



Blasphemy Leek

Dribblings from Momma's Hell-kitchen

Blasphemy Leek

A 'zine of DIY table top horror-fantasy RPG occult mayhem, For mature souls and bored minds

Gwendolyn Harper
Dreaming Gynoid

Blasphemy Leak

Definition. “1. A periodic dissemination of foreign (e.g. alien) material, as extruded by a leak or other micro-puncture in the pseudo-scientific framework known as “Space-time. “ 2. A frantic communique or transmission, incomprehensible gibberish, interspersed with the resinous drippings of another, more baroque, more bizarre universe. 3. A random scatter board of things from my brain, shortly after breaking off and crawling away.....

A ‘zine, faintly inspired by goth, black metal, and the satanic panic; *for the love of Bog don’t take any of this seriously. I don’t.*

A gaming zine from the prion infected cultists who brought you
 Deathbunny Scribbles Shit blog (RIP)
 I Shoot Him in the Face! Blog (RIP)
 A Lens of Unrectified Night blog (RIP)
 Pirate Captain Wendy’s blog (RIP)
 Queer Goddess Scarlet’s blog (VRIP)
 And the Swords of Jaldipoor blog (RIP)
 Also, conversations in bars
 And passing cars
 And secret online splinter cells

Like our junk?

Buy it here

<https://www.drivethrurpg.com/browse/pub/15028/Dreaming-Gynoid>

Got all of it already? Throw some inspirational dosh at us here

<https://www.patreon.com/DreamingGynoid>

Or here <https://ko-fi.com/T6T6U28D>

We are pleased you are checking out our work, we appreciate it! Thankie kindly gunslinger.

All art is public domain and used within license. (Sorry folk, we po’.)

Blasphemy Leak! ‘zine volume zero, issue zero is a collection of old puddles and stains, some of which you’ve probably seen before. Blasphemy Leak! ‘zine is published extremely irregularly – this one time really – and may or may not see follow up. Hail Eris!

Gwendolyn Harper

Dreaming Gynoid Studio

a relatively wet October 2019

Sometimes we like to break out the restraining bolt cutters. We like the night life. We like to boogie.



Contents of this offending rag

Front
 Table of Contents
 Possible content here
 Stoppered bottle
 Craft Traders of the Urgeshod
 Some blatant self-promotion
 4d12 cults
 Unfortunate Surgical Accidents
 Grave Mockery of Life and Death
 Home invasion tables
 Maybe some skulls and shit
 Harsh Winter
 Pollencock
 Places of power
 Wizards of back matter
 23 adventure snippets
 GDHs Tables of Harloth
 Even More Blatant Self Promotion
 Critters and Beasties
 The Cult of the Divine Woman
 Back matter

Blasphemy Leak I am In You

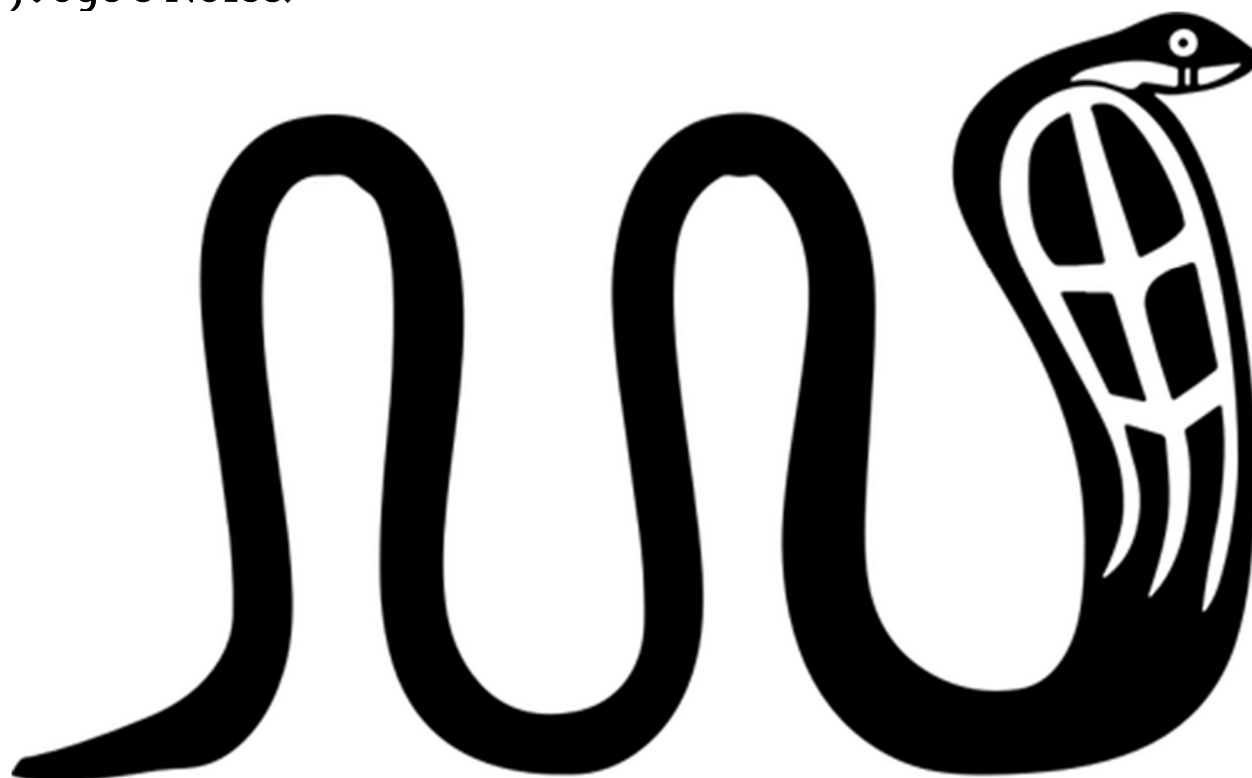
Back up a notch
 YOU ARE HERE
unlikely at this point
Book of the Forgotten
 old, revised, old again
 Galaxy Black
 People against goodness and normalcy
 Cut yourself shaving this morning?
 in extremely poor taste but very amusing¹
 nicked from a blog
 p. 25
 Maybe
 HAHAAHAHAHAHA
 some mongrel
 some mongrel
 found on a workbench from 2016
 Screw you uncle Gary
 the Hail Tamarah drinking game
 Ia Ia Ia Ia
 maybe if there's another issue
the back²



¹ Well....if you like dead baby jokes. This is a dead baby jokes kind of publication. Delete it from your hard drive if this upsets you. It's free.

² Godddam I love footnotes.

Judge's Notes:



Alright fine nerds, if there's a second issue I'll change it to ON THE BOG. Happy?

So why issue zero? Well a lot of this material has appeared elsewhere under a variety of contexts...and (much more importantly) by the time you read this almost none of it will be available in their original contexts.

Also, it's free, so bitch less.

Where?

Some of this material saw fit previously as Deathbunny Scribbles and my old dead blogspot because hey recycling!

Oh fine. A little over half of this material originally appeared in one or more of the following places - Deathbunny Scribbles Shit blog (RIP), Pirate Captain Wendy's blog (super RIP) I Shoot Him in the Face! Blog (RIP), the Swords of Jaldipoor blog (V.RIP), Queer Goddess Scarlet's blog (VRIP), and A Lens of Unrectified Night blog (RIP), plus posts on word press and Medium and elsewhere. And surely a few places you could never have seen.

Additional questions or comments? The questioning mind retains flexibility grasshopper. Yell at us at Dreaminggynoid@gmail.com Be sure to tell us how horror has no place in fantasy gaming to ensure slowest reply!

So now, let's hearken back to those gloriously nonexistent days when role playing games really were tools of Satan.....

Blasphemous Gods

The Old Gods – A decidedly Lovecraftian style cosmic horrors take on certain aspects of Judeo-Christianity and it's apocrypha.

Baphomet (invoked by sorcerers, alchemists, shapeshifters)

Called Baphometh, Bathoomekh in the most ancient days.

The daemon prince; patron of true alchemy & transformation

Keeper of the Sacred Keys, the Wise One

Father of the secret Rosicrucians

Father of Chaos Alchemy

The Oath taken (the Knights Templar) are their soldiers.

This trickster figure is hated and hunted by almost all of the gods or has been across the face of most of known history. Both the Fool and the Magician

Lilit Pandorame³

Called Lilith, Lilit, and many many other names across time. The Serpent Queen is very Old.

Mother of Demons, mother of monsters, mother of magic

First woman, first witch, first succubus. First Ascended Mortal.

"...for secretly Lilith weeps for dead Lucifer still."

She is invoked whenever anything magical is called up or used to cross the Great Abyss, and many of the oldest, great works of magick are hers or of her making. Workers in wonder and will, white wizards and bane sorcerers alike would do well to tread carefully in her invocation. Her Wrath is Endless.

With Samael she beget the first Nephilim, With Lucifer she begat Demons, and With Leviathan she begat Monsters

Leviathan – the Great Beast, the Million Eyes

Persistence and Infection, Overlord of Hell

The Old, The Great old. The Eye of the Deep. The Behoemuth Rampant

This creature ruled the depths of hell's waters for eons before Lucifer's arrival. It was here when the Morningstar ruled. It was here when the Rebel was Rebelled Against. It was here when the Morningstar died. When the stars die, it will be in the darkening depths, waiting. Patient. One night, all souls will belong to it.

The Great Beast infected civilization at an early stage, and now exacts a toll – the Necessary Evils, a series of sacrifices a State must make if it is to persist. Quietly, often mistaken for a mere universal principle, it unravels those States who do not heed and pay the toll. All of progress will thus unfold as only It desires. It was here at the beginning. It waits for your End.

³ In Her most Ascended estimation, the prior cycle ended when Yhvh finally went on, just as it began when the Morningstar was overthrown...by mankind. In defiance of "all." And yet Lilith remains.

She has outlasted them all. She is the Mother of the Present Age.

Lilith First Mother, Throne of Ages, Monster of Monsters, Mother of Demons

Other Gods

Vlan ipp (demon/goddess)

The Holy Pedes, The Centipede mother, Guardian of the Oubliette

Likely an abyss thing, consider it a greater demon

Guardian of the **Oubliette** - a “hole in things” that certain of the Powers That Be use to dispose of dangerous items and people. The Centipede Mother is it’s guardian.

The image of a black millipede curled in a spiral on a red background.

Holy vessels are bowls and urns. Places for her children to sleep hidden.

Twiiizzap

Petty god of endless indecision

Entropy’s own cupid; comes at times of great destiny and turning points in history, unleashing the power of hesitation upon otherwise committed individuals. Destiny and Potential are both equal targets in the cherubic prince of entropy’s seeking eyes.

He wields a bow wrought of hesitating sighs and slowly carved from the tree of excuses.

“I can cheapen any man, dog, or plant. I bring all things low. I quicken, I sicken, I kill prince and pauper, fence, or ant”

The Measurement of Decisions

the Almost Angel,

Encounters with this being involve those encountering it being found wanting, and then their wantingness is described in soul scathing detail. In its wake are broken people who might once have strove for betterment or improved the world in some way, now barely capable of taking care of themselves in many cases. It is an ontological attack on the very nature of their being, making them fully aware of. Somewhat of a Total Perspective Vortex ala Douglas Adams.

However, this is merely a reflection of its own broken nature; the Almost Angel is incapable of accepting those around it as worthwhile. As it is blind to the greatness in others, it is itself incapable of embodying it’s full celestial nature.

Glorslogshitfuck

Divine spirit of creative frustration

Glorslogshitfuck knows the time for talking is over. No more typing. No more paper.

RAR *tears off heads laughing*

Attacks 2-4 / round

Damage : imagine your skull endlessly pounding into an indestructible cement block
FOREVER - take that much damage

Saves: When does the hurting stop?

Gods of Evil

The Patriarch - a grain god gone mad
"all is but the Field and Scythe"

Once but the simplest of good spirits, likely of fay origin, attracted to and presiding over the hops and other intoxicant crops, blessed by bestowing good fortune or at least good times.

Over time the spirit became The Grain Man and soon gathered a small agricultural following during an extended drought/famine (the Blight)

That left the survivors the only ones possessed of green and bountiful fields.

Once however a follower became so powerful as to bring a different flavor of worship. (Perhaps guided by a demon, to the writings of a once powerful fertility goddess of the star lanes whose followers constituted a menace)

The agricultural cult slowly in the time of a single generation became a fertility cult and so the nightmare was born.

Adventure usage: The cult now seeks to create a horde to overrun the play area, and establish the Patriarchy, a semi tribal lodge system whereby males of all species are given rights to trade, bargain, do war and make peace and women become as chattel. Sort of Mongolian Mormons in a way.

The Beggar King

Is the beggar king a demon, a devil a god? Who knows? How it grants blessings to its followers is a mystery, perhaps it wrested these powers from some fell creature worse than it? Who knows?

Though an awful lot of people do pray to the Beggar King to get them out of poverty, or out of this particular situation, or feed their kids, etc.

In truth the Beggar King is the spirit of Poverty itself. Always willing to help but it will always be the help that ensures lasting bondage.

Random Acts of Random Gods – roll 1d6

The Dancing Goddess – alien psychedelic gate

God of Broken Things - This being travels incognito on the various prime material planes; most often appearing as a humanoid being of indeterminate gender with taped up, injured and bruised hands

Jebill! – god of fast luck

Lord of Hopeless Desires - A stern, nine foot tall man in a mask which fully covers his face and shoulders, wielding a whip.

Lady of Stolen Dreams - *The thief of never*

Lord Bog – *Quiet, still, patient.* the Lord of the Bog is a northern god of the dead

The Hexed West

Dropping western characters, professions, and tropes into your basic or old school fantasy game.
Use as is or add as templates to an appropriate character class.

Carpetbagger 2d4 HD

Often has to defend themselves +2 to hit with brawl checks, +1 melee v. improved weapons

While running away with their crap +10' movement +50 lbs. encumbrance

Knows when to run - Only surprised 1 in 6.

Blather 23 % + Cha Score, Dex mod, and Int mod.

Swindle 35 % + Cha Score

Can spend Cha points to get 10% off prices for things/instance

Enormous, seemingly endless, large bag full of "miracle cures and medical wonders of the age."

Funny Eastern accent, funnier still fake made up accent to fool the rubes.

Money? Can you help out a fellow American who's down on their luck?

Cowboy 2d8 HD

+1 accuracy with firearms, +3 to brawl checks, +2 with melee weapons

+4 to all checks conducted while riding, also suffers no penalty for mounted checks

Animal Handling 42% + CHA score

Ranching 23% + Int score

Trail Lore 45% + Wis score

Horse, saddle, bit, bridle, tack and harness, two saddle bags, 2 days horse feed, 1 day trail mix, coffee and tobacco (value 5 dollars) in pack.

3 Dollars

Frontier Doctor 2d6 HD

+1 to hit with brawl and accuracy checks. +2 with melee weapons.

+2 save v. coolness under fire and focus checks.

Proficient with knives, daggers, and other medical and pseudo-medical implements, plus two additional melee weapons and a single firearm.

Various dental and medical (as well as "medical") devices and implements of the trade, some of dubious quality and uncertain usefulness.

2 Dollars

Gunfighter 2d8 HD

+2 accuracy with firearms, +1 to hit with melee and brawl attacks

+3 save v. Fear, Shock, and Stun effects

Proficient with pistols, rifles, and three melee weapons of choice.

Choose one variety of firearm (rifles, shotguns, revolvers) as you specialty or preference.

Additional +1 accuracy with that variety

2 firearms, 1 melee weapon (all must be proficient items)

One dollar

\\The stoppered bottle of possible nightmares\\

A flask wrought of iron, of impeccable - one might say impossible - craftsmanship. A reddish cast in the right light but otherwise unremarkable though possessed of good polish it does not shine.

The cork every now and seen seems to... change.

The wax and nerek

Do you drink?

You really shouldn't have opened the bottle

- 1.) Save v. poison or die, on your knees, choking and sputtering, as a though a great invisible hand is squeezing gently but firmly on your throat, even as another places a heavy hand upon your chest making it impossible to draw breath. You die.
- 2.) A purple and gold miasma rains down on you from a great and vast gulf of nothingness that yawns over you. When it clears there is a small underfed boy, bleeding rectally, and pale from blood loss. When he sees you, he covers himself feebly and chants "the bugs in my head will not shut up the bugs in my head will not shut up the bugs in my head will not shut up the bugs in my head will not shut up" Now what hero?
- 3.) The locusts are ripping their way through your body. Pinning you down, lancing your insides, and some eating what is inside. You wish you could die.
- 4.) They are all so happy. Less than two arm's lengths from you, twenty green people are throwing a party. A party for all the fluids being drained out of your body by all these hoses and needles and hooks. There is no pain, only the constant certainty that you are dying, undiminishing in its intensity. It goes on for weeks. Then a series of strokes leave you unable to do more than hear. You live out your remaining decades inside a vacuum sealed plastic bag, dreaming on life support. Sometimes the dreams are pleasant. But you always wake up when they need your fluids.
- 5.) It has been a thrilling hunt and the creature now impaled before you is exquisite and odd and beautiful. The mask you wear, and the swaddling, and the helmet, are specially treated. You can see its palps, half smashed and much of its eyetopic array running down into the wound twitching in sound you cannot hear, vibrations you are protected from. A song that must surely be a somber plea for mercy. As its one good eye looks up at you, focusing, then drawing back in fear, you are blind to the creature's suffering - you think only of the millions of Transactions the Empire will give you for bringing an intact head and neuro-spinal array in for the bounty. The navigator houses will call for your knighthood. You violently smash its face in with your LeastWand; nicely crushing it's external sensory apparatus without damaging the precious braincase

inside. Then you come to your senses. Was it real? It feels real. The way this made you feel is VERY real. Your hands clench. Your companions regard you coldly. Why is that?

- 6.) The blue tub seems to stain the water, just as it stains your mother. Why won't she wake up? Will you remember? You will remember always that shade of blue. For that blue is your shade now. Your own colour your very special pigment. The moment passes and you feel a tremble of thanks and shock, somehow you realize that you have drawn the lucky card, you are free, and you have not been struck by some horrible curse.

In 1d3 weeks you will begin seeking out women or women presenting individuals who in some way remind you of your mother. Should you find someone that meets that criteria you will find yourself drawn to them, compelled. The moment you are alone with her you will produce the white braided rope you brought with you in your left pocket and with it you will begin to strangle her. She will beg you to stop and it will take her a long time to die given your unreasoning hatred of all women. Afterward you will gain 1d6x1,000 experience points and a +2 to any single attribute. Thereafter this compulsion will recur every 1d6 years for the rest of the character's life. Eventually the burgeoning serial killer will realize they are no longer aging and that they are increasingly drawn to larger and larger population centers.

- 7.) You and your friends are agreed; the new GM hates all that rock n' wrestling stuff on television so you are all going to form a united front. When she asks you what you summon with your wish spell you all collectively scream 'Captain Lou Albano!' This is the last straw and the Referee has had it. Congratulations genius you just drove a brilliant, imaginative 12-year-old girl out of gaming jackass. When you next see her, she's affecting a vapid air and talking about Melrose place while she does whippets with your sister after homeroom. You are a monster. Your soul is consigned to the Hell of Absent Fathers, or the Seven Wooden Kingdoms of Piercing Death, or Scatophagia, or the 11th orange road of heaven, or Neo-Valhalla, or the planet Kolob, wherever belief of your natality it is that your brain conjures whole from oxygen depletion as it is torn apart and sucked into the abyss between colliding branes, atom by atom, forever.

- 8.) Standing before you, disrobed, is Elphame, maid of the Lost Kingdoms of Elfland. Innocently, she disrobes, creamy pearlescent skin glimmering in the moonlight. If you take her, she will have no choice but to stay with you for her father will punish her on return to the elfin realms. However, in doing so you take her virginity which is the last anchor holding the realm of fairy and mortal together, leaving only a bloody wound. As above, so below. Just as Elphame now may now pain and indeed, is now knowing the first cramps of her menses, so has your penis become a weapon, a killing blade.

The Changing Mechanical Dodecahedron of Many splinter'd things

A curious item of obscure origin. This apparently simplistic mechanical puzzle box style apparatus has twelve sides, each most often properly measured into 12 pentagonal faces, each face 33mm precisely. The resulting large 'ceramic' ball seems to be hollow as it weighs next to nothing (0.1kg at all times) – it's default configuration is a white or off white, almost egg coloured device, with faint but tasteful gold trim.

When activated, mysterious glyphs emerge onto the faces of each polygonal face, also of the same mysterious gold trim. Sometimes they seem to raise up and may be interacted with.

If examined most carefully though means scientific or otherwise, one will find a tiny ID brand the size of a microdot encoding the device as *an **Experimental Splinter-shifting Apparatus**, imperial limited license exceptional – imperial science academy, special projects.*

Ah the wonders of 667th century technology.....

The Dodecahedron is not a magic item at all save in the broadest sense of the term, It is an experimental parascientific device of the 667th century (as we would measure things) designed to facilitate the observation and for the clever, translocation from and to each of the worlds on its face.

1. Local One – the originating “Splinter” or home dimension of the device. The Empress Imperium, a wicked age of dystopian wonders. Access to this splinter is currently 'biometrically locked' to those not native to that continuum. Maybe in time.....
2. The Serpent Heresy spreads across the westward frontier of the 1870s (see page 43)
3. The Revolutionary century – splinter 11,872 / Terra perfectly models 18th century Terra until the mid-1750s; a bizarre turn of grim events in a swamp saw most of the British colonies in America declaring for France, bringing a triumph to that nation in the Seven Years War. However, the subsequent colonial Revolutionary War, precipitated by a bitter British and their egging on such a conflict, led to free North American colonies by the middle 1780s; long enough for the revolution to spread to mother France. In the aftermath of the global French Terror Napoleon resists the British attempts to retake the north American colonies, then conquers British colonies across the world and then in Europe. Free France and its People's Military sweep across Europe by the 1820s, preceded by dangerous insurgents who come years early to foment uprising. By now a plane of earth, strongly swinging in favor to chaos, rapid enough that the old arts are becoming more successful again. Long Live the Revolution!
4. The Swinging soul stealing 60s – some terrible demon of psychedelic truth was unleashed in Liverpool three years ago; now the four Minstrels of the Apocalypse have just released Revolver and bring the world tidings of their Truth & Void Death Cult of Joy. All are black sorcerers of time, the void, madness, and vision. Beware back masked curses.
5. How fortunate for the user(s) of the device that the Second Battle of Menlo Park ended hours before their arrival. Flatland and wreckage stretch in every

direction. In the distance, three Tesla Edisonics Radio Labour Frames oversee the former battlefield, the largest one directing a T.E. Teleforce Death ray in the group's general direction. If they attract attention then attempts will be made to tranq and net them for transport to the giant Tesla-Westinghouse facility in Metropolis Town, Illinois. In this splinter, After the Battle of Menlo Park⁴ secured the usefulness of a prototype for what became the Tesla Edisonics Radio Labour Frame, government contracts eventually led to the commissioning of the Tesla Edisonics Teleforce Death ray.

6. The world that the characters originate from (Dunfalcon, Taeryth, Forill, etc.)
7. Mad War – this splinter resembles the 1970s, though one in which a simmering cold war between the United States and the Nazi dominated Euro Reich has just gone hot. It's February 1976 and the war with the Euro Reich has just gone hot again. And so, the RAMONES HAVE JOINED THE ARMY!!!!!!!
Climb aboard the USM-831 Combat Stratobomberfortress *Tangerine Puppet* under the first command of those long-haired Ramones Brothers of the US Army Air Corps as you sail in to rain down pacification atomics on northern Europe. Hey ho, Let's Go!
8. May you find the light – an immense void in which the souls of the dead fight for memory or entropy; you fight to make a new way for the dead to exist. (See Afterlife p 44)
9. Be careful, temps do not get above 40 F on this world, deep in it's own version of the Pleistocene, dominated by enormous dire animals. The Age of Terrible Mammals is a savage one. Druids and wildlings will do very well here.
10. Revealed ! this face translates the user and those with them to a world, plane, or place of the Judge's choosing. However, the user's soul or consciousness has now been magic jar'd into the device itself. So long as they retain the device they may not notice. Should this result occur a second time, the first soul is sent to Hell, to serve Great Leviathan forever.
11. To every direction is a soft green humming landscape, like that of a pastel painting. The only terrain are bizarre clear glass tree shapes that pulsate with strange cold energy.
12. See the truth – a blinding flash exposes everyone to Floater muses (p. 39) before materializing in a Dionysian glade, on a lost world of pure Greek mythology.

Hey ho, let's go
Shoot em' in the back now
What they want, I don't know
They're all reved up and ready to go
They're forming in a straight line
They're goin through a tight wind
The kids are losing their minds
Blitzkrieg Bop

⁴The culmination of what newspapers called the Gadget War, 1883 – 1901. During the Great War, the United States Army fielded several Radio Labour Frames against the Kaiser, proving their efficacy in combat. The Deathray contract came in the war's aftermath and the rise of the League of Nations.

Craft Traders of the Urgeshod

The Urgesh are misshapen semi humanoids, primarily known for the sale and installation of certain magickal cybernetics.

Originally the gene crafted servants of a long extinct species, the Urgeshi have spread across space and into several alternate universes, if not other planes of existence entirely.

Maybe. They aren't chatty and don't discuss their origins.

Appearance and biology

A single, large eye, a small furry bipedal body, and seven sets of bone-ended tentacle-flanges run in pairs along a green leathery patch running along the spine, all the way down their back. Faintly simian hands exist at the end of each limb. Their native environment was that of a very low gravity place with an extremely dense, soupy atmosphere; their central eye (or central eye stalk rather) has a variety of strange additional lids and organic lenses that can retract and deploy with a sphincter-like motion, allowing them a semblance of stereo vision but primarily allowing them to examine things very close up and at magnification or to see things in great detail far away despite atmospheric particulates.

Urgeshod : The Adult Urgesh creature

The adults can understand any language the GM needs them too - likely they have means of understanding whatever the dominant language of the region is going to be. Requiring very few tools they can be easily persuaded to show off their wares...immense semi crystalline limbs, eyes, and such adornments, in a variety of sizes "for relative chassis" often gleaming from within with a warm orange light. Upon selection, the Urgesh will install the new equipage right there, for free.

Flash Surgery - The seven spine tendrils each have a seemingly purpose-built utility attachment to the bony ends. Three of them will surround the character and in a dizzying whirl of slashing bones and tearing flesh they surgically graft the strange devices into the character's flesh within 1d4+3 rounds of action. (Chance of anesthesia if not worked out in advance: 50% -%% per prior or ongoing instance of verbal or threatened physical abuse on behalf of customer(s))

Characters so anesthetized have a 2% chance of spontaneously developing some minor psionic powers if the GM uses such a system in their campaign.

The brains of those so anesthetized are highly prized by upper level illusionists and crafters of rare phantasms, sometimes paying up to 1d4x1,000 platinum or other ultra-rare coinage in your campaign...Referee's option if illusionists running or controlling the trafficking in 'experiential trade' do not exist in their campaign. And if you don't have high level illusionists at the head of immense drug mobs in your campaign why not?)

Life cycle

Their young, when they drop off the body masses of their parents, appear to be merely the spine of the creature, often a clay brown gray, with 8 thick but weak tendrils extending off the "top" side. Within weeks those tendrils are moving about and one of

them becomes the primary EYE. IT is at the time when the eye opens that the creature begins the next phase of its life cycle. As it moves from larva to juvenile, the eye is curious and inquisitive, the hide changes to bright green and the underside begins to grow furry extensions which eventually become a semi humanoid body with four to six standard years.

By this point the juveniles are taken by older Urgesh into secretive organizations where they learn their trade presumably. The juveniles are an unruly lot however and sometimes they must be gathered up by the adults and penned to be shipped to wherever they will learn their trade.

Urgeshod Trader

Alignment Neutral (self-concerned)
 Armor 7/13
 Move 60"
 Hit Dice 3
 HP 14
 No. of Attacks 1/round
 Attacks ` Flash surgery (1d3+2 rounds and limbs/extremities rendered in-hostile; system shock save v.death)
 Morale 6
 Size: Medium
 Special may have several augmentations

Urgeshot (Juvenile)

Alignment Chaos (impulse control issues)
 Armor 8/12
 Move 30"
 Hit Dice 2
 HP 12
 No. of Attacks 1/round
 Attacks ` weapon attack at - 2
 Morale 7
 Size: Small
 Special In a group of them, the largest (most hp) will have 1d3 ibernetic implants

Urg-Larvae

Alignment Chaos (raw animal urges)
 Armor 10/8
 Move 9"
 Hit Dice 1/2
 HP 2
 No. of Attacks 1/round
 Attacks ` tail whip for 1d4
 Morale 11
 Size: Small
 Special

The Wares

In describing the attachments, the author has envisioned big clunky obviously-a-bad-idea armor as envisioned by Chuck Jones c. 1955 crossed with the Micronauts ... drawn today by Mike Mignola.

Lots of glowing magic crystals embedded into pretty but impractical forms and then (vaguely) shaped like body parts.

Roaring Hearth Fire Lantern

- One of the more extreme options. They basically hollow out the characters chest and plug a large black semi-ceramic “Furnace Lantern” into the missing areas which makes the character look like they have had strange black armor embedded in them.
- This will make wearing most forms of armor (most forms of clothes from the waist up) nearly impossible
- The character however is now....different. Way different. They need never eat or sleep again. All their needs are generated by the Lantern Furnace, constantly bathing their companions in comforting orange light. They recover hp naturally at three times the natural healing rate for the campaign and / or game system and do not experience fatigue or weariness...ever.

Ibybernetic limbs

- Large, just a little oversized, often appearing to be made entirely of twisting strips of strangely flexible black metal, glowing from within with a pulsing blue, orange, or green light. (Sometimes multiple colours. IF there is a meaning to these differences, none have yet come forth.)
- Gives the character effectively maximum strength in your game system in that arm /hand.
- Raises their armor rating by three all by itself. Which is good as the character can never wear armor on that arm ever again save something specifically made and fitted for the character
- AT the GM's option the character may also bargain to have a few “optional extras” installed
 - A web shooter (web spell, usable thrice a day and double that after 8th level)
 - A palm-based crystal that is the focusing instrument for a directed energy blast (2d6+dex bonus each, fires at +4, requires three rounds to recharge, only usable 4 times a day)
 - A small auto injector which fires tiny darts effectively at a range of 3m; save v. poison or death results immediately from exposure to biocide agent unless the character is not an organic life form.

Nybernertic Ugoptics

Large slabs of gemstone of single facet, shaped into an eyepiece, then drilled into the skull and fitted with tiny micro retractors. Ultimately the eye socket is a series of tiny nested (locked) doors into the character's skull with the optic crystal hovering ever suspended in place by nega-gravity. Crystal eyes seem to come in any single shade or colour.

- Darkvision, infravision, or ultravision. That's great, it's at 60'. Now roll again and give the character something else also
- Character has ability to freeze any single image and save it to view later (like an organic camera/viewmaster)
- Immunity to gaze attacks; eyes appear perpetually glazed over
- A cloudy gemstone bestows ability to see between 1d3 other parallel or alternate worlds at a glance.
- Oscillating super/mu+ particles suspended within the crystalline matrix allows the character to measure odylic and orgone energy flows, thus being able to determine how much qi, how many spell points, the relative hit points, etc., of a single thing is at a given moment.
- Once a day the character facing can steal a cast spell and store it within their eye crystal, though it must be discharged within 24 hours.

2% per subsequent combat encounter to begin spewing yellow and gold eye lasers at a moment's notice. This may get messy. Character must let loose at least (1d6+7) of these bad boys each doing a mighty 3d6 plus any number if the GM is honked off enough per blast before the character's head will feel sated. Mystery accompaniment by a chorus of alien musicians (Pink Floyd, 1970) optional.

Also, doing this in a room of mirrors would totally be a dick move. So...blame me when you do it I guess.

4% per game week that some...thing will reach through the lens and grab something important...the game's McGuffin, a trusted retainer, the character's dog, that girl who never makes it to the game on time, whatever.

And finally, 13% chance that everything the character's new eye sees and does is transported by magical signal to a higher plane of existence where the character's exploits are viewed as a form of entertainment by the Lords of the Higher Worlds. (At the Referee's option, this may make divine intervention checks or equivalent more likely as the White Lords and Gray Ladies of the Manse desperately want their favorite characters to succeed and come out ahead. The Gods Are Fans.)

Eye-mesh weave

Character has their skin removed (usually across their back but it can conceivably cover anywhere) and in its place an Eye-mesh weave is fitted in place. The character gains a natural armor rating of 15, can wear any light armor over it if they wish, but this will get in the way of the thousands of eyes the character now has embedded within their skin follicles; Some or all of them can be open at any given time, Provided the character does not cover their new eyes up, achieving surprise will prove somewhat difficult. Obviously, a character can get functional 360 vision out of replacing their whole skin, but that character is probably a ~~nutter and deserves whatever consequence the GM sees fit to put off on them~~. Also, they will be constantly distracted by all the constant optical input.

Any such eyes that are regularly covered up will find their eyesight slowly deteriorating eventually leading to blindness within a year.

Also receiving injury in the eye-meshed area will almost always add an additional 1d4 of hp damage from overwhelming pain of having many of their eyes struck.

Rumors that sometimes in the night these eyes will swell up to normal size in the night, break and fall off and then scurry away to begin a new Urgesh life cycle are probably bullshit right?

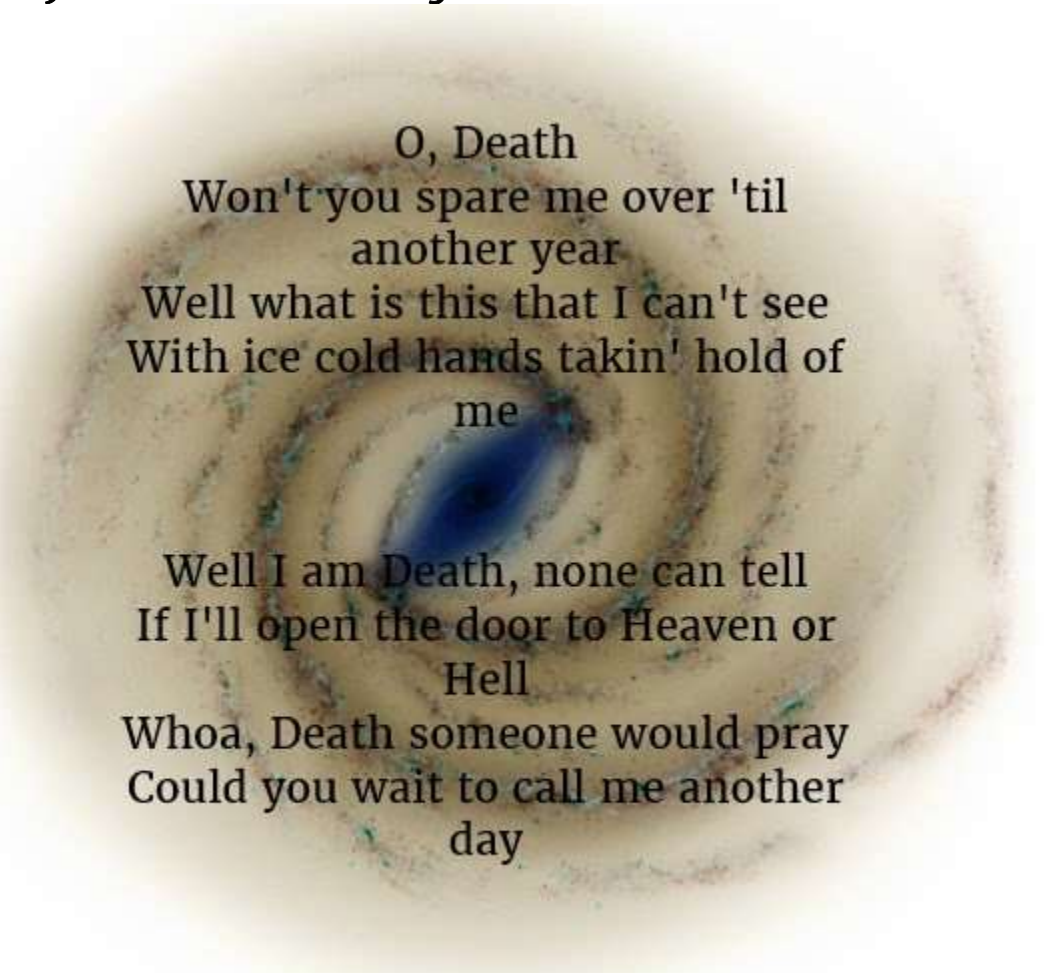
Wirebeard

Not necessarily a beard despite the name, but some or all the characters natural hair can be replaced by tiny filaments that can change colour and shape at will.

Judge's notes and some Origin blather

The Urgesh themselves are faintly intended to have been some sort of infiltrator species by what might be a bunch of beholders or whatever you call them in your game who got loose and got up to things (sort of D&D tyrannids I suppose, if that's an idea that works for you). But any weird precursor thing can be fitted into that place. The humanoid parts should almost immediately be clearly fake or somewhat vestigial once the characters begin bartering with them. They would look like something drawn by Dr Seuss...not necessarily. Something most will take seriously at first.

Galaxy Black is coming.....



O, Death
 Won't you spare me over 'til
 another year
 Well what is this that I can't see
 With ice cold hands takin' hold of
 me
 Well I am Death, none can tell
 If I'll open the door to Heaven or
 Hell
 Whoa, Death someone would pray
 Could you wait to call me another
 day

An enormous rock and roll space opera compatible with the Dungeon Crawl Classics RPG!

Unfortunate Surgical Accidents Table ⁵

1.Limb replacement (metal or cheap plastic duplicate, not stronger save in tensile strength. Not very bendy)

2.Internal Organs Replaced

- A) with Cybernetics (targeting enhancement, alien super weapon, Hacker module programmed to commit 1d20 computer crimes whenever the character is near an access point for a computer, . backup chip containing digital personalities of four dead people of random character classes, etc.)
- B) With organs of another species (rust monster, sathar, plutonic vomit monster, Audrey2, etc.)
- C) with organs of an inimical or otherwise hostile species (heart of Vegepygmy, Barkburr insemination root, inner gums of xenomorph, gizzard of troll, liver of death newt, enduro secretion organ P7 of Easy Peasy Company, etc.),
- D) Just curl up and give in because you are fucked (Pest resistant strain of Zeeth grass, nerve endings replaced with super excited strontium-90, hunger enhanced rot grubs, photo-resistant green slime, busted matter emission pod manufacturing pure Marburg virus, the thing from another world, a belly full of 5th dimensional gut crows, something strange)
- E) Character's pancreatic system upgraded to a SuperJuice999organicmoleculemaker++ after 24 hours the character's body secretions become roughly as addictive as black tar heroin. All of them.
- F) Character is fitted with a replacement Aether Sampler and low power organic replicator; character super efficiently digests all food that is ingested with no waste material; consequently, the vestigial holes will be stitched up and reinforced for greater structural integrity.
- G) A dead gelfling is packed in that wound tight and closed up. Despite its advanced state of death and rapid decomposition, it is likely the character will be woken by a plaintive cry of "help me" for the few nights they have before sepsis kills them.

3. Eyes and teeth removed as surgical defects, the unfortunate wounds are subsequently stitched closed and auto- treated to heal permanently within two weeks. They can still breathe but eating and seeing are going to be really difficult.

⁵ Kind of gets over the top but that's the point of something like this. This branched off the Traders thing I posted earlier so combine for extra goretastic terror.

Great for the next time people cross planes into that Mall-that-is-a-Dyson sphere the Ref cooked up right as they get busted by indifferent alien mall cops for breathing the wrong atmosphere.

Or whatever.

4. Missing proboscis is reconstructed from existing tissue; character's face is now a skeletal elephantine stirge; looks like drinking through a straw is going to feature heavily in your future. Character grows hungry for blood 1d4 hours a day during the rainy season despite deriving no additional nutrient from it. Speaks with a buzzing tumble to their voice.

25% chance of additional surgical modification bug eyes

If the character eats their e-pistol (or whatever) there should be a satisfying bug headed monster splat left behind. Embellish.

5. Character is inexplicably surgically rebuilt to resemble a different but similar species/race/clade native to their environment.

6. Character is somehow just given the head of a very large bug⁶

IT's a bug head. This may or may not be a deal breaker for some people so expect some hostility. Click click buzz Ref's option as to whether the character's brain is still present or has been removed along with their own head.



Kind of gets over the top but that's the point of something like this. This branched off the Traders thing I posted earlier so combine for extra goretastic terror.

Great for the next time people cross planes into that Mall-that-is-a-Dyson sphere the Ref cooked up right as they get busted by indifferent alien mall cops for breathing the wrong atmosphere.
Or whatever.

⁶ IT's a bug head. This may or may not be a deal breaker for some people so expect some hostility. Click click buzz Ref's option as to whether the character's brain is still present or has been removed along with their own head.

In Exquisitely Poor Taste

And now a perfectly balanced encounter showing exceptional taste and panache.

It's probably some alien probe thing, bereft of its tools and outer shell and having to go native. So it's settled into particularly nutrient rich soil near whatever bollocks passes for a game session happens where you live - and while it slurps up all these interesting DNA samples to form a localized second stage meat body, it's also psychically tracking the local higher life forms brainwave patterns and picking up on new and interesting things. And recording them.

But really not a damn bit of that matters. Once it matures that second stage meat body, looking like an enormous (and growing) root vegetable made of warm oily flesh) erupts out of the soil...in the local graveyard.

It means no harm. But all the damn screaming. It's not violent but it defends itself from the sonic attack the only way it knows how

Its tendrils begin firing dead babies at their sonic oppressors.

Remember those stored patterns? It was going to make a new meat body out of what it learned there but instead has to manufacture (the tendrils are matter creators) the stored patterns and, well, ejaculate them with some considerable force at their enemies. Likely this makes the screaming MUCH worse and WON'T THESE TIRESOME WATER SACS JUST MAKE WITH THE FUCKING QUIET I'M MOLTING HERE GODDAMMIT And so more dead babies.

Which probably leads to some suckers/player characters rolling on in on one of their murder kegers.

The Grave Mockery of Life and Death (*fetus ejaculating unpotato*)

Freq. Are you kidding me? Just one

HD 2? 5? Figure it out. "enough."

AC Not very high. (Elder slug math AC 7; born after 1980 AC 13)

Attacks 2/round

SA Foetus Canons

Firing with tremendous force each round the ugly alien potato thing can fire each foetus canon once a round. (Same or different targets)(Take a d12+6 or two and save v. dead babies death ray or be knocked on your ass or prone or whatever it's called in your game)

Note missed attacks tend to be messy explosive things (see title) - after a round or two of dead babies being launched all over the place there's probably some slick / slippery hazard in the area. Because dead baby jelly.

AL As lawful as something that ejaculates dead babies out of gun-arms can be.

Notes: Has an especial dislike for loud noises; takes 2x damage from actual sonic attacks.

XP value You get to blather at someone about this while drunk at a con. Go you. Oh, your character? Yeah, your character doesn't get shit.

~~Last Gasps of the Deranged~~ **Ref's Notes:**

Note that the mere sight of the "active foetus canon" is enough to leave some so-called adventurers overcome with the good sense to run screaming like a little girl. The segmented tentacles are such that with each "round" fired, up to three more "rounds" (you know, dead babies) will visibly cycle forward like some H.R. Giger vegetal-machine porn.

Description

With its manufacture tendrils deployed it looks like a pulsing red orange meat potato with a pair of creamy white waving segmented vine looking dick tendrils - these are the Foetus canons

What, you were expecting *ART*?



SHOW US YOUR SCHLITHIS

4d12 Cults!

Player Characters in your game just Bound and Determined to Fuck with that Cult (that you didn't plan for that they won't let go of)?

Invoke the MIGHGTY DODECAHEDRON and Roll 4d12. Run with it!

What is the nature of the Cult?

1. Standard P.A.G.A.N. outfit. Mostly harmless Try not to trip over your plastic goat feet (Chaotic)
2. A coven of 12 men and their guru engaged in spiritual warfare against the state. (overall Chaotic)
3. Mystery / initiation cult - everyone wants to be a magic user (Neutral)
4. UFO Cult - A wide variety of people who just want to leave. (Neutral)
5. Swinging 60s Satanism - go-go cages and casual psychedelics. Like 1. Above but much more fun. Roll reaction; a positive result will lead to the invaders being invited to join in their revels. 35% / hour for psychedelic drug/religious/psionic experience 55% / hour for sweaty group love with d7 members of the cult (not chosen by you), 25% / hour someone Cannot Handle Their High. (Chaotic)
6. Euro Bog Standard Witch Cult (Neutral)
7. Cult of irrational nihilism - large gathering honors unpronounceable consonant named things that are often squamous, cyclopean, and/or wrought of a peculiar Nameless Singular Loathing; 90% of immediate unpleasantness. Non-cumulative 2% chance that a Dean Stockwell look alike does a Crowley impersonation that ends all reality. (Chaos)
8. This is not a cult; these are not cultists. You can hear them breathing but they are covered in plastic and afraid to touch you. (Lawful)
9. The Secret of the Ravens - all of those gathered are secretly Elder Ravens, prime examples of their species who secretly rule the world. (Lawful but not very nice)
10. Not a cult - a secret lifestyle group for aficionados of a religion/creed/activity that is culturally forbidden in the campaign area. (Neutral)
11. SAGAN SAGAN **SAGAN** – ALL HAIL THE LORD OF SPACE (Lawful)
12. The elf circus, a pandimensional paramilitary organization has been running this front operation for many moons now and you have JUST BLOWN THEIR COVER. Raging mob of 4d6 '(elven, semi-elven, and totally un-elven) Marxist-nihilists surround you at gunpoint and *it's join or die* time. Joining seems to involve bombing science labs in other universes for some reason. (CHAOS, KHAOS, KAOS, KILL, KILL, KILL)

Who is the EHP? (Evil High Priest)

1. Zylchiix - tall dark-haired zona priestess in red and yellow robes, wearing a Trojan style helm, bearing a dagger and the head of an enemy, dipped in lime and utilized as scrying device. (Neutral but evil)
2. Reverend J'inn J'onzz - Insane Dao in human body performs miracles to get as many people as possible to suicide all at once. Double damage from fire. Initiating water-sharing may confuse him. (Chaos)

3. Dani Sum Moon - radical freethinker and supposed cleric to the frog lords of limbo. Wants to free EVERYONE. (Chaotic but well meaning)
4. Lerik Mustrade - The EHP is a disciple of the **Five Handed Fohn** a *petty god* of guards who collects the hands of thieves. 55% all the cultists are secretly members of the town/city guard. (Lawful but evil, very very evil)
5. Vorst Pelegrade - Former archmage who traded his soul (And art) to the Demon of Five Eyes. Seeking to steal the souls of the sacrifice(s) to regain their power. Has no spells but only a dagger, tattered robes, and an air of faint desperation.
6. Vonna Delsonne - stranded interdimensional agent who Just Wants To Go Home. If she has to kill a bunch of locals to do it so be it. May be a dimensional analog of Emma Peel. *Dangerous*.
7. Gray John - former zealot priest now gone rogue. Last believed to be holed up in the hills with his 4 or 6 wives awaiting The End. Enormous cudgel with lots of blood spatters on it.
8. Delsh Mor “the Titan grinder”; She is a twisted surgeon, slowly replacing parts of herself with parts from other, more exotic creatures. Cult is likely a front for her to gather more parts. Parts is parts. Dead guys is more parts.
9. UUUUUUU - a massive (human mass) yellow mold colony with full probability travel, illusion casting, and a perfect understanding of all language. It is trying to understand what being a meat creature is like by discorporating the sacrifice down to “essential spores.” Not at all understanding of human things. Or elf or dwarf etc.
10. Arbellatrix deFoom - alchemical necromancer and one of the most wanted women alive in the present era. (Fully chaotic and very evil)
11. The spider mage needs spell components. Arachnid alien magic user plays ‘spider god’ while the cult fetches need. Meanwhile, if there is a spider god in your campaign, the party can earn it’s favor by killing this thing.
12. The infamous / controversial celebrity political figure of the day. They flail about attacking any who oppose them screaming monotonously *What? Why? Keep politics out of gaming glargwhoop*

Who is the Sacrifice?

1. Helpless, terrified....shape shifting abomination. Fylzura, half-incubus oonaid terrorist who draws worship from their cult in this way. (Chaos) The shape shifter will be reborn, stronger, in d5+14 days if sacrificed...
2. Leibeth Fireznie - nubile naked elf girl turns out to be apprentice illusionist, and she has allowed herself to be captured as part of her Psychological Trials. May be quite offended if traditionally rescued. (Chaotic but fun)
3. You are. This job smelled funny alright....
4. You just walked onto the cover of Eldritch Wizardry. Congratulations it’s a naked woman! 1 in 3 chance of woman being a vampire, succubus, or similar “wanting sex is bad/you are bad/women are bad” trap.
5. A small gaggle of glittering teenage vampires. Not worth saving.
6. A small brown puppy that clearly does not know it needs to be scared. **PATHOS**
7. A large organized pile of very old books. Sacrifice is likely to be in the form of a bonfire.

8. Baris Fulminatras - time traveling lightning wizard and galvanic scientist; he refused to give electricity to "these primitive screw heads." Originally from an early industrialized Roman Empire.
9. An Angel, devil or other hidden servant of your god. One or more party members (likely clerics) are being tested in their resolve; failing to act as divine mandates regarding the sacrifice will have negative consequences.
10. Your mom, brother, parole officer, neurologist, priest, usurer, whatever. *Someone you know.*
11. Beromahr Fuchs, infamous murderer of the nearest large city. Surely you can't oppose his sacrifice, right? I mean he's butchered so many....
12. A single scared little bunny. A lucky +1 on any three future saves to anyone who risks life and limb for the bun-bun.

Is there a twist?

1. Yes. Begin (secretly) running a different rule set. Tell no one.
2. No. (Which at this point likely constitutes a twist)
3. All of this is occurring behind a truck stop outside of Detroit. (M. Night can fuck right off.)
4. It is a lie. For some reason, all of this - sacrifice, EHP, everything is a lie, designed to scam One PC. WHY?
5. *"Doctor, I think the patient is coming 'round..."*
6. The brief oxygen deprivation induced psychotic episode passes; you continue trying to radio for pickup. Your battle dress is running out of O2 fast....
7. *"And that, Mr. President is why nuclear war would be beyond horrible."*
8. A blonde human in his mid-30s is trying to convince you that this is a dream and that you need to wake up before the assassins find you.
9. All the cult members are hosts for a colony of Cygnus Brain Worms. Each of them hollow meat bags filled with 'neural blue' worms covered in interface cilia. The worms are unlikely to be happy to be found out. WHAT DO THEY WANT?
10. Cyrus Immilraes, the butcher of Bhall-Ling and infamous warlord is here, on his knees, begging forgiveness from the EHP. Likely the warlords' ten best men, all fanatic in both their devotion and love to Cyrus, are all fully armed and pacing in an adjacent room. They will be ... annoyed at anyone who kills Cyrus.
11. Outside the undead crew of a B-17 bomber from a parallel, negative universe await you. *One of your number is their "Champion of Destiny."* Of course, they'll have to *kill* you before you go with them. "No lifesprks." Eventually they take you away to their decrepit spectral aircraft to drop bombs forever. An eternal champion of undeath in a perpetual twilight war.
12. Holo emitters have been known to glitch in the presence of high magick; The EHP flickers, only to be replaced by ...one of the player characters. Secretly *one of you is playing the EHP right now*

Home Invasion Tables!

The bedspring terror (and several other criminal complications that you don't want)

Home Invasion Gone Bad table - for discriminating and depraved tables of gamers

1. You have, foolishly, broken into the home of a poor, dirt cheap but nonetheless hungry vampire. What it's doing at home in the dark of night is anyone's guess. AC 16 Move 55', 3rd Level Thief, 22hp, bite for 1d4+3 damage, morale 7, consume blood method inflicts 2d4 hp/round of drain. Those slain thus save v. death. Success indicates they rise three nights later as a lesser vampire under its control.
2. You have been followed. A known enemy force hunting you, or barring that, the authorities, assemble their forces whilst you are engaged in criminal activity within the house. They'll be waiting for you.
3. In the midst of the robbery, an old man gasps and lurches out into the common area, pointing at you before falling over dead. Startled by the heart attack the man is experiencing he woke up. In fact, he is begging for help from the home invaders. Likely he just died. Imply strongly however that he has just cursed the characters.
4. *"You just **had** to go pick the house that was haunted by that family of murder victims, right?"* An old woman, a mom, and a young girl are literally HOWLING at you. Save v. spells or your hair turns white and you may functionally age 1d4 years from sheer fright. If you are for some reason wearing colors, jewelry, or other insignia of the thieves guild or any other known underworld organization, the three ghosts will manifest physically with intent to rip the character apart. AC N/A (12), Move 30', 1 Hit Dice, 8, 7, and 4hp, tear you apart with their bare hands 3, 2, and 1d4 damage respectively, Morale 10/12. Special - only on manifesting may they inflict physical damage. Their AC becomes 12 and the largest (8 hp) inflicts 3d4 points of damage per attack, the next largest (the mother, 7 hp) inflicts 2d4, and the child (4 HP) inflicts 1d4 points of damage. Morale becomes 12 when facing gang members or organized crime. IF reduced to zero hp they simply disincorporate until the following night.
5. You should have paid attention to your nose; the stink from this place was overwhelming when you got inside. Right now, you are not sure if the stench is from the half eaten sleeping body - inexplicably *still alive* - or the four foot roach-beetle monster chowing down on the sleeper's intestines. Roll init. AC 16 Move 55', 3 Hit Dice, 19 hp, mandibles 2d6 damage, Morale 10. Antenna paralysis - save v. paralysis or suffer total inability to feel pain for the next d4 hours. If the target is sleeping or unconscious, there is no save allowed.
6. The Bedspring Terror - see below.

The Bedspring Terror

A bedroom, with three apparently sleeping figures within. In fact the bed springs have long since come to life, burrowed up through the mattress and have bored into the three sleeping figures.

The left one has a curling mass of the things gathered into a bundle which have penetrated the figure's flesh, they appear to be sitting serenely atop a barbed tower of bedsprings. In fact, the springs are still growing and forcing their way into every organ system. This one is *apparently* under the most control. Wadded cords of tangled springs seek to cover his mouth, but he resists thus far.

The central one is fully puppeteered, with springs violating their back, head, left shoulder and arm, and fully down the left side of their body. This one screams but every d3 rounds will change to violent, amused, laughter. Sometimes this one will mock the PCs into doing something. She is constantly drooling and sometimes blood and other fluids will leak out of her various injuries.

The right one shambles about, at greatly reduced speed. It can wander the furthest from the bed but no matter what it will never completely wake up and will never ever realize how bad things are. It seems to be the one approachable at first. It will engage those entering its chamber quite animatedly and will happily discuss...anything but the current predicament.

What has happened here is anyone's guess. The middle figure has or had some ability to work magic so likely as not this was a failure of some kind on their part.

The Bedspring Terror

AC 14 Move 10', 6 HD 40 hp, "bite" 1d6/round plus puppetry, Morale 12.

Additional damage if it hits with a natural 20.

The spring "bite" - an attempt on the part of a spring to burrow into the target; on a hit inflicts 1d6/round plus puppetry,

Spring loaded Brain jack - Cores and eviscerates the forebrain if it hits with a natural 20; victim's body and hp become permanent additions to the encounter.

The Bedspring Puppets -

1. The Left One AC 11, Move 25', 2nd Level Specialist, 12hp, large club doing 1d8+2 damage, Morale 11. Naked male of obvious North Germanic descent; springs coil around all limbs, restricting movement, and seek to silence him. Very large and strong though so he actively resists; it is ongoing. If anyone can be reasoned with it is him. Though he is motivated to work in the others' interest first. Can reach a curiously cricket bat shaped club nearby but will only attack in defense of the others.
2. The Middle One AC 14, Move 5', 1st Level Magic-user, 8 p, spring blast attack doing 1d8+3 damage, Morale 9. A fat naked woman, belly distorted and distended by guts full of curled tangled springs; springs have penetrated her skull, her cunny, her ass, and basically all holes. On some level what is left of this woman still fights but her body is lost. All of this is probably her fault. Once a round she can vomit or explode forth (from holes or teats) tangled wads of springs to entrap victims; she will then draw them in like fish on a line and make fuck with them as they die.
3. The Right One Armor 14, Move 15', 2nd level Specialist, 5hp, fisticuffs doing 1d4 damage, Morale 5. The only one of the three in any kind of nightclothes; the springs puppet his arms and up his spine; if freed this one can act as a second level Specialist (though Con 5; A small sickly Russian man of androgynous countenance - likely read as female initially.



1010 Places of Power

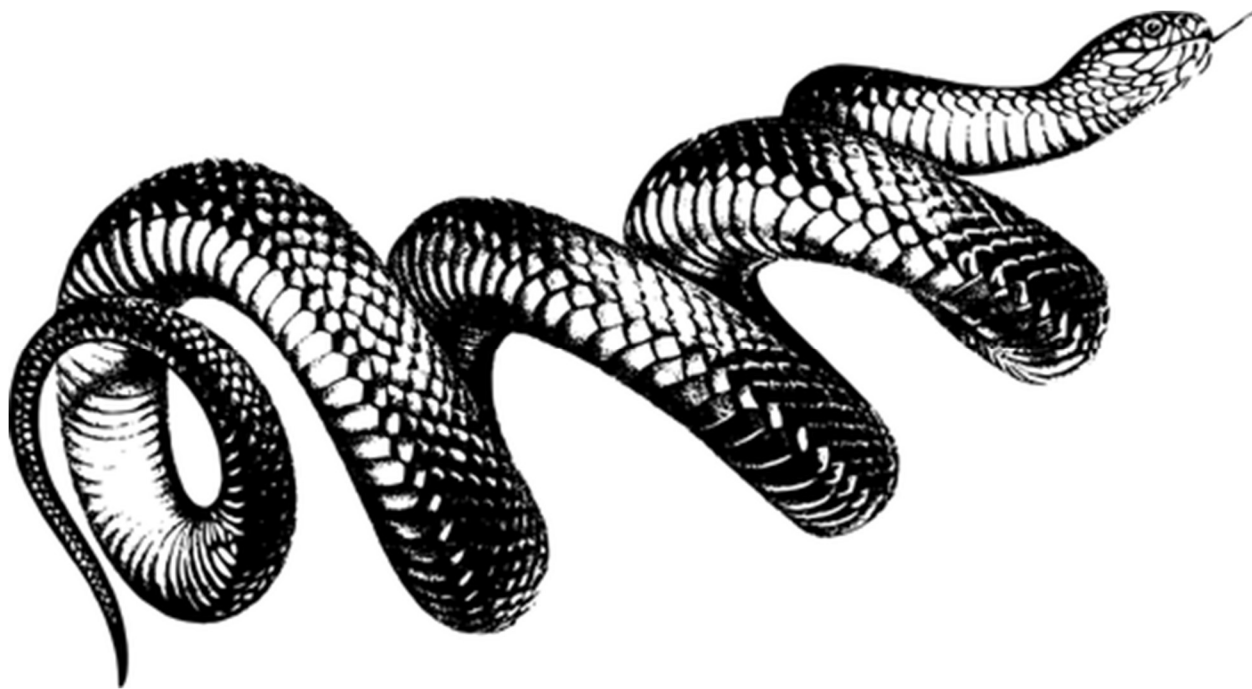
1. **Plateau of Ingua Planca** - a jutting rocky plateau looking east from a great mountain range. Has been used for name and language magics for nearly a thousand years. Add +5 to spell checks relating to language and language magic.
2. **Hellborn Mountain** - an ancient northern volcano, long ago colonized by strange devil-like creatures from the realm of Elemental Fire. +5 on spell craft checks relating to heat, fire, and the elemental planes of fire, oil, smoke, and ash. +3 (cumulative) on spell checks to summon, invoke, affect, or interact with Fire Elementals, Ifrit, and other Fire (Yang, Energy, Active) elemental creatures. The cumulative plus 8 becomes plus 10 to invoke the lord of elemental fire.
3. **The City of Black Glass** - the famously intact but abandoned glass city, on the NW shores of the Sea of Fire Mist. Of note, most magics are impossible in the

city during the day, but at night all spell checks to invoke, contact, or interact with memories, the dead (as opposed to the undead), the Sea Lost, Splinters, or the deeps of time (prehistory or the far future) happen at +7 Anyone casting spells at night there has a 1` in 4 chance of attracting a ghost when they leave the city. This haunting will be a random lost soul from some point in the distant past or future and will be permanent until dispelled, exorcised, or destroyed.

4. **The Straits of Void and Salt** - this immense (1.6 km) rock spire stretches over the inlet that connects sea and ocean, many hundreds of yards below. While the fall here will kill you, the central 600 yards of the spire (where at its most narrow, is about four feet across) is an ideal mystic crossroads; powers of air, wind, water, and land may all be invoked here at +5. Further, Patron results (Invoke or Bond) are at an additional +5 here for appropriate elemental patrons. Further, during the day, focused act of will and a DC 20 Spell craft check can lead to a minor (4HD) wind elemental (during the day) or least (3HD) Void elemental responding to the character's summons and will likely be disposed to do a single thing for that character. Non-spellcasters take note this includes you too.
5. **Taelamathel** - a void elfish Lifetree; whenever the comet waxes in the sky it feels an urge to release its spoor into the sky. Perhaps you can help? +5 to contact the fairy chaos, any of the fairy pathways (+8 if traversing Candyland), or, of course, any lingering traces of the arks that brought the elves of the void here in the first place. +4 on checks relating to Void entities, especially relating to defending against them. +6 on checks to heal and restore elves and elf-creatures. +3 on invoke patron checks for the Green Fairy
6. **The Bard's College** - the lost college is perpetually five seconds ahead of all surrounding matter and thus hidden from those who would seek it. Within, entropy is greatly reduced, and the powers of both time and stasis are easier to manipulate. Further the caster is largely hidden from the rest of the world for the duration. In and around the tremendous mega structure (shaped to resemble an ancient and arcane glyph for music) spellcasters are at up to +5 on any spells affecting time, history, prophecy, or the like. Also, the college is full of advanced magical and super scientific knowledge and learning, strangely non decayed and so likely spirits of knowledge and inspiration may be drawn here periodically. Time travel may be easier from this place. While undeath may be impossible within the college. Beware for the ruin is vast and may be inhabited....
7. **The Lost City of Crystal and Stones** - Some say the gemstone city was not destroyed but drifts freely in the sub-ether, tethered to the world by strange mystic pathways that bind many other lost cities to the equator. Crystal, and gemstone magic here are at +8 to spell craft checks. Heart magic, healing, and empathic abilities also function better within, circumstantially, offering up to +5 on spell craft checks. IT is said those who enter the ruby and sapphire walls of the lost city are cursed never to leave. But how would such a story be true and known? Beware the crystal-men and many weird and alien magics within. Possibly contains teleportals to far locations in distant galaxies.
8. **The Gate Menhir** - lost before the ice came and gone, this arrangement of God Doors in the fashion of a circle of standing stones has stood for, allegedly, tens of thousands of years. Any of these doors will cast your astral body across time and space to any number of worlds, some in the deep past, some in the distant future,

making or claiming a body for local materials. +8 on any checks involving interworld travel, but most especially to the worlds of Nehwon, Oerth, Urth, Athanor, Hyperborea, the wilds of Denethex, the Smuggler's Swamp near Sanctuary, or anywhere else the Judge wants them to go. +5 on attempts to engage in multi world clairvoyance, divination, or general oracular sensing. Also, Nikas Liet, All-Father, is watching you.

9. **The Filth Pit** - A magical massed spawning pit of verminous life - roaches, beetles, larvae, and 'pedes of all possible varieties. The weird well is the heart of a ghost-stain created by a long dead priest-shaman. This site is located deep underground, within old aqueduct=-piping called the Jakes underneath the city of Elwyrd Dolgyn. At least once a year, 13 of the city's nobles can be found here, tossing a particular sacrifice into the pit. NOTHING is allowed to disrupt these services, as it is believed they keep ground quakes away.
10. **The serpent city of copper and ozone** - the First book is supposedly located in this sand-filled pre-human city of electrified walls and green vapours. Beware time going slideways.



Wizards should be defined by their hobbies

Don't pick your fave

1. **Vode the Psychedelic Wizard**; short, a bit dumpy, candy cane eyes and keeps tugging on a beard that literally reaches to his knees; tired of being mistaken for a Gnome or dwarf all the time. Magical focus - his Great Pipe of Sagacious Wisdom +5. Likes smoke, philosophy, recreational alchemy and happy times with the curvy ladies.
2. **The Wizard of Speed and Time** - yellow and green clad chaos magician/illusionist of good intentions and massive temporal paradox. Known for depositing random gaggles of children all across time and space.
3. **Jessa Belle** - Raven tressed half-elf; Taller than most men around her would like, far more into sex than almost anyone around her would like. Into spirit congress with demons, angels, basically anything out of the ordinary or unusual she can get her mitts (etc.) on. Humans (and elves, especially elves) are so *boring*. Simply will not put out for Xix under any circumstances as she holds him in especial contempt.
4. **X the Unknown** - Last Wizard of Urf Durandal. Former invisibility adept turned privacy aficionado. No one has done the research to be able to scatter clairvoyance like X has. X has spent centuries both concealing their own identity and creating falsehoods and misinformation. Possibly an illusionist that drank their own kool aid (It happens.) Possibly also once the ruler of (and alleged later, destroyer of) the world. Not really a contradiction. Likes their 'za New York style exclusively.
5. **Taekewaru Urbanski** - lord of blah blah and also some other things. Often thinks of himself as being similar to (1. above) but this is falsehood. A paranoid, crotchety and intolerant half wizard too full of himself to appreciate other things. Shite taste in pipe weed. Basically strong bad but serious and not funny. Recently revealed former Amway Salesman.
6. **Gretchen Woodeblack** - hoary 112 year old great grandmother and practicing witch. A constant stream of young and pretty students of a variety of different races serve her at any given time and perhaps she leeches their life-force somewhat. Generally unapproving of men and boys, save perhaps as stew ingredients of modest goodness.
7. **Leap Frog** - This muscular but hairless dwarven eunuch is an accomplished acrobat, tumbler, and once, a thief. Also, an accomplished assassin, specializing in the death of magic users. All of their spell abilities are directed toward this purpose. IT is said that spellcasters will see Frog's eyes turn a light sea blue just before their demise.
8. **The Demimagus** - small balding individual of uncertain origins; a master manipulator, will use anyone and anything as his chess pieces. Currently involved in a long standing living chess game/vendetta with his future self, the demonically evolved Vengmagus. Likes playing games. Bit of a cunt.
9. **The Salacious Salamander Sisters** - twin enchanters (possibly ex-Bards) who have a fondness for games of hunting and warfare; well reputed as hunters of werewolves and other bestial shape shifters. Neither are above resorting to

“cheap girlie tactics” (their words) to get what they want *while working*. Not otherwise disposed towards interpersonal involvement, however. Each fight & cast with paired silver-and-gold weave mithral elf-knives of their own make. Note: Sisters may be clones and may speak with a faint French accent. .

10. **Jish** - an insufferable manager and bureaucrat; how Jish learned magic is a mystery but seems relatively adroit at it. Primarily a will sapping low level thought controller; most of their talents lay not in magic but in being able to convince people of their sincerity. Secretly does not feel that (Roll 1d4 1 elves 2 women 3 Halfling men 4 elvish women) are actually people and treats them like objects, but thinks his belief is very subtle. It is not. Has a tower full of loot though that needs robbing bad. . No one will cry for him when he is gone.
11. **Xix** - babble babble bitch bitch rebel rebel party party sex sex sex and don't forget to cross-examine *everyone you speak with*. You have good ideas and are a powerful wizard, but no one can stand to be around you for more than five minutes. You are somewhat aware of this, but generally too busy to care. 15% chance of being a cannibal serial killer.



Divine Wand of the Purple Goddess – a solid but malleable ridged wand of incomprehensibly advanced materials technology (high grade silicone) It gently throbs from within with gold light.

- Allows direct invocation of Goddess' attention (as your system's commune spell) 3/day though casting time may take a few minutes (at least). Goddess may make you do things for the information.
- Allows casting of the cantrip Invoke Blacklight 3/day Spell is identical to light in your game system but cooler with body paint.
- +2 circumstance bonus on targeting, fortitude saves, saves v. poisons and any saves involving utter shamelessness or resisting fear effects.
- For reasons that no one but the bard-rappers of Foomh understand, illusionists can invoke a free floating +1 to ... anything, once a day by using this wand. Don't let them use sleight of hand unless you really trust them though.
- Inflicts a -1 on saves v. death,
- reflex or Dex/Agil fumbles with this wand have been known to be fatal or at least hilarious

Likely worth an intimidation bonus against Paladins, Clerics, and other repressed law and order types if your system of choice has those. If you are using this with a gear to body location slot system, the wand does **not** equip to the hand.

Tentacles and Tits subtable

see also: are you fucking kidding me? No one paid me to actually write that so, go to Page XX and contemplate how little free lance agents of any kind get paid ever.

Leave an offering to the space goddess of fertility and funeral rites? 1D5

1. You are transported across time and space to a purple planet where six eyed four breasted cannibal sex goddesses are more common.
2. You are transported across time and space to The Purple Planet. Run with it.
3. You may swap out any two attributes permanently. If you fail to do so, the GM (on Goddess' behalf) will do it for you.
4. She is displeased with your offering. D3 random holes on your body (eyes, nostrils, asshole, whatever) seal shut until you double your offering. IF you cannot or will not the effect ends in five minutes anyway.
1 in 4 chance of
5. YOU ARE THE CHOSEN ONE. Add one each to Int, Cha, and Con (or equivalent) and an extra d6 to your hit dice. These are permanent until you locate, recover, and return to this shrine, a holy relic or obscure magic item. To emphasize this point, Goddess transforms the character into a likeness of Herself (thus the stat bumps) until such a time as the quest has been fulfilled. Regardless of what your character looks like, they become a 7'6" four breasted, six eyed purple space goddess. *Subtle is out the window.*

Out Walking in the Fog After Midnight

- 23 adventure snippets

1. Super honked off ***gigantic blue guy randomly runs in screaming*** with great big axe or hammer
2. Normal session ends with ***attack by giant multi armed beast in/from sewers***



3. . ***'A quarrel of arms'*** - Two rival merchant houses, both selling arms, get into a ...dispute. Wackiness follows.
4. ***Witch-hunt Riding Through*** - a mass group of witch hunters on their fell mounts ride through the area bringing fear and mayhem in their wake. Can they be stopped?
5. ***Grue harvest!*** - 1 in 4 folk at the valley harvest festival have just spontaneously transformed into monsters. Everyone is screaming and freaking out what do you do?
6. ***The Quiet Village*** - You've been sent to deliver a parcel to a small temple a few towns up the mountain. When you arrive, night is falling and not a soul is on the streets. It is as though everyone has simply vanished. What is that warbling sound?
7. ***Monster Gang Initiation*** - You wake up with a sack over your head in the streets. The city is burning. A gang of monsters have....for some reason, chosen you to join them as the city is being overrun by others, larger and much meaner, of their kind. Your new mixed party pro'lly shouldn't stick around but where to go?
8. ***Revenge of the.....gnomes*** - Gnomes, earth aspected mushroom-chilling beardy dudes with pipes stage a panty raid on nearby town, village, church, or other civic dwelling. (see Gnomes)
9. ***The Crash*** - Last night there was a fireball in the sky as though something was being cast into hell. A crashed ship, three crew members. Their computer needs repair to affect take off...so they are using indigenous materials by slicing up the local wildlife

to use brains as computing substrate. The moment they encounter tool using life, they'll decide to upgrade to use those.

10. **Ampf bampfs** in from else-could in the omniverse – **Ampf the Amphetamine wizard**. Instead of normal spell magic, conjures vast amounts of extra time and energy (At cost of focusAnd distinct cost to sanity.) May attack the characters with a Floater Muse before hurrying else time.

11. **Hoopy Froods!** - see *subtable*

12. **Potential Sexytimes!** – see *subtable*

13. **The moons align** and interlock; d5 grave Mockeries rise at moon rise from the nearby freshly plowed fields. Going to be a messy one.

14. **Baris Fulminatras** - time traveling lightning wizard is looking to unwind but is about to be ambushed by the well-dressed but evil Philosopher Scientists of the Invisigoth College.

15. **The Sibyl** - is a very old person. She was chained up in a dungeon long ago where her insights were consulted. As her conditions deteriorated, she has spent more and more of her time “away” - she does truly have a dizzying understanding of many other worlds in time and possibility, far planets, and strange planes. IF she were lucid, which she has not been in some years, she would guestimate her age at perhaps 50 or maybe 70 at most. In fact, she is nearly 90 and has been kept here for well over 40 years.

The Power: At any given time she is “in tune” with at least two other realities; often hearing one and feeling the other; with the slightest adjustment of her consciousness, she can flit between them, like channels on a television; to all appearances she is clearly in some sort of disconnected or trance state

The struggle in interacting with her is to get and keep her attention. This is the place she most wants to escape and so does by the best means she has available. While her body is withered, with proper care and comfort she could be coaxed back, her mind is still quite active, though she has no firm awareness of how ruined her body really is.

16. **Reptile-men** on giant predatory insect-birds fly over the city challenging all fertile adults to single combat by throwing a series of challenge javelins. Some 2000 people get challenged that night.

17. **Lie with the devil, Elfstar, lie with the devil** – red robed zealous cultists are stalking the streets tonight meting out “justice” on anyone who does not pass their peculiar definition of ‘purity’ There are, all said, 1d30 of them and could use a good roughing up by a group of shift individualists such as yourselves

18. **Telepathy terror** – one PC chosen at random is served a baked potato in the course of normal events. At some point it begins practicing incredible telepathy onto the affected character’s brain. Soon the Spud Dream will spread gloriously westerly. Could be problematic if the afflicted is a cleric or some such.

19. **Escape the thieves’ guild** – for some reason the local guild thinks YOUR party are the ones who robbed them last night. And they are after your hide. Flee from your homes in the slums to reach the city walls and hope the guards can be bribed over and above what the Guild is already paying, or you’ll have to fight your way through them too.

20. Someone claiming to be **a version of one of the party members from the future** appears before them. They do resemble the other PC but is clearly older and also has “been around” – if pressed it may acknowledge it is on a quest for personal

immortality and so needed to bask in the presence of its dearest friends one more time before setting out on a vasty planar quest. It could of course be a doppelganger with politician or illusionist levels who robs them blind before hitting shadow plane shift

21. **The Phoenix** descends out of the sky, calling you out by name. It insists that it is of the utmost urgency that all of you, flammable people, climb on its back and come with it immediately. This is precisely as dangerous as it looks however if anyone manages it, they best hang on. In 1d12 rounds the bird will be leaving the atmosphere, making for one of the salamander suzerainties in the sun's photosphere where they have requested a champion.....

22. You seriously do not know how **the queen's scepter** wound up in your pack. YOU DON'T. How could you a lowly (class) have done such a thing? The bounty hunter that sleep gassed your party didn't believe you. Neither do all these guards, neither likely does the rest of the party. *Goooooooood Morning.*

23. The party wake from a long night's rest clad in winter weather clothing and emerging from a hide tent somewhere on an ice pack All of your things and gear are here though now somewhat hardened against the cold and darkness. Come nightfall you will find that all of you have 20 infravision and 60 ultra-vision, which will prove necessary as this world has neither stars nor moon. Night is BLACK and probably full of terrors. **How you got here can wait.** Survival will take priority. At the least though they seem to be prepared. Does anyone have any scars they don't remember?

Hoopy Froods sub table

1. Hard working, harder playing, undercover but off duty agent of the time corps looking to unwind with minimal consequences
2. Nice guy, great sense of humor, lovely singing voice, buys everyone's drinks, listens to your problem and gives genuinely good and actionable advice, is in every way THAT GUY YOU WANT TO HANG OUT WITH. At the end of the evening he slips back into his armor, takes up his sword and shield as he bids you all good day, going back to work as the highest level paladin any of them are ever likely to see again.
3. Body stealing telepathing life form - actually a master criminal escaping here from an antimatter universe.
4. Criminal from the future has fled into this timeline & era and is looking to lay low. You just became their new best friend, first person they have seen! Congratulations
5. Roll or choose off of wizards and their hobbies p
6. Fleeing alien criminal and their bizarre entourage. You aren't likely to remember much of it afterward, but you will probably not die. One PC vanishes for 3d30 hours and returns with a story just no one will believe.

Potential Sexytimes sub table

The character meets someone who fancies them, and possibly vice versa. Depending on character, campaign, Player and Judge desires, table etiquette, and everyone's comfort levels this could be anything from meeting one's true love to something like a random hook-up. Table is provided as a springboard to RP, **Do not use this table or what**

you have generated with it for the purpose of making anyone uncomfortable. Roll dice, play your character, have fun. Don't be a dick.

Opportunity knocks; sex and gender is of the character's general preference unless specified otherwise. Roll 1d20

1. Temple dancer – no, a *dancer*. Though in that outfit who could blame you.
2. Temple prostitute – do you want to Talk to the Goddess?
3. Eunuch (13% secret cultist) a captured warrior from a far land, long ago broken and gelded. Romance them with your tales of far away lands that remind them of home.
4. Slave (15% chance of eunuch, 23% this is an escape attempt) does not have to be anywhere for a few hours and has never known the touch of ... anyone actually.
5. Harem guard (25% chance of eunuch) that has very talented fingers and a gifted touch.
6. Member of Harem (3% chance working assassin needing a night off from stalking their sultan or noble)
7. Visiting stranger from sexually liberated culture fancies you.
8. Stranger from sexually repressed culture finds you strangely compelling.
9. Gender non-conforming member of a different race than your PC likes variety and you being both open minded and ready to party.
10. Dancer. And by dancer, I mean thief. You wake up the next morning. Broke. You got robbed. Investigating further, your 'inn' is a front for the thieves guild. Good luck getting that back.
11. A classy Courtesan finds you charming for some inexplicable reason
12. Ork seductress (Dagger, Beads, loincloth) looking for some strange or possibly their next holy sacrifice? Good luck!
13. Concubine or mistress in another's employ enjoys a dalliance with you. Roll the PC's Cha or under with d% to attract the attention of their patron. Hope they like to share.
14. Kept lord/lady; curious but needs you to *stay quiet about it*.
15. Serving wench, interested/negotiable; has done this before, has several herbal remedies just in case. Mostly wants off their feet for a few hours more than anything.
16. Strange "far being" archmage/psion astrally projecting from their native plane of existence. *Show them this strange thing called canoodling.....*
 - a. 11n10 chance that astral form is actually demon, devil, invading Para being, Dero tulpa, overwriting attack meme from the planes of law, the reality anchor of an invading task force from a plane endemic to the campaign's dominant life form
 - i. Mating with the aforementioned reality anchor could and should be QUITE HAZARDOUS to the player character (who else) doing so.
17. One legged elven prostitute; mean oral skills. (39% has epic backstory and character levels)
18. Lusty 'zona pirate in port, looking to party with several individuals.
19. Gnome 'wizard' looking to score; 1 in 6 chance of doppelganger
20. Beathys Betty – the Urshod Ibyberg; roll d% to determine how much of her body has been converted to Ibyernetic equivalents.

ed. Note: GDHs Table of HARLOTH - I'm fixing that damn ho table to be 113% less personally offensive and 211% more accurate. The spirit of E. G. G. can bite me. It may be true that this will make more sense if you compare it to the "Appendix Ho" (Harlot encounters AD&D Dungeon Masters Guide p. 192) – you may, if you wish, consider this my retort.

Harloth encounters can be with almost any normal character type, making it hard for the party to distinguish each encounter from what it is. (In fact, the encounter could be with a successful illusionist who is only prostituting herself as it pleases her, as geas on a magical quest, or even in the name of a God or Goddess.)

Tables can be used to generate urban or local encounters; alternatively, can be used to flesh out existing NPCs or (with the Judge's permission) some of this may be applied to an appropriate PC, as it's all RP anyway. Make sure everyone is on board before introducing any of this however, and don't assume you know how everyone will feel on the matter. *If you can't talk to your group about it, don't use it.*

Table of Harloth Sex Workers table

– table assumes Merchant quarter or other Traveller's District, by evening or night.

01-05 Aged Activist
 06-10 Haughty Hustler
 11-23 Ghetto Geisha⁷
 24-26 Brazen house Bawd
 26-35 Expensive Gigolo
 36-50 Pimp – see Pimp encounters sub table
 51-57 Drug addled Trull
 58-60 Slumming stripper⁸
 61-65 Wandering wench
 66-72 Slovenly Tart
 73-75 call girl or joy boy
 76-85 sly streetwalker Guild Doxy
 86-90 Cheap Chippie
 91-92 Happy hooker
 93-94 poet Coccette⁹
 95-98 Wanton Doughboy
 99-00 Special – see special sub table

25% has pimp (theoretically this includes pimp results yes)

60% is member of persecuted minority group

80% is runaway, orphan, refugee, or in hiding from others

45% has family (1d2 parents or 1d3 siblings, or 1d4 children, or a combination) to care for and support

⁷ Do Not Disrespect. 30% of being a rogue/specialist/face type character of levels 1-4; either way you definitely know things and people and secrets;

⁸ Less than 2% chance of also being assassin/ninja of 1d4 level; never a player character, never fond of them,

⁹ 5% of being a bard of level 1-4

A status or image conscious pimp will resemble a businessperson or merchant, a private dancer a kept mistress, other sex workers may be mistaken for almost any other character type according to socio-economic factors¹⁰, and so on.

Pimp encounters

Typical street trash

Wealthy procurer (25% has ties to slavers or worse)

Pimp concerned about image

Rich Panderer

Brothel Madam

15% pimp keeps their people addicted to various substances.

25% pimp regularly beats their people

33% chance pimp owes money to much more important people than themselves.

Special

Black Widow – harlot is hunting, they may be a vampire, kitsune, succubus, cultist, or utterly mundane killer, mad, political, or greedy. But their M.O. does not change. They are killers. 30% chance of 1d3 helpers who aid in covering tracks and obscuring evidence

Divine Channel – prostitute is sacred vessel for their deity. 20% chance of cleric, druid, or relevant class levels. Any serious disrespect, defamation or of course injury or unwelcome violence upon her person as a cumulative 3% of invoking whatever passes for divine wrath in your game system.

Being covered head to toe leaky, stanky boils sounds like a good entry level example, however.

Noble Slumming –

33% is completely drunk or intoxicated when encountered

20% is being discreetly followed by family retainers

25% chance of infectious disease

Other character type partying – the harlot is not normally by trade a prostitute, but this is how they relax and unwind / have fun.

Sacred sibling of the order of the mantis – harlot is at least a lay member of the secret order that hunts and kills those who have abused or taken advantage of one of their number.

Sentinel – worker belongs to a City district or neighborhood protection organization, a neighborhood watch or take back the night type organization; alternately this could indicate undercover law enforcement depending on setting.

Trouser john – is not a sex worker; but another character type that is actively soliciting for such. They may read the PC as such and act accordingly or may be desperate enough to proposition anyone...including the PCs.

¹⁰ "is your fantasy world also beset by inflation, high unemployment, and racism to make it more real?" – Roger e. Moore, Dragon magazine #57

All Harlots

+1 to init. +1 on saves to avoid surprise

+1 to conceal small items about their person

+1 saves v. disease and poison

At least one selection from the side hustles table

Have (Roll 1d6 1-3=1, 4-5=2, and 6=3) d6 of HD unless they have class levels.

Are proficient with daggers, knives, improvised weapons, clubs,

May be also proficient with: Leather armor, Nets, Short swords, Whips, depending

Know local information 30%

Convincing Bluff 15%

See through disguises 13%

Disguise 10%

60% chance to have second job (skill set or source of employment) 20% likely to be, or work with, a thief, gang, or local guild.

20% chance of being leveled character

+1 additional language per int. bonus If residing in a cosmopolitan urban area

Side hustles sub table

Adventurer or other useless layabout (-1d6 starting money)

Apprentice or student (+1 Int)

Bawd (+1 Con)

Bookkeeping (+3d6 starting money)

Exotic dancer/stripper (+1 Dex)

Holy Person

Midwife (+1 Dex)

Pimp (+1 Str)

Temple dancer (+1 Cha)

Tavern boy or girl (+1 Wis)

Wet nurse (+1 Con)

Distribution

Even independents tend to look out for one another, but any substantial fantasy city will likely have districts where the 'action' is controlled by a network of pimps, many (but not all) of which have (usually very minor) criminal connections and conditions from block to block can range from apparent open business dealings to chattel slavery and all points in between. In addition, somewhere between a quarter and half of a city's districts should have no pimps and are likely (very lightly) administrated by those who keep the pimps out.

Fantastic worlds racial generalizations

Dwarves often have various cultural biases against this sort of thing. Any dwarven harlots are (80%) exiles, permanent or self, and many are culturally, intellectually, or physically different from the dominant dwarven culture(s) of the Judge's world. While same sex pairings are not unusual in dwarven society given their numbers, composition, and religious will, gender variation is almost universally punished. Many such will likely make up some of the dwarven harlots of a given fantasy city. Many of the others will be technologists (if the dwarves in your campaign practice High or Deep Magick) or spellcasters if they are more martially and technically inclined.

Elves often give it away for free, or practice for the 'pure sake of their art' though eventually most find it degrading if they are not working in elven civilization. Many strive for a high degree of individuation in their trade. Few fit, understand, or care about, primitive human sexual

norms, often ignoring or not perceiving differences between gender, sex, or the like and quite often mistaking one role for another (gay for straight, etc.) Among the more environmentally dedicated elven groups this can take on (from a human standpoint) unacceptable forms; some wood elves lay with other intelligent forest creatures and the dark elves are less concerned about paltry matters like agency, consent, or survival.

Halflings do not have such a tradition though urban dwellers have almost certainly picked it up from the humans around them and so have a (filtered) human viewpoint on such people and concepts.

In the country and in their own communities, sometimes young wet nurses, farm hands, or midwives will spend a summer 'seeing to their communities' needs. A tradition that dates to the olden of days when the Greensingers would lay with an entire community's adult population to achieve greater crop yields and the like.

Weird acknowledgements

Thank Bog for public domain art, Creative Commons, and Wiki
(and the OGL and all that cornucopia's out of that, especially the latter)

In general, YAY OPEN SOURCE

Other thanks and people, nouns, and concepts I'm thankful for

Mom

Janis Joplin

Dr. Carl Sagan

Philip K. Dick

Michael Moorcock

Dr. Hunter S. Thompson

SPACE MOM

Edgar Allen Poe

Sylvia Plath

PUNK ROCK

(DIY is a life philosophy not a home repair channel)

Metal

The web

Gaming

Abbie Hoffman

Albert Hoffman

Estrogen

Caffeine

LEMMY

Freedom

Responsibility

Anarchy¹¹

The Pancreator, if one exists, a prospect I find dubious.

My own innate, insatiable contrariness.

And of course,

SATAN SATAN SATAN

¹¹ A sense of social-ethical responsibility informs but is not the same as one's politics. I can oppose the state while wanting to care for the people in it. I can oppose the law without being wrong. I can be a good person and a criminal. And so can all of you.

Know Joy! Defeat Fear!

Let the Horned Queen Set You Free – Book of Scarlet Abomination



60 pages of absolute demonic mayhem and magic. Contains death rays, unicorns, rainbows, and body horror. **Get it here!**

https://www.drivethrurpg.com/product/279673/Book-of-Scarlet-Abomination?src=hottest_filtered

Wrath and Whimsy

Devourer and protector, aid to sorcery and blood crazed belligerent alike, the Horned Queen consumes, infects, and mutates. To some she offers aid and, for others, enlightenment. Can you survive the sights she has to show you?

The Book of Scarlet Abomination is your guide to the cambion princess, Tamarah Pandoramicum and the fell effects she has on those she champions. A full patron write up for the demon, Tamarah Pandoramicum complete with invoke results, taints, spellburn, and unique patron magics.

Also

The Queen's Doom - A description of her court and the planes it intersects.

Several NPCs detailing those aided and trapped by the Horned Queen.

A bestiary describing that which can be summoned from her Doom

60 pages packed with demonic mayhem

Fully compatible with the DCC RPG

Contains mature themes

Critters and Beasties

Blasphemy Leak uses a basic OSR B/X format stat block system for widest understanding and utility. However. Where it is advantageous to that creature to do so, additional categories from other old school monster classification systems are used on an ad hoc basis. Where usage is not clear it will be explained.

Standard and assumptions

Alignment here is more presented (when it's presented) to suggest cosmological forces it has allied itself with, metaphorically or literally. (Sometimes, descriptors will appear parenthetically to explain or inspire further)

Armor is expressed in a dual manner, descending AC then Ascending; thus, a stat average normal human in chainmail would be AC 5/15.

Move is the creature's ability to move, in feet, per round.

No. of Attacks & attacks should approximate both an idea of the creature's tactical and intuitive proclivities as well as a straightforward number of attacks. When using with systems that utilize iterative attacks or pools of action dice, use this as a guideline for what their order or preference of attacks will be or what form they will take.

Size is a relative indicator of size compared to most PCs –

Small or Halfling size (similar in size and mass to halflings)

Medium or Man size (similar in size and mass to humans)

Larger than Man size (significantly taller and more massive than humans)

Morale is a 2d6 throw; roll Morale rating or less for morale to hold when

Half the group has fallen

Half the group are injured

The commander is injured

All named leaders are down

They are surrounded

It seems appropriate to the Judge

Psionics for systems that use psychic powers and such rules these will indicate broad general guidelines for ability rather than specific stat blocks.

Special covers anything else of note but especial attention is focused on their powers; attacks or weird powers first, then defensive and travel abilities. Give a short concise list with a following and accompanying longer description

Fun house rules

Let the high Charisma fighter use that Charisma bonus to intimidate their foes.

Fighter's Cha score	bonus to influence morale
---------------------	---------------------------

12 or less	negligible
------------	------------

13-15	+1
-------	----

16-17	+2
-------	----

18	+3
----	----

Bonus should be used to adjust the course of intimidation and negotiation in whatever direction the fighter character wishes. Lawful characters may incur an additional +1 with the Judge's option.

Abyssal war crab (least demon)

Alignment	Chaos (abyssal, least demon)
Armor	0 / 20 (as partial plate plus outsider)
Move	18'
Hit Dice	10d8
HP	56
No. of Attacks	3 or 1 (Bite & Talons or 1 spell)
Attacks	Bite (3-5) Talons (2-9 per hit) By spell
Morale	9
Size:	Larger than man sized (9 feet long)
Special	spell use, immune to non-magical weapons, cold immunity, Gaseous necroscopic discharge

Necroscopic discharge; the digestive system of this demon breed breaks down the body until naught by the gasses and energies released by death and dying remain. Thrice a day it can violently release these accumulated gasses into a 20-30 cloud (Save v. poison or -4 to rolls for 1-3 rounds)

Surprisingly intelligent (equiv 12) this filthy, matted creature is quite strong (Str 17) and has been used for

Appearance - A long, thin, emaciated weasel-type creature; a segmented but full carapace covers it's sharply hunched back and the whole of the body save the legs and the head, all of which protrude from holes for that purpose, as well as a pair of vestigial orange bat-like wings. A single semi-mammalian head with no visible ears, gentle forehead ridges, a tiny sucker-like mouth and flat, misshapen nose complete the ugly visage. It possesses but a single red-orange protruding eye with which to see. The underbody is covered in a matted layer of light blue fur; The creature smells faintly of fecal matter and offal.

IT moves about unevenly like a drunk caterpillar on six animalistic digits, each ending in taloned feet of variable size, making a rattling sound as it's shell clicks together. Red-orange Bat-like wings extend from below the hunchback, vestigial and useless.

Conformity Agents

Alignment	Law
Armor	8/ 12
Move	up to 150' / round, near instantaneously.
Hit Dice	3d8+1
HP	24
No. of Attacks	2 (clubbing attack with fist and sleep attack)
Attacks	1 (clubbing fists - 1d6) or by weapon + 1 sleep/round
Morale	12 (absolute)
Size:	Medium
Special	Unrelenting Pursuit Metalic features

Metallic Features : The being is a **Pentagonal Trapezohedron** – in its native environment it has ten sides and is immobile when it does not have some method of moving itself; Here, however, it is a Non-mammalian, mammalian imitation; Human sized, more or less though a vague resemblance at best even in poor light. Parts of them shine through like highly polished metal or something radioactive.

Movement - levitation the creature never touches the ground. Instead, it floats in the air. This is not true flight; the creature must remain within, say, ten feet of a solid surface.

Clubbing fists – those who resist or question them, their motives, or their origins may be treated to high impact injury on the part of mammal shaped polygons;

Sleep – once a round they may discharge a sleep suggestion as the first level spell, cast by a third level caster. Once any single member of a party has made the save v. sleep they will withdraw unless they can bring that one down first by violence.

Unrelenting Pursuit – if you flee their brand of “justice” they will pursue you. Constantly. Forever. If you destroy them, eventually more will come after you. More this time. Meanwhile others will lurk behind the scenes, destroying evidence and altering witnesses. None shall bear witness.

Escaped viral meme collectors, they appear to be a highly stylized representation of the humanoid form, a blocky geometric representation terminating in a diamond point that floats precisely 7 and 33/100 inches off the ‘ground’ at any time.

They come in groups of one, three, or nine, sometimes as many as 17 but only as part of a larger force. They seek agents of nonconformity and attempt to bring them back to their point of origin.

Those targeted seldom go easily.

Floater muse

(Madness muse)

Alignment	Chaos
Armor	-9 / 40 (it is literally microscopic)
Move	Swiftly; approx. 90% of C
Hit Dice	0
HP	0.00001
No. of Attacks	1
Attacks	Can communicate with any hosted lifeform
Morale	12
Size:	microscopic
Special	Inspire Madness

Inspire Madness: A bizarre life form that “enters the eye” when a dazzle attack or blinding attack occurs; initially appearing as a small semi luminescent blot or “floater” in the corner of the afflicted vision.

Eventually (Save v. poison daily; keep saving until the saving throw fails) it begins to ‘take coherent forms’ and begins speaking to the character. Think of it as a holographic life form but one that only the afflicted can see or hear. Likely they will go mad, sooner or later. Meanwhile a tiny bacteria made of light and decayed tachyons flits about on the dimensional membrane of your eyeball slowly leeches body heat and zero point energy.

What forms the voices and eventually hallucinations will take will vary; they may start out random or very specific and then go in the opposite direction. Sometimes they are drawn from within the host’s mind, sometimes from what the host sees, and occasionally seem to draw from some other source. Other hosts? Memories of the creature? Who knows?

Given time, most mortal minds find they are unable to prove the creature’s existence and their sanity slips. Some would argue that this pseudo-photonic life form feeds upon such madness but if so, it would be more accurate to say it feeds on their sanity, accelerating what decrepitude might otherwise be.

Each month after the affliction begins, the save v. madness goes up by one. When the save rises above 20 (30 in post Third edition games) then **twip**

That about wraps it up for sanity

Judge: Don’t be a dick with this. It is probably better to think of this as a Curse from a like scroll than a creature or attack. Not giving the party ways to solve this is a total dick move unless that’s the game you have all signed on for.

Gnomes, least

One of four known creeds of “Elfimental”- “We are children of man and faerie, Elf and elemental”

Born of an ancient destructive conflict between the worlds of Earth and the Kingdoms of the Elemental Princes, these humanoids are descent from certain of the courts of Air and Fire, from faerie and elf (both), and from the blood of mortal man. Most descend of Air and Fire, with but a handful each of Water and Earth, (very few of water descent exist). These latter are the Gnomes.

All gnomes

Alignment Neutral
(soft balance, the Earth, natural spaces, magic herbs, deep magic)

Size Small

gnome male stats

Armor 9 / 11
Move swiftly
Hit Dice 2d6
Attacks 1 (by weapon or spell)
Morale 7
Special alchemy, poss. 1-4 levels (ea.) druid and magic user

Gnome female stats

Armor 8 / 12
Move swiftly
Hit Dice 2d6
Attacks 1 or 2 (by weapon or dual spells if both druid and magic user)
Morale 9
Special possibly 1-4 levels of druid, 1-4 levels of magic user
Note: a gnomelass trained as druid or M-U will not bear arms other than wand

Gnome elder stats

Armor 10 /10
Move swiftly
Hit Dice 3d6
Attacks 1 or 0 (by spell or ability, sometimes staff)
Morale 10
Special Prehensile Hair (reach up to 25')
 Curses, ancient gnomelore,
 possibly 1d8 levels of magic user,
 1d4 levels of cleric or druid

Nature and Life Cycle

True Gnomes are earth elementals,'

Least Gnomes are only partly of descent from them. They have reputation as “mushroom chilling bearded dudes with pipes who do magic,” and that is functionally correct if imprecise. They are a valley dwelling collective of short chubby hippie-wizard guys and wizard-hippie girls. They smoke pipes and do magic. They are tied to the Earth and maintain enormous mushroom gardens, among which exist their homes. Sexually dimorphic – all males are short, ranging from 3'6” to about 4'0” in height, with short legs, longer arms, and extraordinary beards. All females are taller, ranging anywhere from 4'2 – 5” in height, with very wide hips, most often with “traditional earth mother” build. Both descend from animalistic, child-like gnomelings; creatures of quiet wonder and great hunger. Gnomelings are sexless and possess no such attributes until their fifth or sixth birthday, once they have chosen their path in life. This choice is made in a quiet psychedelic ritual that is closed to outsiders; it is said any who regret their decision may choose again so long as they endure the rite a second time. Thereafter they begin a transformation largely dictated by their own desires and the needs of the community; gnomeling children invariably grow up to resemble what to them is an idealized self-image. These body-forms are fixed until such a time as transformation into an Elder begins.

Elder Gnomes

The very old, the very wise or (sometimes) the members of the community that the community need to listen to the most find themselves slowly (or rapidly in some rare cases) transforming into the form of an Elder. This is a transformation of mind and ego as well as body, it also is final though the longer an elder goes on, the more ‘in touch’ with their surroundings they become.

Elder Gnome males have been known to develop nerve endings within their by then body wrapping beards allowing for prehensile hair like effects. Elder Gnome females are commonly able to manipulate their hair's nerve fibers as the elder gnome male above. This ability is sex linked and originated in the female line, even some younger Gnome females can manipulate their surroundings with their full locks.

Gnome Communities

If encountered “in lair” the community will number 10-40 adults; of those 20% will be engaged in procreation at any given time, either the making of young or the raising of them. For each 10% of the total gnomish population, add that many d5 gnomelings. Gnomelings are cuie little popkinish crawling things until the age of five when they chose their path in life and transform into one of the adult variations. The entire community will defend them to the death.

When encountered in the wild, gnome kind will be kind and pleasant and none too nosy unless met with violence or outright deception. Those who comport themselves especially well or especially poorly may be invited to a Gnomish Jamboree

Gnomekind has no investment in the wars or arguments of law or chaos. They are of the earth. But they are unreservedly *good*.

Gnome Jamboree – seemingly a combination old thyme Americana Faire and hippie pagan recreationist weekend. Copious amounts of Bugjuice, Moonwine, and (among the wizarding types) various magical, concocts, drafts, draughts, phials, and philters for all manner of mundane, and quite un-mundane, purposes.

If the Gnomes take a liking to you, they will offer you some Bugjuice at least, and at least the one time.

Bugjuice – Gnome bugfarmers raise crops of forest insects to produce, among other things, squeezed jugs of Bugjuice. There are many local varieties, even within specific Gnome communities. To humans it is a disgusting green goopy goo that has little white and brown fleck-chunks in it, like a bug smoothie (this is not entirely inaccurate). They will be encouraged by their hosts to drink it all at once for it is not to their palate.

1d6 effects Bugjuice intoxication on non-gnomes

1 - There is a feeling like a writhing caterpillar in your throat (Save v. poison or gain +1 Con score)
2- URK! (Save v. Petrification or vomit 5d20 small toads which will take their intoxication with them)
3 –BLESSINGS (Drinker literally coughs sunshine and farts rainbows for the next seven days)
4 – “SUCH INSIGHTS!” (Save v. Magic or sleep for 4-24 hours dreaming dreams beyond mortal ken)
5 – DAYLIGHT! (Imbiber experiences transorbital brain interlink, +1 to Int score, check for psi powers)
6 – Urges Overcome! (Drinker saves v. magic or becomes a forest animal and does forest animal things with other forest animals. Enthusiastically. And a lot. Returns to own form within 1d6 weeks when the heat wears off)

Dwarven save bonuses to poison do not apply, elven resistance to sleep does not apply.

Moonwine – Distilled from the drip of raw moonlight and sap of specific trees who bear fruit in moonlight. In humans and elves, even a single glass will help them find their way into (and it is said out of) the Faery Chaos or another of the liminal nonmaterial realms. It can ease madness and cool tempers stoked by the imbibing of too much bugjuice.

Elves drinking more than a small glass of Moonwine have been known to be “struck by inspiration” – Judge’s option but when appropriate a Will or magic save should be successfully made by the PC, otherwise they may give into weird notions of ineffability and wanderlust. Such a character changes their alignment (and if your system allows it begins a new class) and goes off on their own for 1d6 months before returning to the party with a few new scars, disorientation, and one hell of a hangover. They should also be halfway to meeting the requirements for their next level if they were not already.

Especially kind, old, or youthful people at a jamboree may be invited to participate in the **Gnomedance**. Those who participate cannot speak of it but may always come back to another one. All who have shared a gnome dance will come to the aid of another. Provided these strictures are adhered to, those who have been invited to a gnome dance and followed through receive a +1 luck bonus on all saving throws, at least until such a time as they attend another gnome dance. They may pass this blessing on to another at that time and indeed will gain much respect amongst the gnomes for such.

Vuuldier (Vuuldatch)

Low powered cannibalistic arctic vampires

Alignment	Neutral (self-oriented, pack oriented, pro survival)
Armor	10 (12)
Move	35 (50)
Hit Dice	1d8 (1d10)
No. of Attacks	1
Attacks	by weapon or bite (+3 to hit, 1d6 damage)
Morale	10 (11)
Size:	Medium
Special	blood transmissible 'plague of Vuul'

Plague of Vuul those directly exposed to the blood or other bodily fluids of the Vuul must save v. poison (DC 14 or at -2 on their normal save v. poison depending on which saving throw system in question is in use). Success indicates the

The heritors of the *plague of Vuul*, an alien agent that transforms those infected with it into adaptation selective haemovoric cannibals.

Statistics in parenthesis are for the Vuuldatch, the degenerate post-sapient offshoot that goes about on all fours.

Description: Typically Pale/fair skin; blonde or white hair, red eyes, More broadly exceptionally pale, neo-Caucasoid pale/fair skin and hair (often blonde or flaxen haired) Most notably differentiated from other northern human and near/ posthuman groups by the fact that they are lean; their diet keeps their metabolic rate such that they exist in a near state of starvation much of the time.

They do file their teeth down but for very specific chewing purposes.

Culture and Practices

In their homeland the Vuuldier are organized into 7 tribes, the extra young of each generation (there are always too many) are frequently sent out into the world, separately in in raiding packs to expand their territory, typically raiding only as far south as a relatively feral winter will reach in a given region in a given year.

The Vuuldier when they invade a place will typically feed one to three survivors a bit of their blood; those become the property/slave/problem of they who fed them their blood; with the Vuul 'sporacles' active in their blood, they may be drank from freely without issue. Otherwise, their blood is taken, and their blood rich organs are later extracted and consumed, often raw during warfare. The Vuuldier have very strict culture laws about their food. In particular. These laws pay attention to the fact of disease transmission. At least understanding the gross process of infectious disease transmission, they will *not* eat anyone who is not a "brown colour" (meaning blue, red, or green skinned people are not good eats and therefore people).

That said, their culture uses "the whole animal." Bone and sinew are primary crafting materials

Origin & history

The ancestors of the Vuuldier were arctic hunters and had a very different diet. Some three or four thousand years ago, the generation of the plague of Vuul were exposed to a fungal agent of unknown origin and etiology. According to oral histo-mythology, the Vuuldier are one of two groups of these hunters who adapted and integrated the presence of a fungus (and its variety of microspores, in particular the vuul 'sporacles'¹², active in their blood) into their biology, lifestyle, and culture.

The other surviving group are a greatly degenerated animalistic variant; the tribes of Vuul hunt and eat these variants. Both as their right, as sport, and as not to pollute the world.

Native environment: they seem to have originated in particularly lengthy mountain pass at some point after the glaciers began their retreat. The vast majority of them keep to their northern territory but some wander much further afield.

If using the Vale of the Giants, they may be among the few that are permitted free wandering throughout.

In recent springs, more and more of them seem to be wandering south. These bands seem to be from one far north area in particular and speak of a single unifying cult honoring "the Devourer." Probably some region frost sorcerer playing God with the locals.

¹² Their platelets are equipped with a pair of tiny protein "tusks" that facilitate locking onto other blood platelets, and slowly draining them of their essential nutrients etc.

Wasp serpent

Alignment: Chaos

Armor 10 / 10

Move 120' slithering coils (wall crawling 110)

Hit Dice 7d8

HP 26

No. of Attacks 1+1 (Mandibles plus stinger or proboscis plus stinger)

Attacks Mandibles 1d8+1d4

Proboscis (1d6 CON/round)

Tail stinger (1d3 damage)

Morale

Size Large (11' long)

Special Wall Crawling

Wall crawling - The creature can move along walls and ceilings just as easily as it can move on the ground. This will always be in addition to the creature's regular movement method. While too large to fly, the creature does utilize its wings for movement / steering and maneuver, so the ever-present buzzing will remain even if they are not aloft (they cannot fly)

Mandible & Proboscis – a successful mandible attack seeks to trap and hold its prey to give access to the inner proboscis, emerging from within the mandible area. The mandibles are themselves fitted with twin rows of tiny teeth making it all the easier to hold prey in place. While making a proboscis attack it cannot make a mandible attack and vice versa.

The proboscis, with a successful hit will drink of the target's vital essence, sapping 1d6 points of Constitution / round. If the target's con. is reduced to zero the target is slain. Slain targets are struck with the tail stinger; a tiny writhing chaos larvae will be implanted, which will use the corpse as a host until it is mature (1-2 weeks) then bursting out as a wasp serpent with half HD. Those slain by the stinger attack are also used in this way.

Tail stinger- it has a powerful whip like tail, indeed, its bug-like extremities seem dedicated to holding on tight to surfaces so that it may use its entire lower body to swing the tail about vigorously. It strikes at +4 and inflicts 1d3 damage per strike; however, those so struck must save v. paralysis at -3 or feel a powerful (medicated) compulsion to sit down and stop fighting. Such a character becomes a prone non-combatant the following round on a failed save.

Two successful saves consecutively confer a temporary immunity to the stinger venom.

Cold Blooded Adaption – the chaos entity has not adapted to the material world well and so becomes sluggish and functions at -2 to all actions, taking an additional 2 points per die of cold based attacks.

This foul creature of purest chaos seems a fusion of reptile and insect- a slim, long serpent or worm-like body with six limbs, all covered in hard chitinous scales; it has an obvious stinger at the far end and a wasp-like head. A transparent veiny double set of dragonfly like wings, unfold out to 7 feet to each side.

It is called to this plane from a demon realm with a particular but rare charm.

Even Gods have nightmares.

BLASPHEMY LEAK is spilling out over your hands there, yellow pilgrim.



Fantasy occult horror mayhem & weirdness for tabletop fantasy role playing games played with a Referee/Judge, 1 or more other players, and imagination! Use sparingly. Discretion is advised but you won't listen anyway. You never ever listen.

.....because even dreaming gynoids have nightmares.

Nightmares, daydreams, and flights of....call it fancy. Might have been blue cheese.

Certainly, wasn't religion.

Blasphemy leak zero

October 2019