

NARCO SA

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DROP TABLE INSTRUCTIONS

To use the drop table on the last page, roll a number of four-sided dice, ensuring that they land on the page. Interpret the results as you see fit. If a die result of 3 lands on the icon of a mushroom adorned with a skull, then this might mean that three skeletal warriors are guarding a ring of magical mushrooms -- or it might mean that three large ambulatory toadstools wander the forest in search of victims. If the die lands at the colored border, let the color tell you which part of the book to look at. Flip to a random page in that part of the book, or roll on the appropriate table.

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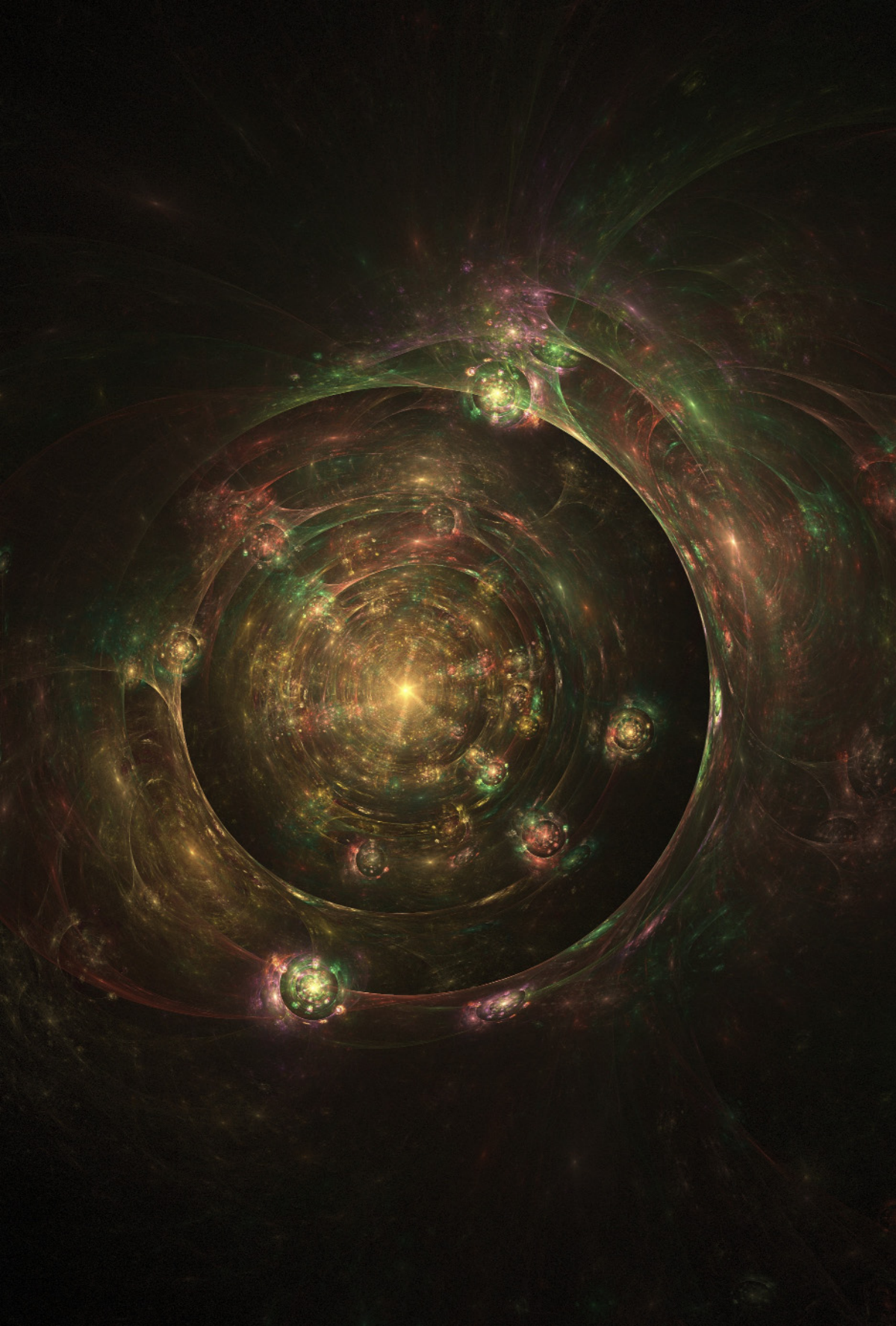
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1. Locales and Cities

ASCESCENT MORASS BY ZACK WOLF

The Acescent Morass spans a hundred miles in each direction, blood-red and smelling of stinging vinegar from miles away. The swampy marshland is home to little life, due to the strange, intoxicating muck that dominates the landscape. The bog is overwhelmed with a type of crimson trollberry tree that constantly yields sweet-smelling but poisonous fruit from their creaking boughs.

The fruit drops into the shallow, muddy water of the swamp where it decays and ferments due to wide swaths of stagnant water. The fermented fruit impregnates the muck, which bubbles and burbles as gas escapes from the thick mire, with alcoholic chemicals. The stench is strong from outside of the swamp, but inside of the swamp it's even worse.

On the western borderland of the swamp is a series of rolling hills where clans of red-skinned trolls make their chaotic villages. The troll matron-shamans who rule the different clans send forays into the swamp to gather the alcoholic juice from only the most potent pools. The shamans over-indulge on the viscous drink to fuel crazed, hallucinogenic visions in order to commune with their blood god (drunk-dialing mostly).

During the autumn, which is mating season for the trolls, they often host loud, violent, drunken orgies in the hidden thickets of swamp.

Rumors of an old keep that predates the intoxication of the swamp often draws greedy adventurers who looking for an easy treasure. The first thing they'll notice is the pungent smell, from miles away. Once inside of the swamp, the smell is all but totally overwhelming, causing eyes to water, throats to constrict, and minds to recoil. If one were to drink the watery, red, swamp-wine, it functions as an incredibly powerful alcoholic beverage with the added 10% risk of having wicked hallucinations for 1d6 hours. If wading through the watery swamp, continued skin contact with the water will lead to a similar effect after one hour of continued exposure.

If adventurers happen across a group of trolls gathering swamp wine, the trolls viciously defend their territory, using their intimate knowledge of the swamp to their advantage. If the adventurers wander into a drunken troll orgy, they'll find that as long as they don't get too close, the trolls are too busy with their bloody fornication to notice them. However, should a hapless adventure decide to disturb the gruesome sex party, they'll meet with vicious resistance. Never get captured by a group of orgy-crazed trolls!

CITIES OF NARCOSA (d12)

**BY AARON GORDON,
DAVID BLACK, MICHAEL LEE,
AND RAFAEL CHANDLER**

1, BY AARON GORDON

Somaglean, an subterranean crystalline city carved out of massive geodes that were once the corpse of a forgotten god. Luminescent ichor is mined out of sacred veins of crystal by the serpent folk who dwell there, which is then distilled into a shining white liquor that grants visions of a future that will never be.

2, BY RAFAEL CHANDLER

Lumina, where blue-skinned Wind Elves play stringed instruments while the Indigo Priestesses dance through clouds of hallucinogenic Kuava smoke.

3, BY MICHAEL LEE

Proper Poppy Meadow, a sprawling field filled with poppies of every color imaginable. Each color flower has its own effect. Scattered among the flowers are revelers who picnic here for days at a time; each has a favorite color.

4, BY RAFAEL CHANDLER

Sweetglade, home of the Grass Orcs, who carve wooden pipes, preach tolerance, and stain their lips red with the juice of peace-berries.

5, BY AARON GORDON

Rockhopper's Rest, an island town populated by dwarves that wear beads and trinkets woven into their beards and body hair, but little else. They raise a variety of giant lizards and toads as livestock and for their psychoactive venom.

6, BY RAFAEL CHANDLER

Mecha Zel, clockwork city of the gnomes, where psychoactive demon-bile is processed and refined, then sold in cartridges that fit into brass syringes.

7, BY ERIC DUNCAN

Shallow Stream, a halfling enclave where the sap of the Linnormbreath trees is harvested and turned into hallucinogenic incense.

8, BY RAFAEL CHANDLER

Spore City (a massive network of tunnels under Stone Mountain), where green-kilted gnomes sell velvet bags of powdered ghoulish bones.

9, BY DAVID BLACK

Ketmuria, a spiral shanty town built in a vast hole, which legend claims to have been dug by the earliest of proto-worms. The residents farm using moisture that condenses on the wall of the unending spiral. The background toxicity inherent to all of Narcosa lends psychoactive properties to anything grown here, and (it is rumoured) makes the inhabitants of the town telepathically linked with great purple worms that crisscross the deep earth below the surface.

10, BY RAFAEL CHANDLER

Black-Wreath, a vast island hovering in the clouds, where the soldiers of the Empress send all the drug-induced hallucinations that somehow become tangible. It is a place of exiled nightmares.



11, BY ERIC DUNCAN

Highcage, the necropolis where the undead attempt to find ways to satisfy thier cravings, from consuming intoxicated beings to more dramatic experimentation. The animated dragon skeletons the city is built on move often, staying ahead of the Empress' troops.

12, BY RAFAEL CHANDLER

The Hive, a mile-long structure of hardened honeycomb where the bee-people store all drug-related information in wax-capped cells. Queen Nicosia, Grand Mistress of Dreams, rewards them for their labors with scoops of aphrodisiacal royal jelly.

**SHRINE OF THE
SLIGHT EYE FLOWER
BY JARROD SHAW**

Neighboring tribal elders meet here regularly to resolve disputes. When beneath the petals of the 8' plant, a fine dust can be inhaled, causing a deep sense of joy and serenity.

**LABYRINTH
BY WAYNE SNYDER**

There is no time but now, in the land of the fertile green. A labyrinth of love and longing lays prostrate with opiate dusted nipples on the never ending plains of Sleep. With throbbing veins and burning loins we await the languid rainbows to tread the way to lost Narcosa.

**THE HEAD OF
THE FALLEN GOD
BY JOHN WILSON**

Somewhere in the Dreaming Forest of Narcosa is the Head of the Fallen God. This is a head from an incredibly ancient being -- but, boy, what a head!

The head itself is over half-mile across and made of a dense, stone-like flesh. Long strands of ropy hair cover the landscape around the head, intermingling with the vegetation and trees so that they cannot be disentangled.

Giant, blood-sucking lice roam through the hair, attacking all who they come across and sucking their blood from them (see page 66).

The area directly in front of the Head is sometimes filled with a strange, sweet-smelling mist that emanates from its mouth and nostrils. This mist can cause hallucinations in anyone who breathes it, granting them visions of the world beyond and increasing their appetite ten-fold.

At night, dreams have been known to leak from the Head of the Fallen God and take on physical form. These dreams will lead a life of their own until the next night or until they stray beyond the range of the Head's influence.

THE CITY WITHIN THE SONG BY ERIK JENSEN

Despite apocryphal assertions, it is widely accepted among the best-educated wizards of the Wampus Country that there are, in fact, only three Cities of Secrets. These three cities, we are told, hold within them deep, great truths about the nature of reality and the place we call home. Many scholars and historical treatises agree that the Cities of Secrets are numbered three, however different traditions name varied places as those mystical places.

In contemporary sorcerous circles, it is commonly accepted that the three locations consist of the City Behind The Moon, the City Under Everything, and the City Within The Song [1]. Of these, the City Behind The Moon is best-known; a faerie outpost which occasionally exists just outside the atmosphere of our world, it is a place to which we can easily travel if we but know the way, and its denizens occasionally lower themselves to visit the Wampus Country.

The second conurbation, about which less is known, is the City Under Everything. A realm of twilight and secrets, this place is, the wizards would have us believe, quite literally under everything -- under that lake, under the deepest caves, and under your child's bed; one can only imagine what its denizens best resemble when squinted at in the sickly half-light of its cobblebone streets.

Neither of these storied places, however, are the subject of today's discussion; instead we turn to one of the once-popular candidates for the third mystical node, the City Within The Song.

Much of what is supposed regarding this place comes to us from the memoir-tome *Strange Futures Wrought By My Own Foolishness*, scrawled in mirror-writing by a time-traveling lich under the obvious nom de plume of Endsworth.

Mr. Endsworth claims in the book to not only have survived til the end of the universe -- thanks in part to his undead condition -- but also to have inadvertently caused the whole sordid collapse, as alluded to in the title [2].

Regardless, our concern for the work is singular: the lich Endsworth provides a lengthy diversion regarding the City Within The Song during one of the middle chapters, and it is from this source that we know something of the place.

[1] The poetic among you will notice the "Behind", "Under", "Within" pattern; I do not recommend placing too much symbolic stock in these words, as the wizards of both today and the Long Long Ago had an inordinate fondness for prepositions.

[2] If the signposts of apocalypse described by Mr. Endsworth in Chapters Two through Four of his work are interpreted somewhat liberally, then the not-yet-undead Mr. Endsworth is likely alive today, as a young sorcerer.



The City Within The Song, called Ghya-Ma-Hau by its inhabitants, exists simultaneously in several places [3]. The city exists, in some physical sense, on several other demi-planes at once, including those known as "Narcosa" and "Thrice-Cursed Ffu" [4]. Endsworth suggests to us that the City does not exist in the same form in each realm, instead one city dreams the next in a cascade: the Ghya-Ma-Hau we can reach from Wampus Country may be a projection of the dream-selves of the residents of Ghya-Ma-Hau in Narcosa, who themselves are the sweaty nightmares of their own analogs in Ffu.

If the lich is to be believed, the citizens of Ghya-Ma-Hau are, generally speaking, aware that they are someone else's dream, and act accordingly -- which is to say, with considerable abandon and disregard for their own safety, should the whim strike.

Reaching the City Within The Song from the Wampus Country is not easy to do purposefully, but quite simple to accomplish accidentally. All wizards of our time are familiar with the bazoul, that psychemotive energy field which binds the living creatures of the Wampus Country and even permeates the land itself, like cheap rum poured over a sponge cake. The bazoul is the weave of lives and minds, the unspoken communication between the myriad singularities that populate our world.

Every form of communication requires a medium, a language; thus, if the bazoul is the air, there is a song which floats through it, resonating with each mind it passes like a voice against an eardrum. But this is first-year sorcery, and I do not mean to bore you [5].

[3] *"Ghya-Ma-Hau" comes to us from the tongue of the aboriginals of the city, a race of portly toddlers lacking both hair and visible gender. This native race was long ago subjugated, then enslaved, then fashionably modified to be housepets by vivimancers, then rearranged into semisentient furnishings and accessories. Few natives still survive; during his stay in the City, Endsworth rented a native who had been shaped into a small box, in whom he placed his snuff to protect it from Ghya-Ma-Hau's legendary rains.*

[4] *I use here the designations given by the Psychlopedia Teratica, as they are in common use by planar scholars even if I personally prefer the hexadecimal system introduced by the learned Ul-Phremion of the Several Matrices, in which the demi-planes are 7A91 and 76CC, respectively.*

[5] *If your own university did not cover isoplanar parapsionic metaphysics until third year, you have no one to blame but your parents, who sent you to a sub-par school.*

Suffice it to say that if the bazoul has a song, and that song has a rhythm, then translating said rhythm into physicality would yield Ghya-Ma-Hau: the City Within The Song, and the right altered state of consciousness will provide physical access [6].

Dreamers sometimes go to Ghya-Ma-Hau, and drug addicts, and those in the depths of depression, and those at the pinnacle of joy; when you find yourself so full of sensation or emotion that this world can no longer parse your existence, your mind and body are shunted to the City Within the Song as a safety measure.

The City itself is a massive iridescent -- in some manifestations it stands on the surface of the earth, in others it floats in the sky. This immense sphere is populated both on the outer surface, and on the inner, and passing between the two is a simple act of will accompanied by a physical push, as passing gently through a soap bubble. And perhaps a soap bubble is the most appropriate description, as rainbow fractals dance over every surface, seemingly alive, and the entire city is possessed of this unspoken feeling of an impending 'pop' -- perhaps yielded by the ephemeral nature of the dreams which form the atoms of Ghya-Ma-Hau.

The population of the City may vary by manifestation and time, but it is certainly immense, with the city's footprint covering many square miles of visible land and goodness-knows how many more microplanar spider-holes and trans-folded buildings [7].

Things in the distance are transparent in their nonexistence; as you approach, they coalesce out of nothing in a swirl of melted crayon to become real, so long as they are being observed. Once you pass, the shops and sculptures and people may be forgotten and unwatched, and thus dissapate and seep away into invisible drains in the walls of reality.

Within the City, thousands go about their dream-business, much of which might be inexplicable to passersby, seeming the actions of mimes and madmen. The streets and walls and buildings shift and morph in reaction to the unspoken needs and fears of the citizenry, making Ghya-Ma-Hau both a playground and a nightmare.

[6] To review: an encrypted pattern hidden within a psychic song-field, which is also an actual city when you look at it sideways. Wizards who cannot wrap their thinkmeat around such concepts best return to brewing "love potions" for rubes.

[7] Endsworth himself does not describe the seize of the City beyond conveying its enormity, but in one dialogue, he quotes a drinking-companion (one Zebulon the Cruel) as noting Ghya-Ma-Hau to be "at least as big as either the City of Oaks or Chicago, and twice as dangerous as the two combined". Sadly we lack context for this boast.

Few would travel there intentionally, for there is no safety in wandering the collective unconscious -- not only are most humans wracked with constant fears and inadequacies, but many of them are quite stupid, to boot, and all these traits manifest in the City Within the Song.

How many dreamers and mushroom-fiends lose themselves amongst the labyrinthine alleyways of Ghya-Ma-Hau?

We cannot know. Nor can we posit whether their visit to the City Within the Song is temporary, or in some way permanent; the place is so permeated with dream-stuff that possibly tonight you will dream your way there, only to then replace your earthly self with a dream of you, slightly altered. The next time your companions note you are not acting like yourself, consider the possibility that you are not, in fact, yourself -- you are but a dream-painting of the real you, who is now passed out in an alley in Ghya-Ma-Hau, the City Within the Song.



THE GOBLIN FARM BY EDWARD LOCKHART

How do you take your tea?

The goblins of Feywode, that dangerous fairy-tale other-place which borders some few worlds, are of course personifications of petty human emotions.

But what then of the Goblin Farm, and do you drink the tea?

The goblins at the Farm are helpful, friendly, and kind. Sure, they smile their crooked smiles, showing their crooked teeth, but there is genuine glee in their shining eyes. They are truly pleased to have you as a guest.

But do you drink the tea?

So far as the sages know, this is only place in the Feywode where the opium-smoke tendrils of Narcosa do reach. Nevertheless, the Goblin Farm appears to be quite wholesome and pastoral.

Sure the goblins grow some hemp, but they'll offer you the finest rope you've ever seen and refuse even a half-penny in payment. If you do show some interest they'll gladly give to you of their finely carven pipes, as well. Oh those are certainly poppy fields, but don't they just glow so red, in the morning sun? However, have you a game knee, then shall their apothecaries give to you finely incensed tinctures of the poppy's dew.



Ah, and their great brews: those fields are barley and rye, and there, just past them to the south, yes just there, are those not the finest sun-soaked vineyards your eyes have ever seen? Their beer is blessed good, hearty and light, sweet and sound. Their wine would make the sourest sommelier weep so sweetly. And that whiskey? It tastes of summer days, smoky evenings, and oak shaded back lanes. Try them all, they won't insist, the goblins just smile and bring you all the more.

But do you try their tea?

They'll feed you full of barley stew and melons overripe. They've such cheeses as to please any and all types.

But would you take some tea?

And did you see, that mirrored pond? It is where the blessed lotos grows. Some fine plum-blushed mornings, I've seen them there, goblins you see.



They dig amongst the lotos roots in some strange, old-fashioned goblin revelry.

As you see, 'tis such a grand place, and I shall never want to leave.

Oh, but won't you try some tea? Can't you see their sacred motions, portioned so carefully? How they start to offer, but shake their heads so nobly?

They want to share, but can't be rude and are so afraid you might refuse, oh won't you take some tea?

THE QUARANTINE ZONE **BY REECE CARTER**

"Now I know what you are thinking: where does all the "leftovers" from making gear or even the bad batches go? Well, let me tell you, it's the quarantine zone man. Like there is this massive place out west... or maybe it's east... or south... ah, fuck it, anyway there's this place, right? And it all just sort of gets sent there. It's like a giant collection of stuff that is massive. Just watch out if you go there, it's like totally messed up. I saw this sort of cat thing that just kept smiling at me... It's fucked up, bro, have you ever seen a cat smile, man? It almost makes you want to give up the stuff. But seriously it's a crazy place... So did you want to go on a trip there? I heard from Jimmys mate, Frankie, that there is a lake made of crystal, man. Just imagine how pure that would be." (Last known conversation of Robert "Ripper Rob" Jackson)

THE HOUSE OF LOVE AND CHANGE **BY JASON VINES**

At the House of Love and Change in Narcosa, you pay for the enfolding embrace from one of the many companions available.

Some say that the satin-like material is some form of ooze, an incredibly dense cloud of spores, or some liquid darkness. All agree that any who put their gold down return changed in body, mind, or soul.

Roll a d6:

- 1-2 Randomly swap two physical traits
- 3-4 Randomly swap two mental traits
- 5 Your face is replaced; if lawful, pulsing bright light; if chaotic, a whirling mix of fog and shadow; if neutral, flat featureless skin. Your senses remain unaffected.
- 6 One random arm or leg is transformed (roll a d4):
 - 1 Tough spongy fibers
 - 2 Covered in rapidly regenerating button mushrooms
 - 3 A red stump with a skeletal limb protruding
 - 4 Roll for random humanoid limb at its regular scale

**HASHISHASTAN,
THE FOLDED REALM
BY VICTOR GARRISON**

First time explorers in the northern "Folded Realms" of Hashishastan often mistake the texture of Erthliss Lake to be waves reflecting the red-golden slanted sun. Early cartographers erroneously charted this body as an ocean. Further exploration revealed it to be a vast inland lake that repeatedly 'unfolds itself' to give the appearance of an endless shore.

Crossing Erthliss is done on large glass ships with thermal-tempered hulls. The 'water' is a strange unidentifiable liquid that is neither fire nor water, but both at the same time.

The creatures that live in this environment can be seen through the ship hulls, and are well documented by Dah'Quensi Mabh'Ludlow in her 'Atlas of the Sub-Psytonic Realms and Quasi-Nether Depths of Erthliss'.

Reaching the far shores of Erthliss is difficult due to the folding nature of the lake. A trip to the far shores can vary from a 'great many ages' to arriving before the crew was born. The same variable of travel time is observed on the return trip. One unlucky expedition is said to have arrived back in Hashishastan port ages before the world of Narcosa (and of course, Hashishastan) had ever been formed.

To help travelers through the horrifying effects of travel through the Folded Realms, a steady diet of

Ruby Drops (see page 45) are fed intravenously by Shub-Snub flies.

The large, fat flies gorge themselves on a mixture of honey and Ruby Drops and are then placed in small wire cages strapped to the travelers necks, where the flies then bite the host and regurgitate the contents of their stomachs into the blood stream of the traveler. Ruby Drops are administered in this way instead of orally, due to the terrible vomiting caused by sea sickness.

**KUSH NIGGURATH AND
TOKE MON DUUL
BY VICTOR GARRISON**

On the northern shore of Lake Erthliss, the towering spires of Toke Mon Duul climb so high that the monks that reside there can reach out the highest window in the tallest spire and touch the Narcosian moons as they pass by in orbit.

In the shadows of the towers of Toke Mon Duul lie the dank, black woods of Sativa Naan, home of the 'Great Green Goat-Whore Goddess', Kush Niggurath. Sativa Naan covers a dozen square miles or more (no one really knows, given that measurements and navigation by maps is impossible due to the transpatial nature of the Folding Realms).

Within the eldritch woods grow stunted pine trees shadowed by massive fungi and towering marijuana plants, 80-90 feet tall, with heavy, barrel-sized buds rich and dripping of crystalline resins.



Upon the resin crystal forest floor roams the all devouring Goat-Whore Goddess, Kush Niggurath, and her multitude of unholy spawn. The mad gibberish of the few men unlucky enough to survive gazing upon her form describe her as a massive knotted mix of plant tendrils and living yet decaying goat parts, mostly heads and limbs.

Plant and animal have merged into a single living, malignantly evil, omnipotent God. She exists in a multi-layered, intermittently shifting time space, existing moments in the future, present, and past simultaneously. Thus, observing her gives the appearance of a million limbs jittering madly, when in fact there are far fewer but they are appearing from a multitude of different time realms all at once.

Obtaining the leaves of Kush Niggurath is the greatest desire among Sleep Mages. Once dried and smoked, the psychoactive properties allow a Master Sleep Mage insight into the center of the universe and omniscient knowledge of all existence. Few are foolish enough to attempt harvesting Kush Niggurath; the few sorry souls that have tried were trapped in her knotted body eons ago yet still writhe and scream in eternal agony, entangled in her resin-engorged tendrils.

SLEEP MAGES AND THE FLOATING CITY OF AUHM BY VICTOR GARRISON

North of Toke Mon Duul is the floating city of Auhm, home to the colony of Sleep Mages. Founded by

Sisnerones, the High One, long before Hashishastan was built, the floating city was created grain by grain of sand through the dreams of Sisnerones and his colleagues in the college of Sleep Magic. The floating city provides the privacy and protection the mages require to practice their sleep arts while giving the colony the means to traverse and oversee the farming of their indica weed fields, particularly their coveted Silverfuck.

Sleep Magic is the most powerful arcane art in the Folded Realms. "Thee Tome Ov Thee Narcoleptic Necromancy Ov Thee Dragonauts" is a detailed archive of Sleep Magic describing every spell that can be used in the Hypnagogic states and beyond. Central to the Sleep Mage's art is the development of lucid dreaming and conscious manipulation of time-space within the dream state. Sleep Magic is an interdisciplinary practice combining the paths of Hypnotica and Thanatopathica. The sleep the mages must enter is as close to death as one can approach. The manipulation of dreams can then commence in this near death state lasting a week or more.

The colony of Auhm burns bales of Silverfuck weed and resin crystal incense continuously. Devil Fruit, White Dragon Kush and Dark Star OG are alchemically mixed and burned depending on the level of sleep the Mage is attempting to access. Rituals often include slow and throbbing, bass heavy music to which the Sleep Mage rhythmically nods his head back and forth all the while chanting in the ancient tongue of the Dragonauts.



2. Factions and Entities

THE BLIND BEGGARS BY RICHARD GRENVILLE

The Blind Beggars of the Necropolis peddle a powder that they claim delaminates the soul, allowing its parts to roam independently.

While under the influence, they say, the body lies inert as though dead, while the spirit wanders the world of eventualities, glimpsing secrets of possible futures and pasts.

Meanwhile, those base parts of the spirit that death should leave behind roam the physical world, causing mischief. One may recognise them by their yellowed eyes and teeth, their smell, and their sullen, lurching movements.

Should one encounter a base spirit, one must capture it and return it to the Beggars, for it is necessary to recombining the soul of a traveler.

Crimes committed by base spirits are not to be laid on the traveler's head; they happen only because the natural restraints of his better nature were absent. And who has not thought crimes, but restrained himself?

THE CHILDREN OF TEMPERANCE BY RAFAEL CHANDLER

The Children of Temperance are a secret society of hooded assassins who dwell in a crypt below the Shimmering Sea (which is a supernatural lake of luminescent water which hangs upside-down in the sky above southern Narcosa).

The Children spend many nights gazing up at the Shimmering Sea, practicing their hatred and contempt for it, and then they butcher any drug-addled pilgrims who have made their way to the Sea to gaze up at its psychedelic waters.

The Children loathe all narcotics and mind-altering substances, and they use their Z-shaped daggers to gut those who partake in such recreational activities. The Children are hated by nearly everyone in Narcosa, but they have convinced themselves that they are in the majority, and that they speak for the people.

Unbeknownst to them, their leader is a vampire who is sickened by drug-tainted blood and is hoping that this abstinence shit will catch on at some point. He's starting to get a little nervous.

THE CULT OF GOLDEN WRESTLERS BY TREY CAUSEY

The Cult of Golden Wrestlers of the Ziggurat of Champions are willing to teach others their divine muscle mysteries. Central to their practices is an amber liquid that enhances the benefit of exercise in the development of mighty thews. Users gain 1-3 points of strength, but only if they continue use at least weekly.

Longterm use (greater than 1 month) requires a saving throw per week, lest the user develop berserker rages at the slightest provocation. Discontinuation of use leads to this effect subsiding in 2d4 weeks. There are also effects on sexual potency which are longer lasting.

IDOLATERS OF DESTITUTION BY DAVID BLACK

Innumerable are the pleasure cults that reside all over Narcosa, but none be stranger than the Idolaters of Destitution. They revere and uphold the detritus of Narcosian Street inhabitants as the purest form of living; to that end they attempt to reduce themselves into grinding poverty with unbid-den hedonism.

Whilst such a feat would appear to be easy for most, they feel driven to prolong the ever downward spiral, viewing each setback in circumstance as an opportunity to wallow in their own wretchedness.

THE FIVE ALCHEMISTS BY WIL MCKINNEE

Legend tells of a trail, a forested trail, quite intoxicating whilst traveled in daylight. Perhaps an over abundance of oxygen at this part of the world. All who enter are unable to sleep.

Its realms are said to grant eternal life, for all who make residence, due to the recounted phenomenological sensation as mentioned above. A tale which could easily tempt a group of dirty, starving adventurers into exploring such a territory for the promise of land and minor stock ownership.

The task is this: Retrieve the bodies and/or resolve the mysterious disappearance of the five alchemists in the Breathless Wood.

When entering the breathless wood, one must make save vs breath weapon every 12 hours. A fail means that the PC will begin to consume their own flesh in 1d12 hours. A PC will eat themselves at a rate of 1d4 DMG per day, two saves per day. Each chunk of flesh consumed grants the anthropophagi a spell of random level.

When found, The alchemists are psychotic to the nth degree, having chewed themselves to the bone. They have many spells which may be employed to maintain their wakeful peace from outside influence.

They have not slept for many years.



THE MENDICANT BY ERIC DUNCAN

For centuries the Mendicants have sown all sorts of plants from trees, fruits and vegetables to hallucinogens, entheogens, psychotropics, and/or demoniants across the length and breadth of Narcosa. They are often seen tending their plants, breeding and crossbreeding the various species. Not gardens in the classical sense these places of cultivation can be found in or near cities, forests, caverns, or lakes.

The Mendicant has a contentious relationship with the Witch-Woman of Cuura, whose adventurers often raid the Mendicants plantings to get the items she seeks. Those who are caught pilfering often become hosts to skull bramble.

When approached in one of their more publicly accessible spots, they claim to be seeking to reproduce the legendary Black Lotus to bring its wondrous visions back to the people of Narcosa.

But the Book of Thyg makes allusions that the black lotus does something far more sinister related to demons among the stars -- but who in Narcosa would believe a book that encourages the rejection of all plants except for foodstuffs?

THE MOST ILLUMINATED ORDER OF CORDYCEPSIS BY ERIC DUNCAN

From the eastern rainforest of Narcosa, a new religious order has emerged. The priests provide the faithful with a delicacy of moon moths who have been infected with a bizarre fungus. The moths when eaten provide divination for one question. The order has used this to acquire new members particularly among the noble classes.

However, as this source of power is kept limited, a means of generating wealth for the order was needed. After much experimentation it was discovered the fungus could be used in a human subject to produce a powerful stimulant by extracting the fluids surrounding the brain.

For one hour after imbibing the extract, gain 1d8 HP (or heal that amount), and gain a +2 to Strength (or similar stat). For each dose taken, make a saving throw against poison/disease or develop a case of the fungal infection. Incubation period: 2 months. Save vs Poison/disease weekly or -1 Con until death.

Not to worry; the laborers and gladiators, who are the ones most likely to be infected, are well cared for by the order. Under their care, the process slows dramatically, as extracting the brain fluid retards the growth.

**THE ECSTATIC ORDER OF
THE FIVE PLEASURE PLAGUES
BY BENJAMIN BAUGH**

The monastery of the EOotFPP's is a proper dive -- filthy, with broken-spring couches hemorrhaging stuffing and heaps of dirty dishes and fish and chip paper and random cats that wander in through the broken windows. The Order's premises is the basement of the abandoned temple of Satsura the Most Blessed, the city of Onwanpie's patron goddess, though her worship has been abandoned like almost all but the most basic practice or work in the cursed settlement now called The City of a Thousand Smiles.

Thousand Smiles was once a wealthy and architecturally blessed city state, presiding over fertile river-fed lowlands, and overlooking the wide sea. Though the city, trade flowed, and brought with it a babble of exotic languages, beautiful people in many shapes and colors, delicious foods, piquant spices, strange music, salacious and creative pornography, and the finest drugs and herbs of delight. The city loved its pleasures, and indulged in them with the Goddess's blessing, and the care of her priests. To seek pleasure was a virtue, in the beautiful city.

In the Year of Red Hawk Sun, a trader from Far Narinjara arrived, with a Botoman slave wrapped in carefully prepared alchemical bandages, from head to foot. The trader's agents had spread rumors before her arrival that she brought the ultimate pleasure, a joy permanent, unfleeting, ever-renewing, and never tired of. A joy worthy of the Goddess, and her people.

There was much interest.

On the trader's arrival, she was greeted by the great people of the city's elite, the priesthood, and a crowd of the common -- but generally happy -- citizenry. The philosophical problems arising from trying to reconcile the quest for pleasure against the body's limited capacity to experience it had troubled the city for hundreds of years, here, if this brash trader's promises were true, was an answer to it.

With much fanfare, the trader and her retinue emerged from her ship, the serenely kneeling Botoman slave in his golden wrappings, carried on the curl-seat of a ritually blinded Gabura Bird.

Feasts were laid, and the trader built further excitement with the stories of her journey, and her quest for true endless pleasure, free of boredom, free of building tolerances.

The city was in a frenzy of excitement, when she allowed the pontifex of the goddess's worship to kneel before the Botoman, gently draw down the veils from its complicated many-lipped mouthparts, and kill that flowerlike mystery while the crowd held its breath.

The pontifex sighed, and then she smiled.

She'd contracted the First Pleasure Plague.



What the Botoman brought was, for most of the population, a series of increasingly virulent and powerful diseases which induced an endless series of pleasurable experiences, which remade mundane experience into ecstatic ones, which transformed any sensation into a joyous one.

It ended Onwanpie civilization. It birthed the City of a Thousand Smiles.

Citizens of the city are barely functional. Most can only manage to rise, find some meager ration of food and water, and wander about. Only a few do anything useful, and still fewer are immune to the plagues. The city has been invaded by enemy armies four times since the plague made it easy pickings, but all four armies succumb to the plague, and joined the city's dreamy smiling citizenry.

In the deep sub-basement of the The Ecstatic Order's dive, the Botoman still kneels.



When making physical contact with one afflicted by the Plagues, make a saving throw. If you fail, roll a d6.

1. The Plague of The Sun's Tongue: Light falling on your skin feels orgasmic. Strip off all your clothing and armor. Leaving the light requires a saving throw. You are immune to pain, except in the dark. In the light you heal 1 point every minute. In the dark, you must make a saving throw to do more than moan and shake.

2. The Plague of the Wine-Rich Wind: Breathing induces drunkenness, a swimming laughing drunkenness in which you feel like you are charming and everyone around you is especially beautiful, and from which there is no hangover and no sickness. Despite swaying and weaving, you never fall down -- even when pushed or tripped or when the floor collapses under you. You take half damage from all sources, and scarcely notice what you do suffer. You have an advantage when being charming and funny, but are hopeless in combat because you can't coordinate enough to strike and find the prospect hilarious. If you know magic, you will use it all up making a big show for the crowd.

3. The Plague of the Dogs that Sing: Animals speak to you, and sing the most beautiful and heart-breathtakingly poignant songs. You gather and hoard as many animals as you can into one place to make the songs more pleasurable and complex. You are unable to harm and animal, and must make a save to allow it to happen without



intervening. When defending animals, you have hysterical strength greater than that of an bull or an ogre, but are unable to even defend yourself against them.

4. The Plague of the Frog God's Belly: You can eat anything you can fit into your mouth, and it is all delicious and the eating is an endless source of delight. Mixing flavors and textures, a constant fascination. A concrete powder over prawns, a froth of fromage and pine cones with worm bile and carrot, a little aperitif of rum and mucus. You gain subsistence from anything you eat, and can take no harm from such things, but what you excrete can sometimes be a horror (1. acid, 2. a fluid that animates the dead, 3. liquid portable hole, 4. d6 tiny homunculi, 5. a fetus that grows to become a clone of you intent on murdering and replacing you 6. ordinary excreta)

5. The Plague of Aching Certitude: You are filled with a glowing warmth and a sense of your own absolute rightness, an unshakable feeling of satisfaction at having figured it all out, having achieved great things, and haven been proven correct by experience and the adulation of you peers. You feel respected, you feel loved, you feel honored, and what you hear from others confirms this. You can not hear criticism, translating it into complement. Your willpower becomes monstrous and you are immune to anything which would alter your thinking or change your opinions -- the rightness of your beliefs is unshakable. But you can not change your mind, alter your plans, or learn from any mistakes or trials. You do

not gain any experience or level up while infected.

6. Immune to the plagues.

Every week spent in the city means you might pick up another of the plagues. Make another roll, and combine. If you roll an 8, you recover and are immune from then on.

THE POWDER-BORN BY RAFAEL CHANDLER

The Powder-Born despise the dull and colorless lives that they led before they first inhaled ouro ("sweet powder"). Ouro, which is made from the ground bones of Rainbow Wyverns, induces psychotic rage, euphoria, and feelings of invulnerability in those who consume it.

Those who snort the powder call themselves the Powder-Born, and they spend much of their time trying to eradicate all traces of their former lives (by burning down places where they lived or worked, or by killing people that they used to know).

Their leader, Gaurdi Selm, is a nine-foot ogre with one eye and no teeth. He is very excitable. He collects the hands of musicians, and will pay dearly for more of them.

THE ORDER OF ST. YIM SIN BY CHRISTOPHER WEEKS

The waters of St. Yimsin trickle out of a chalky cliff and gather in a pool on a wide ledge before draining back into the local hydrology.

Something like a thousand years ago, St. Yimsin and three of her companions accidentally discovered the expansive properties of these waters. Her companions were consumed by their revelations and passed away after only a few weeks. St. Yimsin, however, persisted, fading in and out of contact with the physical world, and only died after year and a day, when her mind could no longer manage the perpetual enlightenment.

The cult that has grown from her remaining disciples settled at the spring and built up a lamasery, shrine and hospital. Over the years, the Order of St. Yimsin has developed a protocol of decoctions and elixirs that will bring a person experiencing the St. Yimsin's blessing out of that state and back to the mundane world.

Today, the lamas, monks and curates of St. Yimsin maintain the sacred site, seeking wisdom from the waters, helping pilgrims to do the same, and treating madness with unprecedented success. Of course, to reach the lamasery and the waters is a long and treacherous journey from even the nearest city, either overland or up the river. And the lamas expect handsome donations for their services.

To take the waters, one lies in the water for several hours each day (allowing the worms to enter the body through pores). Typically on the third day of treatment (once a sufficient population of the worms has taken up residence in the blood stream), mental and physical alterations become detectable. The heart-beat races but remains steady in most cases. The pilgrim grows first confused and then stuporous (as the brain enters a fugue state) as they enter the Blessed Trance.

Some participants speak during their trance, sometimes in languages unknown to all, and sometimes in their primary language. Others are entirely passive (representing a stronger dissociative state).

The people of St. Yimsin's maintain the affected pilgrims commensurate with the donation made by them or in their name. This typically includes brief attention every hour or so around the clock, attempted feedings of broth, periodic cleaning of human waste, weekly baths, etc.

It may also include one-sided conversation, musical performance, poetry recitation, premium feeding and cleaning, massage, etc. The pilgrim's goals and ongoing health are considered and the caretakers make decisions about when to attempt to terminate the blessing, bringing the pilgrim back to the real world. Some participants stay blessed for only three days, others for three weeks.

Some of the lamas are said to be maintained in blessing for months or years, but who knows if that's just marketing hype? (The GM will have



to decide how long any PC is kept in blessed state but consider at least the following: PC's Con, PC's Wis, donation made, and relationship with the cult.)

When it is time to return, the caretakers perform rituals that include feeding herbal decoctions, spreading gummy elixirs all over the blessed's skin and the administration of a large, leafy suppository. (These treatments combine to exterminate the parasite in the blood stream that is responsible for the altered state.)

When one is drawn back to our world from the blessed state, it is stressful and often those most healthy are most resistant. A percentile roll under Con calls for a save vs. death. The percentile roll can be modified by +/- 5% depending on the relationship the PC has with the cult caretaker.

There is a percent chance equal to two times the number of days spent in blessing that each of the following takes place (any combination of effects, even when seemingly inconsistent, is possible):

1. A mental disorder suffered by the blessed is healed (roll for each, if several distinct disorders exist)
2. Minor obsessive compulsion (or other neurosis, phobia, delusion, etc) develops permanently in the blessed
3. The blessed experiences vague recollections of bodily torture

4. The blessed recalls orgiastic sexual experiences and has an increased chance of falling in love with people encountered for 1d6 days

5. The blessed recalls a personal conversation with their deity or similar, discussing the future and the PC's fate -- GM and player can agree on details but PC receives a +1 on any roll in pursuit of this new fate and a -1 whenever spurning it or working against it

6. Some significant secret about the world around them -- something they care about, is revealed to the blessed (roll for this one twice -- two different revelations)

7. The blessed experiences significant longing to repeat the experience for 1d6 units of time (1 -- days, 2 -- weeks, 3 -- months, 4 -- years, 5 -- decades, 6 -- lifetimes)

8. The blessed experiences a strong aversion to the experience and will never voluntarily repeat it

9. The blessed knows a new language

10. Some dietary shift takes place for the blessed -- something is a consuming need, something enjoyed can no longer be tolerated, or something else...

QUNUBIC DRUIDS

BY RAFAEL CHANDLER

The druids of Narcosa who serve Qunubu (goddess of the Green Light, long may she flower) dwell in the Valley of Memories. There, they burn the purple flowers of the koora vine, and inhale the sweetly aromatic smoke, which induces a sensation of bliss.

Qunubic druids are prohibited from wielding metal weapons, but receive a damage bonus of +1 when using weapons made entirely of plant matter (wooden javelins, clubs, and so on).

They are able to turn plant-based life forms, in the same way that a cleric turns undead (for example: shambling mounds, treants).

The druids of Qunubu are currently embroiled in a bitter war with the clerics of Nilax, Lord of Despair. Once per fortnight, each druid must enlighten someone affiliated with Nilax by cutting him open and putting something luminescent (a candle, a glow-worm) inside him. This is the will of Qunubu, long may she flower in the Green Light.

SNAKE RAIN

BY CLINT KRAUSE

As the snake rain fell outside, we gathered in a cave painted by firelight. The birch folk performed their mescal rite. We drank deeply from colored gourds and my dreams echoed with their drumming.

SELF-TRANSFORMING MACHINE ELVES

BY CLINT KRAUSE

Deep in the spirit caves of Khemish, the spore-priests speak of the machine elves, a polymorphic race who dwell in a distant but overlapping dimension, whose wisdom extends to the very birth of the multiverse. These entities can be consulted through the Spore-priest's Sacrament.

The Spore-priest's Sacrament: The voyager ingests the sacred bioluminescent mushroom commonly known as "Elfcap" while the attendant spore-priest "loosens the soul" with ancient transdimensional hymns. After the soul has harkened, the voyager urinates into a cauldron. The spore-priest adds to this a tincture of Ettinvine. The voyager drinks the mixture as the spore-priest blows dissonant melodies upon his elf pipes; then the voyager emerges into a prismatic oblivion, the home of the machine elves, whose presence invokes awe, terror, and fascination.

Once the sacrament is performed, the voyager may ask any question of the machine elves, which they will answer giddily and truthfully. The voyager can ask as many questions as they please. Once the voyager chooses to depart from the elves, they must make a Save Vs. Magic for each question asked. Each failed save results in the loss of 1d6 Wisdom. If the voyager's Wisdom is reduced to 0 in this way, their mind remains with the machine elves, dancing forever in kaleidoscopic bliss.

GRAPE TREADERS
BY GARY BOWERBANK

It is said that the best grape treaders come from hills to the east, where the tribesmen have not invented shoes. Curiously, those that tread for a season and stay for another are never as good the second time round and often discarded and found begging on the streets, licking out empty bottles.

The secret, of course, is the narcotic fields through which hopeful tribesmen tread on their way to the vintiers. The wine makers look for the filthiest and most colourful feet, as they will no doubt produce the most potent grape juice.

THE TAVERN HERO
BY WIL MCKINNEE

Some taverns will feature a 'Hero'. Always a roughneck local, minor anarchic legend of the 'Party'. S/He cares not for the law, will buy rounds until all the patrons are primed for a wild night, after all the guard has passed out or gone to bed.

The hero always has the best drugs, relatively jovial but quick to fight and cause a scene. Running into a 'Tavern Party' thrown by such a hero will most certainly privy any PC to free Goods, but there will undoubtedly be trouble by 4 a.m. Combustibles are always present.

TEETOTALERS OF NARCOSA
BY HARALD WAGENER

You'd think tea-totalers wouldn't exist in Narcosa, or would be utterly boring. Nothing is further from the truth.

Sure, there are the boring non-consumers that live in little non-mushroom-shaped huts, deploring the state of the world. But these are just the victims of the capital-T Teetotalers. Those folk are natty, batty, nasty shit.

They will confiscate and spoil potions, kill any buzz you might have going on simply by their dour charisma (30' range, kills highs and spell buffs), and they will suck all color and fun out of you as if you couldn't handle fun or color or living an exciting life.

Then they sell you windshod houses which are claimed to be "better" than the average run-off-the-hill mushroom home because they have "windows" and "running water" and shitholes nobody needs. Oh and they drain levels, of course, turning you into a miniscule t tea-totaler in the process.

That they themselves get a kick out of this is unproven. Luckily they feed off Narcosa only at the fringes, although they're sometimes seen miles and miles inland. Most friendly folk have no way to fend them off though so it needs someone with a strong tripping mind or a heavily flowing bong to stop the pallid scarring of the land.

SOBERII BY ANDREW SHIELDS

The Worm

The kalatchna worm is a portable filtration organism. It is like a pulsing animate liver shaped like an earthworm a foot long, covered with rubbery cilia. It slides into a warm-blooded creature and filters out all intoxicants, hallucinogens, and other perception-altering substances and dwoemers. Then it slides back out.

Usually.

Reproduction

If it has met the diverse and unique chemical requirements for laying eggs, it leaves eggs in the host that continue cleansing the blood as they gestate. When they hatch, they core the host's vital organs, then slither out, worms the length of a finger, in search of new hosts. The host will be completely sober for up to six days, unable to alter perception, then the host will die shrieking in a writhing hemorrhaging mess that takes up to an hour to kill.

Soberii who wish to keep the young alive until they find hosts often take jars of new worms to drug dens and release them to go from addict to addict, feeding freely. This practice is illegal in most places, but often allowed in homeless shelters.

Symbiosis

In some cases, it finds something about the host that is a unique match. It replaces the host's liver with a cyst-like lair; it is willing to leave the host to cleanse others, and to reproduce, but it must return to its host or both the host and the worm will die. Hosts are immune to illusion magic, spores, drugs, toxins, and poisons of all kinds while their kalatchna worm is inside them; for especially potent versions, they get to resist the toxin even if others would not.

The Religion

Those chosen as hosts for the kalatchna worms formed an order called the Soberii. The term works for single or plural reference—one agent is a Soberii, they are Soberii agents, they work for the Soberii. In the addled and intoxicated land of Narcosa, they are terrifying for their unswerving commitment to unaltered perception and sobriety.

For a fee, they will send their kalatchna worm into a host who is intoxicated, rendering the host sober in ten minutes or less. More often, as a punishment, they will clear out all perception-altering effects from one in a religious or recreational state.

Core Tenet

The Soberii are driven by the belief that reality affects perception, and through that connection, perception can affect reality. There are thousands of cosmic corners and dimensions, and each varied state is a tiny back door to some other way



of being. Influence leaks through these holes into the world. Too many influences, and the world itself is changed. Since there is a delicate balance that allows life as we know it, too much change in the world from cosmic "others" will destroy the balance and plunge the narrow sliver of "real" that supports sentient life into extinction. For the Soberii, this is a form of hell on earth. They are tasked with protecting reality by plugging the greatest violating holes in its defenses.

Identifiers

They dress in dark, sober clothing. Detractors call them "undertakers" or "worm food." They often expose themselves to poisons or hallucinogens to prove their identity if there are doubters. Their sign is a stylized worm wrapped around a T shaped support. Some communities choose them as leaders.

TENTACLE TRIPS

BY JOHN CARR

In the sprawling subterranean slum of S'thkkkkkkkk, Narcosan refugee illithid pirates produce potent alchemicals that can sever the control of elder brains -- but this is just to support the truly lucrative venture. Once freed, illithid hives will in return bring the still living elder brains to S'thkkkkkkkk, where they are suspended and the pituitary glands milked. The variety of hormones thus produced are among the most potent the non-tentacled ever encounter, and all manner of races pay a premium to spread these far beyond Narcosa.

SWIMMERS IN DARKNESS

BY RAFAEL CHANDLER

In the heat of the northern desert, where the ash-wyrms hold sway, Murran the Diver had assembled a small group of refugees inside a cave. There, they consume the "oceanflesh" (yellow toadstools that grow in underground) and they let the strange effects wash over them.

After eating the oceanflesh, they enter a state of semiconscious torpor, during which they believe that they are swimming through dark water; at the same time, they are vaguely aware of what's going around them. They can withstand the heat of the desert, endure dehydration without ill effect, and even endure the fiery breath of the ash-wyrms without dying.

The truth is, they've entered another plane of existence, but only partially; half in this world, and half in a world of cool purple water, they are granted partial immunity to heat, thirst, and fire. However, the side-effect is a movement rate of one-third normal, a -4 to hit, and near-total deafness.

JOURNAL ENTRY

BY WIL MCKINNEE

"Fell face-first in a jungle floor puddle, within twenty seconds that dark dense world I once knew went all fluorescent voodoo and I began drooling in jale. Currently, so sexual aroused that I feel like dying."

THE WITCH-WOMAN OF CUURA BY RAFAEL CHANDLER

In the western hills of Narcosa , where the blue poppies grow, the Witch-Woman of Cuura dwells in a hut made of chicken bones and twine.

She pays gold for rare herbs, powders, weeds, nuts, and seeds. They are all hallucinogens, entheogens, psychotropics, and/or demoniants (drugs which facilitate possession or stalking by a demon or other evil extraplanar entity).

Some of these items must be ingested in order to affect a person; others need only make skin contact. Then, there are those which take effect if smelled, or gazed upon; lastly, there is the dreaded Whispering Grass, which induces violent psychosis in those who hear the wind blowing through it (save vs. breath weapon every 10 minutes or attack the nearest entity).

The Witch-Woman never provides a proper name for the ingredients she needs; she simply tasks adventurers with procuring items based on a description and a location, and if they return in one piece, she pays them for the item in question.

She is powerful, and she pays well; for these reasons, few people in Cuura will answer questions about her, other than to say that she always delivers the promised gold if the adventurers deliver the promised items.

No one wants to admit that many adventurers die while attempting to procure these drugs (either because they fear retribution, or because they want the adventurers to die).

WITCH-WOMAN

AC 13

HD 3

HP 21

Mv 90

Att 2

Dmg 1d4+special

Sv F3

M 10

She is unharmed by normal weapons (takes regular damage from silver/magical weapons). Each time she bites, she inflicts 1-4 points of damage, and her saliva (Prismatic Spittle) produces one of the following results (roll 1d4, save vs. magic negates effects):

1. Victim endures horrific hallucinations; -2 to attack; duration 1-6 rounds
2. Drains the victim of 1d4x100 experience points
3. Drugged stupor; penalty of -3 to armor class; duration 1-4 rounds
4. Superstitious paranoia and terror; can neither cast spells nor use magic items for 1d6 rounds

3. Substances and Items

TABLE A

1. Astral moth larva (p. 32)
2. Blood of Glory in an ivory tube (p. 34)
3. Bowl of the Oracle, wrapped in leaves (p. 35)
4. Bundle of Skunk Wood (p. 47)
5. Catheter Vine-bulb (p. 34)
6. Copper mug full of Skeeter Juice (P. 44)
7. Crystal tube of Laba Wasp paste (p. 37)
8. Dragon's tooth packed with Purple Pipeweed (p. 44)
9. Dried Troll Poppy (p. 47)
10. Earthen jar full of Breath of Glob (p. 33)
11. Electrum Key of Kardolf Randdar (p. 36)
12. Emetic Mushroom (48)
13. Flagon of Shiny Black Liquid (p. 48)
14. Flask of Woebegetter Wine (p. 48)
15. Giant Grass (p. 46)
16. Gysin's Dream Machine (p. 40)
17. Handful of Dried Spectral Sweet Leaves (p. 46)
18. Hot Knives (p. 38)
19. Hydroid Sword (p. 53)
20. Jelly Mushroom (p. 48)

TABLE B

1. Knapsack with Alil inside (p. 33)
2. Korogg Pod wrapped in silk (p. 38)
3. Memory Dust in a corked glass tube (p. 39)
4. Monster horn full of Stone Sap (p. 47)
5. Ochre Mint Sprig (p. 47)
6. Phial containing Halcyon Snuff (p. 40)
7. Pondstone Sap in painted gourd (p. 36)
8. Pouch containing Salts of Vitesse (p. 44)
9. Puffball Mushroom (p. 48)
10. Ram Horn Snuff Box (p. 43)
11. Ruby Drops in a red bottle (p. 45)
12. Rust's Ring of Recall (p. 40)
13. Shaggy Ink Mushroom (p. 48)
14. Small wooden barrel of Yellow Powder (p. 53)
15. Tiny urn containing Planar Dust (p. 47)
16. Vial containing Liquid Acid (p. 41)
17. Wad of Dungeon Fungus (p. 37)
18. Wet pouch of Viper Weed (p. 41)
19. Wood box containing Basilisk Tonsil Stone (p. 32)
20. Yggoa in a copper alembic (p. 54)

Roll a d20 and another die. If the other die is odd, consult Table A. If the other die is even, consult Table B.

ASTRAL MOTH

BY TREY CAUSEY

In southern Zingaro, bottles of cheap local liquor are often garnished with a worm. More accurately, this is a larva of the astral moth, an insect (if the stories can be believed) with a peculiar life cycle.

The succulent whose juice nourishes the larva, and is used to make the liquor, is said to be the remnant of a goddess that pre-Ealderish Natives believed fell from the stars. Its juice was believed to enhance fertility and passion, and bring vivid dreams.

Legends suggest that the larvae that make it into the distillate aren't dead, but merely quiescent, waiting to begin the next stage in their life cycle. Eating the worm produces a pleasant, mildly hallucinogenic experience -- but also allows the larva to continue its metamorphosis inside the etheric body of the consumer.

The astral moth will emerge from the host in d100 hours (saving throw halves duration). From a few hours after ingestion until that time, the host's suffers a different effect from the following chart every 2d6 hours:

1. Wisdom temporally reduced 1d4 points
2. Character becomes convinced they have obtained some deep insight into the nature of the universe, but find it impossible to convey in words to others (15% chance they actually have)

3. Character experiences 1d4 paroxysms of uncontrollable laughter (similar to hideous laughter) lasting 1 round, interspersed with periods of relatively normal behavior.
4. Character experiences visual hallucinations, like a scintillating pattern.
5. Character goes on an ethereal jaunt -- or perhaps (50% change) they only believe they have.
6. Character experiences powerful déjà vu, giving an insight bonus of +5 similar to moment of prescience.

Once the moth emerges, the host returns to normal, though is quite fatigued, and not good for much of anything for a period of hours. The moth, its etheric wings shifting through colors and patterns like a liquid projection lightshow, flies off to the Astral, taking some imprint of the character's psyche with it...

BASILISK TONSIL STONES

BY DAVID BLACK

Basilisk Tonsil Stones can be usually harvested from mature basilisks (who have upto 4 pairs of tonsils); then, after washing in a high alcohol proof, can be smoked, inducing incredible euphoria and sense of strength. Care should be taken to ensure the stones are placed upon a small pile of ash during smoking, as the corrosive nature of the melting stone will ruin any pipe they come into contact with.

THE BLACK PASTE, ALIL BY GAVIN NORMAN

This thick black tar-like paste is extracted from the seeds of a desert plant. Alil can be chewed or smoked, and induces a brief cataleptic trance wherein strange visions may be experienced. In addition to these recreational effects, alil has a tendency to awaken latent psionic ability, which leads to it having a certain degree of popularity among adventurers.

Any player character experiencing the alil trance must make an Int check on 1d20. A roll of under or equal to the character's Int indicates that the drug has activated a previously unknown part of the character's mind, and he gains a random psionic ability for the duration of the game session.

The new ability should be chosen from the following (from Mutant Future):

1. Ability boost
2. Combat empathy
3. Empathy
4. Increased willpower
5. Intellectual affinity
6. Know direction
7. Mental barrier
8. Metaconcert
9. Mind thrust
10. Accumulated resistance

(Use the guidelines in the Mutants & Mazes appendix as to how often these powers are usable.) Each time a psionic power is awakened there is a 5% chance of the character's Wis being permanently reduced by one point, as his mind loses its grip on normality.

THE BREATH OF GLOB BY TREY CAUSEY

The natives living on the desiccated shore of the writhing, quivering, Protoplasmic Sea stretch sheets between staves to catch the dense morning fog (known to them as the Breath of Glob). The sodden cloth is scraped and squeezed to yield a viscous fluid that the natives collect in covered earthen jars before the sunlight can degrade it.

After another day passes, the substance begins to turn more volatile, and can be inhaled from bottles or from cloths on which some of the substance has been spread. Its use deadens pain, increases Strength (+1 with commiserate damage bonus), and quickens the mind (making the user immune to illusions and the like) for 1d4 hours. It also reduces coordination (reducing anything reliant on Dexterity by -1).

Longterm use (daily use for a period of 1-4 months), causes degeneration first of the nerves (further dexterity loss, though this time permanent), then a progressive gelatinization of the flesh (Charisma and finally, Constitution loss).

Accidental Death & Dismemberment

BLOOD OF GLORY BY GAVIN NORMAN

This rich crimson viscous fluid is not in fact blood, though it bears a strong resemblance. It is actually the juice extracted from the pulp of the fruits of the Ylam tree.

Imbibing a sufficient quantity of this 'blood' induces a frenzy of aggressive emotions which are especially strong in the heat of battle, leading to a berserk rage.

Combatants under the influence of the blood of glory gain a +1 to hit and +2 to damage, but suffer a -3 penalty to armour class, due to the reckless abandon induced by the fluid. There are no detrimental side-effects of the blood of glory, aside from the inherent danger of fighting while under its influence.

CATHETER VINE-BULBS BY WIL MCKINNEE

Don't get caught with your pants down. Vines of this nature have been known to vigorously wriggle their way into the Meatus of an unsuspecting or unprotected male or female individual. At this point, the vine will produce barbs, latching itself within the victim's Member/Orifice. The vine will then slither its extended head towards the bladder itself, taking its fill of the urine within. Once having done so, the bulb at the vine's end will pulsate and swell.

The vine will only retract if either exposed to flame or if the bulb is exposed to 1d4 hours of continuous watering. Otherwise, the vine will branch itself, exiting through the rectum and thus will blossom into a beautiful flower at the anus' point of exit/entry.



THE BOWL OF THE ORACLE

BY JOHN WILSON

The Bowl of the Oracle is a shallow brass dish, approximately 2' across and 4" deep at its centre. The outside of the dish is blackened with layers of soot, but if cleaned it can be seen that the metal of the dish is etched with scenes of wild abandon and orgiastic delight.

Anyone who examines these etchings must roll equal to or less than their WIS on 1d20 or be struck by the sheer wantonness of the images and... spend a few minutes "alone".

The inside of the dish is plain, but is covered in a thin layer of some kind of dark, gummy residue. This residue cannot be removed by any means, and is part of the magic of the Bowl of the Oracle.

If the Bowl of the Oracle is placed above a flame, the residue will begin to bubble and emit strange, intoxicating fumes. These fumes will quickly (less than 1 round) fill a volume of 10' x 10' x 10'.

Anyone who is within the volume filled with fumes must make a Saving Throw vs Poison. Those who pass the Saving Throw vs Poison will be vouchsafed some strange vision about the future. The DM should roll 1d6 and consult the Strange Visions table. Anyone who fails the Saving Throw vs Poison will be overtaken by the fumes and experience vivid hallucinations.

Regardless of the result of the Saving Throw, when the flame beneath the Bowl of the Oracle is extinguished, the fumes will vanish away. Those exposed will suffer no ill effects, except for a headache that lasts 24 hours (giving a 1 point penalty to all rolls made for this period) and a sense of lingering embarrassment.

Strange Visions (roll 1d6):

- 1: The vision is clear and unambiguous. It's even useful! The DM should reveal something that is germane to the PCs' current activities.
- 2-3: The vision is confused, but still relevant. The DM should reveal something that is relevant to the PCs' current activities, but is free to make it as delphic as they want.
- 4-6: The gods are screwing with your head! The vision is so obscure as to be almost useless. Still, if the PC can decipher it, they will find out something -- just not something that will help them.

**DRUGS OF
HASHISHASTAN (D30)
BY VICTOR GARRISON**

***Genus Phantastica: Journey Into
the Realm of Visions***
Psychedelics / Hallucinations

- 1 -- Ayahuasca
- 2 -- Psilocybin Cubensis
- 3 -- DMT
- 4 -- Iboga
- 5 -- Peyote
- 6 -- Buffotoxin Toad
- 7 -- Amanita Muscara
- 8 -- Rye Ergot

***Genus Excitantia: Cast Into The
Realm of Aggression***
Excitation / Stimulation

- 9 -- Meth
- 10 -- Caffeine
- 11 -- Bath Salts
- 12 -- Cocaine
- 13 -- Nitrous Oxide

***Genus Euphorica: Plundering the
Realm of Pleasure***
Intense Well Being / Happiness

- 14 -- Cannabis Sativa & Cannabis Indica
- 15 -- Pondstone / Sap Goggles
- 16 -- Salvia
- 17 -- Opium
- 18 -- Morphine
- 19 -- Ruby Drops
- 20 -- Passion Flower
- 21 -- Mescaline

***Genus Inebriantia: Drunk in the
Realm of the Lost Self***
Drunkenness / Desensitized

- 22 -- Alcohol
- 23 -- Xanax
- 24 -- Valium
- 25 -- Tranquilizer
- 26 -- Kava Kava

***Genus Thanatopathia: Delving Into
the Realm of Death***
Death Trip

- 27 -- Tobacco / Nicotine
- 28 -- Ketamine
- 29 -- Wormwood / Absinthe
- 30 -- Nightshade

**THE ELECTRUM KEY
OF KARDOLF RANDDAR
BY BLUE TYSON**

The first time anything of intelligence that is Average or higher uses this on a gate, it opens to Narcosa. Anytime after that, it just functions as a high quality skeleton key for old-fashioned gates.

Stepping through without the key leaves you stranded on the other side.

If you take the key with you, the first (and only the first) use will let you leave Narcosa and return to your origin. After that, it functions as the skeleton key above.

DUNGEON FUNGUS

BY DAVID BRAWLEY

"Do you smell that?" Nimble asked.

Everyone paused on the hillside path and sniffed the air. "What is that?" Allianora asked in disgust.

"You don't know?" Nimble laughed.

"Whatever it is, it's rank." Rathgar said, wrinkling his nose.

"It's kind of cloying." Feris said. "Not in a good way, but it makes you want to sniff it more." He then demonstrated by taking another deep sniff.

"Let's get a little closer, and I'll show you what it is."

A short while later they were crouching at the edge of a clearing. The red light of the setting sun washed over the field. Laughing, dancing orcs cavorted around a bonfire. Greenish smoke billowed from the fire. "That's what you smell." Nimble pointed toward the fire.

"But what is it?" Feris asked.

"Dungeon Fungus," Nimble answered. "It's a drug. But better than that, these orcs will be down for the count in probably an hour, maybe two. Plus--" Nimble paused dramatically. "They know where there's a dungeon around here. A deep one, if they've got enough Dungeon Fungus to burn like that."

Dungeon Fungus is a bio-luminescent giant mushroom. The largest specimens stand taller than a man, with caps broad enough for three to lay comfortably upon it. It only ever grows in locations that are frequented by oozes, and have bodies to feed upon.

Ingestion of the fungus will cause the ingestor to make a save vs poison or be violently ill for 3d10 rounds (no actions but 1/4 move, -4 penalty to AC).

Burning the fungus will produce an intoxicating effect on all those who breathe the fumes. Anyone under the effects of the fungus' smoke will be much more likely to regard others as a friend (+2 to the reaction roll), unless they do something particularly harsh. After 1d4 hours the drug will cause anyone under its influence to fall into a deep sleep.

LABA WASPS

BY CHRISTOPHER WEEKS

Laba wasps of the eastern prairie collect nectar from an assortment of flowers and consume a vast variety of smaller insect and produce mind-altering compounds within their fibrous chitin. The prairie natives grind the wasp's bodies into a paste and pack it between their gum and lip to receive the hallucinogenic effects that can be delivered. Those most knowledgeable can tell you where the wasp lived, or the season in which it was harvested, based on specifics of the trip.

HOT KNIVES BY KREG MOSIER

Hot Knives are twin daggers forged in Aldebaran by ancient Philosopher-Blacksmiths. Sometimes only a single Hot Knife is found, but the owner will be compelled to find the matching blade as if under a Geas. The blade will attune itself to the new owner and lead him toward the location of its match. Upon finding the twin blade, the individual will do anything, up to and including murder/assassination to possess it.

While not sharp, these knives can be used in a minor necromantic ritual. The blades are heated over an intense heat source until red hot, then blood from a recently deceased being (human or otherwise) is placed on one blade. The other blade is pressed against the bloodied knife, producing a noxious smoke that can be inhaled.

Anyone inhaling the smoke will see visions of the events leading up to the death of the individual whose blood is used. It is possible to stab a living being, then use the ritual to gain knowledge about the individual and their activities.

These are usually in the possession of the Thieves Guild or the Assassin's Lodge, for use in their respective works. Generally only one individual (the "Knife Seer" or "Knife See'er") in the organization remains "attuned" to them until his or her death.

KOROGG PODS BY NOAH STEVENS

Korogg Pods are the fungal fruits of mycelia that grow on the corpses of underpaid workers, lashed to death by unforgiving Machine Men.

The pods are ground into a juicy red paste reminiscent of gore and heart muscle, then fed into a wicked oxidizing reductor, and then dripped slowly into cups and served lukewarm to wage drones, with an unpalatable but taste-neutral powder that masks its bitter flavor. If they work hard, a single drop of Honeymoth milk might be added (this makes the juice highly addicting).

Korogg Lichor quells freethinking -- no person who drinks it need make a Morale or Leadership save for the duration of a work day, and makes all decisions with +2 to intelligence and -1d6 to Wisdom/Personality during that period. However, at the end of the day, all experience gained that day is quartered, and the worker faces deep existential despair and fitful dreams in which heroism gives way to practicalities.

Any worker who consumes these creations and dies as result of bad decisions or old age may be buried in unhallowed earth, and a new Korogg stalk will grow from her heart, head, and hands the next morning, with 1d8 pods reaching maturity at the beginning of the next business day.

MARISIA TREE
BY CHRISTOPHER PAUL

In Narcosa, you might not like the drugs, but they like you. The Marisia Tree gets jealous if you use your head for anything other than enjoying its pungent toxins.

Users are easily identified by their chastity helmets. At first, only the nose is covered -- the plant begs you to remain faithful to its euphoric fragrance. Before long, the user is asked to hear nothing but the fluttering of Marisia's leaves in the wind. Then all taste is denied but her buds, like lilac with a touch of rot.

Those who live long enough must be led by younger users, for they may gaze upon nothing but the twisted and layered pink blossom. Finally, those that have promised mind and body to Marisia are found dead and mangled, having thrust themselves naked into the spindly, thorny branches of the tree itself.

It is this thrill the Marisians live and die for. They say the moments of death when all senses are surrendered to the tree are sweeter than any Heaven their sad souls may stumble into.

MEMORY DUST
BY GAVIN NORMAN

Infamous among magic-users of all kinds, this fine pearlescent dust is renowned for its ability to expand the human mind's capacity for the arcane energies required by spell memorization.

Taken as a snuff, the dust gives a magic-user the ability to memorize a single spell of the level above his normal maximum (for example, a 1st level magic-user could memorize a single 2nd level spell).

The dust is highly addictive. After every session in which a magic-user has made use of the dust, he must make a Wis check on 1d20. If the roll results in a number higher than his Wis score, the character will do everything he can to use the dust again in the next session. A roll of 20 indicates that the character's tolerance for the dust has increased, and from now on he must consume twice the quantity to achieve the same effect.

A magic-user who continues to use the dust will eventually build up a high tolerance to the drug, and in the end will need to consume large amounts of it to gain any effect.

WEATHER
BY DAVID BLACK

With such liberal frequency are harmful alchemical by-products abandoned into the earth and water of Narcosa, this has caused the earth spirits to warp and twist, infusing their very nature with psychoactive properties. This manifests itself in almost every natural element to some degree, feared are the great white blizzards, barbiturate snowstorms that sweep down from the north -- rendering those caught in them to gibbering lunatics and incoherent addicts.

GYSIN'S DREAM MACHINE **BY VICTOR GARRISON**

Gysin's Dream Machine uses patterns of flickering light cast on the closed eye lids of the participants. The flickering induces dream-state brain waves that induce a trans-dimensional shift in brain activity, allowing participants the ability to have sexual/mind relationships without touching or even being in the same place in space or even time: group sex without ever moving. Thus sexual relations with people who have long since past are possible (with their psychic consent of course).

The exact pattern, flicker speed and dimensions of cylinder are carefully guarded by the Sleep Mages of the floating city of Auhm. The crafting and sale of these machines for wealthy patrons allows the Sleep Mage conclave to afford their lifestyle in the floating city, and pays for the labor necessary to harvest the weed crops that are so important for practicing their arcane arts.

ADDICTION **BY DAVID BLACK**

So powerful, varied and ubiquitous are the substances used for altering an individuals perception of reality in Narcosa, that addiction is endemic. In fact certain types of intoxicant can cause the addiction to become engrained on an individuals genes, future generations -- sometimes for hundreds of years suffer the affliction.

HALCYON SNUFF **BY OLAV NYGÅRD**

In the highland meadows of the Wailing Hills grows a crocus, pale like a crone's hair. By starlight, nectar can be harvested from its simple bloom and dried into snuff that engulfs the user in bittersweet recollections of yore.

With each dose of the Halcyon Snuff the user remembers a spell forgotten, effectively allowing her to cast it again.

However, other memories linger uninvited to forever haunt and burden the user of this drug. Each dose carried counts as an item for encumbrance purposes even after the dose has been used up, for bitterness and bereavement weigh like lead in the dim kingdoms of Narcosa.

RUST'S RING OF RECALL **BY BLUE TYSON**

This item looks like a larger steel circle, but beaten flat. Anyone in possession of this ring and also drinking alcohol out of a circular container may make a DC 16 Wisdom check. If successful, they recall something from their past that can help them in a current investigation or adventure. For every drink past the first, they get a +1 bonus, to a maximum of +6.



LIQUID ACID

BY REECE CARTER

This drug comes in a small vial that has 1D2 uses; the number of uses in a vial will dictate which table to roll on.

Table 1 (1 use vial) 1D6:

1. Acid breath (you can breathe acid 1D6 times; 40 foot cone, 3D6 damage).
2. You can't feel pain: ignore all penalties from damage and any rolls on death and dismemberment or death tables for 1D3 hours; once the time is up you immediately drop to 0HP and fall unconscious for x5 the hours of the drug.
3. You can fly, as per the flight spell as if cast by a 8th level magic user.
4. You are unstoppable: gain +5 STR and CON for 1D2 hours and a +4 bonus to hit.
5. Rage: you enter into a state of rage, +2 STR and CON, -2 AC, any damage you deal is doubled. This lasts for 1D8 turns.
6. Roll twice, ignore this if rolled again.

Table 2 (2 use vial) 1D6

1. It's actually acid (3D6 damage).
2. Rapid mutation (roll on the mutation table).
3. Sympathetic pain: you take half the damage you deal for 1D12 turns.
4. Stupor: you take -5 to your INT and WIS for 1D2 hours.
5. Lethargic; you become exhausted and over everything.
6. Feeling of wellbeing towards everyone (no violent actions for 1D3 hours).

Table 3 (too much acid). Roll on this table if more than 2 hits of acid are taken in a single day, 1D6:

1. Coming down is the worst (in 1D12 hours you suffer 2D8 damage and -4 to anything you want to do until you get 12 hours of uninterrupted sleep).
2. Who's that? You have temporary amnesia and don't remember anything for 1D2 days.
3. Roll on table 1 and reverse the effects.
4. Roll on table 2 twice.
5. So hungry and thirsty (you consume 1D2+1 times the amount of normal rations and water today).
6. Roll twice on this table; this effect can be rolled again .

VIPER WEED

BY TIM SHORTS

This hanging weed grows on the trunks and branches of a Hospicus Tree; curvy leaves form on the vines and these are harvested and dried out. Viper Weed is slightly poisonous and causes auditory hallucinations. If too much is smoked it will cause a person to get sick, that acts identical to food poisoning.

Upper class and nobility have made it a fashionable tobacco; it is not uncommon that after a meal, pipes packed with Viper Weed are provided as they discuss issues of little importance. The process to make Viper Weed smokable is time consuming and expensive. It is usually sold in wet pouches that contain five uses for 25sp.

NARCOSIC SENTISPORES

BY JOEY LINDSEY

While reputable substance-peddlers take meticulous care to stamp out this pest and prevent contamination, those who get their mind-alterers from nature or shady dealers occasionally fall victim to Narcotic Sentisporer contamination. Even a few of these spores mixed with other drugs are enough to cause the following effects.

Accidental Contamination

"Man, you gotta watch out. My pal Zed smoked some shady-looking Purple Pipe Weed, and he was never the same again."

Save vs. Poison (or make a CON roll, if easier for your system) at a 3 penalty. If the save fails, each time thereafter the character has a full rest (including between sessions if applicable), one of their Ability Scores is rerolled and the new result is permanent. When all 6 have been rerolled, the character may noticeably change in personality and alignment.

This is because if the spore load is weak, it will replace the brain rather exactly. If the spore load is strong, it will carry the personality of a previous host.

Either way, the character's brains and some systematic soft tissue have been replaced by intelligent fungus.

Creatures that have magical or super-senses will consider the character from thereon a plant, for good or ill. Whether this includes unintelligent undead is up to the DM.

Something may seem off and different to family, friends, and lovers. Scrying spells seeking the character specifically will no longer be able to find the person unless the caster has encountered them after the change. As far as the universe is concerned, they are dead, and the fungus in their body now is a different entity -- which is correct, in most cases.

Some other (dis)advantages of a Narcotic Sentisporer infestation:

- Magical healing heals 1 HP less, but non-magical healing 1 HP more.
- Any limbs rendered useless or severed will grow back as the HP is healed by rest or magic. This will be obviously fungal in appearance.
- If the character is dead, a significant portion of their ashes when breathed by another person will cause that person to become infested with them, and eventually become the original character. If a full pipe-load, or two pipe-loads when mixed with another drug, the smoker will pass out as the fungus violently replaces their brain and tissue, and awake as the old character in 2d4 turns (or hours if that's easier.) If this happens, the new body will retain it's appearance, but have the personality and skills of the old spore host (character). If more than one breath the smoke, each after the first will have a new personality; the original host's personality is only replicated once.



- They cannot use undead or purely magical creatures as hosts.

- Narcotic Sentispore intelligences are inherently genderless. They tend toward neutrality, although some are rather chaotic as the spores poorly integrate with a body.

Upon habitual use or long-term infestation, a distinctive fungal bloom is visible upon the forehead.

Recreational Use

"People fear that stuff -- I knew a dealer who dumped 10k gold worth of Laba Wasp paste because he thought it had a few spores. But man, the people on the underground know -- if you really wanna get out of your head, there's nothing like it. Just keep a Cleric around."

What the above neglects to mention is the high. While the fungus is changing the body and brain, the imbibor is euphoric and, understandably, feels as if a new person.

Narcotic Sentispores can be used without a complete change if arrested by Magic. Slow Poison will allow one full rest without an ability score being rerolled. Cure Disease, Neutralize Poison, and Heal can cease the effects immediately, although any Ability Scores already re-rolled do not revert to their old values. If CHA, INT and WIS have all already been rerolled, the character will immediately die, however, as the original brain has already been replaced by fungus which the spell has removed.

RAM HORN SNUFF BOX

BY ED HACKETT

Snuff is becoming increasingly popular among the nobility of Narcosa, thanks to elven ambassadors from Xoa.

Stylish and mystical, the ram horn snuff box was carved by master elven artisans and enchanted to increase the effectiveness and enjoyment of using snuff. Snuff now does more than provide a method of holding back the miasma of the unwashed masses.

Any snuff placed inside this vessel becomes enchanted as follows:

1. Double effective duration of a "hit".
2. Relaxes, focusses and pacifies the user: +1 on skill/ability checks, -1 on combat rolls.
3. Mystic addiction: ram horn enchanted snuff is dangerously addictive to non-elves. Make saves vs. spell or wisdom saving throws after each use; failure means the user takes another hit.
4. Mystic overdose: if a user employs ram horn enchanted snuff too regularly, they run the risk of coma or death. (Make saves vs. petrification or constitution saving throws after 3 daily uses).

Also, did you know that the Worshipful Company of Woolmen was a thing? These actually belong to them...

PURPLE PIPEWEED BY DYSON LOGOS

This quietly-distributed leaf is sought after by those with a penchant for illusions and other magical trickery. For 6 turns (60 minutes) after consuming 10gp of purple pipeweed (typically using a long-stemmed clay pipe, although other pipes and water-based smoking apparatus are also used -- generally taking 10 minutes to do so comfortably, although it could be rushed to 2-3 minutes), the consumer is in an elevated state of imagination. This unfortunately gives them an increased chance of being surprised (increase surprise chance by 1), but it also makes all saving throws against illusions cast by the smoker suffer a -2 penalty.

ROTGUT OF LARAMIDIA BY CASEY GARSKE

The settlers of Laramidia have found many ways to ease the pain of existence. One of those ways is rotgut, alcohol made with whatever questionable ingredients are available locally. You might wonder why anyone would make let alone drink these concoctions, but they often turn out to have useful properties.

Skeeter Juice is a mix of tequila and saliva extracted from the mosquito people who infest the bayous. Skeeter Juice deadens pain, granting 1d6 temporary hit points per glass consumed. These hit points last for 2d12 hours. The drawback is that wounds heal more slowly with mosquito-person saliva in your system.

The drinker can not regain hit points for 1d12 hours per glass of mosquito juice consumed.

The GM should make these rolls and keep the results secret. If the imbiber would have negative hit points at the time the effects wear off, they die.

And of course, it's gets you really drunk too. While under the influence, you have a -1 per glass consumed to all rolls.

SALTS OF VITESSE BY GAVIN NORMAN

The product of a complex alchemical process, Salts of Vitesse come in the form of a fine white powder or small geometric crystals. When ingested, the recipient's nervous faculties are magnified, resulting in a quickness and precision of action and thought. This grants a +1 bonus to Dex and Int (to a maximum of 19), as well as the ability to act first in a combat situation against a foe where all other factors are equal.

Salts of Vitesse are mildly addictive, and can lead to a deterioration of a character's health over time. After every session in which a character has ingested salts of vitesse, he must make a Wis check on 1d20. A roll of above his Wis score means that the character will do everything he can to use the salts again in the next session. On a roll of 1, the character must make a saving throw against poison or suffer a permanent loss of one point of Con.



RUBY DROPS

BY RAFAEL CHANDLER

In the Jewel Glades of Narcosa, where the water sparkles like a cascade of blue sapphires, the fool-hardy Verdant Gnomes harvest Ruby Drops.

Ecru Pods are thick, spongy mushrooms; atop their ecru-colored caps, Ruby Drops are found. These crimson growths, which look more like bits of colored glass than rubies, command a high price on the grey market (200-400 gold per drop, varying from place to place).

However, the Ecru Pods are hazardous if gazed upon directly; one must harvest them while blindfolded (or in near-complete darkness). Otherwise, the viewer will need to save vs. Magic; failure means that the victim now has an additional personality. Repeated viewings result in new personalities, each of which has its own Charisma, Intelligence, and Wisdom scores. The typical Verdant Gnome has 2d4 personalities; this is regarded as an occupational hazard.

If Ruby Drops are dissolved in liquid, and consumed, they induce a blissful state of utter relaxation, which lasts for 1d10 minutes per drop. During this time, there is a 25% cumulative chance per drop that the caster will receive a boost of 1d3 points to either Wisdom, Charisma, or Intelligence (player's choice). This effect lasts for 24 hours (starting the moment the beverage is consumed).

While experiencing the effects of the drops (for 1d10 minutes per drop), the character's Dexterity is halved. After the blissful relaxation wears off, the Dexterity score is returned to normal.

SAP GOGGLES

BY OLI PALMER

Deep within swampy humid terrain you can find the "Pondstone" tree. The tree is considered by many to be useless: its wood is too soft to work with, it provides no fruit or berry, and its foliage smells rotten and foul.

Some individuals however learnt that the sap from the tree, when heated, gives off a yellow tinged mist which if inhaled gives the curious a delightful experience. Setting itself aside from your usual range of hallucinogenics is the fact that it leaves its user in a state where they can view their on body from the third person.

It is debatable as to whether its a true reflection of the third person (ie, if they could witness someone sneaking up behind them) or just a relative reconstruction based on all available senses, but many users report that act of love making is considerably enhanced when under the influence of such a drug.

It's been given the somewhat adorable street name of "Sap Goggles", and there (so far) have been no known side effects aside from being mildly addictive.

THE PLANTS OF NARCOSA

BY MIKE F.

1. *Spectral Sweet*

This is found in areas of unnaturally still low-hanging mists. The plant's shimmering leaves are almost translucent. When smoked, the user becomes paralyzed and invisible for 1d6 turns. A very difficult CON check is required to wake up early.

2. *Giant Grass*

This grass is 4-8 feet tall, and there's a 4 in 6 chance that surrounding wild beasts are giant-sized. Adventurers will find chewed grass in piles and clumps near beast lairs. When ingested as a paste, treat user as if under the effects of an enlargement spell for 1d10+1 turns. When the effect wears off, treat user as if under the effects of a sleep spell.



3. Stone Sap

A thick syrup coating covers rocks; there's a 2 in 6 chance that gnomes are nearby, collecting the sap. They'll offer a cup of stone tea for 3 sp. When stone sap is brewed as a tea and drunk, the user turns to stone for 2d4 hours. During this time any poison or toxins in the users system will be purged and removed. While turned to stone, the user takes a hit point of damage each hour.

4. Ochre Mint

This dull yellow mint-like herb grows in patches amongst mushroom groves. Deeply fluorescent colored moths and butterflies feed on these plants regularly during the day. At night, every hour there is a 1/6 chance that those within 50' suffer a psionic attack. Save or lose consciousness and 1d4 vitality.

When the herb is chewed on, the user hallucinates 1d6 turns later. Hallucinations last for 1d4 hours for each round spent chewing. Tastes fucking delicious. While hallucinating the user must make a reaction roll against anything that moves. If attacked, the user experiences a brief moment of lucidity lasting a number of rounds equal to 1d4 plus the damage taken.

5. Troll Poppy

Trolls love this stuff, and will always offer 5sp for 8 units. The troll poppy only grows in sunny meadows. A unit can be harvested from a 5 foot square and takes 2d4 turns to harvest. When smoked, user will not be able to rest or sleep for the next 6d4 hours. During this time, the user can never lose consciousness unless dead.

6. Skunk Wood

The unmistakable stench is avoided by all. However, inhaling the smoke deadens pain; bonfires are often lit in the evenings at trading posts and lairs. When smoked, user heals 2 hit points. In addition there is a 4/6 chance that the smoke will attract a wandering monster.

PLANAR DUST BY RAFAEL CHANDLER

In Narcosa, those who are brave (or insane) enough to snort Planar Dust are exposed to the truth of the Universe, and they see whether their faction (the demons of the Abyss, the slaadi of Limbo, et cetera) will eventually reign over Narcosa in the years to come.

However, the knowledge must never be acted upon: if you know that your faction will ultimately fail, then you must continue to fight, because this is a show of respect for your victorious foe; and if you know that your faction will rise above all others and eventually dominate the lands of Narcosa, you must act as though this is not yet known to you, and allow your foes to gloat on occasion.

This is the etiquette of Narcosa, and those who violate it are cast, screaming, into the Star-Winds in the Gulf of Disapprobation.

**PLANTS OF
THE SWAMP WITCH
BY JOEY LINDSEY**

Living roots of Blood-Trees

Upon touching, there is a 2 in 3 chance any creature painlessly loses 1 hp per round as the roots absorb blood. On the 3rd consecutive round, the roots will ensnare the creature, requiring significant force to break free. On the 4th round, the creature loses 1 CON point per round until freed from the roots. At 3 CON the creature is released under the roots' control, with its only desire to put other creatures in the roots. CON points and sanity are regained with food and sleep.

Puffball Mushrooms

These are covered in tiny spines. If disturbed, the mushrooms release a 5 ft cloud of spores in the area (save fails: blindness for 1d4+1 rounds / passes: 1 round of coughing.)

Beautiful Jelly Mushroom

If eaten, this negates the effects of roots, puffballs, or Hypnotic Wings.

Shiny Black Liquid

Any creature looking into, touching, or drinking it spends the next hour moping vocally about their choices in life. Affected creatures just want to lean against the wall and cry. A save is allowed for every round they are slapped by another person, with cumulative +1s per round slapped. The effect takes place even on characters who have previously saved.

Shaggy Ink Mushroom

Disappearing ink can be milked from it while it is alive or the first round after it is picked.

Emetic Mushrooms

These float over intruders' head on clouds of noxious methane and pour acidic blood on them.

**WOEBEGETTER WINE
BY RAFAEL CHANDLER**

Far to the east of Narcosa, under the clockwork city of Goeleth, the vintners of Woebegetter Wine trample strange fruits in tubs made from Treant wood.

Their wine is made from the fruit of the Vine Dragon (a wyrm-shaped plant monster that haunts the Jewel Glades); these round pink fruits are harvested by Verdant Gnomes and transported to Goeleth, where the vintners stomp them into wine.

If you drink Woebegetter Wine, you can hear the thoughts of anyone else who has been drinking Woebegetter Wine. Anywhere.

This can be really useful if you're trying to coordinate a silent attack, and it can be dreadful if the people you're attacking are also drinking Woebegetter Wine, but keeping their thoughts mute so that you don't know that they know what you're doing.

The effects last for 1d20 minutes per pint.



DOPEFIENDS & DRUGLORDS

TOAD LICKING

BY JEZ GORDON

Each time a character goes for a bit of amphibious tongue action, they must Save vs Poison or roll d12:

01. The frog tastes like cupcakes and the licker gains +d4 to one random ability, but loses the same amount from another random ability. The effect lasts for one day. However the effect is completely addictive and the licker must have the frog with them at all times or the random bonus immediately fades and the penalty becomes permanent. Additionally, each lick thereafter the licker must make a Con check; success reduces the effect by one as they build up an immunity to the chemicals, but if the frog is killed the licker is at -2 to all rolls until they procure another frog (of any kind) or 3 months of grieving have passed.

02. The frog tastes like rancid dung and the licker immediately begins to suffer acute fears that monsters are out to get them. Just because you're paranoid, don't mean they're not after you... The chemicals activate pheromones in the licker's body that lure surrounding monsters like flies to shit. Immediately roll 3 times on wandering monster tables, and d6 for each monster for how many hours before they appear. All attacks will be directed at the licker unless impeded. In the meantime, the licker gains +4 Initiative for being so jumpy, and loses -4 to CHA for being so freaked out. The effect wears off in 2d6 hours; should the licker be on the move, roll twice more on any wandering monster tables.

03. The frog tastes like frozen meat and the licker's tongue sticks to toad like a icy lamp post... and cannot be removed without losing the tongue as well. Over the next week, chemical reactions from the toad's flesh cause the tongue to dissolve, and be replaced by the frog, which sets up camp inside the licker's gob and melds into the flesh of the mouth. The parasitic frog feeds off any food, and makes french kissing rather bitey, but it's not all bad: the frog looks after its host in what ways it can, swatting away bugs with its tongue and producing adrenalin-sensitive chemicals that grant the user +1 to all combat rolls per round for each round after the first round, up to +d4 per combat. (So 1st round no bonus, second round +1, third round roll d4 to see if the bonus goes over +1, etc).

04. The frog tastes like childhood memories and the licker is overwhelmed for d12 hours by flashbacks and lost thoughts so distracting that the licker suffers -2 to all rolls until the effect wears off. Amnesiacs gain a sudden glimpse into memories that elude them, the insights gained from reexamining formative events are strangely empowering, and the licker emerges from the experience feeling self-confident and assured. If the licker passes a Wisdom check they benefit from the insights to such a degree they receive +2 Charisma, permanently; but if they lick the frog again, the memories are stolen from them leaving them permanently confused: lose the +2 Cha bonus and suffer -2 Wisdom as the licker tries to make sense of who they are.



05. The frog tastes like sex and the lickster drops an aphrodisiac straight to the brain. The lickster breaks out in a profuse sweat, and the overwhelming urge to mate sees them nekkid and randy within seconds. All the lickster wants to do is get it on for d12 hours. The only real issue here is that they're attracted to frogs. Go swim in the genepool and see what crawls out.

06. The frog tastes like a nine-volt battery and the lickster won't be able to taste anything else for d4 weeks, though throughout this time lickster feels a growing kinship with frogs which lasts until their dying days. The lickster permanently gains the ability to speak with frogs, and any encounters with frog-like creatures start out on the best possible terms. You are now part of the tribe.

07. The frog tastes like rubber and the lickster's tongue is stuck to the back of the frog while strange chemicals affect the elasticity of the tongue. Pulling the frog away causes the lickster's tongue to stretch up to 3d4 feet long where the frog finally peels off; the lickster now has a prehensile tongue much like a frog's and is able to retract it and shoot it out at will. The tongue is coated in a sticky film with a Strength score equal to one third the lickster's Strength. The effect appears permanent, but each week the lickster must make a Con check vs 15 -1 per week passed; success sees the tongue return to normal. Failure means the tongue retains its elastic state.

09. The frog tastes like sweet manna from heaven and the lickster immediately recovers d6 HP/level, feeling incredibly refreshed, rejuvenated, and slightly light headed: the lickster must then pass a Fortitude Save or permanently lose one point of Intelligence, which the frog immediately gains.

08. The frog tastes like... no wait it tastes like... or it... buh... wut? The lickler suffers immediate sensory transference, and the five senses get all crosswired with the wrong sensory organs. Sight, sound, touch, taste and smell are rearranged. The lickler can see the aromas, feel flavours, taste noise, hear light, and smell textures, and is generally completely screwed for the next d12 hours while their brain tried to hotwire itself into making sense of it all. Penalty of -4d4 to all rolls during this time, but the next creative endeavour undertaken -- performance, crafting, item creation, whatever -- is colored by the experience and is so visionary it is an automatic success of the highest possible result and then some. Congratulations, you've just invented a new art form.

10. The frog tastes septic and the lickler breaks out in a sudden sweat: yellow, putrid mucus with an overwhelming stench. It gouts out of every pore, and within d6 rounds the lickler is completely coated in a rapidly congealing shell of pus. Within d6 minutes the mucus forms a cocoon around the lickler, with an AC equivalent to full plate. d6 hours later the shell cracks and the lickler spills out; their hands, arms and legs are twice as long as before and webbed. The transformation grants +8 to swim and jump checks, and -4 to Cha. Fortunately the change is curable; to reverse the process the lickler merely needs to eat the mucus shell.

09. The frog tastes like sweet manna from heaven and the lickler immediately recovers d6 HP/level, feeling incredibly refreshed, rejuvenated, and slightly light headed: the lickler must then pass a Fortitude Save or permanently lose one point of Intelligence, which the frog immediately gains.

11. The frog tastes like weak piss and the lickler's skin turns completely translucent, revealing the macabre inner workings of their body. The lickler is overwhelmed with feelings of exposure and insignificance and bursts into quiet sobbing for d4 hours, compulsively answering all questions as honestly as possible. At the end of the ordeal the lickler's skin reverts back to normal, save for one small patch of skin; randomly determine where the 1d4 inch diameter window into the body is found.

12. The frog tastes like armpits and the lickler has the ever-so-strange sensation that they are a toad and that the lickler's companions are licking them. Unless the companions pass a Willpower save they are irresistibly drawn to lick the lickler-toad; roll again on this table to determine the effect on all the companions, ignore results 3,7, and 12. Instead, the lickler-toad tastes like hot chip poutine. Their companions will stop in d4 hours or so.

THE YELLOW POWDER BY GAVIN NORMAN

The musky, sticky, rich smelling yellow powder is derived from the pollen of the Latimer orchid. When rubbed into the gums and tongue, it brings about a mild hallucinatory state, wherein the recipient's capacity for visualisation and imagination are increased.

The powder is used recreationally by many, including those of an artistic bent, but it is members of the Illusionist class who benefit most from its effects.

Due to the greater precision and depth of imagination produced, all illusions created by one under the influence of the yellow powder gain a +1 to attacks and damage.

The yellow powder is not addictive, but it can lead to a detrimental state of internalisation and paranoia. Any session where a character uses the yellow powder, he must make a Wis check on 1d20. A roll of above his Wis score results in a 25% chance of an episode of paranoia some time during the session (at the DM's discretion).

HYDROID SWORD BY THOM HALL

Massive toadstools and fungus litter the undergullet in the world of Narcosa. Many giant-sized caps have tooth like spores that drip down like stalagmites from massive canopy like tops. Breaking off the hydroid tooth of the giant purple spotted boomer is practiced amongst the native inhabitants; the tooth honed into a fine blade for melee. The psychoactive properties absorbed and experienced when wielding the blade take some time to get used to...

Hydroid Sword -- dmg:1d8/1d8 (sm/l) + hallucinogen; special: hallucinogen. A target hit by the hydroid sword must make a save vs poison or hallucinate for 1d6 turns. If the wielder does not wear gloves, the hallucinogen will be absorbed through the skin. When making an attack, roll a save vs poison or hallucinate for 1 turn.

Subsequent attacks do not require roll once the user is hallucinating. When hallucinating, the victim will be prone to distraction -- when taking an action (attack, cast spell, move, etc.), roll a d6. On a 1-3, the action fails, and the PC/NPC is dazed and confused for one round.



YGGOA, THE CRYSTAL BARK BY GREG GORGONMILK

Yggoa is a psychoactive agent that expands the memory. It is highly addictive. Long-term use leads to the formation of mnemonic cavities that permanently impair a spell-caster's overall ability.

The drug is harvested from a rare crystal tree type that is difficult and expensive to obtain. These plants are for the most part cultivated by powerful foreign cartels. When a tree reaches maturity, its crystalline bark is carefully stripped and ground into the fine, luminescent powder called yggoa.

Often the pure powder is "cut" for market with an additive called jinth that increases its addictive qualities.



When a magic-user uses a single dose of yggoa, his memory is enlarged to contain 1d8 more spells of his choosing. Alternatively, treat the roll as exploding. A result of "8" indicates 1d8 more spell slots are realized.

Each dose used in this way carries a 5% cumulative chance of causing a mnemonic cavity to form. A cavity effectively drops the magic-user's spell storage capacity by one experience level.

The magic-user then returns to 0% chance of mnemonic cavity formation, but every dose of yggoa thereafter increases the risk to 10%.

These can even extend (1d30% chance) into the character's long-term memory, erasing the PC's access to a key bit of knowledge determined (openly or in secret) by the DM.

Extreme yggoa use leads to a total black out of spell slots. In these cases, magic-users become totally reliant on yggoa to memorize spells.

Yggoa-addicts often appear gaunt and listless. Their eyes are often rimmed with a green discoloration.

Withdrawal is taxing on the Constitution. Following the grace period of three doses, every new dose of yggoa has a 1-in-4 chance of causing a habit to form. Habits require daily intake. One point of CON is permanently lost each day without a dose of yggoa. Habits may only be cured through (non-lethal) exposure to dragon's fire.

4. Random Encounters

WILDERNESS ENCOUNTERS (d20)

1, BY REECE CARTER

There is a sign here that says "turn back, wrong way;" it has been covered in graffiti, and has a small amount of mushrooms growing along the bottom of it. If disturbed, the mushrooms will release a noxious gas (save vs Poison or suffer -1D6 to Int and Wis); if these mushrooms are eaten they will grant dark vision 60".

2, BY ED HACKETT

Shroomhenge, a small community of faeries and "droods" living together for mutual benefit. Mostly, they grow vegetables and fungi that get folks high.

3, BY BARRY BLATT

A green hillside dotted with further mushrooms, many in fairy rings. As you climb the hill (which begins to look suspiciously regular and artificial) the rings become ovals, triangles, overlapping squares, and pentacles. The top is a maze of mushrooms growing in peculiar curves that appear straight from some viewpoints, and might be actually moving. All who step within the pattern must deal with a localised area of non- Euclidean geometry.

4, BY ED HACKETT

A huge rift in the earth stretches east-west across this area. The wind ripping across it whistles a tone that makes people want to jump in. Most of the locals wear earmuffs, but the young test their mettle without them.

5, BY JAMES YOUNG

Several tribes of men live close together, smoking the same dry grass with which they build their houses. They take part in slow, peaceful warfare -- victory is claimed by setting fire to a person's hut and sitting inside getting really fucking high off the smoke.

6, BY REECE CARTER

Small hills made from various discarded paraphernalia; there is a good chance that you will get hurt going through here and contract some sort of disease. A paraphernalia golem has made this his home (8HD, 2 attacks 1D8 damage plus save vs. Paralysis or suffer 1D2+1 rounds of tripping out: 1D100 high or low for good or bad). If one is hit, and fails to save more than four times, then it's necessary to save vs. Death or overdose (1D3+1 rounds until death). The golem takes double damage from fire and is immune to any poison or paralyze effects including damage caused by them.

7, BY VICTOR GARRISON

The nomadic Brockwind Tribe trades psychic silk between the Folded Realms and the Ephemeral Realms. Their annual Space Ritual includes a hand fasting between the whole tribe. In a huge circle all members of the tribe, 13 and older, are involved in binding their wrists to one another with cords of psychic silk. The tribal binding creates a psychedelic hive mind experience.

8, BY REECE CARTER

A forest of large mushrooms. Hidden within them are some myconoid warriors. 2HD (8HP) with two different attacks. Attack 1: 1D6 damage (fists). Attack 2: Spores are flung into the air, and anyone within 20 feet must save vs. Paralysis or roll on a table made of all the different drugs found in Narcosa and take that effect. Successful save means that the victim is stunned for a round (only half an action). The myconoids can only shoot spores into the air once per combat.

9, BY JAMES YOUNG

This oxbow lake is filled with bong-water, and thus consumed only by the desperate and easily led. The local stoner tribe are very very proud of the billabong pun and if asked about it will laugh until they cry.

10, BY ANDERS NORDBERG

Perez the Muleskinner, affectionately known as "Fatso", sells his much-sought-after Drug Mules from a compound here. These extremely hardy and mellow creatures (4 HD, +4 to save vs poisons/drugs, permanently slowed) graze on the plants growing among the discarded paraphernalia in the hexes to the west. They are perfect pack animals in Narcosa, and favored companions of hardened addicts who prefer not testing their new stuff on themselves first. Perez trades them for drugs, sex (he is NOT picky), or coins.

11, BY ED HACKETT

A junk dealer named Dingo provides gear to miners with too much time and too much money.

12, BY JAMES YOUNG

A chieftain named Special K leads a small tribe here. They are famed for their horses which they tame with a variety of tranquilisers.

13, BY JAMES YOUNG

A rundown and abandoned rehab clinic by the roadside is said to be the place the most evil Narcosan souls go upon their death. All avoid its clean, modern lines.

14, BY ED HACKETT

The Purple Breakers. Purple gas, thick and heavy, roils back and forth across the basin. Straight-edge gas-surfers ride the waves here. They don't appreciate outsiders dropping in on their tubes.

15, BY RAFAEL CHANDLER

A lone Ash-ghoul, the burned remnant of the paper-wrapped Mummy of Nephren-Ka. Though powerless in its current form, it is vengeful, and will reward those who help it to find the ones who set fire to its papyrus covering. If doused in unholy water, it will be reconstituted. The Ash-ghoul is a delightful conversationalist, except for the constant references to revenge and murder; if befriended, it can prove a helpful guide to the world of Narcosa.

16, BY ED HACKETT

This stretch of road is currently controlled by Scratch Fury, a gang of drag-gnolls. Their rivals, the Road Hogs, are a clan of orcs with a penchant for wearing black leather chaps and chains. They fight over the Booth: a busted old toll booth that serves as the starting line for drag racing on the strip.

17, BY CHRISTOPHER MENNELL

Giant Hermit Crabs that carry shells of abandoned cities on their back.

18, BY ANDERS NORDBERG

Scattered paraphernalia and two burnt-out vehicles litter the ground here. The vehicles are painted with rainbow patterns and strange unholy symbols featuring an upside down Y in a circle. The cult that lived here all walked into the Purple Haze to the southeast; a few ate the others alive, but they are now sitting motionless, slowly and blissfully starving to death surrounded by bones. If rescued, they will celebrate by sharing weed, playing air guitar and partying, before setting off into the haze again in 1D6 days. The PCs are welcome to join them.

19, BY REECE CARTER

A low valley with a purple gas inside of it that never moves (regardless of wind or weather). Those who walk into the gas must make a save vs. Poison or become completely sober. This also causes a +5 resistance to the next substance that is taken.

20, BY DAVID BLACK

Deep within the Balewallow ravine there lives a small innocuous mouse; all day it busies itself by eating the luminescent fruit that grows near its burrow. Should you find a live one, take great care in its capture, as its worth is a thousand times more than its weight in gold. Great decadents and hedonists will pay a princely sum to acquire such a mouse, to then cut open their flesh and place it inside. The mouse's fear, seeping into the body, induces a feeling so sublime, a feeling which words cannot truly describe.

**ILLUMINATED TRAVEL
BY WIL MCKINNEE**

(For hallucinating oneself into picture books; solo adventuring type shit).

Drip a little of the yellow spittle in your eye. Yeah, that vial... no, no, not that vial. That vial. Yeah, it shimmers.

Don't worry, I've got an illuminated text on hand. Your eyes won't make your brain bad. Just focus on the text.

Sure, coughing is a part of it. More like a tic. Your lungs are probably flooding a little. No, no, not as bad as all that.

Just focus on the book.

You there?

Hello...?

Good, you're there.



CITY ENCOUNTERS (d20)

1, BY RAFAEL CHANDLER

Smoke goblins, dizzy and gleeful. They won a map in a card game, and they'll give it to you, but first they want you to ingest a capsule (because they don't know what it is and they want to see what effect it has; roll randomly for effects).

2, BY DAVID BLACK

A shady man is selling Stirge needles, he claims them to be the finest juvenile feeding stems -- ones that will cause no pain when piercing flesh. They are far from juvenile; the barbed stems of adolescent Stirges make terrible tools for the inebriated and careless.

3, BY RAFAEL CHANDLER

City guards searching for drug-crazed madman who just butchered three priests. They need help, and they'll pay a bit of silver afterwards, but they don't want to tell the truth: the lunatic is a nobleman under the influence of bloodflower.

4, BY DAVID BLACK

The Wizard Ebolim, sitting high in his throne in the ash tower, proclaims for all of Narcosa to hear: "Bring me the stomachs of those who would undo me, for in them lies great treasure." No matter where they are, the characters feel a great churning in their bowels -- they have been singled out for sacrifice.

12, BY TERJE NORDIN

A dealer selling thaumaturgical psychoactives. If you are lucky with a reaction roll you might get the first one for free!

6, BY ERIC DUNCAN

A salamander who is under the influence of something, insisting that he is a magical horse who grants wishes to those who ride him the length of the street. He appears to be confused why the riders keep disappearing before they collect their wish.

7, BY NOAH STEVENS

A spindly Mahar necromatrix offers the skull of a human male adventurer crafted into a ladle. This does nothing in and of itself, but will add an additional effect to any potions stirred with it: a human adventurer (personality and class determined randomly) will appear in ghostly form to whomever drinks a potion stirred with the ladle and answer one question honestly to the best of its ability

8, BY GENNIFER BONE

A man surrounded by living mushroom men, his slaves. He himself wears a gas mask during business hours, but his customers simply walk into the spore cloud that follows his little band. Anyone caught in the cloud becomes docile, so all the "Shroomer" has to do is simply take anything he wants as payment. If you have nothing, well that's okay, because mushroom men need to eat.

9, BY RAFAEL CHANDLER

Prostitute. Carries painted gourd full of Ground minotaur horn mixed into a cup of grease-root tea.

10, BY ERIC DUNCAN

Press gang for the fire poppy fields.

11, BY NOAH STEVENS

A spindly Mahar necromantrix offers the skull of a human male adventurer crafted into a ladle. This does nothing in and of itself, but will add an additional effect to any potions stirred with it: a human adventurer (personality and class determined randomly) will appear in ghostly form to whomever drinks a potion stirred with the ladle and answer one question honestly to the best of its ability.

12, BY NOAH STEVENS

A halfling champion, all ganked up on Gummi Berry juice and Oil of Etherealness. His Wisdom is quite low; he should never have taken the first swig or applied the first coat.

13, BY RAFAEL CHANDLER

A pockmarked half-orc offers "toad licks" for a few copper pieces. The toad isn't a real toad. It's a polymorphed sorceress, and this is how she gets her kicks.

14, BY DAVID BLACK

A coalescence of hallucinatory nightmares takes form in a ramshackle bloodflower den, slaying every living thing inside. A wraith, feeding on the despair of the patrons, saw where it went, and will richly reward anyone who can bring him the beast alive.

15, BY DAVID BLACK

Two shabby looking Halflings roll around in the street locked in a desperate wrestling match, each trying to snatch away a small object and deposit it in their mouths. The prize is a cloudy glass eye that looks around nervously at whoever is holding it, and induces tranquilliser like euphoria to whoever 'wears' it.

16, BY DAVID BLACK

Four weeping children crouch in an alleyway, huddled around a pure white cat, laying there dead. They are gingerly placing Red Uvuliver Pods, know as Seeds of rebirth, into its mouth, with no effect. The cat is not dead, or a cat for that matter, rather a craven wizard's homunculus stealing any meager possessions the wretches of this place have.

17, BY VICTOR GARRISON

A trans-temporal street vendor is selling grilled human child flesh on a stick. While standing in line waiting to purchase some for you and your party, you watch the screaming, crying children in cages. You notice one with an odd and distinctive birth mark... just like yours. You're gripped with panic realizing it is you, kidnapped from your past.

18, BY BENNET AKKERMAN

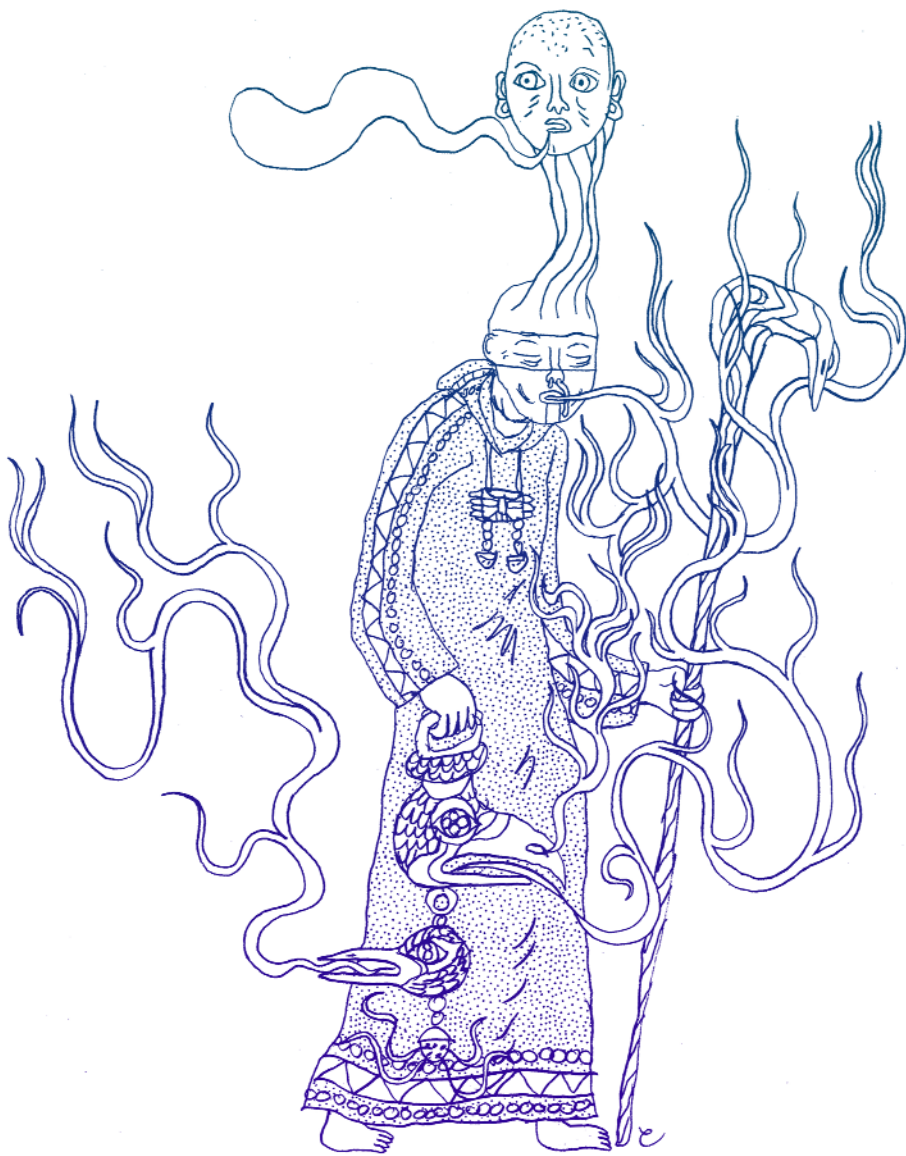
Earthwalkers selling their sweat as poison.

19, BY WAYNE ROSSI

Shadow people, only visible out of the corner of your eye when intoxicated. But just because you're paranoid doesn't mean they aren't out to get you...

20, BY ERIC DUNCAN

An arena master has kept a thaumatavore at the point of starvation for years. The beast has finally escaped, and is so starved for magic, it is removing the ingested magical plants and alchemical substances directly from peoples stomachs, blood streams, or brains by pulling them out of their bodies. The creature is absolutely terrified of buildings and will not enter one at any cost.



EXHALATION *of the* BLAZED PRINCESS

5. Monsters and Enemies

SHROOMBIE BY TIM SNIDER

No. Enc.: 1d4 (2d8)
Alignment: Chaotic
Movement: 90' (30')
Armor Class: 8
Hit Dice: 5
Attacks: 2 (claw/bite
or poisonous spores)
Damage: 1d6, 2d6
Save: L4
Morale: 6
Hoard Class: None

In the damp, dark corners of the Mutant Future grows an insidious fungus that can reanimate the dead. These reanimated corpses ("Shroombies") are pale, bloated, damp, and covered with mushrooms, toadstools, and other molds. Disturbingly, the various fungus seem to be sprouting from the creature's eye sockets, ear canals, mouths, and other orifices.

Shroombies are eerily silent, not even moaning and groaning like the typical Walking Dead (MF rulebook, page 101). Instead they communicate with each other through a spore-derived metaconcert ability.

Shroombies are fairly slow and weak. They also require cool damp places to thrive, so they will take double damage from heat and fire attacks; they ignore damage from cold. They attack with a clawed hand for 1d6 hit points of damage and bite for 2d6.

However, the Shroombie could use its poisonous spore attack instead.

On a successful hit, the Shroombie opens its mouth and a greenish-grey cloud of spores sprays into the face of the victim. If a save versus poison is failed, the victim will suffer from wild hallucinations as the spores take root in the sinuses and mucus membranes.

The spores' effect is twofold. First, the victim will ignore any Shroombies in the area as the spores force the victim to ignore other spore hosts. Second, the victim will see any non-Shroombies (i.e., the rest of the party) as horrific monsters and mutants from their wildest nightmares. The victim will then fight these "monsters" to the best of their ability for 2d4 rounds before the spores' effect wears off.

If the spores take root in a dead body, a new Shroombie will rise in 3 days as the animating fungus takes hold, growing throughout the body and replacing the brain and nervous system with a mold-based substitute.

Mutations: metaconcert, poisonous spores (hallucinogenic)

DEATH KITTENS OF RAH-TLU

BY BLUE TYSON

FREQUENCY: Rare
NO. APPEARING: 1
ARMOR CLASS: 9
MOVE: 18"
HIT DICE: 1d2 HP
% IN LAIR: 0%
TREASURE TYPE: Nil
NO. OF ATTACKS: 3
DAMAGE/ATTACK: 1d2
-- 1/1d2 -1/1 point
SPECIAL ATTACKS: Death Poison
SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE: Standard
INTELLIGENCE: Average (low)
ALIGNMENT: Chaotic Evil
SIZE: VS
PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil
Attack/Defense Modes: Nil

These little monsters usually appear in the form of a bedraggled kitten. Generally with some sort of black colouration, even if only in part.

If someone takes possession of one, roll 1d20 each day. On a 1, the beast will attack when the owner is not paying attention. A successful scratch or bite requires a save vs. Poison or die.

If the save is successful, for the next 2d6 days, the survivor has an irrational attraction to possession and protection of the Death Kitten. If the beast is threatened, or if someone or something tries to remove it from the possession of the current owner, a save vs. Wisdom must be made not to fly into a berserk rage.

BUDILISKS, BY

MASSIMILIANO CARACRISTI

The damp fungus forests of Narcosa are home to the Budilisks, large reptiles with enormous bulbous eyes. These creatures are a bane to basically every inhabitant of Narcosa, as they feed exclusively on brains altered by psychoactive substances.

While Budilisks usually rely on camouflage to ambush their prey, their most peculiar and dangerous weapon is their gaze. Any character meeting a Budilisk's gaze will be induced into a drugged stupor, which mimics the effects of the last psychotropic the victim used.

If the character was still under the effects of a narcotic while she met the gaze of a Budilisk, simply treat her as she had taken an additional dose of the substance.

Budilisks' eyes are sought after, as the tea made out of them will double the duration of the effects of any drug taken together with it.

DREAMSTALKER

BY BENNET AKKERMAN

For most people, dreamstalkers are nothing more than a bad dream from which they wake, screaming, bathing in sweat. For those in deep trance or astral projecting dreamstalkers pose a greater risk. Still, most of the meditators can choose to end their trance or astral projection in time without coming in contact with the dreamstalker.



Those enjoying hallucinogens have no such luxury, in their delirious state there's usually no defense against the psychic thrashing of a dreamstalker. When a dreamstalker destroys a mind, it will inhabit the body.

Dreamstalkers live in the psychic collective formed by every living mind and long to have a material form.

A dreamstalker has no physical form, but can be defeated in dream-like states. It has 4 HD; in the first round, its attack will deal 1d3 psychic damage; in the subsequent rounds this will increase to 1d4+1, 1d6+2, 1d8+3, 1d10+4 and caps at 1d12+5 psychic damage.

An astral projector can battle a dreamstalker normally with a magic weapon; this is still dangerous, as a dreamstalker can cut the silver cord without problems.

Any other living being has as much psychic hp as physical hp. Dreamers usually wake after being damaged by the stalker, meditators usually can choose to wake up. Persons proficient in lucid dreaming may choose to keep on dreaming with a Wisdom Check every round. They have the same abilities as in the waking world and don't need magic weapons to damage a dreamstalker. Lucid dreamers may use other abilities with Wisdom Check at a -5 penalty.

Earthwalker

An earthwalker is a dreamstalker who has slain the psychic self of its host. It's in total control of the body and its physical stats are the same as its braindead host. An earthwalker's goal is to prepare more material bodies as hosts for other dreamstalkers and to create progeny. It will usually grow, create and synthesize normal hallucinogens and distribute these among the living.

The sweat of its host body is also hallucinogenetic. When this 'sweat' is combined with sweat of two other earthwalkers, a particularly nightmarish hallucinogen is formed.

Anyone consuming this is psychically linked with other consumers, and locked in a horrible dreamstate. If 12 people are locked in this psychedelic nightmare for 3 days long, a new dreamstalker is created and the dreamers are slain.

PURPLE KUSH WORM **BY M NICKSIC**

Stats as per a normal Purple Worm, except the poisonous tail attack is replaced by a soporific frond attack. Body can be harvested and used to treat pain.

**THE FALLEN
OF THE HEAD GOD
BY JOHN WILSON**

No. Enc.: 3d6 (-)
Alignment: Chaotic
Movement: 120' (40')
Armour Class: 9
Hit Dice: 1
Attacks: 1 (Grasp)
Damage: 1d4
Save: F1
Morale: 5
Hoard Class: None
XP: 19

There are those whose minds and bodies have been forever altered by the influences that run across the strange land of Narcosa. These unfortunates are known as the Fallen of the Head God.

They roam the land in groups, unsure of where they are going, or why, following whatever whim takes them. These beings are clad only in rags from their former existences, and their belongings have long since rotted or gone missing.

The Fallen can move silently, achieving surprise on 1-3 on 1d6. As they approach their victim, they emit piteous cries. All those who hear these cries must make a Save vs. Magic or be immobilised by the emotions that run through them (e.g., pity, disgust or fear). The Fallen will then preferentially attack those immobilised, pulling at their clothing and belongings.

Anybody who is reduced to 0 HP by the Fallen will rise within one minute to join their ranks.

This condition can be cured by isolating the victim from the Fallen and successfully casting Remove Curse on them.

**SACCADIC SOLIPSISM
BY ROGER GINER-SOROLLA**

In Narcosa the synergism of certain narcotics (result 72 on the Psychoactive Miscibility Table) leads to the fugue state known as Saccadic Solipsism, wherein the piecing together of instantaneous retinal images into a "cartesian theater of the mind" is disrupted by uncontrollable optic spasms and retro-continuously engineered into the matrix of reality.

In practice this spawns creatures such as LONGDOG and SHORTDOG. (LONGDOG = HD 2+2 AC 11 damage 1d6 move 6"; SHORTDOG HD 1-1 AC 13 damage 1d6 move 15" + 18" leap).

The remainder of the Psychoactive Miscibility Table is as yet unfilled but awaits further investigation.

**LAST WORDS
BY RYAN NORTHCOTT**

*Dying on a dirty street corner,
remembering warm skin and not
cold concrete, I would have stood
by you come hell or ayahuasca.*

FRISBEE FUNGUS
BY JUSTIN S. DAVIS

No. Enc.: 1d6 (1d6)
Alignment: Neutral
Movement: 3' (1')
—Fly: 180' (60')
Armor Class: 5
Hit Dice: 2
Attacks: 1d6 (tentacles)
Damage: 1d3 per tentacle
Save: L1
Morale: 12
Hoard Class: None
XP: 65

Frisbee fungus is a levitating, bioluminescent organism found in tropical jungles, fetid swamps, and mouldering ruins. It generally floats docilely above the landscape, drifting with the winds... but upon sensing prey, the creature rockets with frightening speed.

Frisbee fungi feed off psychic energies, and target those with 3+ Mental Mutations and/or WIL scores of 15+. They fixate on the head, lashing out with probing tentacles that invade any and all orifices to leech the brains within. Those struck by 3 or more frisbee fungus tentacles in any given combat round not only take the appropriate damage, but lose 1d4 WIL points upon a failed Saving Throw Vs. Stun. Anyone reduced to 0 WIL collapses in a drooling, brain-dead heap.

Lacking minds proper, frisbee fungi are completely immune to Mental attacks.

Mutations: Flight, Free
Movement, Unique Sense
("Cerebro-Sense")

SHRUMAK
BY JUSTIN S. DAVIS

No. Enc.: 1d4 (1d8)
Alignment: Neutral
Movement: 150' (50')
Armor Class: 5
Hit Dice: 13
Attacks: 3 or 1 (2 claws, 1 tendrill-bite, or by club)
Damage: 1d8+3 / 1d8+3 / 1d10+3, or 1d12+3
Save: L7
Morale: 10
Hoard Class: XV
XP: 7,800

Shrumaks are towering, 12' tall beasts that lair in swamps, caverns, sewers, and Ancient ruins. Though technically blind, they are active hunters, and chase down prey with surprising strength, speed, and agility. Shrumaks often use stalagmites, logs, or debris as clubs, but (seemingly) lack any other hallmarks of intelligence.

A shrumak's spores act as the Mental Phantasm mutation when inhaled, and affect everyone within a 10' radius upon a failed Saving Throw Versus Poison. The effects last 1d6 turns.

There is no evidence to suggest that shrumaks associate with either fungal groves [see p. 72 of the Mutant Future Core Rules] or fungoids [p. 73], though some speculate they may be the hyper-mutated forms of either.

Shrumaks and quarillas are mortal enemies.

GIANT HEAD LOUSE

BY JOHN WILSON

No. Enc.: 1d2 (2d4)

Alignment: Neutral

Movement: 180' (60')

Armour Class: 4

Hit Dice: 4

Attacks: 2 (Bite, Piercing)

Damage: 2d6, CON drain

Save: F1

Morale: 7

Hoard Class: I

XP: 135

The Giant Head Louse lives in the vicinity of the Head of the Fallen God (see page 7). These creatures are as large as cows, and are covered in waxy plates that can turn away blades and arrows. When it attacks, the Giant Head Louse will attempt to feed. If its bite attack succeeds, then the Louse may make a second attack to insert its hollow proboscis into its victim. If this attack succeeds, the Louse will drain 1 point of CON each round until it is dislodged.

THE GREEN FAIRY BY GENNIFER BONE

The Green Fairy is both an independent being and an aspect of the Drunken God. If you accept her drink, she claims your soul for a night of wildly debauched enlightenment (+1 Wis). In the morning, she returns your soul. However, the Green Fairy is usually quite hung over, and often returns the soul to the wrong vessel.

The fairy isn't totally stupid, as the misplaced soul is always within 1d4 miles of the original body. Said body sleeps in a coma until the soul is returned... or it dies.

If one drinks with the Green Fairy, one's eyes permanently turn a sparkling, emerald green.

Roll d12:

1-4: Soul returned to the body!

5: Soul returned to body... but too late! The character is now an undead.

6: Soul returned to body, but "backwards", switch Wis and Int scores.

7-10: Soul Misplaced! Roll on the Reincarnation spell table. That creature's soul is swapped with the PC's: the PC goes into their body, while their soul goes into the PC's body. Hilarity ensues.

11: Soul placed in random inanimate object, which is now animated (that's something, at least).

12: Soul is jammed into a body with another soul. (this could be anybody: a bum, a head of state, one of the other PCs). To use the body, one soul must either willingly let the other "drive," or beat them in a contested Wis roll.



XARABHAS
BY RAFAEL CHANDLER

Armor: 13
Hit Dice: 2
Attacks: 2
Damage: 1d6+3
Save: Fighter 2
Morale: 12
Move: 60' / 120' (flying)

Cruel and patient, the archdemon known as Xarabhas ruled over the feces-caked steppes of Mictlan, supervising an army of thousands of demons and hellhounds. Alas, his reign ended, and he was betrayed by one of his minions. He is trapped in Narcosa, and is very nearly powerless.

Many of the local gnomes and halflings have gone to great pains to recreate what they believe to be an ideal hellish landscape, in order to make Xarabhas more comfortable in his new home. The fake lava and "brimstone" (actually pipe-smoke, as they do love their weed) helps.

Still, Xarabhas pines for his home, and daydreams about a return to power.

To that end, he is constantly scheming, working up new plans for his return to greatness.

Imperious and powerful-looking, Xarabhas still commands fearful respect from the strangers that he encounters, and often waylays travelers and tries to get them to help him regain his throne by escaping Narcosa, starting a cult of proper demon worshipers, working his way up the infernal food chain, and returning to Mictlan covered in blood and glory. His plans invariably fail.

In combat, he attack with a shortsword that one of his halfling friends gave him. He only knows one spell: Burning Hands. He can cast it at will, but it only works a third of the time (the other two-thirds, it just fizzles and produces a small amount of harmless smoke).

The end result is a thing of beauty though, if one can witness the transformation. Mindmoth caterpillars metamorphose into glass-bodied butterflies with colorful, illusory wings.

It is believed that hash smoked in the perfectly preserved remains of these butterflies unlocks hidden cognitive powers in the smoker, including an ability to look into the future.

Capturing one of these butterflies to smoke with is very difficult, so most people settle for the less-powerful psychotropic experience of wrapping up hash in the discharged psychic silk from the cocoon and smoking that. While this doesn't have quite the same "mind-opening" power of smoking glass butterflies, it does allow someone to have hallucinations made up of the dreams captured by the psychic silk.

Some mercenaries have been known to carry the silk, and there are rumors of garments being made from the psionically infused material.

PLEASURE SLIMES BY CÉDRIC PLANTE

Pleasure Slimes are full of narcotics and want to trade pleasure for sentience. They smell good and emit relaxing aromas. If you touch them, they gently creep on you while sending you soft waves of pleasure. They are kind of shy, and if you feel creeped, out or fight them, they get the message, and they will change color and ooze back into a corner.

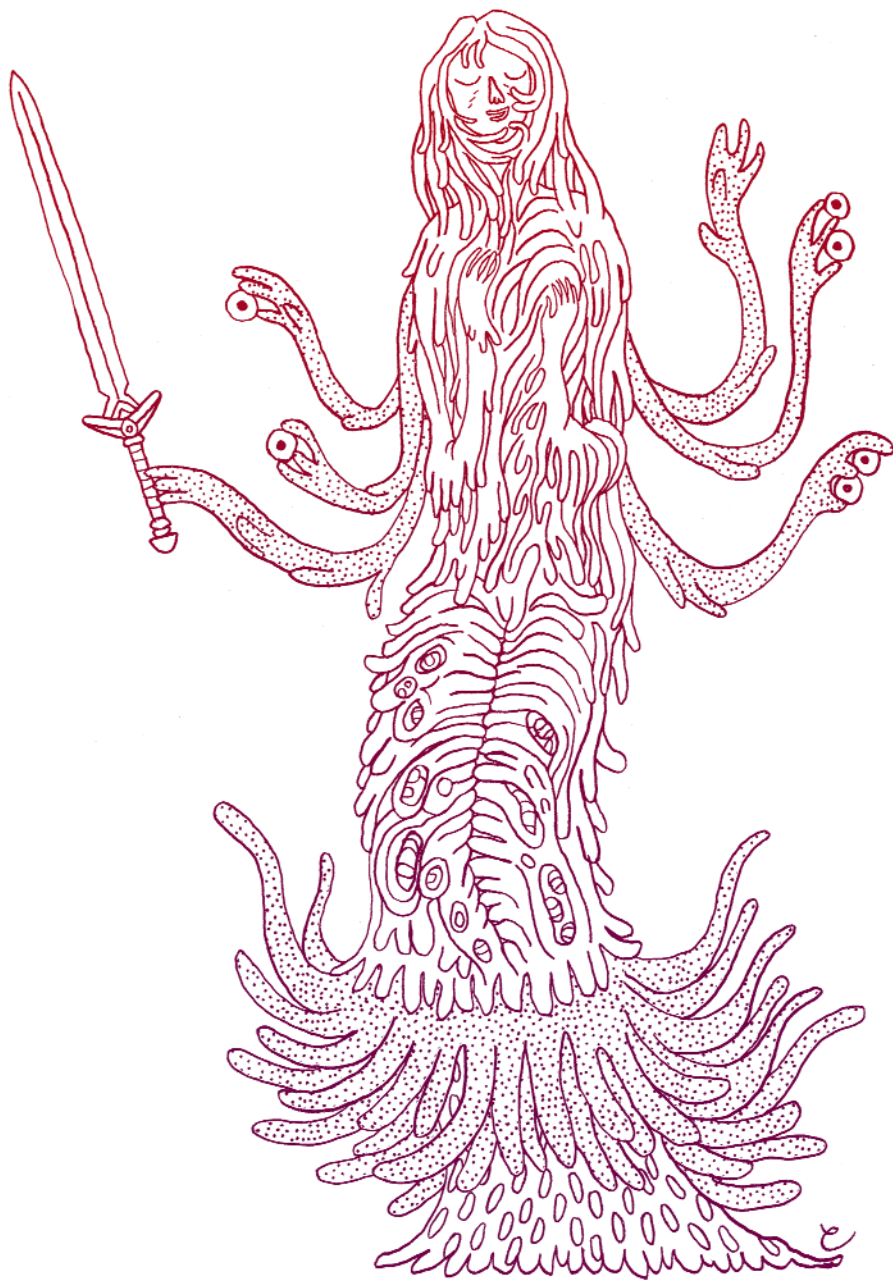
If you let them ooze on you, they will completely cover you, this is quite relaxing, just like receiving a shampoo. They will dissolve what you wear (except weapons, tools and shield) in a number of rounds equal to your ascending AC. While doing so, they will give you a first gift for free, and they will heal you for 1hp each round, culminating into a sweet orgasm. Don't worry about your stuff; they mimic your clothing, armor, and everything else. But the imitation is not perfect, and your stuff look as if it was made of cake icing. If you had a armor, reduce your AC by two points.

Now that you are coated in it, the symbiotic slime want to trade you pleasure waves and orgasms for points of Intelligence.

For 1 point of intelligence the slime can (roll 1d8):

1. Send you a pleasure wave of healing that restores d6 hp each round until you reach orgasm. While receiving the pleasure wave, you are quite distracted and can't do anything else. The pleasure slime let you choose when you reach your orgasm.
2. Send you into a blissful trance that boosts all of your attributes bonus adjustments by one point for d6 turns. (Culminating in a orgasm that stuns you for as many rounds).
3. Exude a wave of pseudopods in a powerful orgasm that stuns you for the duration of the effect. The pseudopods work like the spell entangle (effect, duration, etc.), and can dissolve their victims for d6 damage by rounds (and/or 1 AC by 2 rounds).

4. Soothe you and negate any fear or mind control attacks effects.
5. Upgrade your AC by 1 point (up to a fullplate AC). Take 1 blissful turn to upgrade for each AC point.
6. Take its magnificent slime form and protect you with its body. While doing so, you use the slime's HP and AC. You can't move, but you can cast spells and attack with the slime HD, using its pseudopods or your weapons. (Pleasure slimes regen d6 hp each non-combat turn).



7. Once a Magic-User has traded half of his or her Int score, he or she can trade a spell casting for a point of Int (the slime casts the spell for you as if you were casting it). The slime can cast any spell from your spell book.
8. Mimic the effect of a narcotic that you used once.

When you reach orgasm, make a saving throw vs. paralysis to avoid transferring 1 extra point of intelligence to the slime.

A pleasure slime can only leave its host body once it host have reached a score of 0 Intelligence.

When a host reaches 0 Intelligence, he or she has a wonderful orgasmic revelation and receives the XP that the slime is worth. While having this orgasmic revelation, the host may choose to give one permanent point of Intelligence to the slime as a parting gift. If doing so, they reach a higher level of revelation and gain 1 permanent point of Wisdom.

After this, the former host will regain one point of Intelligence each day, up to half of his or her original score. Then, he or she will regain one point of Intelligence each week.

If the pleasure slime is destroyed while the character is hosting it, the character will not regain the traded points of intelligence (fire damages both the character and the pleasure slime).

Once detached, pleasure slime will mimic the form of its former host. It will lose 1 point of accumulated Intelligence each month. It may hang around to take care of its now-dumb former host, or it may walk away to enjoy its new sentence.

Now, each time that a former host has sex and reaches orgasm, he or she has a 1 in 6 chance of having a flashback, or the orgasmic revelation, and to secrete a 1HD pleasure slime (this may only happen once).

MINDMOTH CATERPILLAR BY CHRISTOPHER MENNELL

Mindmoth Caterpillars thrive in populated regions, in and around cities and other settlements. They are distinguished from common moth caterpillars by their striking color: beautiful cobalt and amethyst bodies.

Mindmoth caterpillars are relatively harmless, except in instances where they have no predator, in which case they have a tendency to rapidly overpopulate a region. What makes them so dangerous is their diet; Mindmoths are psychovores, surviving by feeding on the dreams of nearby sleepers.

Individually, their diet is small enough as to often go unnoticed; however, in large numbers, their feeding can become so intense as to steal away all of a person's dreams; if this continues for too long, a non-dreamer will die a boring and unimaginative death.



This "psychic feeding" is at its strongest when the caterpillars enter their cocoons. They spin psionic-enhancing silk that glistens and sparkles, even in the absence of light.

An area overrun with cocooned Mindmoths can succumb to dull deaths within a day.

SHROOM LORD **BY ALEX SCHROEDER**

The Shroom Lord is growing his own circle of psychotic colors: HD 15; AC 5; Atk 1 smash (2d6), 1 lick (poison); MV 9; licked victims must save vs. poison or be charmed.

The shroom lord can be observed for days as he sings its telepathic praise to the Gibbering Fungus God. A very patient person interested in mushroom magic can learn the following rituals through simple observation:

- The care of magic mushrooms requires an appropriate dark and humid cave, spores, a rotting corpse and a lot of spit; when cared for, these will grow up to three feet in height within four days; the mushroom will keep for a single day only.
- The summoning of the Gibbering Fungus God requires a deep hole in the ground and a fresh magic mushroom; partake of the mushroom and sing the psychic psalm of the greatest mycelian panopticon (learning it requires some form of ESP even though anybody may notice that psychic energies emanate from the shroom lord as it sings to its flock). The fungus god will materialize in the form of a huge toad head within half an hour; licking it will grant servants visions of the future; on a failed save vs. poison these visions are confusing and wrong, otherwise they act as powerful and lurid divination magic (the divination magic will only work for those people that ate of magic mushrooms grown with their own spit).

• The circle of psychotic colors requires a circle of at least six magic mushrooms. You must sacrifice a small animal such as a cat for every mushroom; the animal corpse is absorbed by the magic mushroom and a few hours later these mushrooms can be activated with a touch—save vs. poison or roll a d6:

1. Close your eyes for just a second and fall asleep immediately
2. Chase an erotic fantasy and run away
3. Bad trip paralyzes you with fear
4. Drop weapons, bend over and barf
5. Close your eyes and enjoy the visions
6. Everybody else seems slow and stupid, take two actions

The spore zombie is another monster related to the circle of psychotic colors; any enemies that fall asleep because of the spores will die overnight and rise as a spore zombie.

Spore Zombie: HD 2; AC 8; Atk 1 bite (1d6); when smashed, anybody in melee must roll a d6 as described above.

In a fight, the shroom lord jumps from mushroom to mushroom like a magic hare grown to the size of a rhino. He manifests swirling colors, huge eyes with spiral patterns, ethereal hands growing from his back and caressing you as he attempts to grab your head and stick his long tongue through your visor and lick your eyeballs. As he jumps and moves, he triggers at least one magic mushroom every round. Those who fight him in melee might trigger more.

Befriending the shroom lord can help you navigate a tricky poisonous forest and he might arrange for myconid guards. He might also have planted his circle of mushrooms on top of a hoard of fairy gold, or a magic land barge, or a cyanogenic Titan Anemone that will poison and enchant the land for five miles in every direction if allowed to grow.



SLAAD
BY PEARCE SHEA

Gods of Trickery or Knowledge

The Slaad maintain the various bureaucracies of the outer planes. They are native to the boiling plains of rot and swampy decay in Limbo, and rule from throne-temples composed of whole rotting biomes and massive forest-planets, strung together by gravity and psychic architecture.

They are sempiternal, near-infinite in both form and knowledge, each Slaad overseeing millions of bureaucratic functions and billions of files and functionaries. Accordingly, though their minds are vast (often forming grand psychic palace-mazes of incredible intricacy and housing knowledge-treasure of incredible wealth and power and breeding monsters of its own subconscious*), the sheer number and inter-related complexity of their tasks gives one the impression that the Slaad is judicious to the point of inaction (the Slaad is making decisions and altering realities, just not the one you care about, please hold).

Debates would be held as to whether or not the Slaad are gods of apparent chaos - but - actually-supreme-order or gods of apparent law-but-actually-the-chaos-caused-by-law-imploding, but the Slaad are generally so catastrophic, their involvement/interference so terrible that the debaters are shouted down for being huge, insensitive assholes.

Slaad, being incredibly intelligent and powerful frogs/toads are also entirely self-interested. They eye realities and artifacts and minor deities like a frog eyes a fly.

Slaad are attended by armies of ghouls, each led by a death knight devoted to chaos or law.

Infant Slaad and their colonial psychic bureaucracies, arriving through space and planes, are apocalyptic events.

The Slaad's psychic puissance is so great and its voice plane-spanning (its lower tones dipping low into the elemental plane of water, where that place touches the elemental plane of earth; its higher tones causing the ground of Elysium to vibrate just so from time to time), that all correspondence had from the Slaad is via its attendants, the Salamandarin (Slaad bud** off Salamandarin by the hundreds of thousands, but also bud off other Slaad, as well as ideas that are sort of like toys and sort of like machines but are often used like batteries or weapons. So that's another sort of communication, albeit an indirect and mostly incomprehensible one).

* *Adventurers beware, for the mind-palaces of the Slaad are largely indistinguishable from the Mazes of the Lady of Pain*

** *Think Suriname Toad*

Licking a Slaad does a few things:

1. It tells you something you don't want to know, and didn't ask to know (the GM will tell you a secret about another character in the campaign or something like that). this isn't like the Slaad telling you, it's just something from the psychic fug around the Slaad worming its way into you like a virus.
2. You can make a direct inquiry into the memories of the Slaad which are vast, and functionally infinite (gods, liches and dragons keep secrets of Slaad, but pretty much no one else) via something like astral projection or death (requires a DC 20 Cha Save or suffer 100 damage (save halves)... increased DC by 5 for the obscurity of the information sought. die in this manner and rise again as a zombie-like slave to the Slaad (1 in 20 chance you're something like a Death Knight champion of the Slaad, your armor a mess of flesh and bone and black metal, otherwise, you're basically a ghoul, albeit your paralysis works psionically).
3. Lets you see the Slaad's mind palace.



It costs:

1. A point of constitution for the duration of the effect (which lasts until you leave the plane on which the Slaad resides)
2. A secret you've been trying very hard to keep (your notion of self a bit loose, the secret wriggles out)
3. A DC 20 Cha Save or be charmed by the Slaad for the duration

Slaad mucus is volatile but can be used as an outrageously valuable spell component (esp if you're playing DCCRPG) and can fuel psionic charged devices.

Tricking a Slaad

Slaad can make/think anything from their backs (though it will be bent to the purpose most suited the Slaad), and there are myths of trickster gods tricking a Slaad to make it weapons or armies.

6. Character Classes

DRUG TRANCE MAGES BY BRETT SLOCUM

Drug trance mages are part of the Natural mode of magic from Chivalry & Sorcery. Most natural mages do not have masters that they learn spells from, nor can they learn from books or scrolls, since this style of magic is intuitive and not an academic form.

Requirements: INT 12, CON 9

Prime Requisite: add INT to the PR of base class

This form of magic allows the mage to make magical drugs in the form of potions or powders. By taking the drug, they gain the ability to cast a spell for a period of time. Drug trance magic is a part-time pursuit, so any character class can also pursue being a drug trance mage.

Sometimes, drug trance mages form secret societies to share knowledge and protect their secrets. Visions from the drugs can lead the drug-trance mage to the leadership or meeting place of the local secret society.

The drug-making process is a form of enchantment of a simple magic item, comparable to writing scrolls. Each drug consists of either a powder or potion made from seven different ingredients, a unique recipe for each spell.

A drug-trance mage has a maximum spell level of one-half their level rounded up. So, a 3rd level drug mage has a maximum spell level of 2.

The ingredients must be worth a total of \$500 per level of spell, plus \$50 per level per dose produced. The process takes one week per level of the spell contained in the drug, though the drug mage only needs to spend two hours a day tending enchantment process.

At the end of this period, the Labyrinth Lord should make a saving throw for spells secretly. On a normal failure, impurities have been unknowingly been introduced and the drug is Tainted (see below). If a 1 is rolled, the mage must make a saving throw, or become Addicted (see below).

On a success, the mage completes the enchantment and produces the number doses rolled at the beginning of the process. On rolling a 20, the mage should roll another saving throw -- on another success, the drug mage can specify the spell placed into the drug within the limits of the level of the recipe.

To test the drug, the mage consumes a dose. The Labyrinth Lord determines the spell by rolling randomly between all spells of the proper level that aren't already in the drug repertoire of the mage.

The drug takes effect after d4 rounds and lasts 2d6 turns (the Labyrinth Lord makes the duration rolls secretly). As soon as the drug takes effect, the mage gets a vision of what spell is in the drug. For the duration of the drug, the mage can cast the spell once.

If drugs are mixed or taken while under the influence of another magical drug, treat as if Tainted, but at a -2 penalty. Mages can use these drugs safely once a day per level of the drug mage, plus the CON Hit Point Modifier. If this limit is exceeded, the mage has 'overdosed' -- treat as per Tainted (below) but with a -2 penalty for each dose over the maximum.

For instance, Jill is a 3rd level drug mage with a CON Hit Point Modifier of +1. She can take level + 1 = 4 drugs per day. Also, the mage must make a saving throw against poison (add CON Hit Point Modifier to saving throw) to avoid becoming Addicted.

Side Effects

Using magical drugs can have side effects. Each time a drug is used, check the Side Effects Table to see what happens on this trip. These side effects do not affect the mage's spellcasting ability.

Modifiers (cumulative):

Tainted: +2

Overdose: +2

Mixing drugs: +2, roll for each dose
CON 16+: -2

Side Effects Table (d20):

1-8	No side effects
9-10	Drunk (-2 on all skills)
11-12	Mellow and friendly (-2 on taking violent actions)
13-14	Lecherous (distracted by preferred gender)
15-16	Sleepy (-2 on all skills)
17	Hallucinations (distracted by things that don't exist)
18	Paranoid (distracted by constant enemies)
19	Angry and violent (-2 on taking non-violent actions)
20	Roll twice

Tainted Drugs

If the drug is Tainted (or the mage mixed drugs or overdosed), the mage must make a saving throw vs. poison (plus CON Hit Point Modifier) to avoid a 'bad trip'. On a success, the mage can cast the spell in the drug.

On a failure, the caster passes out for 2d6 rounds. On a 2-3, the caster loses consciousness for 2d6 turns. On an 1, the caster falls into a coma for 2d6 days. At the end of this period, the mage must recuperate for an equal amount of time to regain their strength. Tainted drugs are still usable, just more risky.

After two weeks of research, the mage can make another batch from the same recipe, trying to tweak the formula using the same ingredients, and avoiding contamination of the new batch. Reroll the drug creation saving throw at +1 for each successive tweaked formulation.

Drug Addiction

If a mage fails their Addiction save, they become addicted to the drug. Each day the caster must make a saving throw against spells (plus WIS Saving Throw Modifier) or they must take a dose of the drug. If the caster already has an Addiction, the roll is -5.

If they take the drug, the mage will lose consciousness for a period determined by rolling a d12: 1-8=2d6 minutes, 9-11=2d6 hours, 12=2d6 days. 24 hours after regaining consciousness, they will crave it again and need to make another save. If the mage rolls a 20 followed by another save vs. poisons, they have broken the addiction.

Conclusion

This add-on class adds 750 points to the required experience points for 2nd level of whatever the character's main class is. For example, a Fighter who used drug trance magic would need 2750 points to reach level 2, and the experience points double each level beyond that. The drug-trance mage is limited to five spells per level.

Magical Drug Ingredient List

Liquids

1. Beer
2. Blood
3. Brandy
4. Oil
5. Enchanted pool water
6. Holy water
7. Hot spring water
8. Mead
9. Water
10. Wine

Plants

(leaf, root, flower, seed, fruit)

1. Aloe
2. Belladonna
3. Boneset
4. Cherry
5. Cloves
6. Frankincense
7. Gardenia
8. Jasmine
9. Lavender
10. Lotus
11. Mace
12. Mistletoe
13. Mushroom
14. Musk
15. Myrrh
16. Narcissus
17. Nightshade
18. Nutmeg
19. Opium
20. Orchid
21. Peony
22. Pepper
23. Poppy
24. Rose
25. Saffron
26. Sage
27. Sandalwood
28. Sunflower
29. Roll again
30. Roll again

**Allegedly
Drunk &
Disorderly**

Animals

(bone, horn, teeth, hide, organs)

01-02	Ape
03-06	Basilisk
07-08	Bat
09-10	Boar
11-12	Bull
13-16	Chimera
17-18	Crocodile
19-20	Dog
21-22	Dove
23-26	Dragon
27-28	Eagle
29-30	Eel
31-32	Elephant
33-34	Elf
35-36	Fish
37-38	Frog
39-41	Ghoul
42-43	Giant
44-45	Hawk
46-48	Hippogriff
49-50	Horse
51-52	Human
53-55	Imp
56-58	Leviathan
59-60	Lion
61-63	Lycanthrope
64-66	Manticore
67-69	Minotaur
70-72	Ogre
73-74	Reptile
75-76	Rhinoceros
77-78	Sea Mammal
79-80	Shark
81-82	Sparrow
83-84	Squid
85-86	Stag
87-88	Swallow
89-90	Tiger
91-92	Toad
93-95	Troll
96-98	Unicorn
99-100	Wolf

LAS CURANDERA

BY ARA KOOSER

The principal attribute of a curandera is that you are from inside the community. To become a curandera, a character must be from the local community and have deep ties to it, have a minimum Wisdom of 10 and Constitution of 7. High Wisdom helps to identify aliments, plants, and rituals and a high Constitution is need for long desert treks and resistance to toxic plants.

A curandera has a six-sided die (d6) for determination of her hit points per level, plus any bonus from Constitution or Wisdom. Curandera are the best of characters in regards to sheer knowledge of plants, and they are the best at healing. A curandera can wear any type of armor although it is looked down upon to wear the armor of the Fallen. A curandera typically doesn't bother with weapons but are well practiced with a range of knives, axes, and scythes.

Although a curandera does not have magic spells to use, their knowledge of plants and healing can compensate. They generally have good saving throws and can fight similar to a thief.

Experience Points / Level

0-3,000	1
3,001-6,000	2
6,001-12,000	3
12,001-24,000	4
24,001-50,000	5
50,001-80,000	6



The benefits of being a curandera:

- * You have a small one-room adobe with a walled garden and access to the as-saqiya for irrigation.
- * A small income in the form of barter in local goods arrive at your doorstep every month.
- * Community members come to you for spiritual matters and healing.
- * The ability to lay on hands on a being; this acts to soothe the being and can be performed on a number of beings equal to the experience level of the curandera per day.
- * Evil spirits, wards, and curses avoid you on a successful save versus magic. If the save is failed they still avoid you but they know where you are.

Knowledge Usable by Level

Level 1 Minor, local. Plants, spirits, rituals, gardens.

Level 2 Minor, local. People

Level 3 Minor, local. Weather

Level 4 Minor, regional. Plants, spirits, weather

Level 5 Major local

Level 6 Major regional

PSYCHEDELIC SORCERY

BY TERJE NORDIN

Thanks to: Claytonian JP, Harley Stroh and Gavin Bisesi. Also Hunter S. Thompson, William S. Burroughs and Aldous Huxley.

Magic is the term used to describe interaction with the world through paranormal means. The mind of the magic-user perceives and manipulates the universe without using the conventional senses, muscles and nervous system of the body. There is no common consensus on how this works, the many conflicting theories postulate various spiritual agencies, metaphysical correspondences and invisible forces.

In any case the mind is made capable of such feats through the use of certain narcotic elixirs, psychotropic potions and esoteric entheogens colloquially referred to as "hex," "jinx," or "glamour".

The class of Magic-users are those men and women who through rigorous training have become proficient in making practical use of the altered state of mind effected by sorcerous substances upon the central nervous system. Where those lacking the necessary education and practice only experience intoxication and hallucinations the Magic-user can identify a range of different cognitive states known as "spells".

When the Magic-user deliberately focuses his or her attention on one of these states a corresponding change in the objective universe is achieved.

How it works: By using a sorcerous substances, the Magic-user gains the ability to cast spells for 24 hours. The number of spells available is dependent on the drug, and their exact nature is determined randomly. There is no other factor that limits the number or level of spells the Magic-user has access to -- a level 1 Magic-user can take a hit of Crystal Mist and cast spells of spell level 9. However, each time the Magic-user partakes of a sorcerous substance he or she must make a saving throw or suffer penalties. At a natural 1 the MU not only suffers the regular penalty but also has a Bad Trip and must roll on the corresponding table (see below). The degree of the penalties and the consequences of the bad trip depends on how powerful the drug is.

Value: Each substance has a value that determines availability and moderates rolls on the Bad Trip table. The drugs value is also the cost per dose in gold pieces.

Addiction: All thaumaturgical narcotics are very addictive; each day that a Magic-user does not partake of any such drug, he or she must make a saving throw or take a cumulative negative modifier to all die rolls for actions. At a natural 1 on the saving throw the Magic-user experiences a flashback and must roll on the Bad Trip table (with no modifier). If the addict is intoxicated by mundane drugs he or she receives +5 to the saving throw (however, a natural 1 is still a failure). The constant use of these substances takes a heavy toll on the Magic-users who almost without exception suffer from physical frailty and feebleness.

Non-magic-users: A non-magic-user who takes a hit of any of these arcane drugs must make a saving throw. A natural 1 means instant death. Failure: roll on the Bad Trip table. Success: experience the mundane effects of the drug. Natural 20: the user gains access to one random level 1 spell that can be cast during the following 24 hours.

Availability: Roll d20 and compare with the drug's Value; if the die roll is greater than the value, the substance is available. Naturally, this should be modified with regard to the size of the settlement, the outlook of the law and other local conditions. Drugs with a value higher than 20 are extremely rare and are only available from certain specialised dealers.



The DM may want to give some thought to what guilds, sects, cults and criminal gangs that control the production and distribution of these substances. Authorities that want to control or limit the use of magic will first and foremost strive to control the sorcerous substances. (Roll 1d8)

1. Purple Lotus

Smoking the dried petals of this flower makes the users experiences dreamlike -- time seems erratic, colours glow and seem to pulse or flow like waves, sounds are distorted as if heard underwater. Make a saving throw or suffer a -1 penalty to all die rolls for spotting, listening, etc. Magic-users receive 1d4 spells from levels 1 and 2. Value: 2

2. The Black Meat

Inhaling the dried and powdered meat of the Aquatic Giant Centipede makes all sensory impressions crystal clear and time seems to slow down. The user feels unusually vigorous and is not affected by lack of sleep or food. Increased sexual appetite is not uncommon. Make a saving throw or permanently change to a random new alignment. The Magic-user gains 2d3 spells from levels 1 and 2. Value: 4

3. Mugwump Effluvium

This milky fluid is extracted by stimulating the sexual glands in the nerve centre of the reptilo-insectoid Mugwumps. When ingested it generates a state of clarity and cognitive lucidity (gain 1d6 Int for 24 h). Save or become very confused and distracted (lose 1d6 Int for 24 h). Magic-users gain 2d4 spells from levels 1, 2 and 3. Value: 7

4. Thoorian Vascular Parasites

When ingested, these micro-organisms enter the users bloodstream, and as they die and decompose a substance is released that expand the users senses into all aspects of reality. The user is able to perceive spirits and things hidden by magical invisibility. Unless the user can make a saving throw speech becomes slurred and movement is halved. Magic-users receive access to 3d4 spells from levels 1-4. Value: 9

5. Faerie Adrenochrome

The juices from the pituitary gland of a fairy, sprite or similar being can be distilled to 1d3 doses of adrenochrome charged with thaumaturgical potency. When shot into the bloodstream of the user, it causes a state of mind where reality seems distant and colourless. The user must make a saving throw to prevent his or her identity from being blurred with that of the owner of the gland in which case the user suffers a -2 negative modifier to all die rolls for 24 hours. Magic-users gain access to 3d6 spells from levels 1-5. Value: 15

6. Flesh of the gods

Luminescent subterranean fungi that, when ingested, cause the user to experience elaborate and vivid hallucinations. Save or become lost in delirium for 24 hours wherein one is unable to distinguish between dream and reality and cannot move or initiate actions without constant guidance. Magic-users receive all spells of levels 1-4 and 2d6 from levels 5-6. Value: 20

7. Crystal Mist

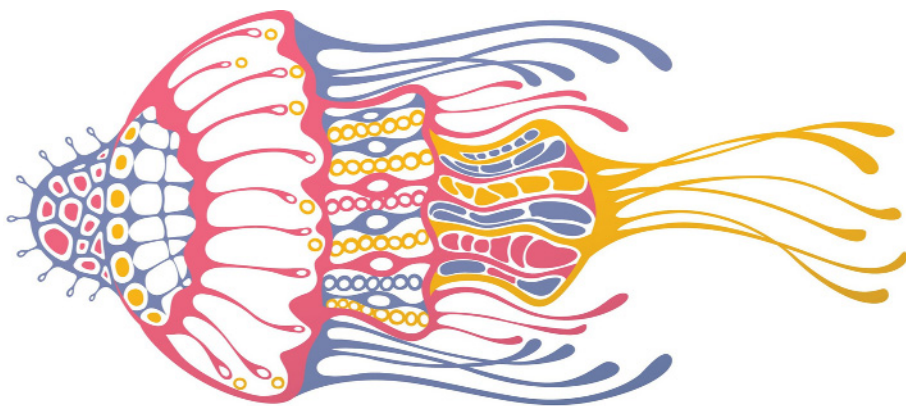
Crystals of meteoric origin that evaporate if they come into contact with water. When the gas is inhaled, it causes the user to feel confident, powerful and optimistic. Make a saving throw or suffer a fit of violent spasms, lose 1d8 hp. Magic-users gain all spells of level 1-5 and 3d6 spells of levels 6-9. Value: 50

8. Ne-Chrono-Mycon

When ingested, these mushrooms put the user in contact with a fungal mycelium from outside the circles of time, which functions as a trans-dimensional information network. There is a 10% risk that the user will be unable to speak any other language than Aklo for the duration of the drug. Furthermore, the user must make a saving throw or become possessed by an astral parasite. The creature attaches its invisible and intangible cephalopodic body to the victim's head and consumes one point of Wisdom per day. When Wis reaches 0, the user is possessed until the parasite is exorcised. Magic-users receive access to all spells. Value: 100

Bad Trip Table (roll d100 and add the Value of the drug):

- 01-30 Severe headache, illness and tremors. Suffer a -3 penalty to all die rolls.
- 31-50 Perceives others as grotesque monsters. Cannot recognize close friends without convincing arguments and evidence. Entirely unable to identify anyone else.
- 51-60 Paralysed by fear due to horrible hallucinations. The phantasms become vaguely visible to others in the MU's vicinity.
- 61-70 Violently sick, movement rate reduced to a quarter, lose 1d6 hp.
- 71-80 Believes his or her own body to be infested with maggots, rotting from the inside, possessed by evil entity or something similar. Will try to remedy the perceived problem by hurting him- or herself, lose 2d6 hp if not stopped.
- 81-90 Immobilized by violent convulsions, lose 3d6 hp. Gain one mutation.
- 91-00 Overdose. Instant death due to cardiac arrest and severe brain haemorrhage.



PUSHERMAN: BACKGROUND

BY ED HACKETT

This is a kit/background for those people that make Narcosa go round: the Pusherman. The background can easily be used over any OSR system -- simply remove/modify the fiddly bits you don't need. This background probably works best for a minor villain NPC.

Skill Proficiencies: Insight (wisdom), Persuasion (charisma)

Languages: 1 additional of choice.

Tool Proficiencies: Dealer's Tools (scales, scoops, pouches, vials) OR Alchemist's Tools

Equipment: 5 hits of product, a set of clothes (fine or common that includes a long coat with many pockets), a set of artisan's tools, a keepsake of your childhood (roll on trinket table).

Feature: Connected Pusher

You have contacts in the illicit goods racket all over. You know the best places to find, buy and sell the worst things. You can't necessarily get a good deal, but you can get anything a customer needs.

You also have a special type of product you can push, some close connection that can provide you with profits of 3d12+6 gp a week, if you forego other activities (no adventuring).

There is an increased chance of getting pinched by the local constabulary each week (as determined by your DM).

Choose or roll for your area of expertise (1d8):

1. Narcotic powders, psychotropic magic dusts, ground mermaid fin and other nose candies.
2. Illicit potions: dragon's sleep, beholder's kiss, bella mortis and other devious draughts.
3. Broke-oak, Phnamana blue, Kuo toke and other potent smokeables.
4. Mojo pins, white spikes, quiet quills and other injectables.
5. Myconoidals, ascomycotics and other fungal offerings.
6. Poisons. (Small doses for pleasant effect, heroic doses for unfortunate ones.)
7. Jellies, molds, and oozes. (Snort it, slather it, or slurp it).
8. Illegal weaponry.

Suggested Characteristics:

You try to be anything your buyers need. You are a friend, mother/father, sister/brother, bully, saviour, doctor, therapist, confidante, criminal, hustler -- you are the pusherman.

Personality Traits (1d8)

1. Anonymity is my ally. I sell by proxy. If nobody knows me for real, I ain't really getting pinched. You hide yourself away and no one knows this true life of yours.
2. Being connected is the greatest thing there is. I can get you anything. So, what you need, sucka? Garrulous and aggressive, you live for the hustle.
3. I don't do drugs. I am drugs. You won't use your product (or won't use it again) and you hold yourself to that deeply.

- 
4. I don't care who I sell to, as long as I am selling. You push your product on anyone with enough coin to buy it. People tend to hate you.
 5. Paranoia hasn't always served you well. You've been pinched before. You aren't going back, but the life has got a hold of you.
 6. It may be a little pond, but I am the biggest fish. You face problems with bravado and a bit of bullying.
 7. Sometimes you're flush and sometimes you're bust. You have a flexible approach to your lifestyle and you are always looking to be more flush. Choose a catch-phrase that shows how cool you are under pressure.
 8. You wear the latest trends in fashion, the best kicks and finest jewelry. You have a greedy appreciation for fine things and status. You are the sharp-dressed man.
 5. Wealth: Coin. Clink. Cash. It's all I live and breathe. Can't afford another hit? Fuck you, pay me. (Neutral)
 6. Knowledge: Customer service. I provide a service and my customers appreciate the confidentiality that I guarantee. It ain't my fault I know all their dirty secrets. (Unaligned.)

Bonds (1d6)

1. My customers are my friends. They love me and I love them.
2. My source is a dear old friend of mine. I have to protect them, even if they don't feel the same.
3. "Adventuring with my friends" has given me access to some of the most potent shit in the world.
4. My bosses have me stitched up. I can't get out of the life.
5. My family is everything to me, but they can't know the truth of my work.
6. (Party Member) is the inspiration I need to change, but old habits die hard.

Ideal (1d6)

1. Respect: Everyone knows who I am and what I do. I wear it like a badge of honour and I live by my code. Fuck you if you can't respect that. (Lawful)
2. Winning: Hustlin' is the only thing in life. The money, power, women/men -- while all are great, none of it matters. Just the score. (Neutral)
3. Power: You will rise to the top. All the other cockroaches can be crushed under your boot. (Evil)
4. Freedom: Live free or die. What I do sets people free! Everyone wants to be free. (Chaotic)

Flaws (1d6)

1. The cardinal rule is: "You don't use your product." You break the cardinal rule.
2. You'd pinch the pennies out of your momma's purse... and you have.
3. There is something you desire so deeply that you will sacrifice necessities to have.
4. You try to exercise power over everyone, even your friends and allies. You are kind of a cunt.
5. You don't trust anyone. Not your mother, not your allies. Especially not your mother.
6. You are convinced that you are destined for greatness.





THE MOLDS AND SLIMES OF VILNID BY DYSON LOGOS

Background

The slime pits are just one of the strange experiments created and then abandoned by Vilnid the Master.

Vilnid has not been seen near the slime pits in at least a decade, but his loyal servants still maintain the "great works" he began here.

The few who do remember him in person can describe a great sorcerer who never was seen outside of his suit of pale blue armour.

Vilnid the Master left the slime pits in the care of the Ageless Children -- servants of halfling stock that he modified as part of the experiments here. They in turn command the majority of the other residents of the slime pits, most of whom are of human stock that has been infested, infected and modified by the many mushrooms of the area.

They in turn command the majority of the other residents of the slime pits, most of whom are of human stock that has been infested, infected and modified by the many mushrooms of the area.

The Area

The slime pits of Vilnid are meant to occupy a hex somewhere not too close to civilization, either in tropical or subtropical climates. While the slime pits themselves only occupy a small part of the hex they are in, their effects are felt through a much larger area.

The entire hex of this area exhibits extensive large fungal growths including oversized mushrooms nearly overwhelming the local flora. Further out the typical flora for the region is more apparent, but odd fungal growths and infestations are still common.



In addition, collection teams travel from the slime pits at all times. These collection teams have the primary goal of bringing back plants and fruits to feed to the fungal masses, but also watch for humans and humanoids that can be used to supplement their own numbers.

Persons travelling in any hex within two hexes of the slime pits have a chance to meet the collection teams. The chance each day is 1 in 6 while two hexes away, 3 in 6 while one hex away, and 5 in 6 chance while within the hex of the slime pits themselves. A standard collection team would be d4+1 fungal ogres and d3 spore hounds (detailed on page 95).

A collection team will be carrying 1d6-3 pounds of wild berries, 1d6-5 unconscious captured humans or humanoids, and 1d8-2 fungal potions.

Vivid Mushrooms

The massive fungal growths in the region are referred to as vivid mushrooms by the few who have wandered out this way and not been "collected" for the slime pits.

Mature vivid mushrooms are between 5 and 16 feet tall and have a variety of cap shapes. Most are brightly coloured, making them hard to miss in mixed foliage. In large concentrations, the air around them will be contaminated with vivid spores too small for the eye to see. If disturbed, they emit these psychoactive vivid spores in larger numbers, creating a foggy cloud.

Those exposed to vivid mushrooms and who fail their saving throw roll on the chart below for the effect. If they consumed vivid mushroom spores on purpose, there is no save.

If they have entered into a visible vivid spore cloud, they make a save vs poison at -2. If they have entered into a lower density cloud, then the save is at +2. All effects last for 1 turn.



Vivid Spore Effects (roll 2d3)

2. Crazy hallucinations -- roll on the confusion spell effect table every round.
3. Mad giggling prevents speaking and spellcasting.
4. Minor visual and auditory hallucinations increase surprise chance by 1.
5. Paranoia makes subject attack anyone not immediately familiar.
6. Subject believes they have transformed into an animal, and will act as such.

In addition to the other effects of vivid spore exposure, a common side-effect (occurring in 2/3rds of all exposures) is a form of double vision called spirit vision. The affected creature sees a ghostly upside down double image, perpetually out of focus in addition to what they normally see -- this double vision becomes especially strong during times of stress and duress, and fades almost to nothing when things are "normal".

Because of this effect, the locals have a strong belief in the spirits of the dead sticking around after death (when someone is slain or falls down, the mirror image falls upwards, as if their spirit is escaping.)

Fungal Rot

Those so foolish as to consume the vivid mushrooms directly or unfortunate enough to have been bitten by a spore hound must save versus poison or suffer from Fungal Rot.

As fungal rot sets in, the subject actually gains in Strength and hit points, while slowly dying as the vivid fungus eats away at them. Every d6 hours, the victim makes a save vs spells -- failure means rolling on the vivid spore effect table and the effects last until the next save.

Every 12 hours the subject loses 1 point of Constitution and 1 point of Charisma and gains 1d6 hit points. Every 36 hours they gain one point of Strength.

Once their Charisma or Constitution is reduced to zero, the subject dies and then "flowers" as a new vivid mushroom within 3d12 hours.

Fungal Potions

These potions appear to be fist-sized spheres of liquid held in a thin transparent membrane. They are the fruit of the ripe vivid mushroom.

They are all treated as potions of delusion (that is to say they seem to be potions of some other type in all ways, and even have minor magical abilities in order to make it seem possible that they are indeed another potion type -- roll on the standard potion tables to determine what potion type they are emulating).

However, in addition to their delusional effects, half of all fungal potions actually have the effects of a real magical potion, again rolled for on the standard tables.

The best of these are of course ones such as a potion of levitation with the delusion of invisibility (the rest of the party can't see you either, since you floated up out of sight), a potion of diminution with the delusion of heroism, or just about anything combined with a potion of gaseous form.

The Slime Pits of Vilnid

The centre of this fungal mess is the actual slime pits of Vilnid and the small tower which sits beside them. The entire area is overrun with vivid mushrooms of all sizes, and collection teams come and go from the tower and the pits at all hours of the day and night.

In addition to the Seven Ageless Children (see their own entry on this page) and their attendant ogres and spore hounds, this area is home to a rare species of giant psychedelic frog and the occasional prismatic caterpillars.

Wandering Monsters (2d3)

(check every 3 turns -- 2/6 chance)

2. Gerard & Torius (see the Ageless Children) and 2d3 Fungal Ogres
3. 1d4 Giant Psychedelic Frogs
4. 1d6 Fungal Ogres
5. Collection Team (see page 88)
6. 1d4 Spore Hounds
7. 1d2 Prismatic Caterpillars
8. Hakana (see the Ageless Children) riding a giant psychedelic frog, with 1d3 other giant psychedelic frogs.

The Seven Ageless Children

Once of halfling stock, the seven ageless children were left in charge of the slime pits by Vilnid the Master. They appear to be human children with orange skin and yellow hair, and each has developed strange mutations of one kind or another under the ministrations of their master. They have the ability to speak telepathically to anyone infected with Fungal Rot, and will offer to cure them of their ailment if spared in combat. In reality, they will attempt to feed the victims to the orange slime pit.

Gerard & Torius

Seemingly inseparable, Gerard and Torius wander the grounds day and night watching for things of interest, discussing their missing master, and generally being curious. They are the most "halfling-like" of the children -- appearing to be orange-skinned small humans with large feet. They are repulsed by what has become of their siblings, but still loyal to Vilnid and thus hostile to interlopers.



They each carry 2 spore bombs on their belts that can be thrown up to 60 feet and explode dealing 2d8 damage and causes blindness for 1d6+1 rounds to everyone within 15 feet (save vs poison reduces damage by half and prevents blindness) (AC: 6; HD: 3; hp: 19, 11; Att: Dagger or SporeBomb; Dmg: 1d4 or 2d8; Mv: 90 [30]; Sv: H3; M: 9)

Hakana

The only other of the children who leaves the watch tower these days, Hakana is perpetually hallucinating because she rides a giant psychedelic frog.

Roll reaction checks for her as normal, with a positive result meaning she thinks the party is fairies, sentient butterflies, or similar; neutral results confusing her completely, and negative results resulting in an immediate attack as she thinks they are invading fungus-eating brains from another plane of existence. (AC: 6; HD: 3; hp: 14; Att: 1 [Wand of Atrocities]; Dmg: 3d8; Mv: 60 [20]; Sv: H3; M: 9)

Mamsel, Toxis & Melinda

These three ageless children no longer have any bones in their bodies (well, Toxis claims he still has one, if you get my drift). They never leave their chamber in the watch tower, summoning forth fungal ogres to bring them food, drink, and more drugs to keep them in their perpetual state of sexual satiation.

They haven't realized it themselves (yet), but they have actually merged into a single physical form. (AC: 8; HD: 8; hp: 48; Att: 1 bite, rend or engulf; Dmg: 2d6; Mv: 30 [10]; Sv: F8; M: 10)

Six Eyes

Once part of the never-ending orgy with Mamsel, Toxis and Melinda, Six-Eyes' later mutations caused him to be exiled from their communal "cuddle puddle".

Now he lives on the roof of the watchtower, perpetually watching everything around him -- no longer is he cursed with six eyes in his misshapen halfling face, for his entire body has been covered with eyes. As such, he cannot be surprised, and when his nearly amorphous form shifts and moves, all who make eye contact must make a saving throw versus paralysis or be shocked into inaction for 1d3 rounds.

Once every 4 rounds he can emit a 30 foot by 30 foot cloud of noxious gas that deals 1d8 damage to all within it and is treated as a cloud of vivid spores (see page 89). While he has probably seen the party approach and perhaps even attack and kill other members of his "family", his despondence over being rejected by Mamsel, Toxis & Melinda means that he does nothing to alert the others or the fungal ogres. (AC: 7; HD: 4; hp: 21; Att: 1 bite or noxious breath; Dmg: 1d8 or special; Mv: 30 [10]; Sv: H4; M: 8)

Encounter Key for the WatchTower and Slime Pits

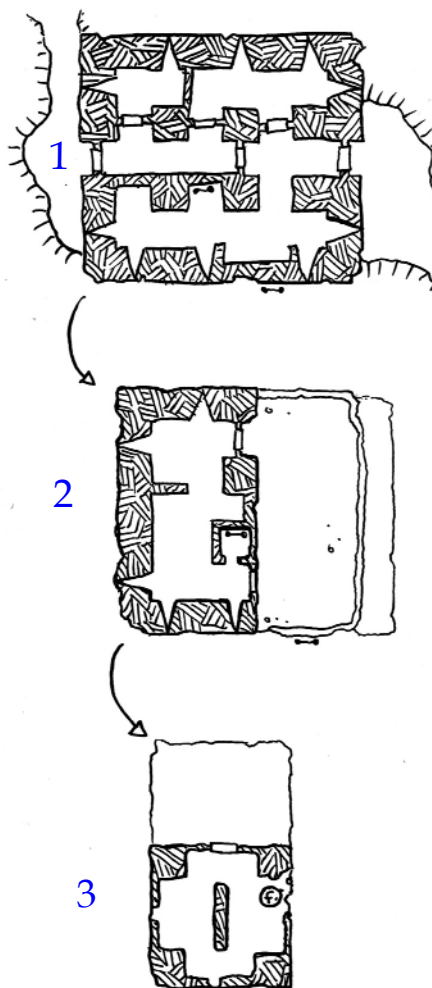
The watchtower looms over the site of the slime pits, a squat and unpleasant stone structure created by Vilnid the Master through his strange magics. The walls are a specially hardened stone, and all doors are crafted of a similar material making them exceptionally durable (and also not prone to getting stuck in the local humidity).

There are two ladders to access upper sections of the tower. One is on the outside of the building on the south side and leads up to the balcony of the mid level. The other internal ladder accesses all three levels.

1. WatchTower -- Ground Level

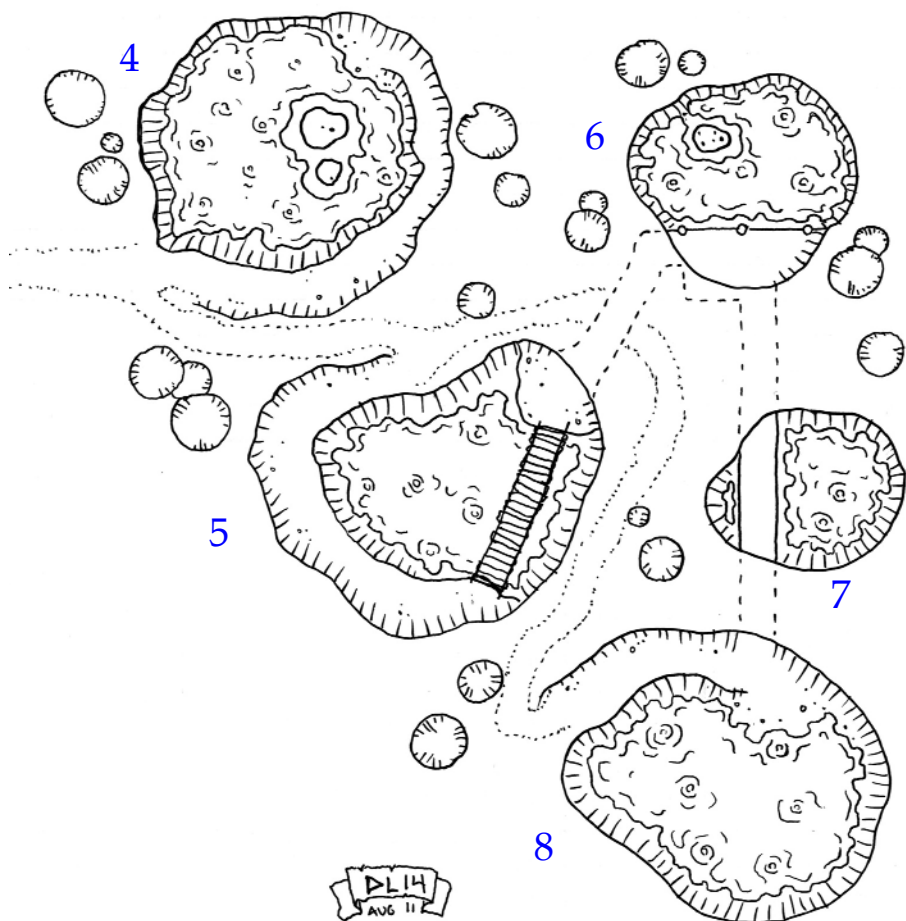
This level is broken up into rooms where the three still motile ageless children live. Everything is overrun with harmless fungi, and three fungal ogres rest here waiting for orders from their masters (AC: 6; HD: 4; hp: 12, 20, 17; Att: 1 club; Dmg: 1d12; Mv: 90 [30]; Sv: F4; M: 9).

Among the various bedstuffs of the ageless children on this level are 2d8 fungal potions and a bright silver ring on a chain that once belonged to Vilnid the Master and that Hakana has been hiding as her personal keepsake. The ring acts as a ring of protection +1, reduces the wearer's chance to be surprised by 1, but also decreases the wearer's saving throws against gaze attacks, light attacks and similar by -2.



2. WatchTower -- Mid Level

This stinking level is home to the never-ending orgy of Mamsel, Toxis & Melinda. There are dugs, alcohol and ruined foodstuffs of all kinds scattered around the structure. On the outer balcony are a pair of napping fungal ogres (AC: 6; HD: 4; hp: 16, 19; Att: 1 club; Dmg: 1d12; Mv: 90 [30]; Sv: F4; M: 9).



3. WatchTower -- Upper Level

Six-Eyes maintains his silent vigil on the small balcony up here, with his long-forgotten quarters in the tower behind him. He is melancholy and unpleasant and itching for a fight.

The Slime Pits are each sunken into the soft dirt of the area by about 20 feet. In reality, the bottoms of the pits are at least 5 feet deeper than that, but the lower reaches are obscured by the masses of slime that live within them.

Each slime is a mass of tonnes of slime, and untold quantities of rhizomes fill the earth nearby (sprouting into the forest of vivid mushrooms). Destroying any of the slimes (besides the fuchsia slime) is an effort requiring large quantities of accelerants, acids or other means of producing continuous elemental damage over a serious period of time.

4. *The Red Slime Pit*

The Red Slime is a massive oozing slime mold that is host to the variation of Fungal Rot that produces the fungal ogres. This version of fungal rot produces significantly reduced hallucinations, significantly slower degradation (1 week for reduced Con & Cha and bonus hit points, 2 weeks per point of Strength). The Red Slime also produces prodigious quantities of fungal potions, with 1d4 washing ashore every day.

5. *The Orange Slime Pit*

The orange slime is a very powerful acidic slime that sloshes gently from side to side in it's pit, as if a breeze were always blowing across it. Anyone touching the slime suffers 2d6 damage from contact. Persons falling in are unlikely to survive.

Along the bottom of the pit, 18 inches above the level of the slime, a wood and rope bridge spans to the far side where a masonry-walled tunnel leads to the next pit.

6. *The Cold Slime Pit*

The stone edge of the walkway in this pit is covered in frost and ice. Cold mist and water is everywhere, condensation from the chill of the deep green coloured slime that has been cultivated here. The slime keeps itself at a temperature just below freezing. Small chains are embedded into the three posts here, each long enough to reach into the slime. Two of these chains are currently suspended into the slime -- each holding a cask of ale.

7. *The Violet Slime Pit*

There are actually two slimes living within this pit. The main area is home to a massive sentient violet slime. This hostile psionic mold can trigger a "charm person" effect on anyone within 30 feet, and will then suggest (telepathically) that the creature proceed along to the white slime. If attacked or resisted, or if people try to assist the fuchsia slime, it will begin a psychic scream of anger and frustration that requires everyone within 60 feet to save versus spells each round or suffer 1d6 damage and instinctively cover their ears and do nothing except move at half their normal movement rate.

On the opposite side of the stone walkway over the violet slime's pit is a small amount of the slime that has evolved along a separate path. This small fuchsia slime is also sentient and friendly, and desperately wants out of here. Like the violet slime, this slime can communicate telepathically and will explain that it can be removed from the pit by a willing person "drinking" it.

If someone does volunteer to drink the slime, the slime takes over the person completely and irrevocably unless they make a saving throw versus death. If the save is made, then the person pukes up the fuchsia slime within 1d4 turns and takes 2d12 damage. The person also gains a +4 bonus on all future saving throws against fungal toxins, poisons, spores and so on as well as a +1 bonus on all future saves against charms, suggestions and other forms of mind control.



Under the violet slime is the key to the slime pits -- the tainted life-stone. This fist-sized synthetic violet gem was crafted and placed here by Vilnid the Master. It is a powerful plant and fungal mutagen and unless it is somehow destroyed or contained, this area will forever be home to strange tainted fungal and plant monsters. Touching it causes uncontrolled and growth and mutations in animals that results in death in 1d6 minutes (save vs death to resist).

8. The White Slime Pit

The white slime is a semi-sentient "fuzzy" slime mold that releases clouds of grey spores whenever disturbed. It is a mean form of sentience, unpleasant and manipulative. It knows that it's spores are highly addictive (treat as vivid spores, but each exposure also requires a save vs spells to prevent addiction, which in turn transforms the addict into a spore hound). The white slime also produces a fair number of fungal potions, with 1d4-2 (minimum of zero) potions floating ashore every day.

Fungal Ogre

Armour Class: 6
No. Appearing: d4+1 (3d6)
Hit Dice: 4
Save As: F4
Move: 90' (30')
Morale: 9
Attacks: 1 club
Treasure Type: Sx10
Damage: 1d12
Alignment: Chaotic

Humans who have been nearly completely taken over by transcutaneous fungal infections, these massive ogrish beasts are completely beholden to the ageless children.

When slain, these massive creatures continue to spasm and twitch for hours. Unless burned, they will "blossom" into a Vivid Mushroom within 3d12 hours of their death.

Spore Hound

Armour Class: 5
No. Appearing: d3 (2d6)
Hit Dice: 2
Save As: F2
Move: 120' (40')
Morale: 11
Attacks: 1 bite
Treasure Type: none
Damage: 1d6 + Infection
Alignment: Neutral

These barely-sentient beasts were once human but now run on all fours, acting as bloodhounds for the fungal ogres and the ageless children. Addicted to the spores of the white slime mold, they will do anything to be given more. They are excellent trackers (as good as any ranger) and infallible trackers when tracking someone infected by the bite of a spore hound.

Anyone bitten by a spore hound must make a saving throw vs poison or become infected with fungal rot.

Frog, Giant Psychedelic

Armour Class: 7
No. Appearing: 2d4 (4d6)
Hit Dice: 3
Save As: F2
Move: 30' (10') (or leap)
Morale: 8
Attacks: 1 bite
Treasure Type: none
Damage: 1d8 + Hallucination
Alignment: Neutral

These monstrous amphibians have multicoloured slimy skins and can leap incredible distances (they can leap up to 120 feet in a round, but cannot attack that same round). Anyone touching the skin of one of these creatures must save vs poison or suffer the effects of a confusion spell for 1d3 turns.

Wand of Atrocities

A magic wand crafted from a petrified griffon baculum, the wand of atrocities has 30 charges. When used, the wand strikes the target with destructive magical energies dealing 3d8 damage (save vs wands for half damage).

Anyone reduced to zero hit points by this damage suffers a horrible fate as their form is turned inside out, or they explode into sizzling chunks of flesh, or their skin is stretched over everything within 20 feet of their location, etc. Be creative and nasty.

Caterpillar, Prismatic

Armour Class: 8
No. Appearing: 1d2 (1d12)
Hit Dice: 6
Save As: F3
Move: 60' (20')
Morale: 8
Attacks: 1 bite & colour spray
Treasure Type: none
Damage: 1d12
Alignment: Neutral

These 12 to 18 foot long brightly multicoloured caterpillars are highly poisonous making them inedible to most creatures. They spend their days slowly eating mushrooms and other available plant life.

They will investigate any new creatures they encounter to see if they are food (by giving them a good bite, and then desisting if they are not plant or fungal life), but will also defend themselves if attacked (such as by something they nipped).

When attacked, or when trying to attract a mate, the prismatic caterpillar can emit a colour spray (as the spell) every round in addition to their bite attack.

8. Random Tables

DRUG EFFECTS (1d100)

- 1-3. Sympathetic pain: take half the damage you deal for 1D12 turns
- 4-6. Deep sense of joy and serenity; +2 to all saving throws
- 7-9. Enlarged, as per the spell
- 10-12. Immune to fire
- 13-15. Disrupted nervous system: movement rate of one-third normal, and -4 to hit
- 16-18. Blindness
- 19-21. Learn 1 randomly-selected Magic-User or Cleric spell; standard rules apply
- 22-24. Sluggish: -1d4 to Dexterity
- 25-27. Negates existing drug effect (if any)
- 28-30. Heal 1d6 hit points
- 31-33. Become random undead
- 34-36. Randomly swap two physical traits
- 37-39. Increases Strength: +1d6
- 40-42. Paroxysms of hideous laughter (as per the spell)
- 43-45. Violently ill: no actions possible, 1/4 move, -4 penalty to armor
- 46-48. Heal 1d8 damage, +2 to Strength
- 49-51. Learn a new language
- 52-54. Alert, impulsive: +2 to Intelligence, -2 Wisdom
- 55-57. Terrifying hallucinations: -2 to attack and -3 to armor
- 58-60. Visions of the world beyond
- 61-63. Drugged stupor; penalty of -3 to armor class
- 64-66. Randomly swap two mental traits
- 67-69. Anxious, jumpy: +1d4 to initiative, -1d4 Charisma

- 70-72. Turn plant monsters, the way that a Cleric can turn undead
- 73-75. Psychotic rage: +1 to hit, +2 to damage, -3 to armor
- 76-78. Insight into the center of the universe and omniscient knowledge of all existence
- 79-81. Fungal infection. Incubation period: 2 months. Save vs Poison weekly or -1 Con until death
- 82-84. Disoriented, nauseated: -1d6 to all hit rolls and saving throws
- 85-87. Tunnel vision: +6 to all saves against illusions
- 88-90. Relaxed, peaceful: +1 on skill/ability checks, -1 on combat rolls
- 91-93. Flight, as per the spell, as if cast by an 8th-level Magic-User
- 94-96. Wisdom temporally reduced 1d4 points
- 97-99. Emits light, visible for miles
- 100. Roll again

DURATION (2d4)

- 1. 1d4
- 2. 1d6
- 3. 1d8
- 4. 1d20
- 1. Rounds
- 2. Minutes
- 3. Turns
- 4. Hours

RANDOM MAGIC ITEMS

BY ANDREW SHIELDS, BRETT SLOCUM, CASEY GARSKE, CHRISTOPHER WEEKS, DAVID BRAWLEY, DYSON LOGOS, ERIC DUNCAN, JARROD SHAW, MASSIMILIANO CARACRISTI, OLAV NYGÅRD, OLI PALMER, RAFAEL CHANDLER, THOM HALL, VICTOR GARRISON, WAYNE SNYDER, AND WIL MCKINNEE

What are these items? How do they work? Only you can answer this question...

TEXTS AND SCRIPTURES (1d6)

1. A Hye Tymes Grimoire
2. Artist Journal of Genitals
3. Book of Dankness
4. Enchiridion of Elemental Ergot
5. Heavy Sleep Map
6. Narcosian Codex

GARMENTS (1d12)

1. Beer Goggles
2. Boots of High Leaping
3. Boots of Speed
4. Crown of the Third Eye
5. Ecstatic Weetabix Sandals of Christ Henry
6. Fringed Vest of Oneness
7. Headband of Groovyness
8. Mask of Uncontrolled Travel
9. Rags of the Hustlers
10. Robe of the Dude
11. Robes of the Rainbow Rays
12. Vest of Troll Lungs

WEAPONRY (1d10)

1. Blunt Sword of Gabriel Hackett
2. Bop Gun
3. Fanatic's Powder Razor
4. Fluffy Baton of Delirium
5. Jesus Razor
6. Meth Ghost Snare
7. Rod of Ogre Smoke
8. Vein Trowel of Nacrohtep
9. Wand of Fungus
10. Wand of Narc Detection

MAGIC ITEMS (1d100)

1. All-Environment Smoking Pipe
2. Apparatus of Relaxation
3. Baby's Bad Breath
4. Ball of Dream-Scrying
5. Bast's Incense of Ecstatic Release
6. Bean Sack of Comfort
7. Bean Sack of Many Kicks
8. Black Sack
9. Blackened Crack Tooth
10. Blacklight Pigments
11. Blue Diamond of Endless Arousal
12. Bong of Holding
13. Box of Smoke
14. Brownie Brownies
15. Buttons of The Deer-Person
16. Carmen Karma's Garden-Guardian
17. Candle Idol of the Slug Goddess
18. Carobian Nuggets
19. Carpet of Tripping
20. Carpet That Really Ties the Room Together
21. Chamber of Bewitching Dreams
22. Cherub Rum
23. Crystal of Controlled Dreams
24. Crystals of Psychotropic Radiance
25. Cutting of the Dreads of the Zionc Lion
26. Decanter of Endless Bong Water

27. Deelr's Map of Holding
28. Distilled Dreams of the Eternal Sleeper
29. Dracula Cum Vial
30. Dream Scales of Sativos
31. Dust of Dreams
32. Dust of the Angel
33. Dust of the Demon
34. Electric Kool Aid
35. Emerald Wine of Incandescence
36. Entheogenic Pipe Organ of the Most Holy Temple of the Children of the Haxan Leaf
37. Fermentation of the Tarantella
38. Fluids of Devolution
39. Giggledust
40. Glue of Inhalation
41. God's Eye Talisman
42. Harmonica of Haziness
43. Hemp Rope of Highness
44. Heroinbottle
45. Hog-Hair Chewing Balls
46. Hooka of Dreams
47. Hurdy Gurdy Lamp
48. Incense of Chill-out
49. Inescapable Couch
50. Infinite Cheeto
51. Instant Growhouse
52. Ioun Smoke: Light Green
53. Ioun Smoke: Purple
54. Iron Butterfly of Paradise
55. Lamp of Lavaciousness
56. Last Blue Hexagon
57. Lava Lamp
58. Magic Mushroom Medley
59. Milk of the Hebeephrenic
60. Molten Lamp
61. Monkey's Paw Roach Clip of King Fukahmee
62. Mordican's Mood Ring
63. More-Fine Flowers
64. Multidimensional Liver Adapter
65. Mummy Dust
66. Nihilixium
67. Papers of Easy Rolling
68. Pellets of Indigo Road
69. Perfect Sphere of Rubber
70. Perfume of Eros
71. Pipe of Poweful Plumes
72. Pipebag of Plenty
73. Pixie Dust Infusion
74. Porch Jug of Shon
75. Potion of Shroom Control
76. Powder of Power
77. Prismatic Bong
78. Psychedelic Injection
79. Red Eyes of Drunk
80. Resonator of Gladness
81. Ring of Wraith Breathing
82. Scabs of the User
83. Screen of Toxins
84. Shrooms of Sacred Sexual Alignment
85. Silver Flask of Delirium Tremens
86. Skull-Bong of the Iron Leaf
87. Snuffbox of Nicodemus
88. Spirit Smelling Crystals
89. Tabs of Sensorex
90. The Sweetest Leaf
91. The Yellow Yodelling Flute
92. Timeflower
93. Trebleacious Tambourine
94. Velvet Portrait of the King
95. Vile Phial of Life Defiled
96. VW Bus
97. Wall Hanging of Infinite Worlds
98. Waterpipe of clarity
99. Witchtripper
100. Worms of Visionary Insight



RANDOM MONSTERS **BY RAFAEL CHANDLER**

TYPE
(2d10, use both tables)

TABLE A

1. Powder
2. Plague
3. Swamp
4. Acid
5. Myconic
6. Psychedelic
7. Ash
8. Rainbow
9. Fire
10. Spirit

TABLE B

1. Elf
2. Dragon
3. Ghoul
4. Troll
5. Wolf
6. Ogre
7. Serpent
8. Minotaur
9. Golem
10. Hydra

HIT POINTS (1d6)

1. 1d6
2. 1d8
3. 2d8
4. 3d8
5. 4d8+2
6. 5D8+5

ATTACKS: 1d4

DAMAGE (1d6)

1. 1d4
2. 1d6
3. 1d8
4. 1d10
5. 1d12
6. roll again, and add a 1d6 damage bonus

SIZE (1d6)

1. Small (rat)
2. Medium (person)
3. Large (ogre)
4. Huge (dragon)
5. Massive (Tarrasque)
6. Immense (deity)

MOVEMENT 1d6 x 30'

SPECIAL MOVE (1d6)

1. Fly, 2d4x30'
2. None
3. Leap, 1d4x30'
4. None
5. Swim, 1d6x30'
6. None

INTELLIGENCE (1d8)

1. Fried (3)
2. Baked (5)
3. Stoned (7)
4. Chill (9)
5. Alert (11)
6. Paranoid (13)
7. Amped (15)
8. Tweaked (17)

ARMOR: 1d8+10



TYPE (1d10)

1. Cognisian: Can see into the future, but only a little bit. Receives armor +2 against ranged attacks, +2 to saves.
2. Huffer: Noxious fumes, save vs. poison or always go last during initiative (for this battle only). Affects anyone within 10' range.
3. Inhaler: Drains your soul if it's close enough to sniff you. Save vs. magic or lose 1d100 XP. Counts as an attack.
4. Neurist: Alters your brain chemistry if it touches you; all potions and drugs have random effect for 1d4 days. Save vs. poison negates.
5. Opiator: Causes feelings of euphoric bliss. Anyone struck by this creature suffers a penalty of -3 to Dexterity for 1d4 rds.
6. Psychotic: Anytime it hits, gets an extra attack for 1d3 damage (keep rolling each time it hits).
7. Somniac: Bite induces sleep for 1-2 rounds (save vs. magic negates). Can use this once/day.
8. Stimulant: Travels back in time thirty minutes and just beats the living shit out of you. So jacked up that it can time-travel, but only once per day, and only about thirty minutes. It attacks for 1d8 damage, no saving throw, no roll to hit. Boom.
9. Unliving: Undead and unsanitary. Vomits a high-intensity stream of maggots and bile; save vs. poison or become sick (Strength score cut in half for 1d10 rounds).
10. Withdrawn: Its touch negates any potions or drugs; save vs. magic or they're all canceled and you're immune to drugs or booze (or anything of the sort) for 1d4 days.

SPELLS KNOWN

Roll its intelligence on 1d20. If the result is equal to or lower than the creature's intelligence, roll 1d4 to see how many spells it knows.

SPELLS (1d12)

1. Confusion
2. Charm Person
3. ESP
4. Plant Growth
5. Hallucinatory Terrain
6. Telekinesis
7. Phantasmal Force
8. Levitate
9. Polymorph Self
10. Hold Person
11. Random MU spell
12. Random Cleric Spell

SPECIAL DEFENSES (1d10)

1. None
2. Only struck by magic weapons.
3. Immune to sleep/hypnosis spells.
4. Half damage from edged weapons.
5. Immune to cold-based attacks.
6. Regenerates 1d4 per minute.
7. High level of resistance to magic.
8. Only struck by silver weapons.
9. Immune to fire-based attacks.
10. None

TREASURES (2d4)

Use the tables on page 31, or get crazy and take your chances with the stuff on pages 98-99.

2. 1d100 gold, 1d3 magic items
3. 1d20 platinum, 1d2 magic items
4. 1d100 silver, 1 magic item
5. 1d1000 copper, 1 magic item
6. 1d10 gold, 1 magic item
7. 1d100 electrum, 1d3 magic items
8. 1d1000 gold, 1d4 magic items

RANDOM NPCS

BY RAFAEL CHANDLER

NAME

(3d12, pick one or two of them and arrange them as you see fit)

1. Meilig
2. Tamary
3. Zeleny
4. Vanderveer
5. Naunet
6. Mukantagara
7. Chione
8. Simora
9. Ang
10. Jamsheed
11. Reznik
12. Vaz

1. Amenophis
2. Dakarai
3. Parsius
4. Evrawg
5. Fercos
6. Caswallon
7. Horemheb
8. Lyaksandro
9. Stieg
10. Veber
11. Zacarias
12. Isolde

1. Mirari
2. Sigurd
3. Scrymgeor
4. Antonetta
5. Ragnild
6. Konexi
7. Atziber
8. Zadorni
9. Yaelyatsava
10. Margarid
11. Mekel
12. Intisara

ARMOR: 1d6+10

LEVEL: 1d6

ALIGNMENT (1d8)

1. Chaotic Drowsy
2. Lawful Mellow
3. True Brutal
4. Neutral Easy
5. No Good
6. Chopped & Screwed
7. Lawful Hungry
8. Rabid Evil

AFFILIATION (1d12)

1. Employed as a transporter by the serpent folk of Somaglean. (p. 6)
2. Smug, prudish teetotaler. (p. 27)
3. Mysterious Mendicant. (p. 19)
4. Chatty Qunubic druid. (p. 26)
5. Arrogant Blind Beggar. (p. 17)
6. Powder-Born; addicted to Ouro, kind of apathetic about it. (p. 23)
7. Sells demon-bile for the gnomes of Mecha Zel. (p. 6)
8. Idolater of Destitution, and really smug about it, you know? (p. 18)
9. Rather bewildered guardsman who does his best to patrol the streets of Ghya-Ma-Hau. (p. 9)
10. Good-looking member of the Order of St. Yimsin. (p. 24)
11. Murderous and determined Child of Temperance. (p. 17)
12. Ranger who rides the borders of Sativa Naan, at the base of Toke Mon Duul. (p. 14)

LOYALTY (1d6)

1. Traitorous; has done something terrible and may be hunted.
2. Wants out; desperate to escape this life, needs someone's help.
3. Ambivalent, easily swayed.
4. Okay with it, you know?
5. Committed, for good or ill.
6. Diehard fanatic, will do anything for the cause.

HASHISHASTAN BY VICTOR GARRISON

The streets of Hashishastan are as difficult to navigate as the rest of the Folded Realms. Streets, sidewalks, walls and lamp posts are covered with marks, initials, tags and symbols left behind by city visitors trying to leave a trail to help them return to their starting point or at least indicate that they've passed this way before. Many of the vagrants living in alleyways and lean-tos along the sidewalk are travelers lost for so long in the city unable to find their way back out that they've given up trying.

Each shop keeper has their own distinct incense burning in their store, constantly flooding its smokey haze into the streets. This is to help clients find the store by following its scent, since visual landmarks are undependable.

Hashishastan was founded by a native tribe known as the Dawamesk, or, Angels of Light, a group of tall thin humans with translucent skin that exposes visible muscles, veins, and bone. The society originally farmed and fished along Lake Erthliss, but were harassed by traders using their shore as a passage to the North.

The original town was built to give travelers and traders a destination and keep them confined to a small area.

The amount of money that flows through this area due to a huge drug trade allowed the city to take on a life of its own; it occupies a vast and unknown amount of land in the Folded Realms of Narcosa along the shore of Lake Erthliss, a body of water that defies all understanding and experience of time and space.

RUMORS (d30)

1) No one gets out of Hashishastan alive.

2) Hashishastan exists in a space between dreams and death.

3) There is a tunnel system below the city that can access anywhere in the world.

4) The food at Green Leaf Tavern is drugged, and the meat is from previous customers who ate there.

5) If you see a flashing of light reflected from the sun coming from down a dark alley, don't investigate. An initiate gang member is waiting in hiding, and will skin you alive as an initiation task.

6) If you see a flashing of light reflected from the sun, it is a signal from a dealer selling sober dust.

7) Don't eat the brown mushrooms going around, they were grown on the corpse of a demon-possessed Necromancer.

8) There are mind parasites in the open sewer troughs through out the city. They are needle thin worms that enter your body through your anus.

9) A child of the Gods has been born in the city; eternal life will come to those who bear her gifts.

10) The water in the fountains is safe to drink.

11) The best weed in the city is 'Euphoronnasia Indica' and is dispensed at 'The White Dragon Fumery' at the center of the city.

12) The street urchin children of Hashishastan are midget adult assassins.

13) You are doomed, traveler.

14) The police are looking for someone who looks just like you for questioning about a stolen shipment of Ruby Drop mushroom caps from the port last night.

15) If you drink the well water of the city, your skin will become translucent like the Angel of Light Tribe.

16) Only the dead can enter the city. None of us here are alive... including you.

17) The guards of Hashishastan are telepathic and can read your mind.

18) There is a mage in the city who takes the appearance of a large frog. If you encounter him, he will grant 3 wishes.

19) The Dawamesk plan to burn the city down during the next eclipse.

20) A plague is spreading in the desert regions. You should be wearing a plague mask everywhere you go now. Marshal law will soon be enforced.

21) Beware the Time Keeper outside the Bone Tower, he can steal time from your life from for his own.

22) Smuggling is so bad in the city, they have even started smuggling children through time.

23) A new drug is in the city that turns people into zombies.

24) Vagrants are being rounded up for the army.

25) The Overlord died last night. He jumped off the Bone Tower after eating brown shrooms.

26) Be careful, it's Shub-Snub Fly swarm season.

27) The skulls you see at intersections report your every move.

28) Kush Niggurath's Spawn have recently been spotted in the city.

29) A drug haul large enough for 10 men to live as kings is sitting unloaded at the port tonight.

30) The Narcosian moons are on a collision course.

RANDOM ENCOUNTERS IN HASHISHASTAN (d20) BY VICTOR GARRISON

1) You think you just walked past yourself.

2) PC spots a silver coin on the ground. PC won't see the coin is marked unless s/he checks and makes dexterity check at a -2 disadvantage. If picked up and kept, PC must roll a d4 every 2 turns while in Hashishastan. On an odd roll, nothing happens. On an even, PC should then roll d6:

1. Accused of theft by an NPC who planted it and will be threatened with jail by the guard brought along unless a chosen item is given to the NPC.

2. Stopped by an NPC with an armed guard and is accused of theft (the coin was planted by the NPC). NPC demands restitution by means of PC agreeing to do a task for the NPC.

3. Coin slowly dissolves unnoticed in pocket or pouch burning a hole there; anything else in pocket is lost as well as coin.

4. Accused by street urchin of stealing coin (child knows the mark and planted it); he/she cries and throws a fit which draws a crowd and demands the coin and a favor. Crowd agrees and threatens violence unless PC agrees.

5. Same as 4, but child demands something owned by the PC instead of favor.

6. PC bumps into a 'Taxman' who angrily decides PC must immediately pay 'taxes' on all possessions. PC must pay 10% of their value or face imprisonment.



3) PC turns a city corner and runs into a "Time Keeper" levitating in the lotus position and smoking from a hookah. Time Keepers are grey-bearded ancient ones who can see the past and future of anyone. Time Keepers don't speak but may present a gift to someone if they see a great need for an item in a person's future. PC rolls a D4 to find what gift the Time Keeper offers:

1. A small pipe made out of a crab claw.
2. A feather.
3. Mummified hand of a child.
4. A huge fat joint.

4) A small monkey wearing a frog mask leaps upon a PC from a balcony above and attempts to steal an item from the PC.

5) A murder of crows sweeps down and attacks any PC with narcotics in their possession.

6) Pack of dogs with human heads with dreadlocked hair chase PCs down the street cursing and barking at them. If PCs throw sticks, dogs will stop and chase sticks.

7) A street vagrant lures the PCs into a game of 'Hide the Bud', a sleight of hand game using 3 shells and a bud of marijuana hidden under one of the shells, which are then shuffled. For a copper, the PC can choose a shell and if correct can keep the bud. GM draws 3 shells numbered 1-3 and decides which one the bud is under. PC chooses a shell and then rolls a D6. If the correct shell is chosen, the roll determines whether the NPC tricked the PC with sleight of hand deception. If the bud was under shell #1, the PC wins on a roll of 1 or 2; Shell #2, the PC wins on 3-4; Shell #3, PC wins on 4-5. If PC wins, the vagrant insults them and harrass them to try again, double or nothing.

8) The PCs trip over a dead vagrant that could not be seen until they stumbled over him. He's been dead for days. Body has lice, assume PCs are infested if they investigate the body. Body has already been pickpocketed.

9) A street vendor is selling grilled child flesh on a stick. As the PC is waiting in line to buy some s/he is watching the screaming, crying children in cages behind the vendor. The PC notices one child with a distinctive birthmark and realizes with horror that it's the PC, kidnapped from the past...

10) A large 2' tall frog sitting on a door stoop says something in a muffled, croaky voice as the PCs pass by. If the PCs ask what it said, it won't respond until they turn their backs to it and walk away. Then it will croak again, "Fuck you, assholes!"

11) PCs encounter a "Spawn of Kush Niggurath". The Spawn are not ever completely seen. They are always on the periphery of one's vision. Shadowy movement is seen out of the corner of one's eyes, but when turning to see what it is, one never actually sees anything. The most one will ever see is an obscure shadow that may momentarily have some discernible moving vines and dark green leafy tendrils whipping emanating from it, especially when the Spawn is close enough to grab it's victim. The Spawn gives off a strong pungent, skunky odor. The Spawn excretes a sticky substance that coats it's limbs. If contact is made PC limbs and weapons will adhere to the Spawn. The most effective defense against a Spawn is fire; the Spawn is extremely flammable.

12) A Shub Snub Fly swarm. PCs make dexterity saving throws (no armor modifiers), failure results in 1 bite. As long as 1 PC is bit per roll the group keeps getting attacked. Attack is over when everyone makes their saving rolls and no one else is bit for 1 round. It is assumed the swarm moved on. 5 bites on a single PC results in stoned, psychedelic paralysis for a total number of turns equal to 18 minus the PCs constitution. Every 2 bites causes 1 hp of damage, round down odd number of bites.

13) Sexually exciting transgender human with antlers sprouting from forehead and beautiful animated tattoos tries to lure PCs into a tavern with bong hits of sour diesel weed. If PCs check the sign they'll see it's The Green Leaf Tavern which they may have heard rumors of. If they enter they may notice if they check the place out, that passed out customers are being dragged into the kitchen. If they don't check the place out first and instead just eat the stew being served then they'll be on the menu tomorrow.

14) Pitch black, lasting D6 turns. If the PCs turn and feel their way back along the wall they return to the sun- or moonlit streets. If they persist, the lead PC must roll a saving throw on Dexterity or fall into an open sewer tunnel access port. Lanterns/torches only illuminate a 3-foot radius.

15) Mushroom Men, startled; burst of spores form a cloud with an 8 ft radius. PCs must save vs poison or experience a brief psychedelic enchantment. Affected PCs spend the next 6 turns interacting with everything as if it was alive: bricks, streets, walls, everything.

15) PCs encounter Overlord of the city, totally out of his gourd on crack. He asks for help to get back to center city. Offers PCs a way exit from the city if they assist.

16) Two members of the Black Metal gang, Krieg Masters (leather clad, spikes, corpse paint); they're so drunk they couldn't fight if they wanted to, but PCs don't realize this. If provoked to fight, the Krieg Masters have spiked clubs and flails. If defeated, a body search reveals a locked box made of a human child's skull. If opened it contains a satchel of large crystals of "Thunder Fuck" meth.

18) Brothel; both men and women soliciting at the front door. Something isn't quite right about their skin. If PCs touch one, they'll notice that the skin appears to rub off and expose muscle and bone. It's grease paint. The Brothel is all Angel of Light Tribe/Dawamesk. They'll be pissed off if PCs try to leave, and will summon guards, insisting that the PCs are refusing to pay for services rendered.

19) PCs come across a naked man sitting astride another man who is lying on the ground. At first it might appear they're having sex, but then they hear screaming and pig noises. If party approaches, the naked man will stand and turn to them with blood covering his face and chest. He's high on bath salts, and was devouring the other man's face.

20) A green-skinned man, with plants and leaves for hair and beard, offers weed to PCs. If they smoke with him he'll offer help to guide out of the city. If they accept, he'll say, "Turn around." When they do, the gates to the city are before them and they can step outside. When they do, the Green Man disappears.

The King in Mellow
by Ryan Northcott

Under the door the smog rolls break,
The twin pipes ensure I will bake,
The hallucinations lengthen
In Narcosa.

Weird is the night when shroom tops rise,
And strange colors circle through my eyes,
But stranger still is
Lost Narcosa.

Tunes that the fumes shall sing,
Where naps the shadow of the King,
Must fry disturbed in
Dim Narcosa.

Bong on my floor, the voice in my head,
Dry now, eyes stung, with beers unshed
Shall blaze and bake in
Lost Narcosa.

