalvores are swathed in animal hides and skulls adorned with extra horns or antlers...and 1d6+3 rounds into combat, the creatures cast off their garb (losing their gore attacks in the process), revealing something even *more* horrible: their true forms! Carnalvores are man-sized bipeds with needle-like fangs jutting from rictal maws, near-hairless pink skin stretched tight over bulging, rippling muscles, and engorged, over-sized genitalia. Anyone observing a carnalvore disrobing must make a *Saving Throw Versus Stun* or an *Ability Check Versus WIL* (whichever is more advantageous for the victim), or become *Paralyzed* from abject shock for 1d4 rounds.



Carnalvores are engines of destruction [hence their atypically high damage output], and they can obliterate—and devour—a victim in mere seconds...but they possess another form of attack that destroys much more slowly, but no less insidiously. Carnalvores disgorge (even when wearing their skull-helms) a noxious, slug-ridden, neon-green slime that covers everything in a cone 20' long and 10' wide at its farthest point. Those coated by the goo must make a *Saving Throw Versus Death* at a -2 penalty, with failure indicating the contraction of an unknown rotting disease that completely liquefies the victim within 6d4 hours. Initial symptoms include: hemorrhaging, rashes with pustules, hair loss, and wriggling subcutaneous worms. At the final stages, the skin sloughs, limbs literally break off, and gallons of effluvia leak from every orifice. The victim is conscious and wracked with pain during the entire process, and death only occurs when the victim's head collapses in on itself like a mouldering pumpkin. Killing those suffering from a carnalvore's "rot-

vomit" is regarded as one of the most merciful acts in the Mutant Future.

Carnalvores aren't mindless brutes. When dealing with victims holed-up in a defensible locale, the creatures plan and coordinate, launching overt attacks at front entrances while their fellows claw through rooftops, side walls, and/or basements. They may use heavy objects as battering rams and/or shields. Carnalvores are also excellent climbers, and enter upper floors to catch occupants unawares.

The only things more horrendous than their combat prowess are their reproductive behaviors.

Carnalvores are hermaphroditic. And not only do they breed with their own kind, they can—and do—mate with any other species of domestic-feline-size or larger...and their hyper-potent seed is capable of impregnating females *and* males alike. The resultant offspring of such a union fall from their "parent's" largest orifice in a bulbous, rubbery sac 1d6 rounds after conception, and burst forth from a black, gooey placenta...

...as 2' tall infants as speedy and agile as amphetamine-tweaked monkeys. These carnalings possess AC 1 and 3 HD, and do 1d8 / 1d8 / 1d10 damage. They *also* mate with abandon, but can't impregnate a target until they grow to adulthood...a mere 2 hours after delivery.

For non-carnalvores, the act of birthing an infant kills the "host" instantly, with no *Saving Throw* allowed. Assault—in every definition of the term—by a carnalvore is a death sentence.

Despite their cunning, carnalvores seemingly have no other goals than wholesale slaughter, rapacious feeding, and frenzied copulating...and not necessarily in that order. That said, some carnalvores dress their offspring in furs and skins, indicating they seemingly feel *something* other than wanton lust and violence. An invasion by carnalvores can wipe out a planet, as their hyper-reproduction increases their numbers by a geometric factor of 1d6 every hour.

A carnalvore's only weakness is a susceptibility to sustained loud noises (sonic blasts, blaring alarms, continuous explosions, etc.). Such sounds disorient and *Paralyze* the creatures for 1d4+1 rounds, and sonic attacks do an increased +3 damage per die.

Mutations: Frailty (Sonic Sensitivity) [D], Phobia (Sonics), Toxic Weapon ("Rot-Vomit")



2 ALL-NEW THRILLERS!

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TO PREVENT YOUR ABDUCTION
INTO OUTER SPACE!!

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Spacenstein

No. Enc.:	1 (1)
Alignment:	See Below
Movement:	120' (40')
Armor Class:	4
Hit Dice:	10
Attacks:	2 or 1 (2 fists, or weapon)
Damage:	1d8 / 1d8, or by weapon
Save:	L10
Morale:	9 or 12 (See Below)
Hoard Class:	VII
XP:	6,600

As The Ancients began their dangerous forays into the stars, they created artificial beings resistant to the rigors of space...

...BUT IN DOING SO, UNLEASHED UNHOLY MENACES OF FLESH AND STEEL WITH WRATH IN THEIR HEARTS AND MURDER ON THEIR MINDS!!!

Engineered to replace human beings in dangerous space missions, "spacensteins" are essentially the missing links between Pure Humans and Androids. They are bio-mechanical beings comprised of human organs sheathed in synthetic skin, and implanted with both remote-guidance nodes and sensors that transmit data back to military computers. Spacensteins are also equipped with "self-preservation units" that facilitate autonomy and free-thinking when out of communication range.

Pristine, fully-functional spacensteins look, speak, dress, and act like "proper" (Lawful) astronauts and military personnel, and display charm, wit, patriotism, and bravery (Morale 9). But atmospheric humidity cracks the veneer, as moisture causes spacensteins to click, whir, and clank, and freeze mid-sentence, thereby revealing their true natures. Each hour spent in humid weather conditions results in a cumulative 15% chance of a spacenstein deactivating. It takes 2 hours to repair them (starting at a base Technology Roll of 15%) in this state.

The true danger of a spacenstein lies in the instability of its computerized cerebro-systems. Upon taking 10 Hit Points of damage to its cranial region, a spacenstein transforms into a Chaotic, murderous berserker that attacks anyone it encounters. It lashes out with 2 mighty fists, doing an additional +3d6 damage if both hit in the same round.

Rogue spacensteins are always horribly disfigured, and clad in the filthy, tattered remnants of their uniforms or protective suits.

Attractive females (13+ CHA) can attempt to calm a wild spacenstein upon a successful *Ability Check Versus CHA*. A lulled specimen's internal circuitry can then be repaired, thus returning to its normal cognition and Alignment...and while this process only takes 15 minutes, the base



Technology Roll is a low 6%. If the repairs fail, the spacenstein must be calmed again with an *Ability Check* as above.

While never conclusively proven, there seems to be a definite link between spacensteins and the bloodthirsty [astro-zombies](#).

Mutations: Frailty (Susceptibility To Humidity) [D], Increased Physical Attribute (Constitution, Strength), Robot Implants (AV Recorder, AV Transmitter, Class II Sensor System, Mental Programming (A.I.), Robolink)



Mull

No. Enc.: 1 (1)
Alignment: Neutral
Movement: 105' (35')
Armor Class: 2
Hit Dice: 14
Attacks: 3 (2 claws, 1 bite)
Damage: 1d12 / 1d12 / 1d8
Save: L10
Morale: 12
Hoard Class: None
XP: 2,400

Mulls are skull-faced, snaggle-toothed, 8' tall behemoths with shaggy coats, bulbous antennae, and savage claws. Their sheer aggressiveness provides +2 To Hit in combat.

Though presumed to be of Martian origin, nothing is known about mull habits or biology (meaning they may possess as yet undiscovered Mutations and abilities).



Some extraterrestrial races keep mulls as guardian beasts and/or "executioners".

Mutations: None



Tabonga

No. Enc.: 1 (1)
Alignment: Chaotic
Movement: 60' (20')
Armor Class: 4
Hit Dice: 12
Attacks: 2 fists
Damage: 2d6 / 2d6
Save: L12
Morale: 12
Hoard Class: None
XP: 8,600

Death abounds in the Mutant Future, from toxic waste to atomic fallout to murderous factions bent on chaos and destruction...

***...BUT EVEN DEATH ITSELF CAN'T STOP THOSE
DRIVEN BY AN ALL-CONSUMING VENGEANCE MOST VINDICTIVE AND VICIOUS!!!***

When a strong-willed (15+ WIL) Pure Human or Mutant Human meets a particularly unjust fate at the hands of ne'er-do-wells, and is in turn buried in radioactive earth, his/her psychic essence merges with the surrounding plantlife. Then, over the course of the next week, a stump-like plant sprouts from the grave, throbbing and pulsating with rhythms that mirror a heartbeat...and at the end of the 7 days rises a misshapen, hulking, 8' tall vegetal biped fueled by revenge! **THE TABONGA LIVES!!!**

A tabonga possesses such awesome strength that a successful strike with both fists leads to a crushing squeeze for an additional 2d10 damage. And its thick, woody hide is impervious to open flame, explosives, and conventional firearms, and renders the creature almost invisible in verdant foliage (allowing it to *Surprise* on a roll of 1-5 on 1d6). Bladed weapons inflict only half-damage, and melee To Hit rolls of 1-3 against a tabonga result in the weapon(s) wedging in the bark, requiring an *Ability Check Versus STR* to remove.

Tabongas are highly radioactive (treat as Class 3 exposure to all involved in melee), and bleed a luminous green ooze. They have no need for sustenance or rest, and are immune to all known poisons and diseases.

Driven by rage, a tabonga methodically tracks down and slays those that wronged it...but once its mission is complete, it slaughters indiscriminately. And in addition to crushing attacks, they often cruelly toss victims into sucking quicksand, deep ravines, poisonous pools, etc.

Mutations: Natural Armor (Extreme), Reflective Epidermis (Fire/Heat, Radiation)



Ordinary
housewives
turn into
ravishing
creatures.

THEY'LL LOVE
THE VERY
LIFE
OUT OF
YOUR
BODY!



"INVASION OF THE BEE GIRLS"

STARRING
WILLIAM SMITH · ANITRA FORD
VICTORIA VETRI and THE BEE GIRLS

Written by NICHOLAS MEYER · Directed by DENIS SANDERS

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73/168

"INVASION OF THE BEE GIRLS"

Artifact: *Hivemaker*

Shattering the boundaries of known Ancient genetic science, comely renegade entomologist Dr. Susan Harris fabricated a machine that merged human and animal DNA...

...BUT INSTEAD OF BETTERING MANKIND, SHE UNLEASHED AN ARMY OF VOLUPTUOUS, VAMPING VIXENS IMBUED WITH LASCIVIOUS LUSTS MOST LETHAL!!!



Fashioned with materials purloined from the Brandt Research Corporation, the *Hivemaker* is a complex and cumbersome contraption designed to transform Pure Human females into sex-starved she-insects. The device is a 12' tall, 20' diameter, dome-shaped lattice crisscrossed with multi-colored wires, and at its heart is a booth large enough for a single person. Thick cables connect the Hivemaker to multiple generators, mainframe computers, gamma ray projectors, and assorted fanciful instruments.

The metamorphic process from human woman to "bee girl" is elaborate, indeed. The subject (usually drugged) is stripped nude, and then placed inside the dome and bathed with euphoria-inducing radiations for 2d4 rounds until *Paralyzed* and compliant. Then, she is hand-slathered from head to toe with a viscous mutagenic compound, and placed in the central chamber. The Hivemaker operator then flips a switch on the control panel, and mutated bees

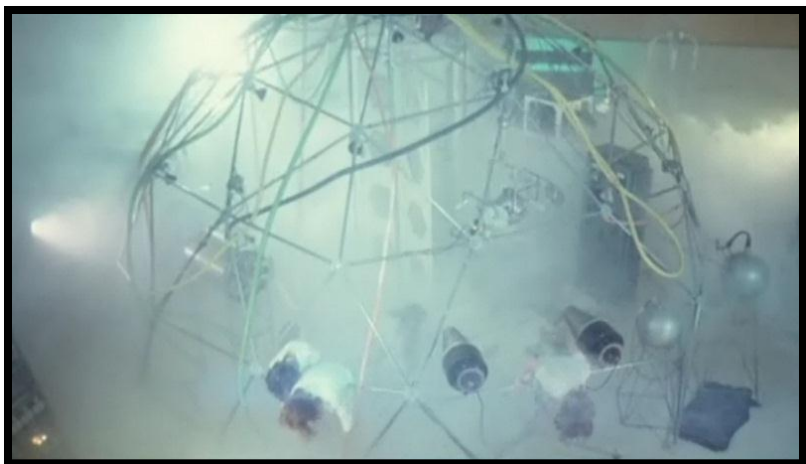


flood the enclosed space and envelop the subject with their bodies. Mysterious energies bombard woman and swarm alike for 1 full turn, during which the Hivemaker induces "forced mutation...and rearranges [her] cellular structure with hormones."¹ After the process completes, the subject is extracted, and the now-solidified, rubbery coating is peeled away...revealing a newly-spawned *apifemme* [see following page] consumed with but one overwhelming drive: **TO MATE!!!**

The "birthing" of a new apifemme triggers a collective hormonal response in her sister-creatures, and all present are *Paralyzed* with orgasmic bliss for 3d6 rounds.

The Hivemaker was at the vanguard of genome manipulation and splicing technologies, making it amongst the rarest of Ancient artifacts. While individual components have been unearthed, no intact machine has been discovered in the Mutant Future...meaning a working model would be of unimaginable value.

The effects of using a Hivemaker on Pure Human males, Mutant Humans, Mutant Animals, and/or Mutant Plants are completely unknown. Androids are unaffected, though they risk clogging from gun k and bee car cas ses.



Apifemme – Drone

No. Enc.:	1d6 (2d6)
Alignment:	Neutral
Movement:	120' (40')
Armor Class:	7
Hit Dice:	8
Attacks:	2 or 1 (2 claws, or weapon, or Special)
Damage:	1d6 / 1d6, or by weapon, or See Below
Save:	L8
Morale:	8
Hoard Class:	VII, XIV
XP:	4,560



Apifemmes appear as beautiful Pure Human women with a penchant for revealing (and often impractical) attire, no matter the circumstance or occasion. They are fashionable, enchanting, and flirtatious, and generous with their time and attention. Most Pure Human and Mutant Human men immediately succumb to their charms, so apifemmes usually have little need for their amplified *Fragrance Development* mutations (which affect heterosexuals with less than 18 CON).

No matter how a target becomes enamored, an apifemme lures him to an isolated location (usually a residence, but any place will do, even if it lacks ambiance and comfort: overgrown glades, back alleys, abandoned ruins, derelict vehicles, etc.) with the promise of carnal delights. Such pleasures are short-lived, however, as after 2d4+3 rounds of coitus, an apifemme's eyes turn jet black, and she generates a rumbling buzz audible to any within 25'. Her partner must immediately make a *Saving Throw Versus Death* at a -2 penalty, with failure indicating he expires from a heart attack caused by "extreme sexual over-exhaustion."² Success means he can try to fight her off by making an *Ability Check Versus STR* at a -2 penalty. If the *Ability Check* fails, another round of intercourse takes place, and he must make another *Save*, but now at a -4 penalty...and success leads to another *Ability Check* with the same -4 penalty. This process of sex-Saving Throw-Ability Check happens each round, with the penalties increasing by -2 each time, until the male succumbs to coronary thrombosis, or fends off the creature. And apifemmes don't take kindly to being spurned....

Apifemmes are truly masterful mimics, but keen observation reveals their hidden natures. The she-beings fancy sugary treats, and over-sweeten their beverages. They are allergic to smoke, and register on gamma-sensitive radiation detectors ("photosynsetive gamma-count synthesizers"³). And apifemmes' eyes shift to their black compound forms when aroused or agitated, so they always accessorize with some form of concealing eyewear. (In Ancient times, such blackened eyes were the only physical manifestations of the apifemmes' true natures, but the strange radiations of the Mutant Future further mutated them into insectoids covered with yellow down.) They are also particularly vulnerable to electricity-based attacks, taking an extra +2 damage per die.

Although apifemmes are incapable of feeling remorse for the deaths they cause (even if their spouses and family members are amongst their victims), they aren't intentionally murderous. They are simply slaves to

their own warped biologies, tragically rendered sterile and "endlessly driven to repeat the mating cycle."⁴ Apifemmes also slavishly obey the malevolent orders of their Queen....

Mutations: Fragrance Development (Modified), Frailty (Electricity) [D], Metaconcert, Metamorph, Unique Sense (360-Degree Vision)



Apifemme – Queen

No. Enc.:	1 (1)
Alignment:	Chaotic
Movement:	120' (40')
Armor Class:	5
Hit Dice:	10
Attacks:	2 or 1 (2 claws, or weapon, or Special)
Damage:	1d8 / 1d8, or by weapon, or See Below
Save:	L10
Morale:	9
Hoard Class:	XIX, XXII
XP:	8,000



Outshining their minions in every regard, apifemme queens are even more gorgeous, vivacious, glamorous, and seductive specimens of femininity...but they are also diabolical masterminds intent on transforming *all* Pure Human females into “bee-girls”. These cunning creatures know all the secrets behind the wondrous Hivemaker technology, and direct it towards purposes most nefarious!

A queen's modus operandi is to infiltrate a community near a hidden—and functional!—Hivemaker, and then draw Pure Human women into the machine via drugs, trickery, coercion, or brute force so as to build an amorous army of nubile nymphs. A queen initially targets the most attractive, intelligent, and influential women so as to expand her power base...and then cruelly assassinates anyone capable of interfering with her schemes (plus those immune to her pheromones). Queens never kill women, though, as even the strongest wills fall before the unholy emanations of a Hivemaker.

As a queen's army grows, so do the sudden sex-related (but wholly non-infectious) deaths of heterosexual males of all ages and fitness levels—in regions beset by apifemmes, it is not uncommon for a dozen men or more to expire each and every night. Ironically, these rampant fatalities usually prove to be a queen's undoing, as panicked communities usually hire adventurers to root out the cause.



A queen possesses all of the abilities and vulnerabilities of a standard apifemme, plus increased manipulation powers and gifted technological aptitude. They are also uncannily aware when being scanned by radiation detectors, even if at an extreme distance.

Given that all apifemmes were originally Pure Human women exposed to a Hivemaker machine, just how a queen arises in the first place is unknown....

Mutations: Empathy, Fragrance Development (Modified), Frailty (Electricity) [D], Intellectual Affinity (Tinkerer), Metaconcert, Metamorph, Quick Mind, Unique Sense (360-Degree Vision), Unique Sense (“Detect Radiation-Detectors”)



Funghul

No. Enc.:	1d4 (1d6)
Alignment:	Chaotic
Movement:	90' (30')
Armor Class:	6
Hit Dice:	7
Attacks:	3 or 1 (2 claws, 1 bite, or weapon)
Damage:	1d8+2 / 1d8+2 / 1d10, or by weapon +2
Save:	L5
Morale:	12
Hoard Class:	None
XP:	2,190

The Ancients were obsessed with immortality, and one Dr. Lorca thought he had unlocked the secrets of Eternal Youth with his concoctions derived from the extracts of irradiated, motile plants...

...but his serums did more than grant everlasting life...

...FOR THEY TRANSFORMED THEIR RECIPIENTS INTO FANGED, FLESH-RENDING FIENDS WITH AN UNQUENCHABLE THIRST FOR FRESH BLOOD!!!



Mossy, monstrous, and perpetually craving the lifeblood of the living, funghuls are former Pure or Mutant Humans suffering from untreatable "chlorophyll poisoning", a wasting condition which renders the victim more plant than man. Funghuls, with bodies so rotted that their genders are indeterminate, perpetually ooze green ichor and other noxious fluids.

They attack with ferocious savagery, lashing out with rending claws (which do +2 damage) and piercing fangs, but suffer a -2 To Hit due to a lack of depth perception caused by degenerating (or outright missing) eyes. Funghuls always eviscerate and dismember their prey during the feeding process.

Anyone suffering a loss of more than 50% of their Hit Points from a funghul attack must make a *Saving Throw Versus Death*, or become infected themselves, transforming into a new funghul in 1d4+1 days. No conventional healing aid or Ancient chemical agent is known to cure the condition.

Those funghuls that were particularly strong-willed and/or intelligent in life (MS or IN 14+) retain their mental faculties, and are able to speak and use melee

weapons. Furthermore, these specimens can survive decapitation; the severed head controls the body remotely, which attacks as normal.

Bizarrely, transplanting a detached funghul head onto the headless, medically-preserved body of an uninfected individual cures the chlorophyllic disease. The funghul reverts to "normal" (albeit with a different frame) in 1d4 weeks.

Certain Ancient laboratories still contain stockpiles of Dr. Lorca's formula, capable of creating a verdant army of shambling plant-vampires....

Mutations: Acute Hyper Healing, Pain Insensitivity [D], Regenerative Capability



**STEPHEN KING'S MASTERPIECE
OF TERROR DIRECTED BY
THE MASTER HIMSELF**



**MAXIMUM
OVERDRIVE**

DE LAURENTIS ENTERTAINMENT GROUP presents
A Film by STEPHEN KING "MAXIMUM OVERDRIVE" starring EMILIO ESTEVEZ - PAT HINGLE
LAURA HARRINGTON - CHRISTOPHER MURNEY Music by **AC/DC** Co-Produced by MOON SUBOTSKY
Executive Producers MEL PEARL and DON LEVIN Produced by MARTHA SCHUMACHER
Written for the Screen and Directed by STEPHEN KING **DEG.**

Setting Seeds: *Morn Of The Murder Machines*

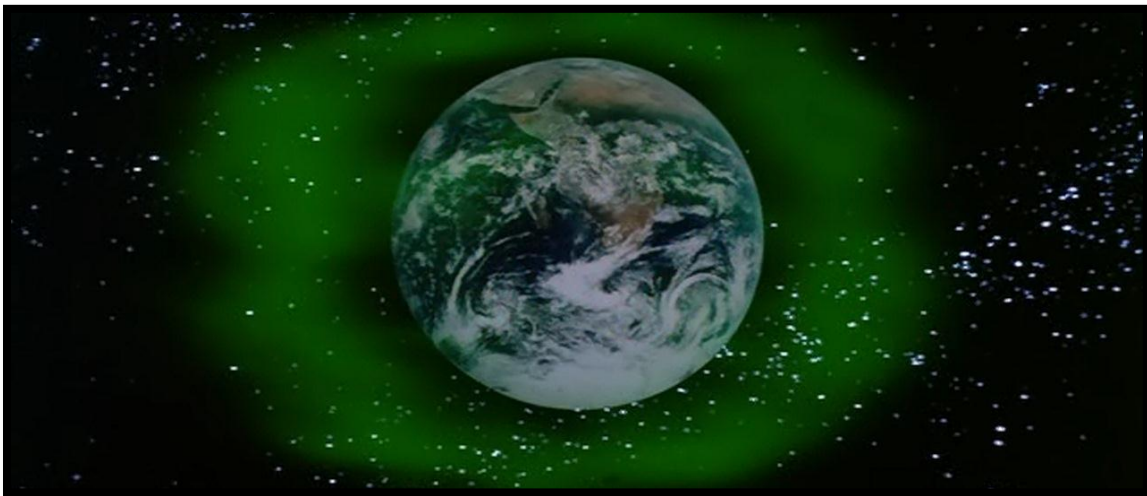
According to legends (and sparse archaeological evidence), The Ancients lived in a wondrous world of technological marvels, where fanciful gadgets controlled all facets of life. But then, on one horrific day, the skies swirled with emerald energies...

...and the machines upon which humanity depended malfunctioned, and instead of operating as designed...

...THEY BEGAN A BRUTAL CAMPAIGN OF SAVAGE, SADISTIC SLAUGHTER!!!

An entire Mutant Future setting can be shaped around a cataclysmal revolt of all devices—toys, appliances, computers, weapons, and even vehicles—against their makers. The blame lies on a viridian nimbus (perhaps unleashed by extraterrestrial malefactors...?) that envelops the Earth.

The post-apocalyptic world is a primitive and brutal place, devoid of almost all useful technologies. Only small vehicles—cars, motorcycles, motorboats—still operate as designed. Small clusters of Pure Humans, Mutant Humans, and Mutant Animals eke out a hardscrabble existence under the constant threat of mechanized death, and Mutant Plants thrive unchecked. Androids and robots run amok (and are disallowed as PCs, for obvious reasons.)



Environmental Hazard: *Murder Machines*

The all-purpose mantle of "murder machines" applies to each and every Ancient contraption powered by fuel, batteries, and/or energy (solar, atomic, etc.). The green radiations imbued all devices with sensory awareness and all-consuming bloodlust, and they seek to harm as many beings as possible in the most spectacular, painful, and ironic of fashions. Even non-lethal gadgets become dreadful irritants. The Mutant Lord should find a way to turn each and every Artifact into an instrument of annoyance, mayhem...or death.

Advanced weapons fire at will on targets of their choosing, and don't work when wielded by PCs. Medical devices inflict damage instead of healing. And woe be to anyone who encounters a set of Ancient battle-armor....

Any time the Mutant Lord needs to roll for a Wandering Monster, or determine the contents of a treasure hoard containing technology of any sort, consult the following table:

Murder Machine Encounter Table			
d20	Device	HD	Description / Effects
1	Lawnmower	2 HD	Moves at 90' (30'), and relentlessly pursues closest target. With successful hit, knocks down victim, doing a continuous 5d6 damage per round. Target must make an <i>Ability Check Versus DEX</i> at a +2 penalty to rise and escape further damage.
2	Music Player	1d4 hp	Player (cassette or digital) lies dormant until victim puts on the earbuds/headphones; seconds later, device blasts raw sound at maximum volume. Wearer takes 3d6 damage, and must make a <i>Saving Throw Versus Stun</i> . Success means they are <i>Deafened</i> for 1d10 days; failure means permanent hearing loss.
3	Drive-Thru Menu	2 HD	When PCs get within 45', speaker blares: " <i>HUMANS HERE. HUMANS HERE.</i> " in computerized monotone until destroyed. Increases risk of attracting Wandering Monsters to 1-5 on 1d6.
4	Vending Machine	4 HD	When PCs get within 15', machine launches high-velocity flurry of soda canisters that deal 2d6 continuous damage per round to all targets in a 30' long, 20' wide cone. Continues to fire long after all targets have fled or fallen, out of sheer spite.
5	Remote-Controlled Toy	1d4 hp	Small AC 3 contraption continually rams feet and ankles, and gets underfoot. Target must make an <i>Ability Check Versus DEX</i> to maintain balance; failure means falling for 1d4 damage. Prone targets must make a <i>Saving Throw Versus Stun</i> or get choked into unconsciousness as toy works way into mouth and esophagus. Death occurs in 2d4 rounds.
6	Video Screen	1 HD	Assorted signage, billboards, marquees, etc. flash insulting and profane messages. Irritates PCs. (And perhaps drives them to wrath with a failed <i>Ability Check Versus WIL</i> .)
7	Carving Knife	1d4 hp	Lashes out at nearest target, going for jugular or wrists. Does 1d6 damage with successful hit, and 1d4 continuous damage per round until bleeding stopped. 15' (5') movement limited to length of power cord (unless cordless).
8	Hair Dryer	1d4 hp	Blasts super-heated air, causing 1d4 heat damage. Ignites combustibles after 1d4 rounds of exposure.
9	Clock	1d4 hp	Digital timers prematurely set off explosives for maximum havoc. Alarm models blare incessantly, drawing Wandering Monsters on 1-3 on 1d6.
10	Arcade Game	3 HD	Screen shows mesmerizing display, hypnotizing all targets in visual range who fail a Mental Attack from WIL 13. Those enthralled move to the machine to touch it, and must make a <i>Saving Throw Versus Stun</i> ; success means suffering 6d6 electrical damage, while failure indicates death by electrocution.
11	Sprinklers	1 HD	Automated sprinklers/sprayers douse PCs with appropriate liquid (water, halon, fire-retardant foam, pesticide, etc.). Effects and/or damage determined by Mutant Lord.
12	Jukebox	2 HD	Always manages to play music most hated by PCs. Flashing lights and sound increase chance of Wandering Monsters to a 1-4 on 1d6.

13	ATM / Coin Changer	1d6 hp	Discharges d1000 units of currency or 5d1000 coins. Angrily.
14	Hydraulics	Varies	Elevators, drawbridges, dams, etc. open and close and will, crushing any trapped within. Can also create barriers, impasses, deadfalls, and other hazards.
15	Computer	1 HD	Monitor taunts PCs with obscenities to distract them, while sending alert to 1d4 renegade robots that arrive 2d4 rounds later.
16	Gas Pump	2 HD	Discharges precious petrochemical fuel (Poison Class 4; causes <i>Blindness</i> for 1d6 days) in faces of PCs foolish enough to look down nozzle.
17	Electric Shaver	1d4 hp	Leaps up to 6' at target, targeting mustaches, beards, and/or hairstyles. Victim loses -1d6 CHA until grown back. The better the hair, the more determined the shaver.
18	GPS	1d4 hp	Displays detailed maps and instructions to closest safe zones, food stockpiles, weapons caches, fuel depots, etc....but info is utterly false, and leads to environmental hazards, traps, and/or monster lairs.
19	Fax	1 HD	Blares out ear-piercing <i>Shriek</i> (as the Mutation), affecting all targets in 20' radius. Prints out blurry photographs of gory human casualties to traumatize the weak-stomached.
20	Marital Aid	1d4 hp	Furious buzzing forces all observers to make <i>Ability Check Versus WIL</i> at a +5 penalty, or be paralyzed with paroxysms of laughter for 2d6 rounds and suffer 1d2 coughing / choking damage per round. Chance of attracting Wandering Monsters escalates to 1-5 on 1d6.



Mutant Menace: Overdrivers

The catastrophic “Morn Of The Murder Machines” not only turned each and every household gadget into an implement of carnage...

...IT ALSO LED TO THE NEAR-EXTINCTION OF THE HUMAN RACE VIA A GLOBAL OUTBREAK OF VEHICULAR MANSLAUGHTER!!!

Overdrivers are Ancient combustion vehicles granted malevolent sentience by strange alien energies. They seek the destruction of all flesh and blood lifeforms...and the gore encrusted on their chassis reflects their savagery.

Though lacking conventional sensory organs, overdrivers are fully in tune with their surroundings. They understand all spoken languages, and can communicate in turn via flashing lights, bleating horns, and swishing wipers.

All overdrivers are susceptible to daily wear and tear, and require regular refueling and maintenance...meaning they must quell their murderous impulses and coerce sentient beings (with manipulative digits, natch) to service them. Overdrivers are also impacted by terrain and environmental hazards, suffering penalties of -1 to -4 on all To Hit rolls, Saving Throws, and Ability Checks as appropriate to weather and surface conditions. Overdrivers take double damage from explosives. Being machines, they are naturally immune to all poisons, diseases, radioactivity, and mind-affecting Mental Mutations.

Interestingly, standard "small" vehicles, like automobiles, motorcycles, and watercraft, are unaffected by the animating radiations, and never transform into overdrivers.



Overdriver – Mothertrucker

No. Enc.: 1 (2d6)
Alignment: Chaotic
Movement: 300' (100')
Armor Class: 6
Hit Dice: 18
Attacks: 1 (crush)
Damage: 8d8
Save: L8
Morale: 12
Hoard Class: XX
XP: 10,250

Mothertruckers are the most common—and, terrifyingly, most intelligent—overdrivers, barreling across the shattered highways and byways of the Mutant Future in search of victims. They appear as vans, 18-wheelers, big rigs, and tankers.



Mothertruckers particularly love chasing down, ramming, and crushing car-traversing humans for sport.

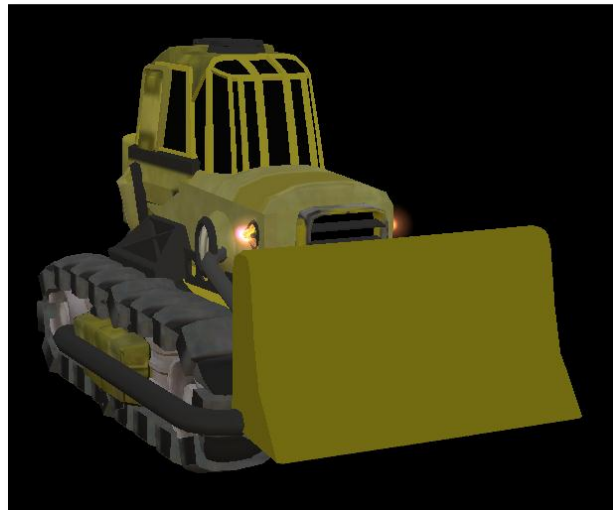
Any group of 6+ mothertruckers is led by a cunning, garish "biggest rig" of 20 HD and AC 4. And their Hoard Class represents carried freight and salvageable technologies.

Mutations: *Frailty (Vulnerability To Explosives) [D]*, *Metaconcert*, *Unique Mutation (Full Senses, Night Vision)*



Overdriver – Killdozer / Screamroller

No. Enc.: 0 (1d4)
Alignment: Chaotic
Movement: 60' (30')
Armor Class: 2
Hit Dice: 20
Attacks: 1 (crush)
Damage: 9d12
Save: L8
Morale: 12
Hoard Class: XX
XP: 10,250



Ponderous, relentless, and nigh-indestructible, *killdozers* and *screamrollers* relish in destruction and mayhem.

They are the most heavily armored of all overdrivers, and not as vulnerable to explosives. Mothertruckers rely on them to trigger traps, demolish fortifications, and breach—if not outright flatten—human strongholds.

[The Mutant Lord should feel free to design other types of construction-based overdrivers, such as scoopshovels, mixmasters, cranes, etc.]

Mutations: Metaconcert, Unique Mutation (Full Senses, Night Vision)



Overdriver – Milterror

No. Enc.: 0 (1d4)
Alignment: Chaotic
Movement: 180' (60')
Armor Class: 4
Hit Dice: 10
Attacks: 1 (crush, or weapon)
Damage: 4d6, or by weapon
Save: L5
Morale: 12
Hoard Class: XX
XP: 6,600



Milterrors are overdrivers from the Ancient armed forces, usually appearing in the forms of jeeps or armored transports. They always have one mounted weapon with an effectively limitless supply of ammunition. (Gunpowder-based weapons can be scavenged for human use, assuming they can be removed from their "host".)

Milterrors are painted in drab, camouflage-themed colors, so *Surprise* on a 1-3 on 1d6 in the proper terrain. They also understand Morse code, and relay such messages via honking.

[The Mutant Lord should feel free to design other types of military vehicles, like tanks, howitzers, etc. Adjust their Movement, AC, HD, and Damage as appropriate.]

Mutations: *Frailty (Vulnerability To Explosives) [D], Metaconcert, Unique Mutation (Full Senses, Night Vision)*



Overdriver – Scareplane

No. Enc.: 0 (1d4)
Alignment: Chaotic
Movement: 30' (10')
—Fly: 450' (150')
Armor Class: 3
Hit Dice: 10
Attacks: 1 (divebomb)
Damage: 10d12
Save: L5
Morale: 12
Hoard Class: None
XP: 6,600



Scareplanes are propeller-driven overdrivers that suicidally plummet into ground-based targets. They seemingly have no other goal than to crash in spectacular fashion so as to eliminate as many victims as possible.

A scareplane's damage output (consisting of hurtling wreckage, burning fuel, and the impact itself) affects all targets in a 50' radius. The overdriver is completely destroyed in the process.

[The Mutant Lord should feel free to include other types of aircraft, like jets, helicopters ("hellcopters"), VTOLs, etc., and adjust their HD, AC, and weaponry, as appropriate.]

Mutations: *Frailty (Vulnerability To Explosives) [D]*, *Metaconcert*, *Unique Mutation (Full Senses, Night Vision)*



**How many eyes
does horror have?
How many times
will terror strike?**

They were born that tragic moment
when Science made its great mistake
... now from behind the shroud of night
they come, a scuttling, shambling horde,
of creatures destroying all in their path.



METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Presents

NIGHT OF THE LEPUS

STARRING

STUART WHITMAN · JANET LEIGH · RORY CALHOUN

Screenplay by
DON HOLLIDAY & GENE R. KEARNEY

Based Upon the Novel
THE YEAR OF THE ANGRY RABBIT
by RUSSELL BRADDOCK

Produced by

A. C. LYLES · WILLIAM F. CLAXTON

Directed by

A. C. LYLES · WILLIAM F. CLAXTON

PG

PARENTAL GUIDANCE SUGGESTED
Some material may not be suitable for pre-teens

METROCOLOR

MGM

Glutbunny

No. Enc.: 6d6 (20d20)
Alignment: Neutral
Movement: 240' (80')
—Burrow: 60' (20')
Armor Class: 8
Hit Dice: 3
Attacks: 3 (2 claws, 1 bite)
Damage: 1d4 / 1d4 / 1d8
Save: L2
Morale: 10
Hoard Class: None
XP: 95



Rather than disperse toxins and contaminants into the environment, The Ancients experimented upon verminous lagomorphs with bizarre chemicals and serums so as to control their populations...

...BUT THE RESULTING LEAPING, LETHAL LEPORINES ESCAPED INTO THE WILD, PROVING INFINITELY DEADLIER THAN ANY POISON!!!

Glutbunnies are nocturnal, over-sized rabbits that average 4' tall at the shoulder and 150-200 lbs. While they look utterly harmless—and, honestly, outright adorable—their sheer numbers and all-consuming appetites make them feared throughout the Mutant Future.

Growling and snarling glutbunnies bound across the badlands and plains, devouring all vegetable and animal life they encounter. A single specimen can bring down a standard horse or bull with ease...which means a pack can overrun and slaughter a herd of livestock in seconds. Glutbunnies even gnaw and rend their way into vehicles, ruins, fortified buildings, and sealed bunkers to feast on stockpiles of Ancient processed foodstuffs...and any terrified occupants who happen to be huddling within.



While capable of digging elaborate tunnel networks, glutbunnies usually make their warrens in areas previously carved out by The Ancients: abandoned mines, subway tunnels, skyscraper basements, etc. 50% of any glutbunnies encountered in their lairs during the day will be active and ready for combat, and these defenders get a +1 to all To Hit and Morale Rolls.

Glutbunny fur comes in a variety colors and patterns, and the creatures' hides are valued by tanners, clothiers, and traders. And many rural communities pay bounties for glutbunny carcasses.

Mutations: Gigantism, Increased Caloric Needs [D]

If this one
doesn't scare you...
You're Already Dead!

PHANTASM



"PHANTASM" Starring MICHAEL BALDWIN, BILL THORNBURY, REGGIE BANNISTER,
KATHY LESTER and ANGUS SCRIMM as The Tall Man Written and Directed by DON COSCARELLI
Produced by D.A. COSCARELLI Co-Producer PAUL PEPPERMAN Music FRED MYROW and MALCOLM
SEAGRAVE Prints by CFI SOUNDTRACK AVAILABLE ON VARESE SARABANDE RECORDS

AVCO EMBASSY PICTURES Release

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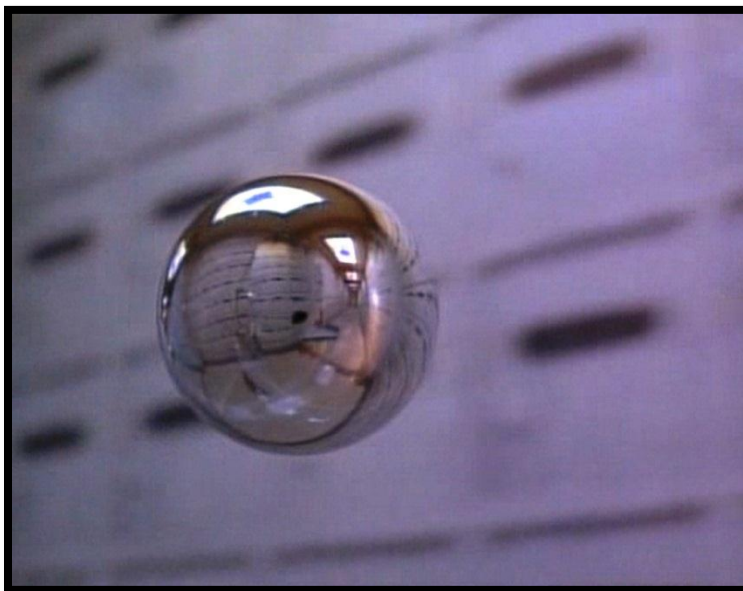
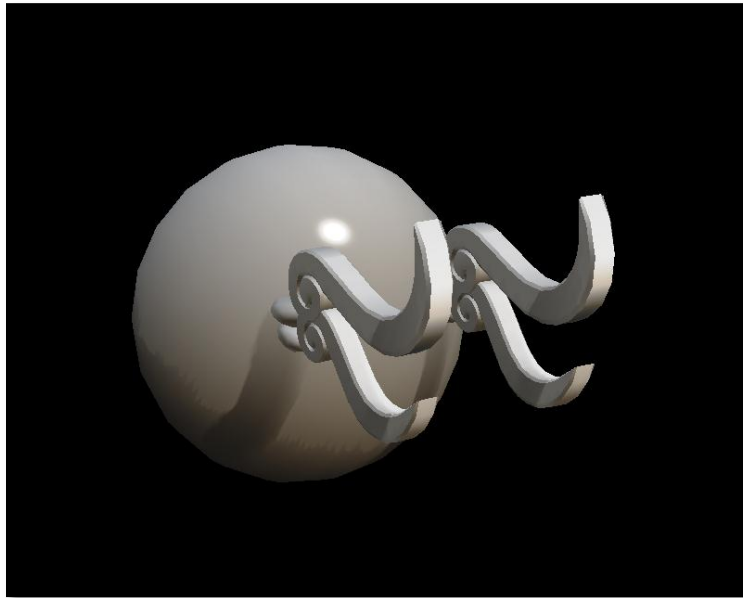
"PHANTASM"

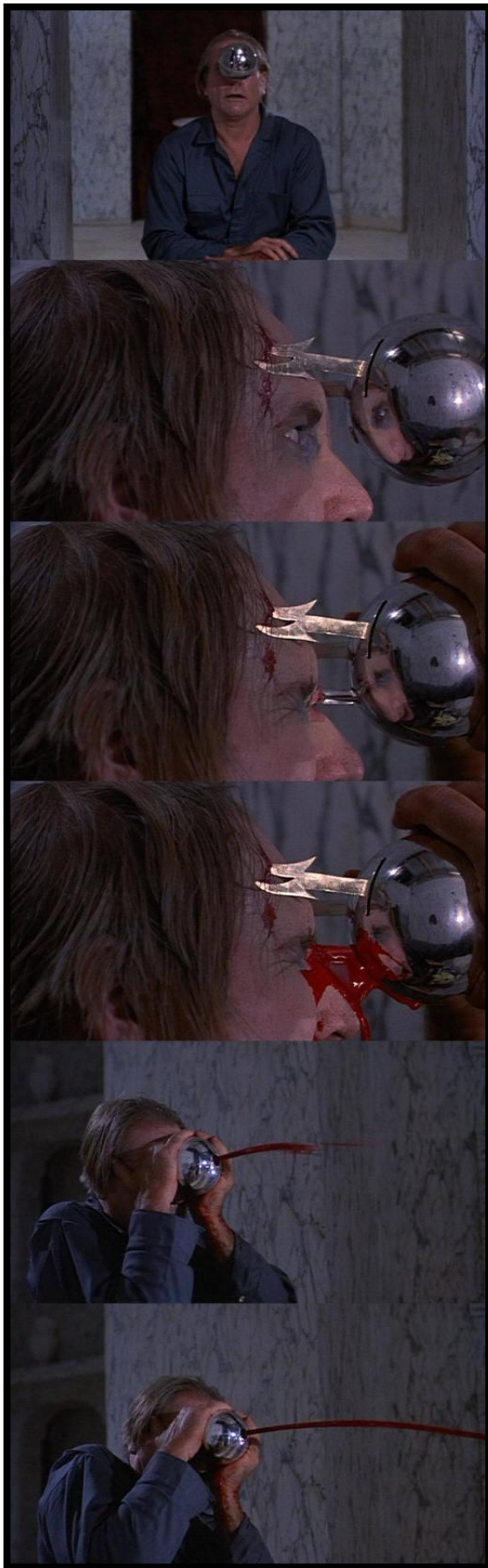
Artifact: Sinisphere

The Ancients' explored and conquered the foreboding frontiers of the deepest oceans and blackest galaxies, and next set about breaching the barriers between dimensions...

...but they soon discovered that the sinister denizens of these dimensions not only knew about Earth's existence, but already had their own invasion plans well underway...

...AND THE VANGUARD OF THIS OTHERWORLDLY ONSLAUGHT WAS AN AERIAL ARMADA OF GLEAMING, GORY GLOBES!!!





Used to secure Ancient laboratories, installations, and, bizarrely, funeral homes and mausoleums, *sinispheres* (also known as "sentinel spheres") are shiny, seamless, metallic orbs that zip through the air with uncanny speed, agility, and turning ability. How they locomote is unknown, due to a lack of obvious power sources or moving parts.

Sinispheres ceaselessly patrol their designated sectors with a full suite of internal infra-red, auditory, and motion sensors [essentially, a Class VI system, per p. 129 of the *Mutant Future Core Rules*]. Upon detecting an intruder, a sinisphere changes course and rushes towards its quarry at blinding speed...and midway through the flight path, extends 2 razored barbs. The sinisphere specifically locks onto said quarry's forehead as the site of impact...but if there are helmets or protective gear in the way, they pick any exposed area.

With a successful hit, a sinisphere inflicts 2d10 damage and imbeds itself into the victim's skull...but the horror is just beginning, as 1 round later, a drillbit extends and burrows right between the eyes. This drill inflicts a continuous—and violently, agonizingly messy—3d6 damage per round.

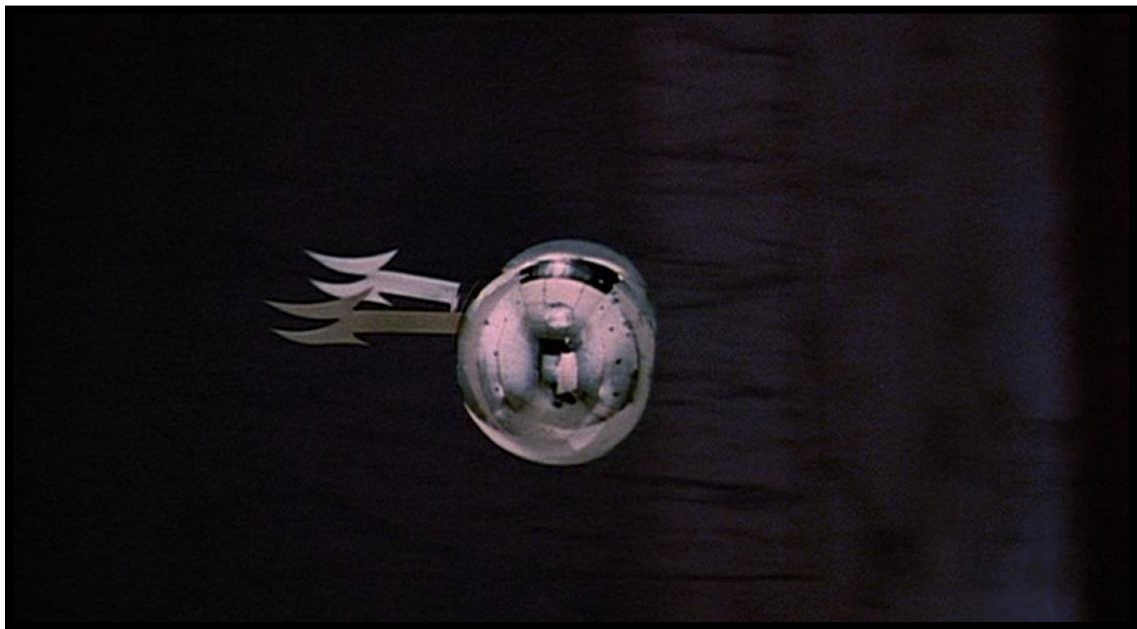
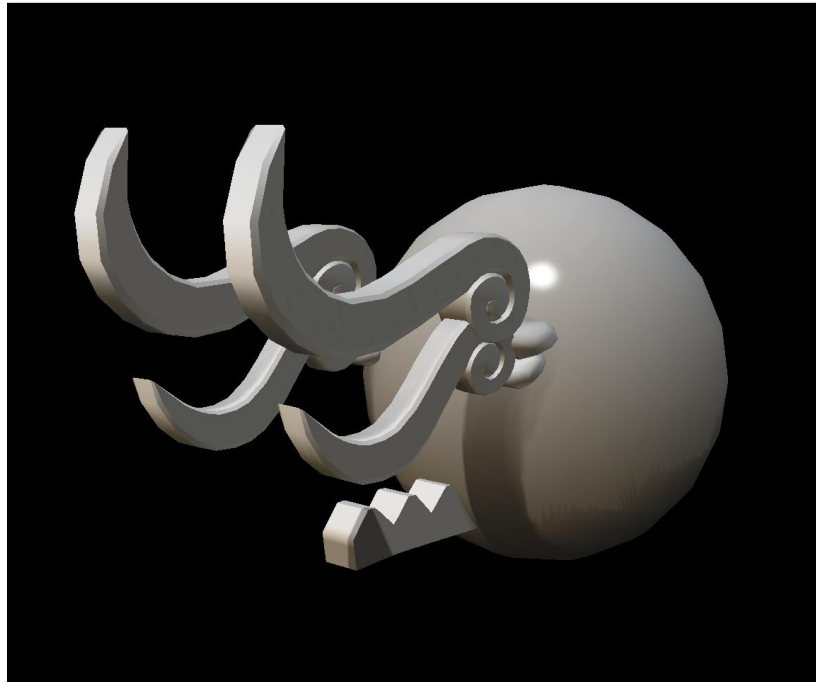
A sinisphere's target is never *Surprised*, as the contraption generates a high-pitched whir as it flies. This sound can be heard up to 500' away. And if a target is near another living being, they can make an *Agility Check Versus DEX* at a +5 penalty; success means they leap out of the way, and the sinisphere hits the other individual instead.

An implanted sinisphere can only be removed with a successful *Ability Check Versus STR*, with a +4 penalty to the roll. The victim suffers an additional +1d10 shredding damage in the process.

For combat purposes, sinispheres possess only 1d6 HP, but attack as 8 HD monsters; their AC is 0, and their movement rate is 300' (100'). They are so fast and nimble that they gain +2 to Initiative. Sinispheres are completely immune to damage by standard melee weapons, and automatically shatter any hand-held objects (excepting shields) used in deflection attempts. And regarding shields (or slammed doors, barriers, etc.): upon impact, a sinisphere embeds itself in the material, seemingly stuck and immobilized...but 1d4 rounds later, it activates and bores through the blockage, freeing itself in another 1d4 rounds to resume the attack.

Using an area-effect weapon (shotgun, etc.) against a sinisphere provides a +3 To Hit. Destroying a sinisphere yields 3,560 XP.

There is evidence that sinispheres aren't programmed at all, but instead controlled telepathically and/or telekinetically by powerful psionics. Perhaps a PC with a high WIL score and/or vast mental mutations could attempt to make them her own...?





Dark Devourer

No. Enc.: 1 (1)
Alignment: Chaotic
Movement: 0' (0')
Armor Class: 9
Hit Dice: 20
Attacks: 1 (See Below)
Damage: 1d8 (See Below)
Save: L20
Morale: 9
Hoard Class: XVIII, XX, XXI, XXII
XP: 12,250



Thanks in no small part to their technologies, The Ancients inflicted environmental disaster upon disaster on the ravaged Earth...

...BUT THEY NEVER EXPECTED MOTHER NATURE TO RISE UP AND USURP THEIR MACHINES, THEREBY TURNING THE WORLD'S MASTERS INTO CRAVEN SLAVES!!!

Dark devourers are sprawling plants that grow into, and merge with, clusters of Ancient technology: computer banks, automated factories / foundries, broadcast networks, power stations, etc. They gradually take control of all machines within a region (with their influence stretching over hundreds—if not thousands—of miles), and dominate their territories with all manner of telepathically-controlled robots and androids. Dark devourers often enslave entire villages, using them to mine precious ores and fuels to keep their holdings active and operable. They deliver their demands over loudspeakers with booming, imperious voices.

Dark devourers feed off of both the flesh and the mental energies of sentient beings, and require robot thralls to deposit immobilized prey into their acidic "hunger bulbs". Those ensnared are agonizingly dissolved over the course of days, taking 1d8 damage, and losing 1 point of both INT and WIL, per hour. A dark devourer absorbs all the knowledge and memories of its victims in this fashion.



The creatures frequently demand they be addressed by grandiose titles, like "Dread One" or "Vile Lord" or "Bleak Master" and such.

[Mutant Lords should strive to maintain utmost secrecy regarding a dark devourer's robot-controlling abilities. PCs should believe that a powerful humanoid or rogue A.I. is behind any and all robot uprisings, instead of a sentient plant.]

Mutations: Animal Limbs/Organs (Larynx), Empathy, Full Senses (Hearing, Vision), Increased Willpower, Intellectual Affinity (Tinkerer), Prehensile Tendrils (Simple), Unique Mutation ("Brain-Draining"), Unique Mutation ("Techno-Control"), Vegetal Parasite

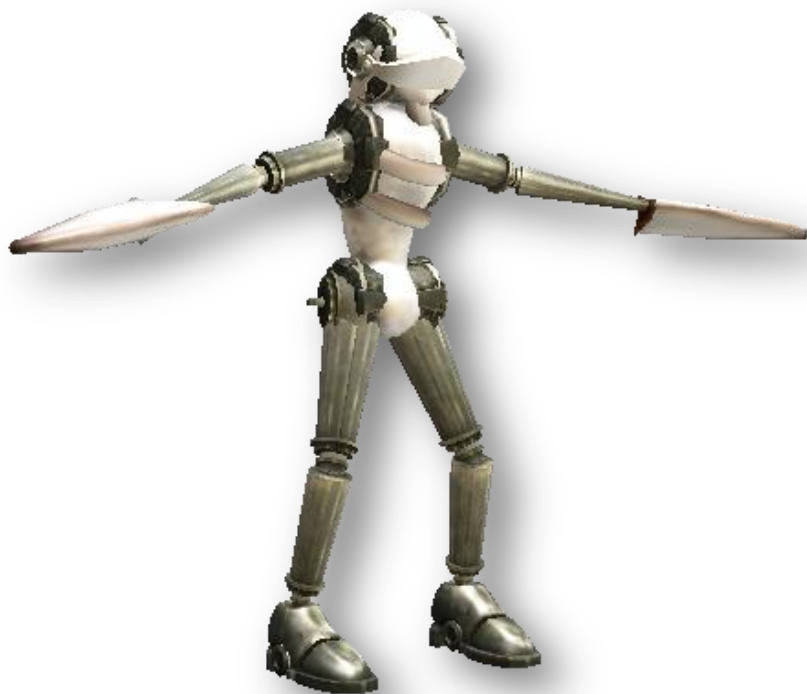
Whirring Dervish

Hit Dice:	13
Frame:	Biomorph
Locomotion:	Legs (Pair)
Manipulators:	None
Armor:	Durapalstic (AC 5)
Sensors:	Class II
Mental Programming:	Programming
Accessories:	Tool Mount
Weaponry:	Arm-Blades
XP:	3,300

Whirring dervishes are dingy humanoid robots designed only for combat. They wade into the fray, extend their bladed arms, and spin in place until all foes are diced into gooey mounds of meat.

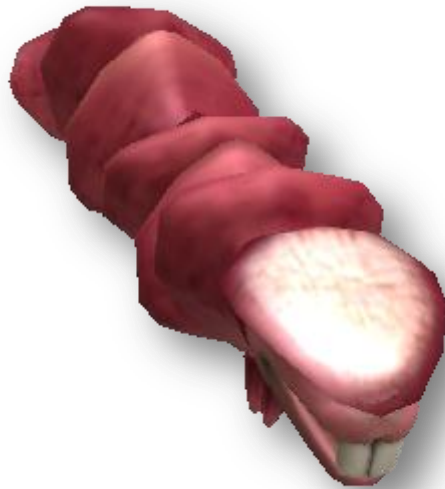
A dervish's blades affect all melee targets in an 8' radius, striking twice per round and doing 3d6 damage per hit.

A platoon of whirring dervishes can wipe out a living army in minutes.



Earth Eel

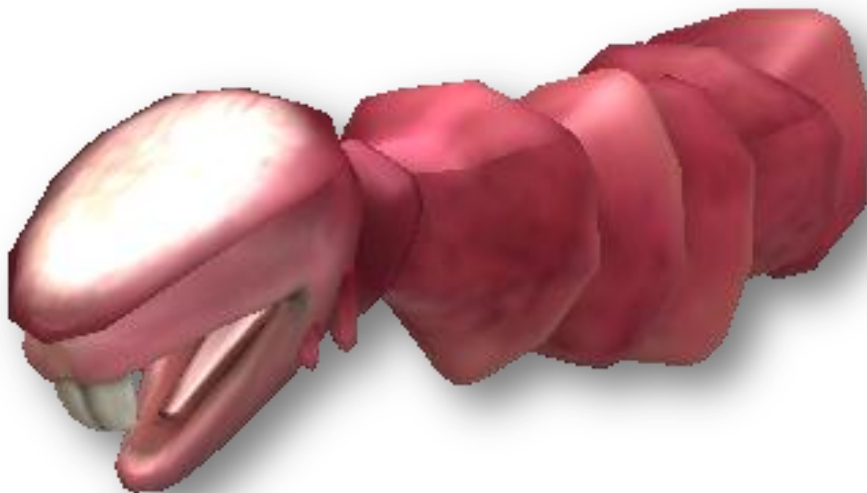
No. Enc.:	3d10 (3d10)
Alignment:	Neutral
Movement:	0' (0')
Armor Class:	5
Hit Dice:	1
Attacks:	1 (bite)
Damage:	1d6
Save:	L1
Morale:	12
Hoard Class:	VI
XP:	19



Earth eels are blind invertebrates that nest in the stony walls of cavern complexes and abandoned sewers. They lunge out and bite anything that passes in front of their burrows.

If an earth eel successfully strikes on a To Hit roll of 15-20, it grasps the passerby's weapon in a crushing grip. It takes an *Ability Check Versus STR* at a -5 penalty (or, naturally, killing the eel) to wrench the weapon free.

Mutations: Increased Sense (Hearing), Sensory Deficiency (Blind) [D]



MANIPULADO POR LA CIENCIA
PROGRAMADO PARA MATAR

LA CAZA YA HA EMPEZADO

ROTTWEILER

Un film de BRIAN YUZ

LA CAZA YA HA EMPEZADO.

ROTTWEILER

Un film de BRIAN YUZNA

Reunió en la sessió de ALBERTO VÁZQUEZ FIGUEROA

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Slayhound

No. Enc.:	1 (1d4)
Alignment:	Neutral
Movement:	150' (50')
Armor Class:	4
Hit Dice:	4
Attacks:	2 (2 bites)
Damage:	1d8 / 1d8
Save:	L3
Morale:	12
Hoard Class:	VII
XP:	190



As social institutions crumbled in the Ancient world, crime flowered and prisons overflowed, leading to bioengineered beasts designed to retrieve the lawless and the unlucky alike...

...but instead of simply recapturing their quarry...

...THEY ATE IT ALIVE!!!



Slayhounds are stocky canines with two striking features that intimidate even the most hardened individuals: malevolent, glowing cyber-eyes, and glistening, metallic jaws. They are usually encountered in the presence of law officers, jailers, or bounty hunters, and are devotedly loyal to their handlers. Slayhounds loose in the wilderness are actively pursuing an escapee...and *nothing* will stop them from hunting—and *devouring*—their quarry. (Most handlers are seemingly fine with their dogs' dining habits, as they are spared the hassles of paperwork.)

Slayhounds are almost impossible to kill, as each has 1d3+3 "lives". After falling in combat, a slayhound rises again—looking none the worse for wear—in 4d4 rounds, and doggedly resumes the hunt. The next time it perishes, revivification takes 4d6 rounds, and reveals slight injuries. Each subsequent "death" and "rebirth" escalates the duration up the polyhedral dice scale (3rd death = 4d8 rounds, 4th = 4d10 rounds, etc.), with correspondingly more gruesome wounds. At the stage of its "final life", a slayhound is nothing more than an ambulatory metallic (AC 0) skeleton...albeit a *deadly* ambulatory metallic skeleton.

Their Hoard Class represents the possessions of nearby victims.

Mutations: Increased Sense (Smell, Vision) (Implants)



THE PARTY BEGINS WHEN THE LIGHTS GO OUT!

Slumber Party **MASSACRE II**



CONCORDE PICTURES Presents "SLUMBER PARTY MASSACRE II"

Starring CRYSTAL BERNARD PATRICK LOWE KIMBERLY McARTHUR JULIETTE CUMMINS HEIDI KOZAK
JOEL HOFFMAN SCOTT WESTMORELAND Featuring ATANAS ILITCH as the Driller Killer Director of Photography THOMAS CALLAWAY
Written and Directed by DEBORAH BROCK Produced by DEBORAH BROCK and DON DANIEL Executive Producer ROGER CORMAN



EMBASSY HOME ENTERTAINMENT



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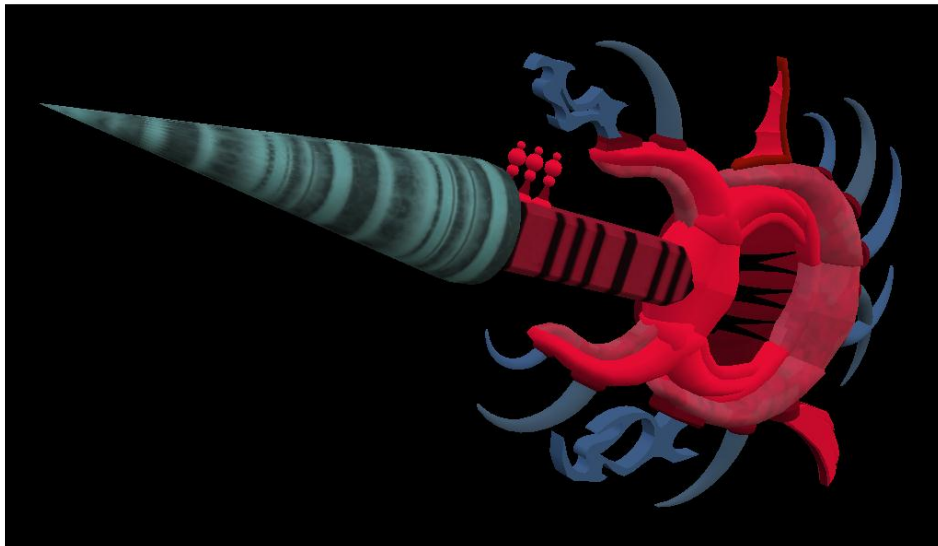
Artwork and Design © 1987 Embassy Home Entertainment * 1901 Avenue of the Stars, Los Angeles, California 90067 Printed in U.S.A.

Artifact: *Debase Guitar*

As idyllic and wondrous as The Times Before seem to those scavenging in the blasted wastelands, some Ancients were brutal lunatics that butchered their fellows with any number of insidious implements...

...but perhaps none was more demented than the instrument that pierced your mind and soul with its magnificent music...

...AND YOUR SWEETMEATS AND EYE-SOCKETS WITH ITS DEVASTATING DRILLBIT!!!





A *debase guitar* is a cumbersome, 25 lb., stringed instrument with garishly stabby design flourishes and a conspicuous 24" long drill at its head. Only those possessing a STR 14 and (at least) two human-like hands—with corresponding phalanges—can manipulate it properly. The device functions without any obvious power source.

When played, a *debase guitar* produces squealing "rock and/or roll" music that *Paralyzes* any sentient being (who can hear, naturally) within a 100' radius upon a failed *Saving Throw Versus Stun*. The tunes carry up to a mile away. When wielded in melee combat, the guitar's megatanium drillbit bores through even the hardest of substances, treating any armor as if it is 4 AC worse and doing 2d8+20 damage per strike.

Debase guitars are amongst the rarest of artifacts, and fetch tens of thousands on the open market. And they are never found in treasure hoards; instead, they are encountered exclusively in the clutches of sadistic rockabilly mutants in fusion-burnin' funnycars, defrosted clones of Rock Gods wracked with cryogenic dementia, and cornpone, pizza-chain beast-bots run amok.

"ERASERHEAD MEETS NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD
ON THE SET OF TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE!"

TOMMY VINCE
RADIO 1, ENGLAND

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LEGENDARY PICTURES PRESENTS
"STREET TRASH"
(1987)

PAUL CRISP IN THE
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IN THE R. RAY & FRANK SCHREIER

SPECIAL MAKEUP EFFECTS BY JENNIFER ASHBALL

ASSOCIATE PRODUCER FRANK PAREL

WARNING: This movie contains material that may be considered
offensive to some viewers. It is
not for children under 17.

WRITTEN AND PRODUCED BY ROY FRUMMES

DIRECTED BY JIM MURRO



Artifact: Tenaflly Viper

In times considered ancient to even The Ancients themselves, the underprivileged drowned their sorrows with alcoholic rotgut most foul...

...BUT ONE BRAND IN PARTICULAR NOT ONLY ROTTED GUTS, BUT THE ENTIRE BODY IN A GLOWING TORRENT OF ABHORENT GORE!!!





Crates of the bottled beverage known as *Tenaflly Viper* are only found in the bowels of ruined liquor stores, groceries, and breweries. These crates are never grouped with other conspicuous foodstuffs or artifacts; no, they they are always concealed in secret recesses, or buried. Any given site only has 1 crate of the beverage, and each crate contains 4d6 bottles.

Tenaflly Viper looks and smells like any other cheap, pungent alcohol. But if even the slightest swig is consumed, the drinker immediately gasps, convulses, and spasms...

...and melts into a puddle of day-glo sludge.

Complete cellular breakdown takes an agonizing 1d4 minutes, and no Saving Throws are allowed. The screams carry for miles.

Each bottle of *Tenaflly Viper* contains enough liquid for 6 gulps.

Unless wearing protective gear, those coming into contact with a melting victim (rushing to aid, dripped on from above, etc.) suffer severe harm from the acidic goop, taking an automatic 2d6 damage per round for 1d4+2 rounds.

Interestingly, those with the *Obese Physical Mutation Drawback* don't melt when consuming *Tenaflly Viper*...

...instead, they bloat and swell over the course of 2d4 rounds until exploding, unleashing a rain of acidic fluid that coats everything in a 75' radius. Those caught in the sanguine slurry suffer 2d6 damage per round for 1d4+2 rounds.

Sealed bottles of *Tenaflly Viper* can be thrown as grenades, and upon impact, do 1d6 damage for 1d4+1 rounds.

Assuming they survive, those exposed to *Tenaflly Viper* in any of the non-ingested cases mentioned above permanently lose 1d6 points of CHA, due to sloughing, melted skin and the resultant scarring.

As mentioned previously, no Saving Throws are allowed to resist exposure to *Tenaflly Viper*. That said, Mutant Plants and Basic Androids are completely immune to any and all effects of the deadly hooch.

Intact bottles of *Tenaflly Viper* are highly valued by those of a Chaotic bent, and assassins in particular. Black market prices can exceed 500 GP per container.



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20th CENTURY-FOX

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Manigator

No. Enc.: 1d8 (3d6)
Alignment: Any
Movement: 120' (40')
—Swim: 60' (20')
Armor Class: 4
Hit Dice: 7
Attacks: 3 or 1 (2 claws, 1 bite, or weapon)
Damage: 1d4 / 1d4 / 1d10, or by weapon
Save: L8
Morale: 11
Hoard Class: IX, XVIII
XP: 1,840



The Ancients' earliest experiments in the regrowth of human tissue often involved serums derived from the animal kingdom...

...and reptile-based concoctions proved the most successful, healing savage burns and regenerating lost limbs in mere weeks...

...BUT AT THE COST OF TRANSFORMING PATIENTS INTO SAVAGE, SCALY SAURIANS!!!

Actually Mutant Humans instead of anthropomorphic Mutant Animals, the nocturnal Manigators are the descendants of Ancients injected with experimental rejuvenating drugs. The treatments were initially successful, but within a year, the recipients manifested thick scales, diminished mental acuity, and increased aggression. Subsequent exposure to the wild contaminants of The Apocalypse further mutated their features, yet stabilized their temperaments.

Radiation in all its forms wreaks havoc on a Manigator. While they have adapted to the background contamination of the Mutant Future, certain unique energies (like those from "*gamma rays from cobalt bombs, plus high-intensity x-rays*"¹) regress them back to a less bestial appearance...and ultimately into Pure Humans! Radiation-based weapons and Mutations have a 50% chance of inflicting the following additional effects on a Manigator:

Roll 1d12	Effect
1-4	Damage total diminished by -1d8 points
5-9	Damage total increased by +2d6 points
10-11	Manigator becomes more bestial, increasing its damage to 1d6 / 1d6 / 2d8
12	Manigator permanently gains 1 random Mutation

And intense solar radiation and artifacts that mimic the same (like "*sun-ray projectors*"²) have depressive effects on Manigators, making them lethargic. A Manigator suffers a -3 To Hit penalty in full sunlight, and actually goes dormant after a full Turn of exposure. This effect wears off in 1d6 rounds after the sun goes down.

Each Manigator possesses its own unique motivation and outlook. Some live in self-imposed exile, and vengefully and savagely hunt down those with high CHA scores. Others seek to regain their human forms at any cost, hoarding Ancient medical artifacts and kidnapping tech-minded types to operate them. And many are wholly accepting of their conditions, and form peaceable communities of like-minded souls.

Wild crocodilians (mutant and otherwise) have a primal aversion to Manigators, and attack them on sight.

Mutations: Enhanced Vision (Night Vision), Epidermal Susceptibility ("Radiation Reactivity") [D], Natural Armor (Extreme), Regenerative Capability



**A METEOR
CRASHED ON EARTH...**

**NO ONE KNEW
THE MYSTERY OF
THE MUTANT SPORES
INSIDE!**



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Starring **CHARLES GEORGE HILDEBRANDT**
Also starring **TOM DE FRANCO • RICHARD LEE PORTER • JEAN TAFER • KAREN TIGHE**
ETHEL MITCHELSON • JOHN SCHMERLING • JAMES BREWSTER • ELISSA NEIL
Produced by **TED A. BOHUS** • Directed by **DOUGLAS McKEOWN**
Special Makeup by **ARNOLD GARGIULO** • Lighting Director **FRANK BALSAMO**
Music by **MICHAEL PERILSTEIN** • Additional Music by **KEN WALKER and PAUL CORNELL**
Editor **MARC HARWOOD** • Director of Photography **HARVEY BIRNBAUM** • Director of Special Effects **JOHN DODS**

Mawspawn – Adult

No. Enc.: 1 (1d4)
Alignment: Neutral
Movement: 90' (30')
Armor 5
Class:
Hit Dice: 10
Attacks: 5 (2 claws, 3 bites)
Damage: 1d4 / 1d4 / 1d8 / 2d8 / 3d8
Save: L5
Morale: 12
Hoard VII
Class:
XP: 5,200



The Ancients dealt with all manner of cosmic menaces, from [conquering fiends](#) to [deadly diseases](#)...

...yet nothing prepared them for the insatiable, slithering, slavering slugs that infested hearth, home...

...AND THE LIVING FLESH OF THEIR OWN BODIES!!!

The extraterrestrial mawspawn are strong, slippery, slimy, scarlet masses of mouths, tentacles, and teeth...so very many teeth! They wriggle from meteorites and space debris, and seek out dark, wet dens so as to begin procreating and feeding, feeding and procreating. Their lairs are awash in gore, and anything entering such proverbial charnel houses suffers a +3 penalty to all Morale checks.

A typical adult mawspawn reaches 5'-6' tall, and sports 3 heads of increasing size, plus two lashing tentacles. [Smaller sub-adults may have fewer heads and/or tentacles, so adjust their attacks accordingly.] The massive central mouth's bite is so powerful that it automatically decapitates a victim (no Saving Throw allowed) on a natural To Hit roll of 17-20.

Adults produce 10d30 larvae per day [see following page].



Mawspawn are mindless eating machines, and therefore immune to all Mental Mutations that affect the consciousness: *Empathy, Mental Phantasm, Mind Thrust, Neural Telepathy*, etc. And while completely blind, they possess uncanny hearing, and unerringly track prey by sound. Mawspawn can be tricked into attacking radios, CBs, etc., and perhaps suffer electrical and/or fire damage in the process.

Given enough food and moisture, mawspawn can theoretically grow to mindboggling sizes. Hushed rumors tell of mawspawn so big, they shatter mountains from within....

Mutations: Increased Sense (Hearing), Sensory Deficiency (Blindness) [D]

Mawspawn – Larva

No. Enc.: 5d12 (10d12)
Alignment: Neutral
Movement: 30' (10')
Armor Class: 9
Hit Dice: 2 hp
Attacks: 1 (bite)
Damage: 1d4
Save: L1
Morale: 12
Hoard Class: VII
XP: 8



Newly-hatched, 6-inch larval mawspawn resemble eels with oversized, tooth-lined jaws. They thrive in moisture, and spread far and wide in search of flesh and blood. Mawspawn larvae often gnaw their way into structures and infest every part—furniture, walls, ceilings, even plumbing—to reach the occupants (and frequently kill themselves in the process, succumbing to electrical wiring, vermin traps, etc.)



Larvae can chew their way into sleeping victims (requires a *Saving Throw Versus Stun* to awaken when first bitten), and hollow them out from within. Such corpses are quickly reduced to mere bone.

As larval mawspawn feast, they grow...and soon sprout buds that develop into additional mouths and/or tentacles. [It's up to the Mutant Lord to determine HP/HD, XP, damage, etc. of such "intermediary" mawspawn.]

Like the adults, mawspawn larvae are immune to all Mental Mutations that affect the conscious mind.

Mutations: Increased Sense (Hearing), Sensory Deficiency (Blindness) [D]



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WORLD PANIC AS UFOs
APPROACH EARTH...



THE EYE CREATURES

(UFOs FROM OUTERSPACE)



PARENTAL GUIDANCE RECOMMENDED
FOR PERSONS UNDER 15 YEARS

Oculoid

No. Enc.: 2d4 (3d6)
Alignment: Chaotic
Movement: 60' (20')
Armor Class: 6
Hit Dice: 10
Attacks: 2 (2 claws)
Damage: 1d8 / 1d8
Save: L10
Morale: 10
Hoard Class: None
XP: 5,200



In the Ancient era, "lovers lanes" were places where teenagers, vehicles, isolation, and debauchery all combined to form a heady, hormonal, Saturday-night stew...

...but the predators drawn to such revels were no mere woodland beasts...

...FOR THEY WERE SINISTER STALKERS FROM THE STYGIAN ABYSS OF SPACE!!!

The nocturnal oculoids are plodding, corpulent, 6' tall beings with lumpy, greenish-gray hides. Their bulbous, malformed heads are covered with 6d4 randomly-placed eyeballs that grant 360-degree vision (meaning they are never *Surprised*). Viscous, sanguinary drool dribbles from their gaping, toothless maws. Despite their hefty bulk, oculoids are uncannily quiet, and *Surprise* victims on a roll of 1-4 on 1d6.



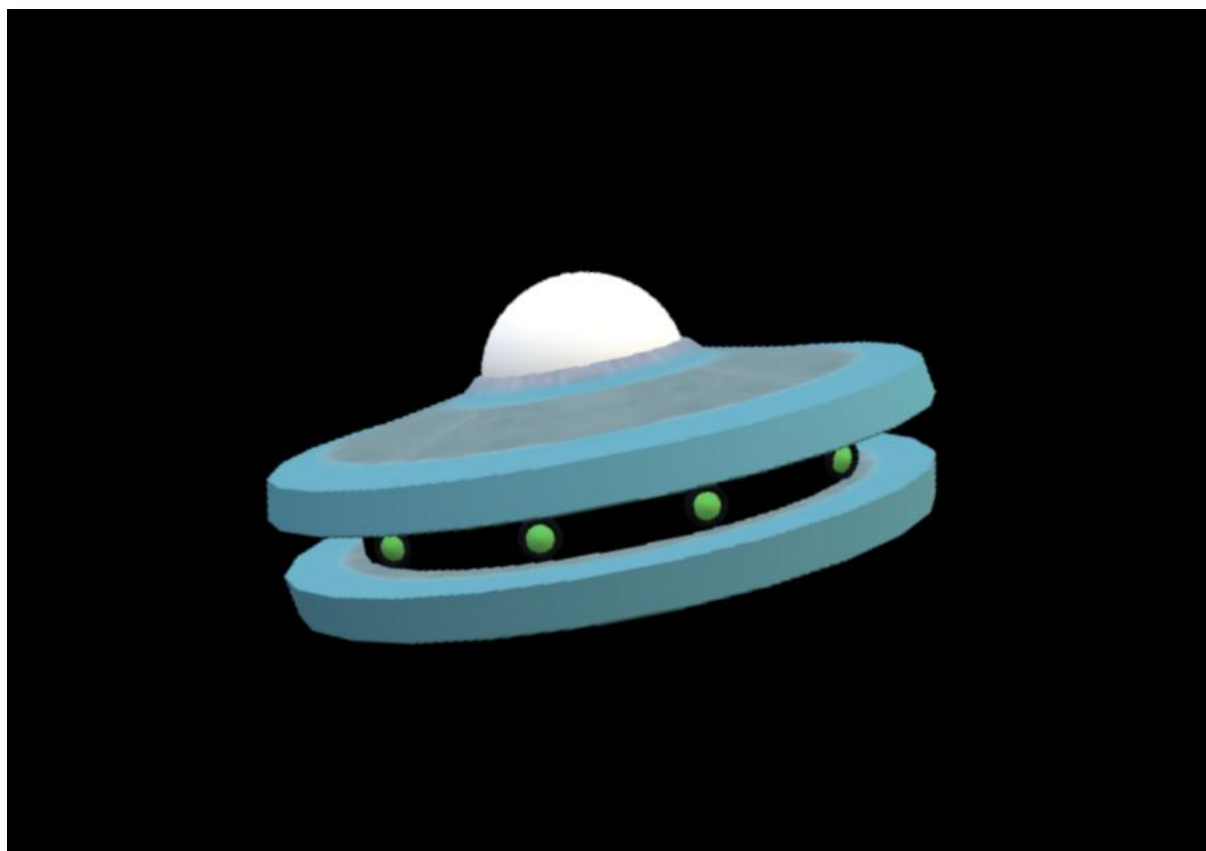
Oculoids are drawn to those remote locations where randy Pure Human and Mutant Human youths go to revel far from parental disapproval. They attack teens *en masse* with their deadly claws, and collectively gain a +1 To Hit (up to a maximum of +4) for each oculoid in the fray.

If an oculoid loses its hands/arms in combat, the severed parts still locomote and attack. Detached oculoid claws possess 1 HD, crawl at a rate of 9' (3'), do 1d6 damage, and climb rough vertical surfaces with ease. They function even if the original host is deceased.

Oculoids have one bizarre—and crippling—physiological vulnerability: they combust when exposed to even the smallest amount of manufactured light. One round after being subjected to the luminosity from a flashlight, camera, headlamp, or other electric source, an oculoid erupts in a fiery explosion that kills it instantly, doing 5d6 damage to anyone (including other oculoids) in a 6' radius. As oculoids have never been encountered during daylight hours, it is presumed that sunlight has the same deadly effects.

Interestingly, oculoids favor the same types of satellites/spacecraft as those hijacked by other Venusian races [see *Zontar...*, p. 102], but how they came by them is unknown. And while this clearly indicates intelligence, the creatures exhibit neither the ability nor the inclination to communicate with other races.

Mutations: Extra Parts (Eyes), Frailty ("Explosive Photosensitivity") [D], Increased Sense (Vision), Unique Mutation ("Dismemberability")



Jamie wouldn't kill anyone... unless Teddy told him to!

The Pit



AMULET PICTURES presents **"THE PIT"** starring SAMMY SNYDERS and JEANNIE ELIAS
Original Screenplay by IAN A. STUART • Music by VICTOR DAVIES
Produced by BENNET FODE • Directed by LEW LEHMAN • Executive Producer JOHN F. BASSETT
Director of Photography FRED GUTHE • Editor RIK MORDEN / AN AMULET PICTURES RELEASE

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DESIGN • CINEMAVISIONS • NEW YORK

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Tralalog

No. Enc.: 1d6 (1d6)
Alignment: Chaotic
Movement: 135' (55')
Armor Class: 6
Hit Dice: 4
Attacks: 3 (2 claws, 1 bite)
Damage: 1d6 / 1d6 / 1d8
Save: L2
Morale: 10
Hoard Class: VI
XP: 190

In the Mutant Future, scavengers covet the valuable relics buried by the scourges of war and the sands of time...

...but some things should remain eternally below the surface, never to see the light of day...

***...FOR THEY'VE SPENT THE ENDLESS EONS
HUNGERING FOR SUCCULENT HUMAN FLESH!!!***

Tralalogs are shaggy, 4'-5' tall bipeds with blazing yellow eyes, razored claws, snapping fangs, and slaving jowls. Some crumbling tomes insist the creatures are the primordial progenitors of The Ancients themselves (and, accordingly, all such Pure and Mutant Human descendants thereof), but many find this distasteful...and with good reason, for tralalogs are horrid beasts that live only to satisfy their unholy appetites.



Tralalogs lurk in natural pits or crevasses (which may lead to deeper cavern complexes), waiting in the dark for prey to stumble into their lairs. The beasts attack en masse, and gain a +1 cumulative To Hit bonus per creature when striking the same foe. Furthermore, PCs suffer a cumulative -1 bonus per creature for any relevant Ability Checks involving *not* being dragged down to their doom by grasping, clutching tralalogs.

Some communities actually sustain tralalog dens, tossing "bad people" and undesirables inside for "punishment". And insane individuals have been known to lower ropes into the pits, letting the tralalogs climb forth to rampage across the countryside...

...but those encountered topside suffer a -3 penalty to all Morale Checks when facing armed opposition.

Mutations: Enhanced Vision (Night Vision)

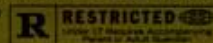
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BEYOND THE POWER OF
PRIEST OR SCIENCE TO
EXORCISE!



THEY CAME FROM WITHIN

"THEY CAME FROM WITHIN" starring PAUL HAMPTON • JOE SILVER
LYNN LOWRY • and BARBARA STEELE as "BETTS" • produced by IVAN REITMAN
written and directed by DAVID CRONENBERG • a TRANS-AMERICAN FILMS Release
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16/17

"THEY CAME FROM WITHIN"

Disease: *Libidinos*

Save Modifier: -5

Infection Duration: Permanent (See Below)

Affected Stats: STR +2, INT +2, WIL -3, CHA +2

Damage Per Day: None

As wondrous robots and cybernetics and media technologies proliferated throughout their world, The Ancients themselves grew more cold...more distant...more removed from their fundamental humanity. Rogue scientists longed to return mankind to its passionate, primitive roots...

...BY CREATING A PARASITE THAT TURNED ITS VICTIMS INTO WANTON, DEBAUCHED DEGENERATES INTENT ON FORNICATING HUMANITY INTO OBLIVION!!!

Libidinos—more colloquially known in the Mutant Future as *lovesickness*—is the condition brought about by particularly insidious parasites that amplify the hormonal and adrenal responses of their hosts, inducing a hypersexual drive to copulate with any and all Pure Humans or Mutant Humans, regardless of gender, race, age, or sexual orientation. Those thus infected are known as *STDemons*.

The only indicators of libidinos infection are palpable, pulsating "fatty masses" in the host's abdomen (which are actually clustered parasites), and sporadic bleeding from the orifices.

Libidinos spreads through physical intimacy, either orally or through genital-orifice contact. Infection is instantaneous, but the corresponding personality changes take 1d10 turns to manifest.

STDemons usually give into their baser natures, and clumsily assault their targets en masse. But, terrifyingly, they can reign in their urges to convince victims of their normality, and then lure them into traps (where more STDemons usually await) or seduce them one-on-one. And despite their hedonistic





ways, STDemons retain all of their skills and knowledge, and can operate tools, machinery, and vehicles as normal.

Aside from the aforementioned bleeding, libidiosis infections cause no overt damage to their hosts, but if not "released" regularly through transmission (at least once every 3 days), the parasites slither from a host's mouth or navel in search of new victims.

Filter-doses [see p. 125 of the *Mutant Future Core Rules*] cure the disease. Surgical extraction works as well, but requires skilled medicos with the proper tools...and even then, there is a 25% chance the patient will die of shock and blood loss.

The parasites sometimes wriggle from unconscious hosts' mouths, but simple tape prevents their escape.



Fuckslug

No. Enc.:	1d4 (2d6)
Alignment:	Neutral
Movement:	9' (3')
Armor Class:	8
Hit Dice:	3 hp
Attacks:	1 (acid, or invasion)
Damage:	1d8, or See Below
Save:	L1
Morale:	12
Hoard Class:	None
XP:	8



The crassly named *fuckslugs* are invasive parasites that cause libidinosus. The grotesque, filth-brown creatures range from 3"-9" in length, and leave bloody slime-trails in their passing. They are capable of making standing leaps up to 3' away.

Fuckslugs are drawn to uninfected individuals—in particular, the *orifices* of uninfected individuals—and slither through plumbing and apertures, and across ceilings and obstacles, to reach them. They also hide inside containers and objects to await victims.

While relatively harmless (aside from that whole infection-and-spontaneous-bleeding thing, that is) when inside a host, "free-range" fuckslugs release powerful acid when threatened. These secretions inflict a continuous 2d6 damage and permanent -1 CHA per round of contact, and actually melt the parasite into the flesh of its victim. An *Ability Check Versus STR* at a +2 penalty is required to remove an external fuckslug.

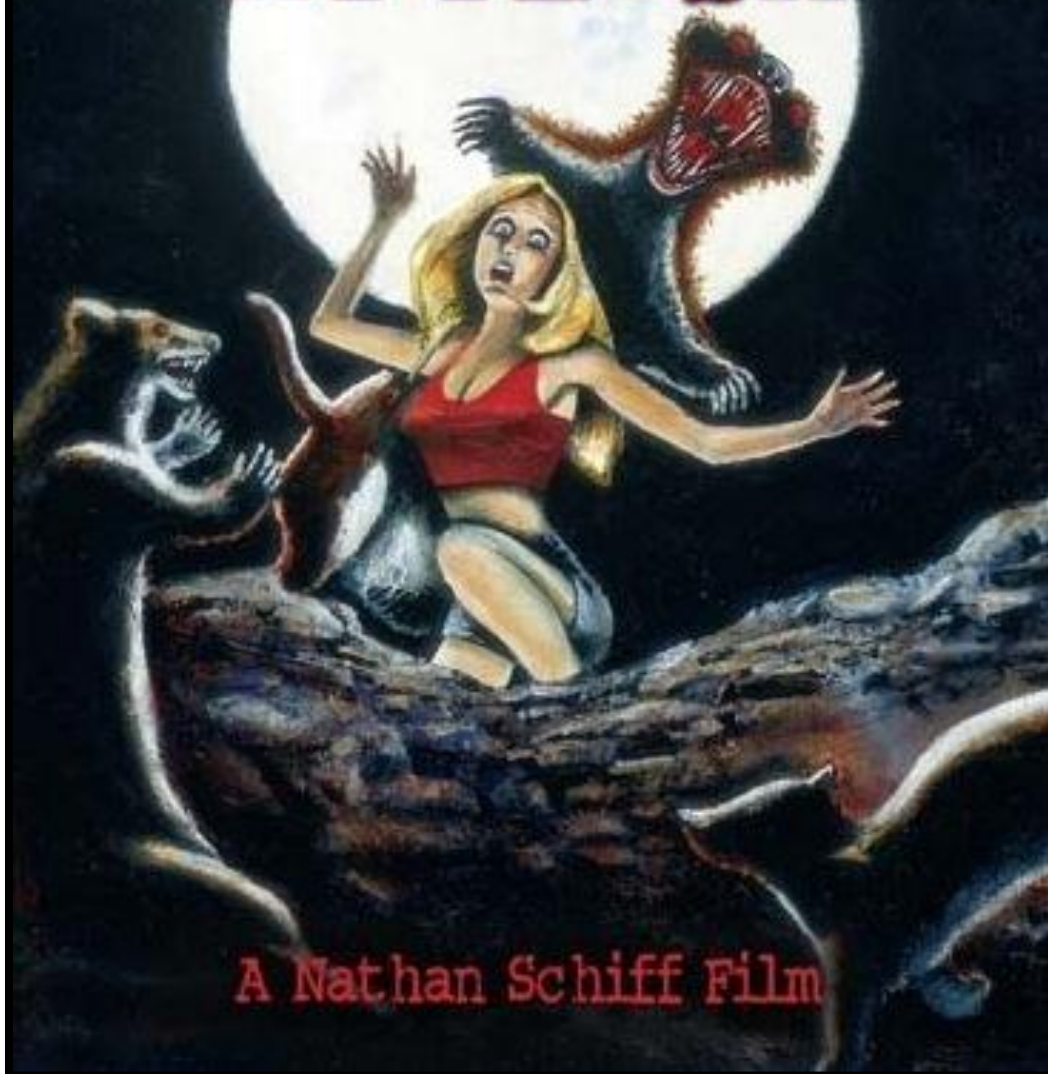
Fuckslugs require no To Hit rolls to invade sleeping or otherwise oblivious individuals, and induce immediate infection. In combat situations, a successful hit from a fuckslug means it leaps and adheres to its target, releasing its acid as it works its way towards an orifice; a roll of a Natural 18-20 means that it flies straight into the target's mouth.

Mutations: Dermal Poison Slime (Modified), Unique Sense ("Host-Sense")



CULT CINEMA COLLECTION

WEASELS RIP MY FLESH



Fever Weasel

No. Enc.: 1 (1d4)
Alignment: Neutral
Movement: 120' (40')
Armor Class: 6
Hit Dice: 6
Attacks: 3 (2 claws, 1 bite)
Damage: 2d4 / 2d4 / 2d8
Save: L6
Morale: 12
Hoard Class: None
XP: 1,820



The Ancients' forays into space often had terrible consequences for Mother Earth, and voyages to the Second Planet proved particularly devastating...

...but one Venus mission was worse than all others...

...FOR IT UNLEASHED RAVENOUS, RAGING, REGENERATING ABERRATIONS THAT RAN RAMPANT ACROSS THE GLOBE!!!

Fever weasels are enormous, gator-sized mustelids with freakishly enlarged heads and corresponding maws lined with knife-like teeth. Their legs and paws are stumpy, bloated, and rubbery, and their fur is coarse and mangy.

The beasts are ferocious combatants. Their bites are not only powerful enough to rip off limbs with a natural To Hit roll of 19-20, but they also transmit a particularly nasty strain of rabies [see p. 48 of the *Mutant Future Core Rules*]. 1d4 rounds after infection, those stricken become murderous lunatics who attack their allies and loved ones. (The Mutant Lord should turn PCs thus afflicted into NPCs until the disease runs its course.) Fever weasels can prop themselves up, balancing on their tails to attack foes about the face and neck.

Fever weasels possess uncanny healing powers. Not only are they immune to all poisons and diseases, but they are effectively immortal, as they constantly replenish their cells. Any specimen "killed" in combat will return to life in 1d4 hours unless the corpse is burned to ash, or doused in acid. Fever weasels can re-grow severed limbs within a day, instead of the usual 1d4+2 weeks customary to the standard *Regenerative Capability* mutation...



...but dismembering a fever weasel only creates *more* of the creatures. Each separate piece—no matter how small—grows into its own fully-formed entity within 1d6 days. It is up to the Mutant Lord to determine how many new fever weasels arise from the chunks of their "parent" during any given combat encounter.

Mutations: Gigantism, Regenerative Capability (Modified), Toxic Weapon ("Ultra-Rabies")

IT PREYS
ON HUMAN
FEAR.
IT FEEDS
ON HUMAN
FLESH.



WITHOUT WARNING

THE ALIEN TERROR IS HERE ON EARTH

SKIP STELLOFF presents A GREYDON CLARK PRODUCTION

WITHOUT WARNING

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R
RESTRICTED
Under 17 requires
accompanying parent or
adult guardian

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WITHOUT WARNING

WITHOUT WARNING

Cosmo-Poacher

No. Enc.: 1 (1)
Alignment: Chaotic
Movement: See Below
Armor Class: 5
Hit Dice: 13
Attacks: See Below
Damage: See Below
Save: L13
Morale: 12
Hoard Class: XVIII
XP: 10,500

The Ancients once had a saying that "man was the most dangerous game"...

...BUT MAN PROVED UTTERLY HELPLESS AGAINST THE DASTARDLY DEPREDACTIONS OF PALLID PURSUERS FROM BEYOND THE STARS!!!

Almost nothing is known about the 7' tall, blue-skinned extraterrestrials dubbed *cosmo-poachers*. They are neither of the Ancient Earth nor the Mutant Future, yet no one has ever seen their spacecraft, nor any evidence of their culture and/or technology. Though clearly intelligent, communication with these beings has proved utterly fruitless, with stone silence (or an occasional unearthly shriek) their only reply.



Cosmo-poachers target isolated communities, and lurk on the fringes of the wilderness to stealthily pick off (by *Surprising* on a 1-4 on 1d6) lone travelers, campers, and explorers. They drag these victims back to their lairs-slash-larders, which are always housed in abandoned buildings long forgotten by the locals.

Cosmo-poachers have uncanny tracking abilities unimpeded by terrain, weather, and environmental conditions. They are never *Surprised*, and can detect secret doors and traps on a roll of 1-4 on 1d6. And they hunt by day and by night, seemingly never sleeping.

While cosmo-poachers clearly possess great physical strength (given that they can carry multiple humanoid corpses with ease) and sport savage claws, they have never been witnessed making brute physical

attacks. Instead, they wield bioweapons—literal living creatures, used offensively—known as ***toxstars*** [see following page] to bring down their victims. Cosmo-poachers can throw one toxstar per round, and prefer to attack at long range (perhaps to heighten the sense of sport...but most certainly to avoid retaliatory attacks).

The beings are also surprisingly fast, but only when *not* being observed. When watched, a cosmo-poacher methodically stalks towards its prey at a rate of 30' (10')...but when its victim turns to blindly flee, the hunter's movement rate shifts to 180' (60'). Again, this rate only applies when the cosmo-poacher is *not* seen. Cosmo-poachers seemingly enjoy allowing their victims to think they've escaped harm, only to appear suddenly behind them with toxstars at the ready....

When attacked, cosmo-poachers' wounds erupt in geysers of fluid...but such displays overstate the degree of actual injury. They suffer just half-damage from conventional weapons and firearms, and can seal up their wounds with but a touch. This *Body Adjustment* takes 2 full rounds of inactivity to complete, and instead of being available 1d4 times per week, it's usable 1d6 times per day.

Cosmo-poachers disrupt compasses and radio reception within a 500' radius. Whether this is a result of natural body chemistry, or technology hidden in their attire, is unknown.

Mutations: Body Adjustment (Modified), Increased Sense (Hearing, Smell, Taste, Touch, Vision), Know Direction

Toxstar

No. Enc.:	See Below
Alignment:	Neutral
Movement:	0' (0')
—Fly:	180' (60')
Armor Class:	6
Hit Dice:	3 hp
Attacks:	See Below
Damage:	See Below
Save:	L1
Morale:	N/A
Hoard Class:	None
XP:	9



Toxstars are a species of 5" wide echinoderms utilized by cosmo-poachers as offensive weapons. How cosmo-poachers procure them is unknown, as are their origins and natural behaviors...for like their wielders, toxstars are not found in the wilds of the Mutant Future.



A cosmo-poacher keeps 4d4 toxstars on its person at any given time. While toxstars can't attain lift-off on their own, they levitate through the air when thrown, and can travel up to a half-mile at a rate of 180' (60'). They can even zip around corners and dodge/bypass objects to zero in on the desired target...and they instinctively land on the victim's most unreachable place(s) (usually the mid-back).

A toxstar latches onto a target with a combination of suction pads and gnashing teeth, doing an automatic 2d4 damage per round. 1d3 rounds after adhesion, the creature extends piercing barbs into the victim's flesh—

doing another 1d6 damage—and secretes a viscous, pus-like, acidic Class 17 poison. Those killed by a toxstar's fluids begin to dissolve within 1d6 turns...and those that make their *Saving Throws* still suffer the poison damage, plus an extra 1d12 Hit Points from blood loss, and endure wicked scarring (losing 1d4 CHA).

A toxstar can be forcibly removed from a victim by anyone with a STR of 15+, or by anyone with a STR of 12+ using an implement (knife, prybar, etc.). Removal causes 1d10 damage.

Toxstars are clearly unintelligent, as those that miss their targets inevitably attach to other objects—trees, vehicles, buildings, etc.—and ineffectually extend their hooks and secrete venom. They even adhere to glass, but are dislodged with the slightest pressure. Any "loose" toxstars can be gathered up and placed in containers, where they seemingly live indefinitely (even in water, formaldehyde, or other liquids).

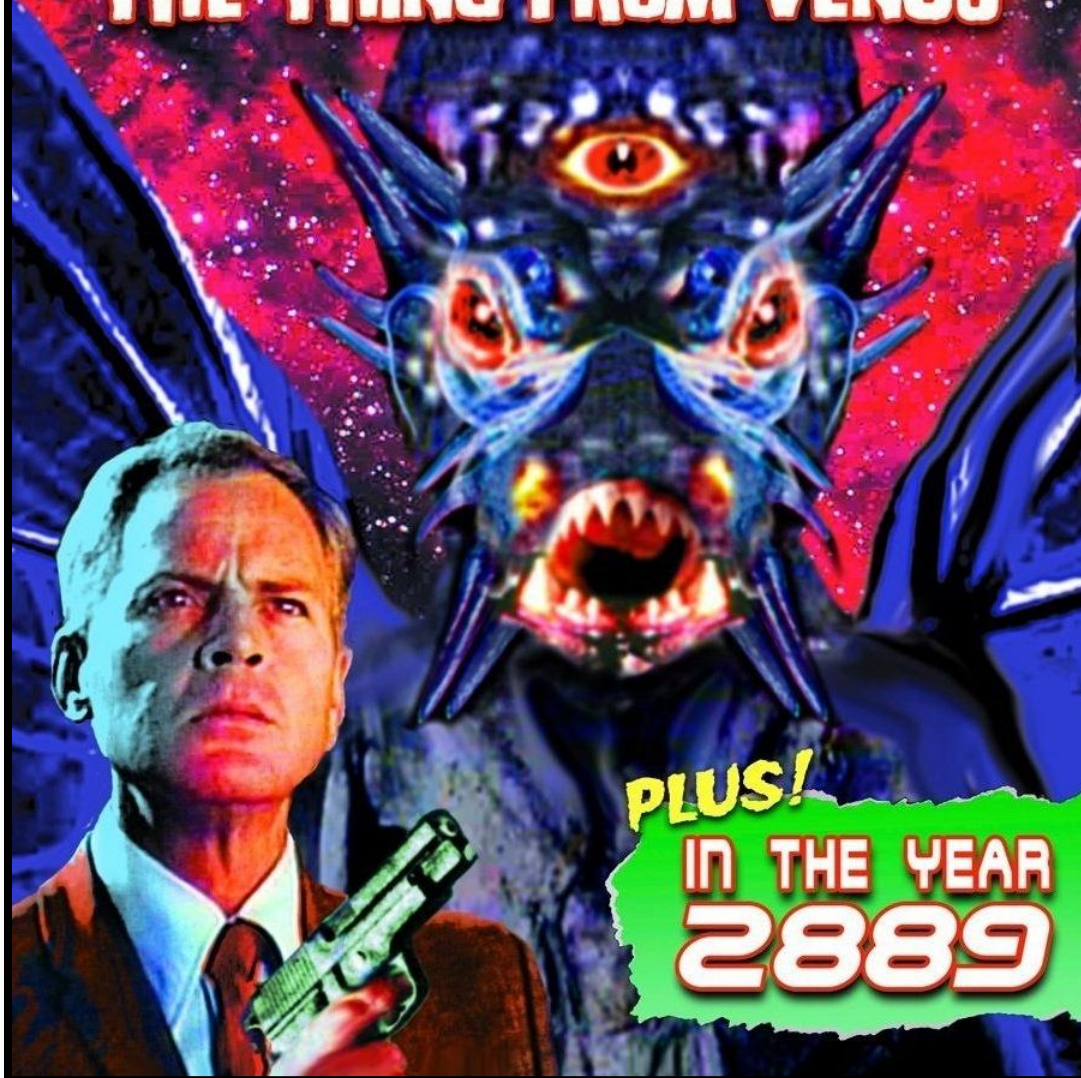
Mutations: Psionic Flight (Modified), Toxic Weapon (Venom)



IT CAME TO CONQUER THE WORLD!

ZONTAR

THE THING FROM VENUS



Setting Seeds: Venusian Invasion

Upon the sudden forced landing of the world's most advanced "laser communications satellite", all of the power sources on earth failed as one: *"steam, water, electricity, combustion engines...everything."*¹ Even faucets and watches stopped. Madmen ranted that this heralded the arrival of a savior from the stars...

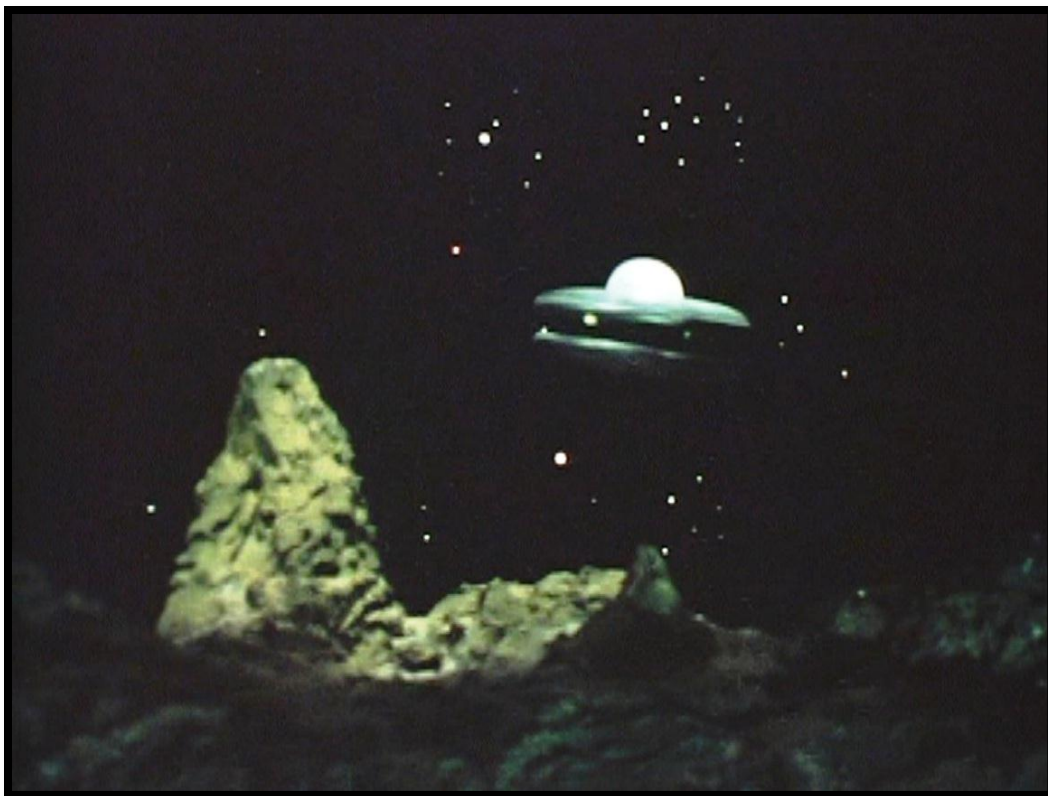
...but the being that hitched a ride aboard the satellite offered not salvation to the Human Race...

...BUT INSTEAD, FEAR...DESPAIR...CONQUEST...AND ANNIHILATION!!!

An entire Mutant Future setting can be designed around an apocalyptic incursion by Zontar, the last of a race of parasitic Venusian beings that drove the weaker species of its homeworld to extinction. Zontar possesses the awesome power to selectively "de-energize" the technologies of a planet and render all but the most primitive devices useless.

Zontar transmitted messages across space to select human beings, lulling them with promises of peace and harmony and a Bright New Future for the peoples of Earth. These "prophets" facilitated Zontar's successful landing and seclusion, giving it time and opportunity to "de-energize" the world, sending Earth back to the Stone Age practically overnight. Zontar then systematically enslaved the best and brightest while letting the panicked, rioting masses exhaust themselves...and when humanity was at its weakest, Zontar struck. It activated select armaments and vehicles for its armies of brain-slaves and conscripts, and marched them across the globe. Earth was Zontar's!

The PCs and their communities are the last vestiges of free humanity, pitting their sticks and stones against the crushing technological might of Zontar's hordes!



Zontar

No. Enc.: Unique
Alignment: Chaotic
Movement: 45' (15')
Armor Class: 0
Hit Dice: 21
Attacks: 2 (2 claws)
Damage: 1d12 / 1d12, + Special
Save: L18
Morale: 12
Hoard Class: XVIII, XXI, XXII
XP: 19,000

Hailing from Venus, Zontar is a hideous, 7' tall being with 3 drooping eyes, diseased skin, expansive wings, and grasping claws. It favors deep, dark, humid cavern complexes in which to make its lair. Zontar seemingly feeds upon the bio-electrical energies of its slaves.

Possessing a genius-level grasp of scientific and technological principles, Zontar lives for conquest, but bills itself as a savior intent on ending war and strife. Communicating through "hyperspace hypnotism" that traverses tens of thousands of miles, it persuades the gullible and weak-willed to join its cause, while concurrently brain-enslaving political, military, and scientific elites via its *injectopods* [see second page following]. This army of thralls does Zontar's bidding without question, and shields it from harm...



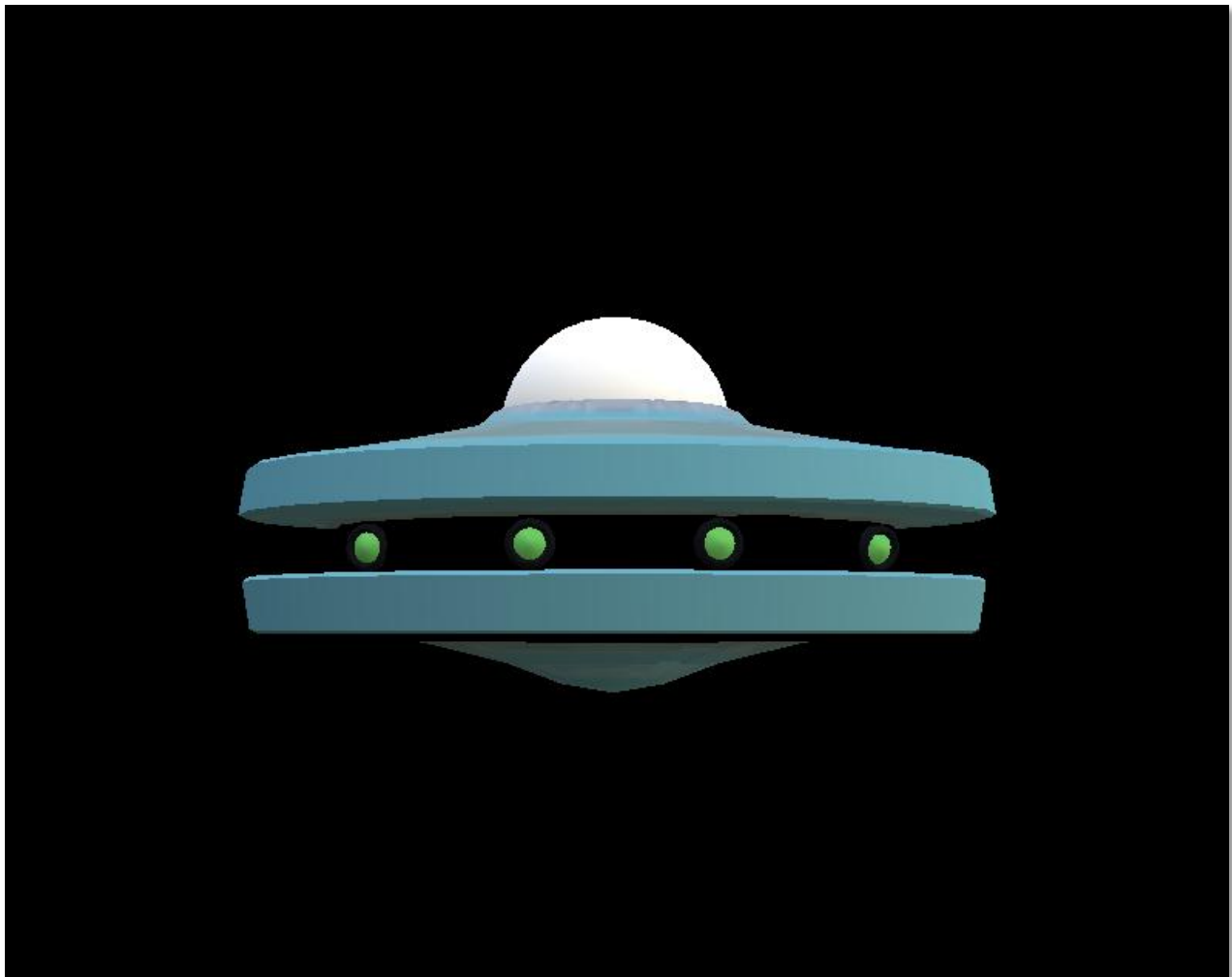
...although Zontar rarely requires such protections, as it's completely immune to damage from all conventional melee weapons, firearms, and explosives. Only a beam from a *ruby rifle* [p. 107]—which is somehow immune to the invader's energy-depleting powers—can kill Zontar outright!

Because of its proxies, Zontar rarely engages in direct combat...but when forced, it attacks with claws and swarming injectopods. If Zontar successfully strikes with both claws in the same round, the target must immediately make a *Saving Throw Versus Death*, with failure resulting in its immediate demise from a crushed skull.

Zontar has never been observed flying, despite its wings. Perhaps this is due to the lack of maneuverability in its subterranean domain, or a consequence of Earth's increased gravity. [Mutant Lords should determine their own *Flight* movement rate, if desired.]

As no technology or weaponry has ever been discovered in Zontar's former lairs, how the being managed to de-energize" the entire planet is a mystery. Zontar can negate all power sources within a 50 mile radius of its person, but also selectively activate weapons, timepieces, vehicles, plumbing, etc. of its choosing.

Mutations: Increased Sense (Vision), Intellectual Affinity (Tinkerer), Metaconcert, Neural Telepathy (Modified), Unique Mutation ("Injectopod Generation")



Injectopod

No. Enc.:	1d4 (1d8)
Alignment:	Neutral
Movement:	15' (5')
—Fly:	240' (80')
Armor Class:	2
Hit Dice:	1
Attacks:	1 (bite)
Damage:	1d4
Save:	L1
Morale:	12
Hoard Class:	None
XP:	13



Injectopods are 2' long, agile, winged crustaceans spawned from the body of Zontar itself. They grow on Zontar's frame in groups of 8, and separate from its mass on command. It takes Zontar 12 hours to grow a cluster of 8 injectopods.

Upon a successful bite attack, an injectopod implants a wiry nodule that transfers part of Zontar's "electro-biological essence" into the victim. Anyone thus bitten must defend against a Mental Attack as if from a WIL 20, with failure meaning they become a "living extension" of Zontar under the being's total mental domination. All of the subject's knowledge, experience, and memories are accessible to Zontar. After injection, the corresponding injectopod withers and dies (much like a bee losing its stinger). Zontar can telepathically direct its injectopods and its thralls at seemingly boundless range.

Determining if a subject is a Zontar-thrall, and/or noticing an implanted injectopod nodule, requires a successful *Ability Check Versus Intelligence* with a +2 penalty.

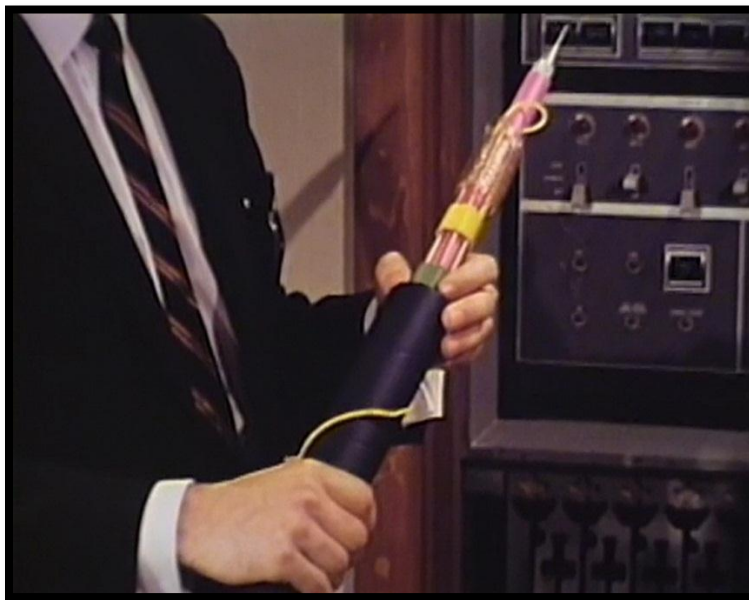
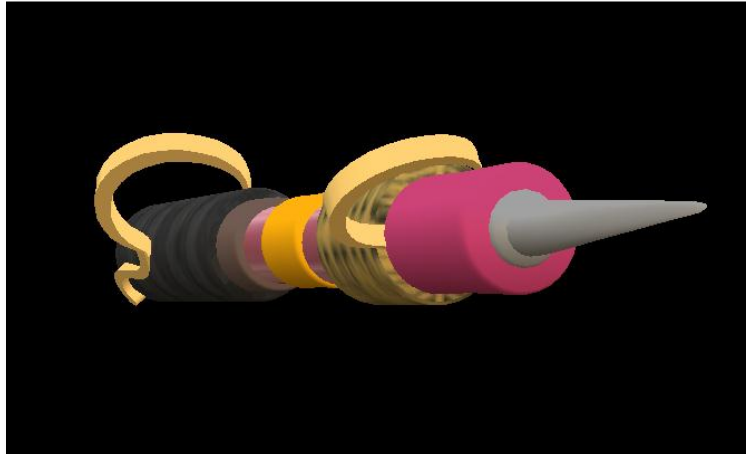
Only a skilled surgeon can remove an implanted node...and even then, the host must make an *Ability Check Versus WIL* or perish from the psychic trauma.

Mutations: Unique Mutation ("Mind-Bite")



Artifact: *Ruby Rifle*

The 2-handed weapons known as *ruby rifles* are "*beam guns...powered by plutonium ruby crystals*". With their 2' long, cylindrical, wire-wrapped shapes and needle-like tips, they resemble spears more than firearms. Each weighs 2 lbs.



When found, a ruby rifle has 2d6 shots remaining, each doing 9d8 damage at a normal range of 150 ft and a maximum range of 300 ft. A Venusian dies instantly from a single hit. The discharge from a ruby rifle bathes the battlefield and combatants in a kaleidoscopic swirl of red and green luminescence.

As rare as ruby rifles are, their "plutonium ruby crystals" are amongst the most priceless relics in the entire Mutant Future. Reloading a ruby rifle with fresh crystals supplies it with a full 50 shots.



THE END...?