

# FAUX-PAS



by NICK LS WHELAN

To the nervous, the tired, the weird, the dejected,  
the disappointed, the perverse, the subjugated,  
the bored, the broken: This is your playground.  
Behave as you wish.

— Team HOCUS

# FAUX PAS

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## Introduction

The first symptom is a popping sound from the belly. It can happen at anytime, and the afflicted never feel it coming. They'll be having a friendly chat one moment, then pop, and now they're trying to kill people.

Thank God-most-Censorious that the **VIOLENCE** only lasts about ten minutes, though sometimes that's more than enough. Some folk have started carrying weapons to defend themselves, but that's only made things worse when they pop.

After the **VIOLENCE**, the plague is even less predictable. Everyone's body starts to change, but they change in different ways, and to different degrees. After *Furdy's* husband popped, he started growing teeth between his fingers and toes, and his tongue got to be so long he couldn't close his mouth anymore, but when it happened to *Brenna*, all that changed was the direction her fingers bend.

Worse is the way people act: like they aren't inside their own bodies anymore, like something else is making them do things. Little *Zuki* stopped speaking. She wanders, hiding sewing needles wherever she goes. And *Grandpa Okke...* peeled himself. Spiraling down from the top, like an apple. *Esias* is probably the sanest of the lot. He acts more or less the same as he did before, but can't talk right. He babbles some kinda gibberish.

*Father Holden* said prayers over the first few who died, but after he saw what *Ms. Eli* did to herself, he got real scared. He left town, talking about the Devil, and promising he would find us a 'greater authority.' Some folks pray *OPETH* holds out until he gets back. Wiser folks know that if he comes back with the *Inquisitor General*, things'll get worse.

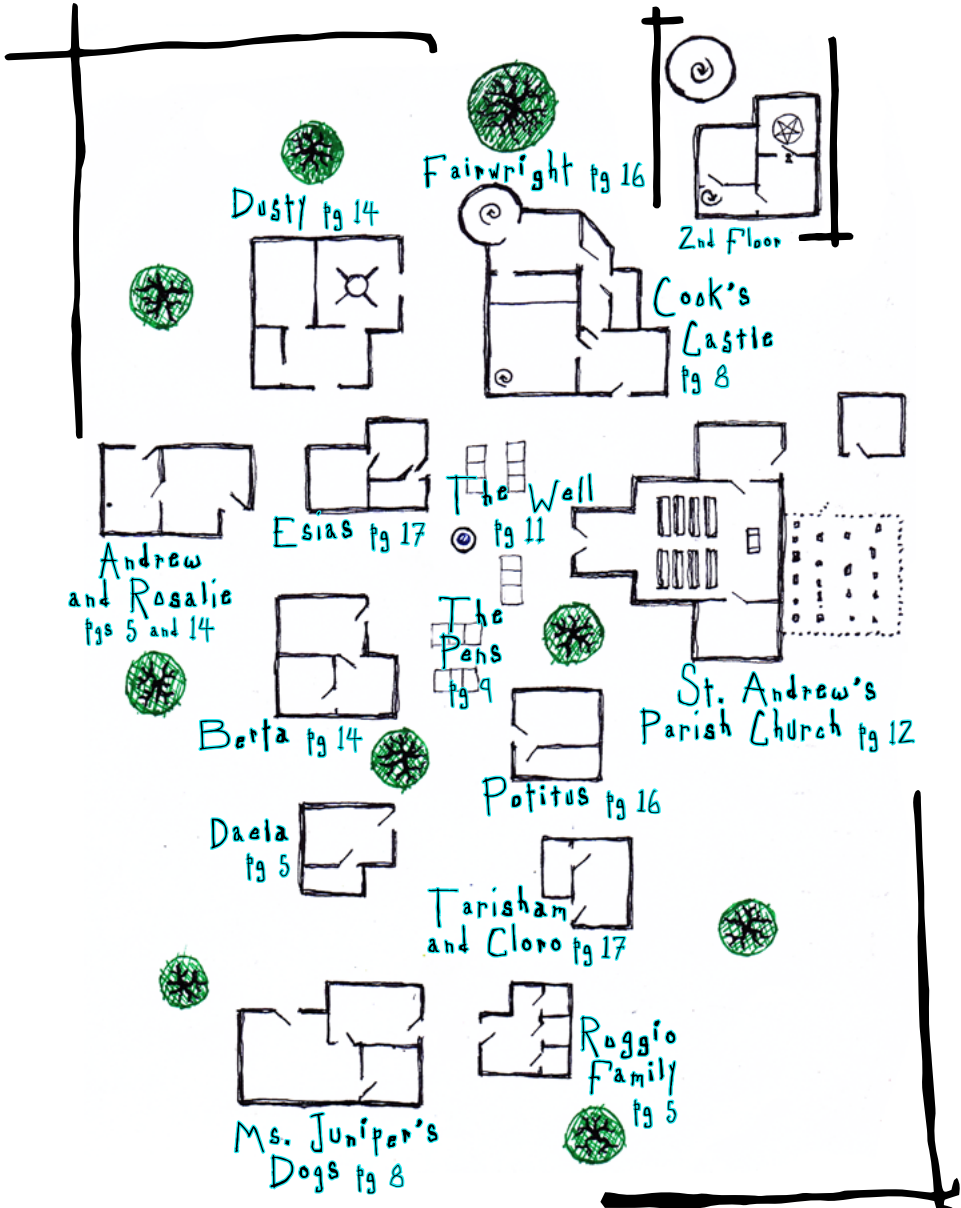
## Referee Information

Players encounter the diseased hamlet of *OPETH* within a few days of the plague breaking out. There's no way for them to have heard about it, so the best way to get your players involved is an unrelated quest hook. Perhaps some NPC in this town has information the players want, but when they arrive, the person they're looking for is already mad. Alternately, you might place the fleeing *Father Holden* as a random encounter so that when the players meet him, they'll get his "coming of the apocalypse" version of the story first. You can also just toss the village in a hex somewhere, and wait for the players to stumble upon it.

If the *Inquisitor General* arrives before the plague is cured, he will determine that *OPETH* is infested with demon spirits, and place it under Censorious Interdict. A brutal **SERIES OF TRIALS** will see everyone who has already popped burned alive, and everyone else tortured until the Inquisitor's appetite for confessions is sated.



BETTER  
OFF  
DEAD



## Random Events

Every few hours after the players arrive in town, roll on the table below, marking off each event as it occurs. When all are crossed off, **Father Holden** returns with the **Inquisitor General**.

| 1  | 2  | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | Nothing. |
|----|--|---|---|---|---|----------|
| 7  | <p><b>Andrew</b> and little <b>Rosalie</b> are out for a walk, trying to find a few quiet moments away from the jabbering of their afflicted family. As they pass near the characters, <b>Andrew</b> pops. With a burst of <b>VIOLENCE</b>, he hurls his daughter through the air, and charges towards her with murder in his eyes.</p>  |   |   |   |   |          |
| 8  | <p>One of the houses in town has caught fire. When help arrives on the scene, they find a woman standing outside, clutching her arms tightly. Her name is <b>Daela</b>. This was her house, and it is her fire. Her face is hauntingly tearless as she explains that her three children were better off dead. One of them hadn't popped yet, "<b>But he would have. Everyone will, sooner or later.</b>"</p> |   |   |   |   |          |
| 9  | <p>The pigs in the <b>Ruggio</b> family pens are balancing on their hind legs, awkwardly strutting and stumbling about in the muck. Their oinking has become distorted. It sounds vaguely like they're saying "<b>Let us out,</b>" "<b>You've done it now!</b>" and "<b>I'll never be thirsty again.</b>"</p>  |   |   |   |   |          |
| 10 | <p>In the little cemetery attached to the church there's an old yew tree. Someone just noticed that its gnarls look unnervingly like human faces. It won't take long before folk start to recognize their dead relatives in the trunk of the tree. Within a few hours, the eyes on the faces will open, and they'll start to babble gibberish while water pours from their mouths.</p>                       |   |   |   |   |          |

|    |  |
|----|--|
| 11 | The characters bump into <i>Good Mister Haymitt</i> , a kindly old widower. He's covered in fur, sports a tail, and is trying to gnaw a hole through the wall of a building. If left to his own devices, he will kill himself doing this. He is intensely hydrophobic, and will flee from even a sprinkle of water.  |
| 12 | <i>Abbigail Estworth</i> is fleeing through town, headed straight for the well. She howls " <i>Fish me out! Fish me out! I don't want to die!</i> " as she runs. When she reaches the well, she will leap into it, and viciously fight any attempt to save her from drowning, all while desperately begging to be rescued.   |
| 13 | <i>Edith Bell</i> has been curled up in a ball for hours now, ever since her <b>VIOLENCE</b> ended. A few minutes ago, she began dry heaving. Inch by inch, a kind of umbilical cord worked its way up her throat, and out of her mouth. Now she's ravenously thirsty, with her head dunked in a horse trough, sucking in all the water she can. As she does this, the umbilical cord twitches, squirting out little bits of water, writing ephemeral nonsense poetry with the damp. |
| 14 | A group of <b>TWELVE CHILDREN</b> have all popped at the same time over by the well. It's erupted into a fun-sized brawl. They're killing one another.   |
| 15 | <i>Eustace</i> , the cook, has thrown open his doors, and invited everyone to come feast with him. He's laid out a fine, buffet-style spread in his dining hall, and all are welcome. Any who take him up on this offer will find all the members of his household—family and servants alike—cooked and prepared to perfection. If anyone attempts to leave, he will <b>PULL OUT A CARVING KNIFE</b> , and add them to the menu.   |

|    |  |
|----|--|
| 16 | A muffled pop comes from a passing pregnant woman. Those nearby prepare to defend themselves from her... but she doesn't do anything. A tense moment passes, followed by a scream as <b>THE BABY INSIDE HER</b> begins to thrash and tear its way out of her womb.   |
| 17 | Every person who has been exposed to the plague vomits simultaneously, including all of the townsfolk.   |
| 18 | <i>Joan Whitacker</i> , a woodworker, popped awhile ago. Thankfully, her family managed to restrain her during her <b>VIOLENCE</b> , so no harm was done to anyone else. When it ended, she got this curious, blank smile on her face, and began to hum. Moving calmly, almost gliding, she loaded some lumber into a cart, gathered her tools, and began to build something in the center of town, adjacent to the pens. Within a couple hours, it will be clear that she's building a gallows.   |
| 19 | <i>Mennisa Thane</i> , an amateur alchemist, insists that she's concocted a cure for the popping plague. The trick is that it must be consumed during the <b>VIOLENCE</b> . She's hauling around a bucket of viscous puce goo, ladling it out to folks, and urging them to force-feed it to anyone who pops. Most folks don't take her seriously, but lacking a better choice, they're willing to give this a try. <i>Mennisa's</i> potion will not work. Rather than end the madness, consuming her concoction will <b>EXTEND THE VIOLENCE</b> for 1d6 hours. |
| 20 | Three out of the four people who popped most recently had pet cats. The local drunk, <i>Vivian Wilamyer</i> , is totally convinced that cats are causing the disease. She's been preaching to anyone who will listen, and enough stupid people have paid attention that they've now formed a <b>ROVING MOB</b> , killing every cat they can find.  |

## Opeth Locations

- *Ms. JUNIPER's DOGS* was, until recently, Opeth's one little claim to fame. *Ms. Juniper* was an excellent breeder of hunting dogs, and folks would often come from as far away as two counties over to purchase one of her animals. When they did, everybody else would get to make a little extra coin providing lodging, food, strong drink, and whatever other comforts they could come up with.

Sadly, *Juniper* popped in the first few hours of the plague, when nobody quite knew what to do yet. Her neighbor's children watched her savagely beating some of her dogs. When her **VIOLENCE** passed, she started chopping off bits of herself and feeding them to the animals until she bled to death. The townsfolk were so unsettled by this that they locked the place up and left the dogs to starve. *Ms. Juniper* was easily the second wealthiest person in town, and there's no one left alive to complain if her home is looted. However, the place is undoubtedly filled with hungry, angry dogs who've got a taste for human flesh.

- *THE COOK'S CASTLE* is what everybody in town calls the home of *Eustace Tavin*. While it *is* the finest home in town by a significant margin, only bumpkins as backwards as the folks in *OPETH* would call it a castle.

*Eustace* was once personal chef to the old *Duke Broglie*. The Duke was very fond of him, and when he died, he left his beloved cook a little parcel of land and a hefty sum of money. It was a minor scandal at court, having such a generous bequeathment go to a servant, but, the Duke's will was ironclad, and its terms were obeyed. For the last 15 years, *Eustace* and his family have been living here in comfort.

Since the onset of the plague, the doors of *THE COOK'S CASTLE* have been shut up tight, with no one going in or out. The house presents a ripe opportunity for any rascals looking for plunder, guarded only by the family itself, and a single aging man at arms whom *Eustace* hired out of retirement. It's unlikely any of the townsfolk would notice or care, although, it's been awhile since anyone's been in there. Who knows what could be going on?

- *THE PENS* are a set of impromptu wooden cages the townsfolk have constructed. They completely fill the open space the townsfolk once used for markets and festivals, which is inconveniently located right in the center of town. Most folks prefer to avoid the place, and wind up taking circuitous routes through yards and garden plots to do so.

The most violent mutants are kept here, each with their own few square feet to pace in. Some of the more reckless members of the community have taken it upon themselves to organize armed watches. The more compassionate are making sure the poor creatures have food and water and what limited shelter from the elements is possible.





- *THE WELL* is *OPETH*'s only water source, and—unbeknownst to them—also the source of the popping plague. If the players ever consume the local water, the Referee should make a private saving throw versus Poison for them. On failure, the character will pop in 1d4 days.

The water is unusually turbulent for a well, and when it's quiet, the muffled rush of a flowing river can be heard. Most of the well shaft is packed earth, but a bit has fallen away to reveal a wall of grey brick, abutting the shaft beneath the water line. There is no building nearby of which that wall could reasonably be a part.

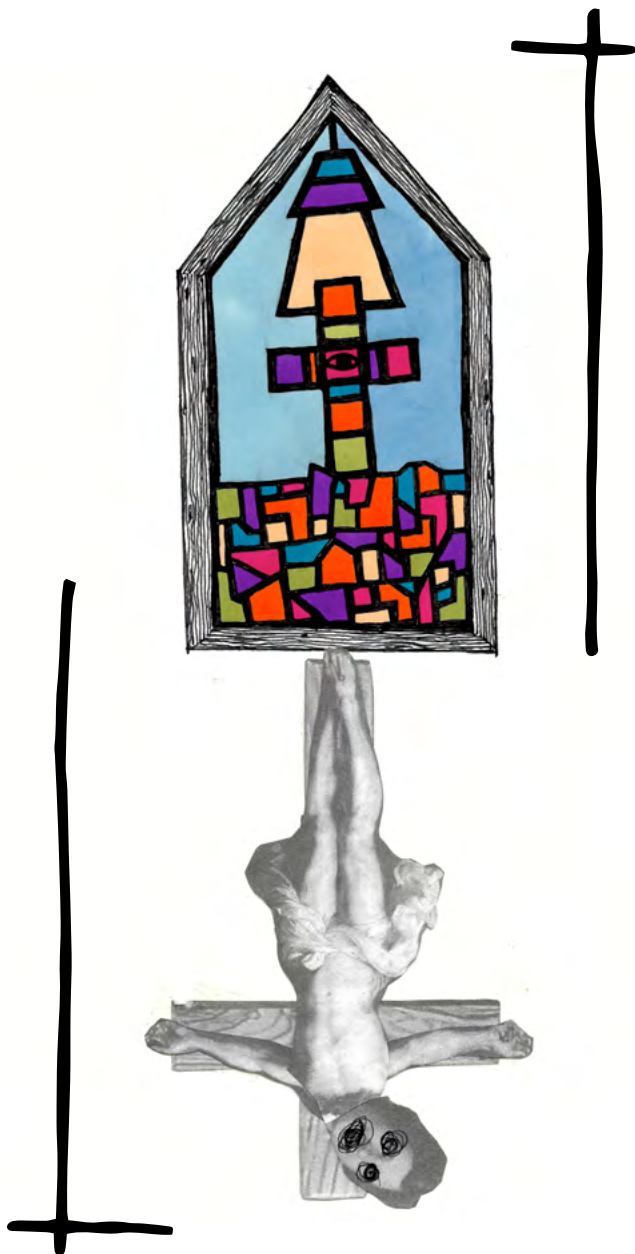
Fifteen feet below the water level is a narrow stone passage. Assuming the players are competent swimmers, they'll be able to hold their breath long enough to make it through, though they'll need a few moments to breathe afterwards. The passage is small enough that any characters attempting to bring an excessive amount of equipment with them should be warned that they may become stuck, and drown.

Through this passage is *THE ENTRANCE*, described on page 20.

•*ST. ANDREW'S PARISH CHURCH* is a humble stone structure, dedicated to God-most-Censorious. *Father Holden's* pride and joy was the single stained glass window above the altar, which he cleaned inside and out at least once a week. In the few short days since the priest deserted his flock, a **TRIO OF YOUNG MUTANTS** have taken up residence here. There's 12 year old *Mayia* (thorns growing out of her skin), 16 year old *Odgurn* (hands turned to hooves, leg and arm hairs turned to buzzing insect wings), and 17 year old *Hilde* (twin tendrils from her nostrils, eight inches long and tipped with sharp bits of bone; skin dry to the point of cracking and bleeding). **ALL THREE ARE EXTREMELY AGGRESSIVE**, and have fought off every attempt to get them into the pens.

Last night, they left the church to kidnap *Hilde's* younger brother, whom they have nailed to the church's crossed eye and sceptre, upside down. The young man has probably bled to death by now, and his blood has been used to scrawl a variety of profanements and desecrations on every surface the three mutated children can reach.

Attached to the church is a fenced graveyard, where those who've died in the last few days have all been placed into a single open pit.



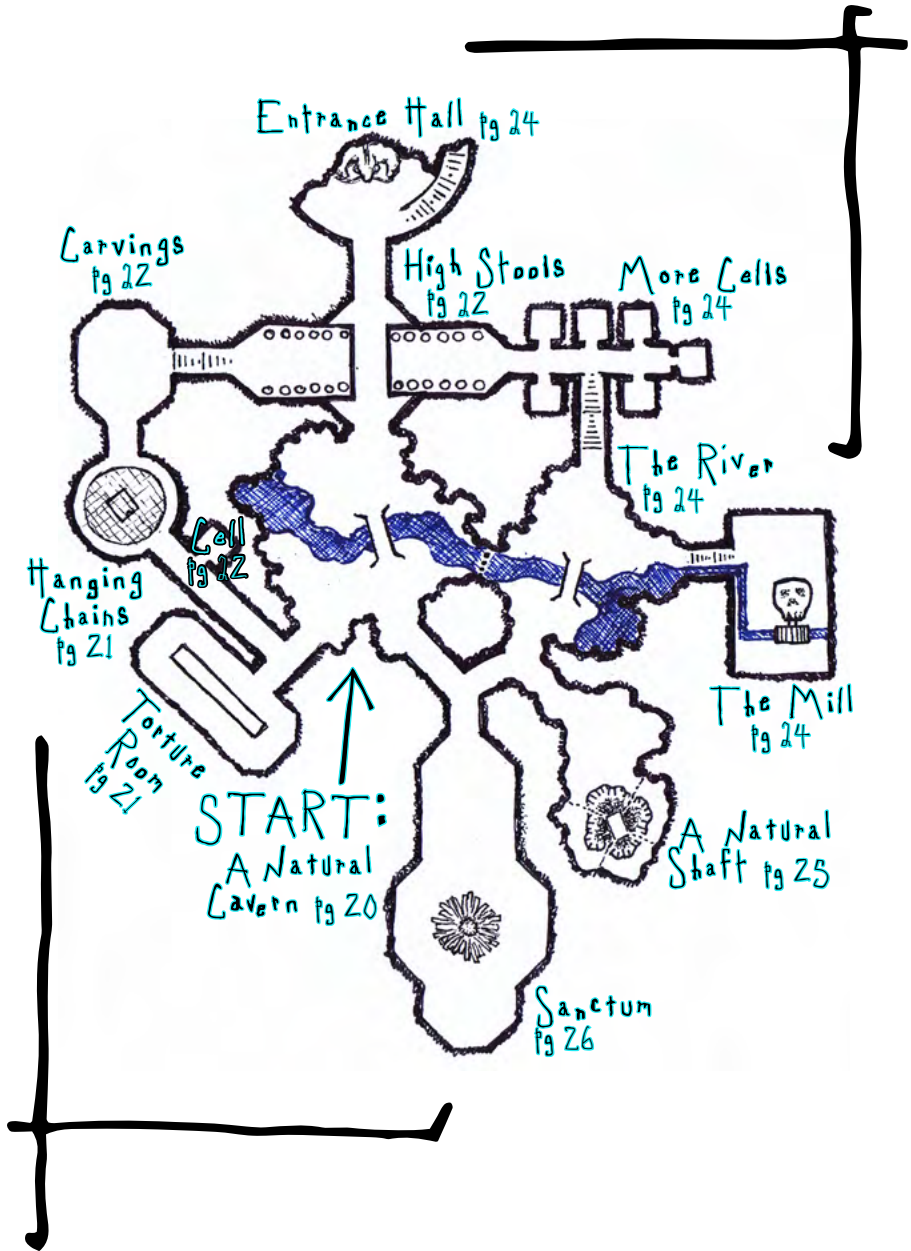
## Opeth NPCs

- **Dusty** is a tubby, bearded man of about 40. He's normally of a cheerful and hospitable disposition, but the situation in town has put an immense strain on those traits. The players might bump into him as he brings *rabbit apple stew* around to the homes of the sick. If they are willing to help by gathering fruit, catching meat, or fetching water, he'll gladly offer them some of the stew. This, of course, will **EXPOSE THEM TO THE PLAGUE**.
- **Berta** is a rotund woman, notable for being the first person to pop. She's barely moved from her home since. No one has seen her sleep, and despite her children's pleas, she refuses to eat. She complains that she's too full to endure even a single bite. Given that she's been growing about a foot at the waist each day, and is now entirely too large to leave her home, it's hard to argue with her. Berta has brief lucid spells, during which she is overwhelmed with terror at what is happening to her body. Her only small comfort is having someone stand outside her window and talk to her, since nobody can fit inside with her anymore.
- **Andrew** spends his days caring for his popped wife and their 3 popped children. Their mutations are grotesque, and their minds gone, but they are peaceful enough. Andrew hopes the disease may pass someday, but in truth, the one thread of hope he's clinging to is his little daughter **Rosalie**. She's healthy, and so long as she stays that way, **Andrew** will stay sane.



- **Potitus** has grown thick webbed flesh around his limbs and neck, giving him the silhouette of a starfish. He spends his time making *mud pies*, with grass and rocks as filling, and delivering these ‘confections’ around town. There doesn’t seem to be any rhyme or reason to it, but he **THROWS A BIT OF A TANTRUM** if the recipient doesn’t at least try a few bites of the pie. No one has noticed yet that *the folks he takes pies to don’t pop for at least a few days afterwards*.
- **Fairwight** is pig faced and green skinned. All day and night he stares through a window into **COOK’S CASTLE**, intently watching the fancy clock inside. Every hour, on the hour, he runs through town announcing the time; not only here, but in a few fictional time zones as well. (These are not fictional. They would make sense to the demons beneath the well). The Cook’s family has tried to shoo him away, but since none of them will leave the house to force the issue, they’ve contented themselves with simply not using that room for now.
- **Kyn** is a young woman who spends a lot of time standing near the pens. She tells people she wants to keep an eye on things and make sure nobody gets out or hurts themselves. In fact, she’s fascinated by the **POPPING SICKNESS**. **Kyn’s** mother beat empathy out of her at a young age, and she’s infatuated with all the new kinds of violence she’s seen in the last few days. She’d like to see more. Sometimes she pokes the cages to watch the **POPPERS** rage. Part of her wants to open one and see what happens. Part of her **WANTS TO OPEN ALL OF THEM** and see what happens.

- **Tarisham** & **Cloro** are in the throes of the kind of torrid romance that no one can endure after middle school. It probably would have been a passing phase if the two were not now the only members of their families still living. They've taken up residence in **Cloro's** house, and insist they'll make their union official as soon as **Father Holden** returns. Last night, **Cloro** had a dream about underground demons controlling the town like puppets, and claims they must be the source of all the town's ills. **Tarisham** is currently digging a hole to prove his beloved's dreams are real, and will challenge anyone who questions her to a fight.
- **Esias** is a young mutant whose arms each have six elbows, and whose chest is covered in nodules which squirt a foetid-smelling yellow pus. Mentally he seems to be more or less sane: he can understand what people say to him, can perform tasks competently (though his many elbows are a significant hindrance), and seems to recognize the town and people he knew before he popped. Frustratingly, though, he only speaks in complete gibberish, and there seems to be something that he really wants to tell people, but cannot. In fact, when **Esias** closes his eyes, he can see **THE SANCTUM (PG 26)** beneath the well. He doesn't know where it is, or what the demons he sees down there are. He also doesn't know that *he's speaking their language*.



## Random Encounters

|   |   |
|---|---|
| 1 | <p>Two demons, walking briskly, and waving brutal-looking wands in apparently random directions.</p> <p><b>Demons</b> (2 appearing)<br/>         HD:3 AC: as chain ATK:+3 burning ray (2d8)<br/>         Movement: with purpose.</p>  |
| 2 | <p>A bit of the wall crumbles away, revealing a toothy circular blade. It darts into the air as if possessed, trailing unnatural darkness. Applicants learned these unmarked positions by rote, and always made proper obeisance when passing.</p> <p><b>POLTERGEIST BLADE</b> (1 appearing)<br/>         HD:1 AC: as plate and shield ATK:+1 slice (1d6)<br/>         Movement: patterned.</p>   |
| 3 | <p>An enraged ghost appears, babbling in the forgotten language written throughout the dungeon. Its touch is painfully cold. It may be warded off with an orange lily.</p> <p><b>ANGRY GHOST</b> (1 appearing)<br/>         HD:1 AC: unarmored, ATK:+1 Death's touch (1d4)<br/>         Special: can only be harmed by magical weapons<br/>         Movement: ethereal.</p>   |
| 4 | <p>A bloated, waterlogged mummy, wearing a chain like a scarf, silently staring off into space. It may be avoided if not directly disturbed. Anyone struck by the creature is in danger of contracting the <b>WHITE WASTES DISEASE</b>. The body expels moisture where contact was made, forming white foam on the skin. Amputation is the only way to prevent the disease from spreading and causing death in 2 months.</p> <p><b>BOG MUMMY</b> (1 appearing)<br/>         HD:6, AC: as chain, ATK:+6 withered hand (1d12 and save versus Poison or contract White Wastes Disease)<br/>         Movement: disinterested.</p> |

## Dungeon Key

The entrance lets out near the bottom of the river. Going back through the underwater passage leads to the bottom of the well.

- **A NATURAL CAVERN**, rife with pointed stones. The room is divided by a deep river, which disappears into darkness. A muffled roar suggests there may be a waterfall not far beyond. Passage upstream is blocked by a set of frail rusted bars underwater. A *scrap of vellum* is held to the bars by the current. There's a winding mark on it—possibly a snake, or a river. At one end, someone with terrible handwriting has written “Niad treasuri,” and to the side, “blood game gold.”

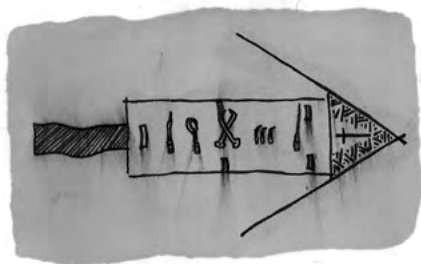


As the characters enter this large cave, **A DEMON** exits *THE SANCTUM* (PG 26) with a bucket. It approaches the river, and dumps a pallid yellow sludge into the water. Unless the characters make themselves obvious, it will not notice them in the dark, over the roar of the water. When its task is done, it will return to *THE SANCTUM*.

### **DEMON** (1)

HD:3 AC:as chain ATK:+3 burning ray (2d8)

Movement:with purpose.



- **TORTURE ROOM** A table lined with velvet cloth runs down the center of the room. Cruel-looking, unfamiliar devices are spaced at regular intervals. Their placement seems deliberate and reverent. Aside from a thick cake of dust, it is all in remarkably fine condition. A wrought iron cross hangs upside down at the far end of the room, where the walls narrow to a point. There are straps for the arms, feet, and head. There is a sluice gate beneath the cross. Long ago, this was where applicants faced their first initiation.

- **HANGING CHAINS** The whole floor here is a metal grate, with regular hatches that can be opened to access the darkness below. There is a lake 100' beneath the grate, fed by the roaring fall of water coming in from *THE NATURAL CAVERN (PG 20)*. Pale horrors live in the water. Unless the characters have a powerful light source, they won't be able to see any of this, but they will be able to hear it.



Near the hatches, chains hang from the underside of the floor, down 5 or 10 feet into the darkness. Many of these have rusted through and snapped in the long centuries since this temple was abandoned. Those few that remain are tangled around canvas-wrapped mummies.

Once, these were the honored dead. Applicants spent days at a time hanging next to them in silence, hoping to absorb some of their forgotten wisdoms.

- **CELL** with no door, a wooden pallet to sleep on, and a *prayer book written in a forgotten language*. A fortunate applicant would serve their isolation here, tending to the hanging dead and those other applicants suspended among them.

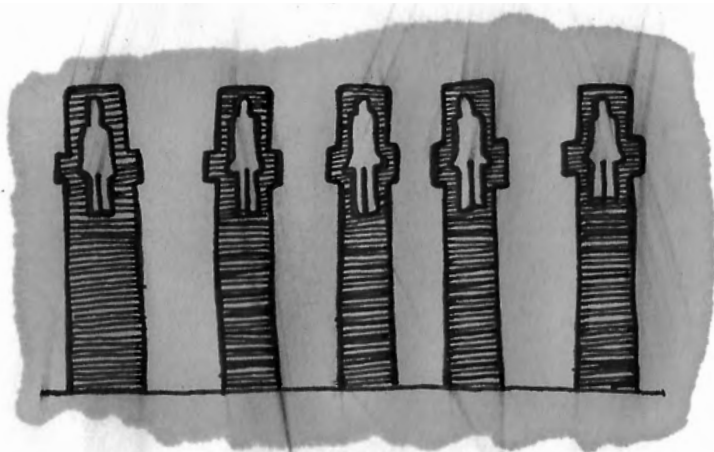
- **CARVINGS** cover the floors and walls. The language has been obscured by the eons, but if deciphered, it describes the Quiune Divinity of The Radiant Black.

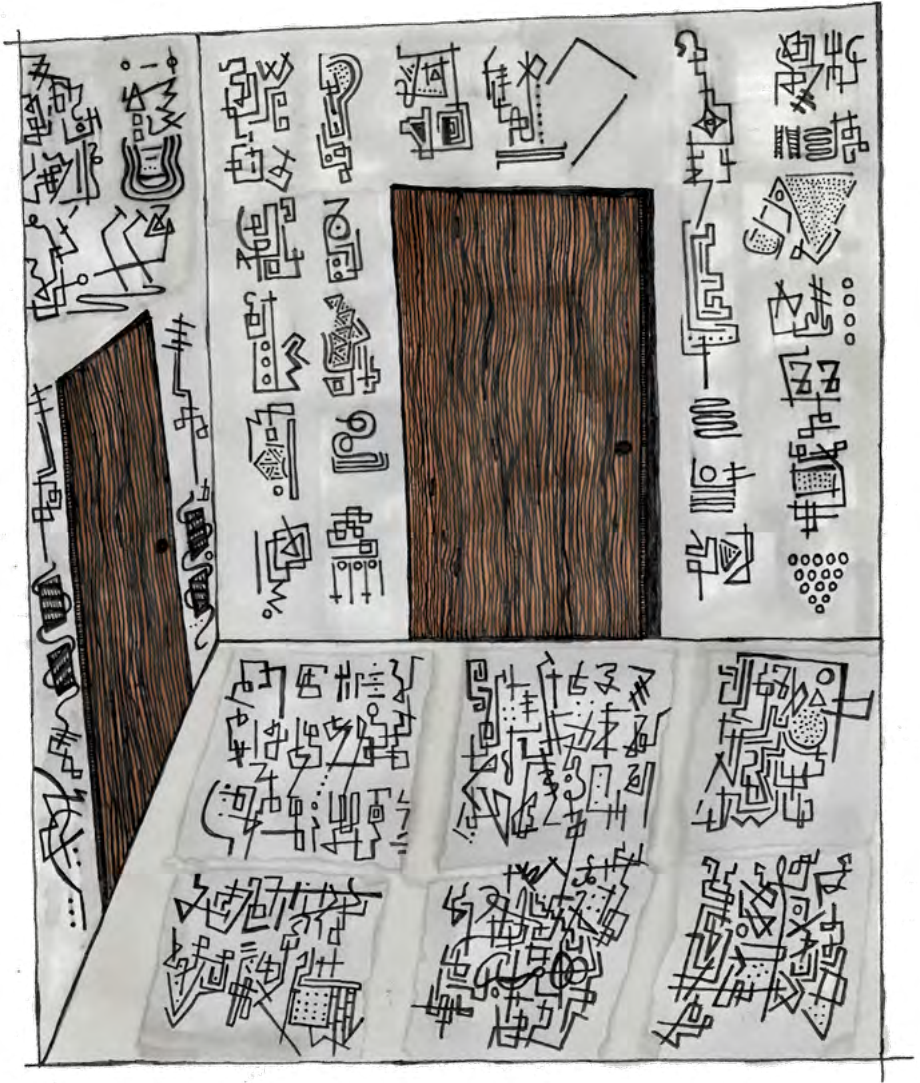
Any wishing to don the robes of the applicant must first etch these truths into their heart.



- **HIGH STOOLS** rise to either side of the room, creating a long path between them. They are tall enough to put the sitter's feet above head-height. Even empty, there is a palpable feeling of judgment emanating from the chairs.

Before the final baptism, and being sent back out into the world, applicants would walk beneath the gaze of their elders, any one of whom could demand their expulsion.





- **ENTRANCE HALL**, partially collapsed. Between what was two sets of stairs is a sandstone statue. It depicts a demon with the head of a fish, the form of a man, and the features of a bull. It sits cross legged, with its hands raised in strange gestures. It bears no resemblance to the demons poisoning the water. When the calamity sealed this place away for all time, those who remained obeyed the sign. They cast themselves into the underworld.
- **MORE CELLS** like the one described on page 22. All have two cots inside them, save for the one at the far end of the hall, which has only one.
- **THE RIVER** is enclosed by a curved grate, with hatches spaced evenly apart. There are four of the **DEMONS** here. Two of them hurl a stone back and forth between themselves, while another two perform strange rituals around a glowing metal device. The furniture in the old dining chamber has rotted away.

#### **DEMONS** (4)

HD:3 AC: as chain ATK:+3 burning ray (2d8)

Movement: engrossed in their work.

- **THE MILL** The water wheel is rotten, waterlogged, and slimy. The millstone is etched with strange pictographs, older than the unknown language found elsewhere in the seminary. Weep for the immortal souls of any who decipher them. The promise of what will come to those who eat bread made from milled bone will tempt even the most stalwart beyond human morality.

- A **NATURAL SHAFT**, dropping into untold depths below. Four chains hang from the ceiling, each supporting the corner of a *luxuriously cushioned*, but **PERILOUSLY NARROW** bed. A narrow board leans against the wall, long enough to reach the suspended platform.



Aspirants who failed to observe a strict asceticism were required to sleep here.

If they did not fall in the night, it was taken as proof that The Radiant Dark still had plans for them. If they did fall, the pit would carry them to their final reward in the underworld.

Sacks of heavy black cloth hang densely from the ceiling, mounted with shiny bolts. The majority of these are open down the middle. Three are closed. Within each of these is one of the **DEMONS**, hanging by their feet. Two are unconscious, one is studying a *book*.

### **DEMONS** (3)

HD:3 AC:as chain ATK:+3 burning ray (2d8)

Movement: asleep/studying.

- **SANCTUM**: a rose grows up from the floor, so large that each of its petals could serve as an umbrella or a blanket. Hanging in the air above is an unsettling and unnatural darkness. Any light brought near it is dimmed or extinguished. Even if every light in the room were put out, this spot would be visible, somehow darker than a lightless cave. The rose reaches up towards this darkness as though it were the sun.

There are dozens of **DEMONS** in this room. Many are performing arcane gestures over glowing metal devices, or barking unholy phrases at one another. On the pulpit, where once the wisdom of elders flowed down upon cultists, they have erected a strange lance. It pulses with the same radiant darkness, seeming to pull vitality away from the space above the rose, yet never diminishing it for more than a moment.



### **DEMONS** (5d12)

HD: 3 AC: as chain ATK:+3 burning ray (2d8)

Movement: with purpose.

## The Gilagthrr

The “**DEMONS**” found in the temple are a peaceful race of travelers called the *Gilagthrr*. They navigate the vast blackness between the stars on vessels beyond all human understanding. While passing through our solar system, their ship was attacked by **THE CREATURE THAT LURKS ON MARS**. They managed to escape, but were forced to jettison a ruptured fuel core. **IN ABOUT A WEEK, THIS WILL EXPLODE IN SPACE, CREATING A MASSIVE CLOUD BETWEEN EARTH AND ITS SUN,** causing sunlight to appear a dim green color for a few days. If players learn of this from the *Gilagthrr*, *foreknowledge of such an unheard of celestial event* could prove invaluable.

Fortuitously for the *Gilagthrr*, their scans uncovered a source of fuel on a nearby planet. The “**UNSETTLING AND UNNATURAL DARKNESS**” is, to these creatures, a well understood and mundane (if rare) natural phenomenon, one from which they harvest particles to refine into their starship fuel. Using one of their many advanced technologies, they displaced themselves, so that one moment they were on their ship above our sky, and the next they had instantaneously moved into the area immediately surrounding the darkness.

They lack the equipment that would normally be required to refine the darkness properly, but they’ve improvised something that works well enough. The only downside is that it produces a **PALLID YELLOW BYPRODUCT**. It’s disgusting, and it smells like rotting Uzдум, but it’s completely benign. At least, it’s benign to them.



It never occurred to the *Gilagthrr* that this byproduct would be harmful to the local fauna. If they are made aware of this, they will make every effort to undo the damage they've done. If they are attacked, they will defend themselves. Despite their peaceful ways, they're ferociously effective when forced into battle.

Communicating with the *Gilagthrr* will be challenging. The range of sounds possible between their species and ours only vaguely overlap one another. Even if *Esias* is brought to them, they will need to listen intently before they even realize he's saying anything intelligible. They're fairly good at picking up on the meaning of pictures and hand gestures, though here too their understanding will not always match our intent. For example, the "hand wave" gesture which we regard as friendly is nearly identical to the movement performed by the psionic beings of Suden'Fis when they cause a victim's brain to disintegrate, so that one will put any *Gilagthrr* on edge.

If the players cannot get help from the *Gilagthrr*, any wizard or alchemist can formulate a cure from a bucket-sized *sample of the yellow sludge*. It will take a few days, but even clumsy *Mennisa* can handle it.

### **THE GILAGTHRR**

HD:3 AC:as chain ATK:+3 burning ray (2d8)

Move:with purpose.



LET  
US  
OUT