



BRAYDEN "DOOMSCRIBE" TURENNE



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The Feast On Utopia

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THE FEAST ON TITANHEAD

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What is this?



This is a self-contained module ready to be deployed in any on-going campaign or played as a one-shot. The party will explore the insides of an ancient and presumably alien titanhead, following the trail of an expedition that went in, but never came out. The brain matter of the titan, dormant but not dead, contains psychic-affecting properties. The titan wants to live again and is using these properties to command the expedition's members into its will.

OVERVIEW

"And with stranger aeons, even death may die."
- Lovecraft

The year is uncertain. The place, the frozen edges of Europe.

Amid a cluster of high and snow-covered peaks that make up the Dorag passage, the curiosity of a scientific expedition has caused a great portion of the mountain-side to crumble away, revealing the hidden remains of a gigantic skull of unknown origins. Older than the mountains themselves, this antediluvian remnant is a glimpse into a long dead past. Succumbing to the pull of knowledge and the promise of fame amongst European academies, the expedition ventured in.

Alas, they found nothing, but horror and despair.

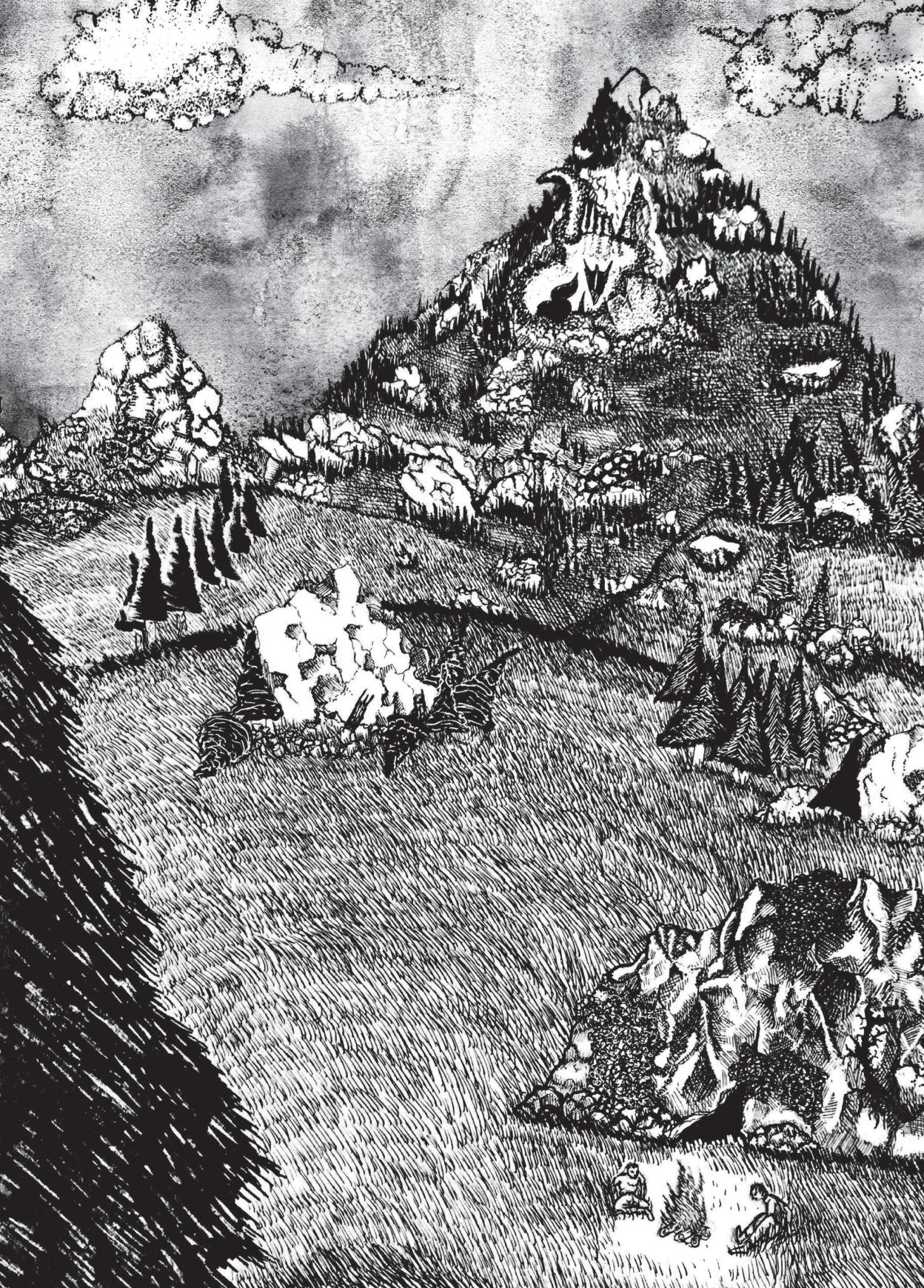
In the depths of the gigantic skeleton, the expeditioners, an entourage of botanical cataloguers, geographers, geologists, one reputed alchemist and their henchmen, have

been irreparably gripped by the lingering pieces of brain housed within the cranium's nooks and crannies. Though dead in body, whatever entity once inhabited this immense form has remained intangibly alive, and has begun to manifest itself through anything that comes close enough to its biological material.

The expedition members were overcome by the power of the thing's psychic essence. Like a tide, madness swept over every man, woman, and beast, as the Titan awoke within them. The head of the expedition, Hastik Melmark, was even further perverted, turned mind and body into a living, agonized engine of rebirth, through which this creature of unknown origin intends to resurrect itself.

All members of the expedition now roam in and about the titanhead, consuming organic matter, which is being amassed to serve as the titan's new body.

It is into this situation that your players are about to walk in.



Involving the Players

♦♦♦ While staying in a nearby city, the PCs have heard rumors about the lost explorers, particularly that of its leader, the eccentric, Hastik Melmark. Whether they seek out the opportunity or are approached by the local authorities for assistance, the PCs might be hired on to investigate.

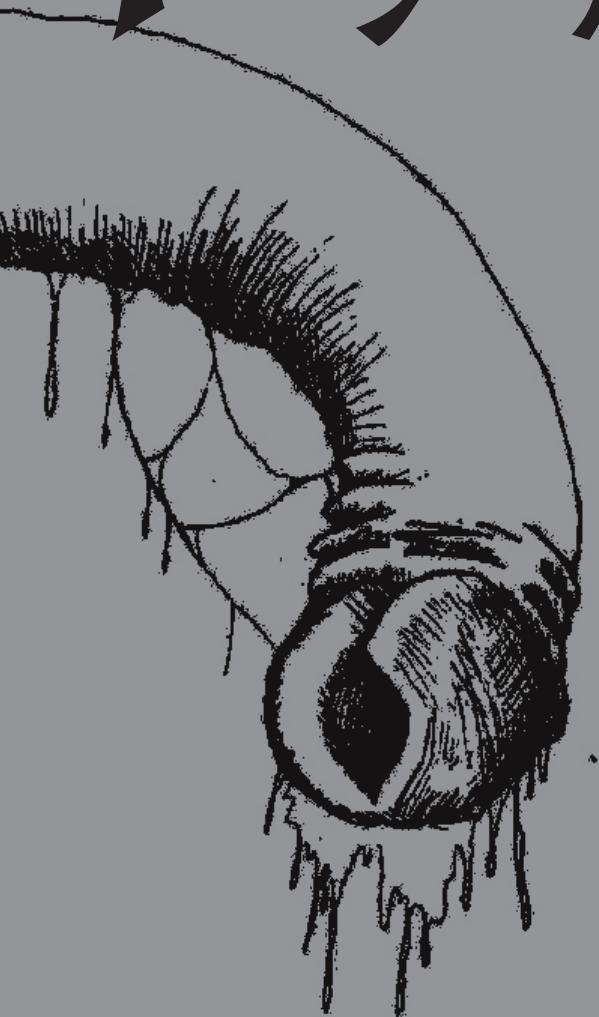
♦♦♦ Hastik Melmark was a friend of the party and went missing.

♦♦♦ A sudden plight of nightmares and hysteria has come to plague all those in close proximity to the mountains. Those who deal in the mystic and supernatural are particularly troubled. This can affect the PC's either directly or indirectly. If one of the party is a magic user, investigating the cause and ending it is critical, rather than simply an opportunity at profiting.

♦♦♦ The PCs simply stumble upon the mountains whilst venturing in the frozen wilds of the North. "Is that a giant head?"



Contagious Psychosis



Give each player a d6. Set all dice to 6.

Once the party enters the head, set an alarm clock to go off every 20 minutes of real gaming time. When the clock goes off, anyone still inside the head must make a mental saving throw. Those who fail experience the psychic effects of the brain matter. To represent this, roll 1d10 on the table below and narrate the vision to the respective PC. After narrating, the PC must decrease the d6 by 1.

♦♦♦ When the d6 reaches 1, the PC has a panic attack and attacks the closest human being three times. The attacks are so fast and unpredictable that the target cannot defend or dodge, unless they have a high Dexterity value (or equivalent).

♦♦♦ When the d6 drops below 1, the PC has another panic attack and his or her mind becomes shattered. From that moment onwards, the player no longer effectively controls the PC. The PC has become an Insane and is controlled by the Titan.

D10**IN YOUR MIND'S EYE, YOU SEE...**

1. You are adrift in black space, amidst a sea of stars. Something immense moves in the blackness, but you only catch a glimpse.

2. Blinding surges of multicolored light, assault you as you move in every direction at once through time and space. Whole galaxies pass you by in a blink.

3. A city, the size and make of which you have never seen the like, extends all around you. The nonsensically built structures float weightlessly in a void of violet mist. You stand on a veranda of sorts. Looking over the ledge, into the abyss below, you suddenly feel the need to jump.

4. You open your eyes to find yourself submerged in a sea of unknown substance, of a color that you cannot describe. You breathe the liquid as though it were air.

5. Utter blackness gives way as dozens of red glimmers blink into existence, coming closer, closer...flaring nostrils inhale your scent...an enormous maw of tower sized teeth emits hushed, putrid breath. The red jewels widen and stare at you from every angle. "There you are..."

6. A desert of shimmering black crystals, under a black sky, devoid of any sun, and yet you see a totem rise a hundred thousand meters into the air. It's unbelievable length is covered in a mosaic of tiny pieces. As you lean closer, you can hear them screaming: men and women nailed along the totem's surface, naked bodies covered in blood. You smile.

7. Your attacker embraces you into their own body. Their guts open wide as you are shoved inside, imprisoned beneath intersections of bone and sinew. Bodily fluids splash against you, quickening the process of assimilation.

8. Lying on your back, unable to move, as the landscape seems to have shifted like water, civilizations have blossomed and been immolated. Rock formations weight you down. Every second that passes, you feel yourself being buried deeper.

9. You're falling through star dotted blackness. A minuscule world comes into view, growing larger with every second, until you are plummeting from its skies and shattering upon its rough surface.

10. A bladed claw erupts from out of the yawning chasm, and grasps your body whole, slicing deep into your flesh, as the shadow erupts with searing light and a dagger of lightning strikes you down.

Encounters

THE TITAN

The Titan laid dormant for a billion years. The expedition awoke its desires.

The true key to the Titan's potency lies in its psychic abilities. Its brain matter – a bloated semi-solid, blue-grey fungus, continuously writhing, and dotted with bulbous eyes – has been preserved in the frozen darks of the undermountain and, with it, its will to live. The titan is using it to send dominant impulses into the psyches of lesser creatures (the humans and animals that made up the expedition), stripping them of free will and imposing its own. The titan has refashioned the body of Hastik Melmark into a grotesque birth-engine, one that consumes brain matter and other organic substance, so as to gestate its new body. The matter is amassed by humans and animals. (See last room of the titanhead.)

HASTIK MELMARK

Leader of this doomed expedition, Hastik is not only mentally erased by the Titan, but has been biologically remade into a mutated womb. Like an organic engine, Hastik eats those he once called friend as they wander, mindlessly into his grasp. All the while, the Titan gestates, basting in the death and degradation of nature. (See last room of the titanhead.)

THE INSANE

The autonomous sanity gifted to the average man or woman has been stripped away from these poor souls. All now dwell in or around the Titanhead, contorted to the looming will of the Titan's dominating power. In the members of the expedition it has found a perfect assembly of parts with which to construct its new form. Now they await their time to be embraced by the creature in The Birthing Chamber, caught in a nightmare as their minds and bodies are systematically 'groomed' for their eventual consumption. A vile hunger torments them, driving them to desperately stuff themselves with the pulsating detritus that pollutes the caverns here.

The Insane are all of those whose sanity was corrupted, overpowered by the will of the Titan. Their new nature is to eat brain matter and, when full, plunge themselves into Hastik in the Birthing Chamber, where they are consumed. Acting like amorphous parasites, the Insane will react with utter indifference to the presence of trespassers and other beings, unless they are prevented from eating more brain matter or the birth-engine (aka Hastik) is threatened or harmed.

Armor as Leather, 4-8 HP, Purging attack: attempts to grapple its target into submission. If it succeeds, it immediately vomits on them, releasing a torrent of undigested Brain Matter into their face. The victim must make a mental saving throw, similar to the ones when the alarm clock goes off.

at Titanhead

THE MULES

A tainted creature bent to the will of the Titan, now existing only to harvest whatever sustenance they can gather for the means of supplying the gestating creature within the mountain. Their lower jaw has become distended to allow them to consume larger objects and creatures, and their teeth have become jagged and unnaturally sharp. These beasts are mindlessly hostile and without any fear of pain or death.

Any animal that accompanied the expedition has now been reduced to a harvesting tool for the Titan: horses, donkeys and hounds. All of these make up the Mules, roaming the mountainside voraciously consuming any living or decomposed matter until their stomachs are full, to bring back to the Birthing Chamber, where they will vomit out their load and then start over. Carnivorous beasts, such as hounds, hunt living prey, while the lumbering herbivorous pack animals swallow any material, living or dead, they can bear.

Armor as Leather, 8-12 HP, Bite attack: with their stretched maw and yearning gut, the Mule lunges at its victim, attempting to swallow the target whole.

If swallowed, the victim is violently sucked down the mule's throat and into its bloated gut, which likely already contains a plethora of other detritus, all soaking in its stomach fluids. The stench is unbearable and nauseating. When inside the stomach,

the victim cannot do anything on their turn except attempt to free themselves. Every turn a victim remains stewing in the Mule's gut, they suffer 1d3 points of acid damage.

Once the Mule has swallowed a PC, it will likely attempt to return to The Birthing Chamber and vomit him or her out.

TREASURE HUNTERS

Any time it seems fit, swindler Caleb Holgren and his troupe of treasure hunters surprise the PCs inside the head. He lives a life of plenty, reflected in his posh clothing, but only because he has stolen or weaseled his way to attaining it. If warned about the dangers of the mountain Caleb thinks the PCs are trying to trick him and attacks.

Armor as Leather, 20 HP, Daggers and Crossbow.

Caleb's treasure hunting party are an array of ragged, unwholesome looking fellows. Dirty and desperate, they hold no firm loyalty to Caleb other than the coin he has paid them. If met with a better deal, they are not hard to sway.

Five hunters: No Armor, 8 HP, Swords, darts, daggers, etc.

The Sepulchral Mount

AS THE PARTY COMES INTO VIEW OF THE MOUNTAIN...

The looming presence of the sky-flung peaks that surround you are suddenly rendered minor as you round a bend in your path and find yourself gazing into the dead eye of a god. Where once a mountainside had existed, now a vast wound in the stone allows a portion of an impossibly giant skull to peek through. This must be the place.

The base of the mountain is approximately 6 miles (10km) in diameter and 1,2 miles (2km) high. The skull is located about halfway up. Most is covered with polar white snow. All along the mountainside below the skull opening, the landscape has been crushed and strewn with rubble. If PCs look closer, a skill check reveals scorch marks upon the shattered rock. The expedition used controlled explosives in their excavation.

As the PCs progress higher up the slope, the trees and plant life become generally more scarce. Mules roam the slopes like drones, consuming all living and decomposed organic matter (trees, weeds and other animals stranded in the snow). The path upward is at a steep incline, along a rough surface strewn with rubble, and uprooted trees. Roll 1d10 when going up the mount on behalf of the whole party.

D10 HAZARD**1 - 3.**

A hard won ascent: the PC with the lowest constitution becomes exhausted.

4 - 6.

As you round a hulking tree trunk, you find yourself faced with 1d6 hairless and sick horses, rabidly gnawing on roots. These are Horse Mules.

7 - 8.

While climbing up a steep ledge, your grip falters. All PCs must make a saving throw, those who fail take 1d4 of damage.

9.

Hunched, growling shadows move amongst the rocks, closing in! The PCs are attacked by a pack of 1d6 Hound Mules.

10.

Your weight dislodges a large chunk of stone, letting loose a tide of heavy rubble upon you. All PC's must make saving throws or be hit by a small avalanche for 2d10 damage and be carried back down the mountain several meters.



ONCE NEAR THE MOUNTAIN'S OPENING...

A rumble of thunder resounds within pregnant storm clouds above. The vast, skeletal eye socket yawns before you, a bone doorway fit for a giant. Splashes of blood contrast starkly against the bone, and stretch out along the rock all around you. As you approach, a large horse appears from a nearby spot of foliage. It lumbers ahead of you, heading toward the looming passage.

HORSE AND HOUNDS

This is no longer a horse as nature intended. It is a Horse Mule. Not only is it sickly looking, but its bloated gut is alive with movement, as though something is trying to escape. This movement is the desperate thrashing of Elijah Bashar, the last surviving member of the expedition.

If approached, the Horse Mule meanders, as though half dead, before suddenly charging anyone who comes within 20ft (6m) of it. Three Hound Mules lie in wait just beyond the eye socket. If the PCs engage them, they viciously attack.

ELIJAH BASHAR

If the horse's stomach is cut open, Elijah Bashar is still alive. His head is half caved in, exposing part of his brain. His eyes are blood red and wide with shock. A PC may notice that the visible portion of Elijah's brain looks wrong and that his skin is discolored in a sickly green. It doesn't take an expert to tell he is way past recovery.

Elijah mutters under his breath, staring at the PCs, as though trying to tell them something. He babbles: "...won't get me... not like the others...you can try...you won't have me! Not like the others!" If PCs try to converse further with Elijah, he raises a trembling hand and points toward the skeletal eye socket, muttering: "I feel you watching...but you won't have me!" If not stopped, Elijah takes up the nearest sizeable stone and crushes his head in.



The Insides

A. ENTRANCE

Beyond the gaping eye socket, the ground slopes downward like a bowl, incredibly smooth. If you hadn't seen the morbid exterior, you could easily mistake the cavernous floor and walls as simply discolored rock, tinged with emerald. The green shade contrasts harshly with the copious amounts of blood that stain this place, pooling along the floor. A pungent stench hits you like a wall. Your eye is torn from the site of blood to several points in the chamber, where hulking masses of an amorphous fungus appear.



The blood and excrement of the infected can be found everywhere within the Titan-head, yet there are no corpses or viscera except a plethora of eyeballs. No particular path is indicated by the blood, but PCs who look closely can make out handprints smudged along the walls and floor. The mounds of fungus are brain matter.

Articles of torn clothing and discarded armor lie strewn about. A PC who wishes to search for any valuables finds: 2d20 SP, a golden necklace, three leather armors (soaked through with filth), a metal flask (contains whiskey), three rusty daggers and a battle axe.

B. THE INSANE

From a nearby opening in the wall, the sounds of haphazard shuffling begets the appearance of several naked figures. They're each covered in blood, with many wounds along their bodies. As they move closer, you can see that their own eyes have been gouged out. They walk blindly, yet sniff the rank air like dogs, jerking their heads abruptly at their surroundings.

Here lingers a gathering of twelve Insane. They moan and weep pathetically as they scratch and bite themselves bloody like animals. The walls are scrawled with scribblings in blood and shit. One of them, a woman, is in the process of digging her own eyes from their sockets. A large mound of brain matter resides on the opposite wall. A single man lies half sunken into it, writhing as though in ecstasy.

of Titanhead

C. LINGERING BRAIN PULSES

The stone-like walls are replaced by the likes of one gigantic mirror, running along the entire area. A strobing glimmer of light flashes. You can each make out your own reflection, though distorted, and seems to be worsening with every second, causing your head to spin.

The walls are coated in an alien metal, harder than any known substance. The metal is extremely conductive and transforms any form of energy (i.e. heat, kinetic, etc.) into an electrical charge. Striking the wall causes an arc of electricity to tear around this area in a split second. Every creature in this area must roll a saving throw. Those who are successful are safe. Of those that have failed, the one who makes the worst roll is blasted by a surge of hyper-charged energy and immediately liquefied, along with any items on their person.

D. MINING ROOM

You enter into a cramped bubble of empty space set within the walls. The air is even more rank with age and lack of ventilation. Every inhale is warm and humid, with the unmistakable stench of death clinging to it. Directly before you, the corpse of a man dressed in tattered cloth appears to be gone from the waist down, halfway into a hole in the floor. He holds a blade in one hand, and has a long gash along the wrist of his other arm. His blood surrounds the ground in a sticky brown crimson, pooling along the edges of the hole he currently stoppers.

The dead man was part of the mining contingent of the expedition. His body blocks a small hole in the floor (leading to the chamber below). The body can be easily removed. It is strangely light, because the lower half of him has been shredded and eaten away, leaving only dangling viscera. If the corpse is removed, an unbearable miasma erupts from the hole, forcing anyone in the vicinity to steel themselves against inevitable nausea.

Mining implements and large packs lay strewn about, and a pickaxe is dug into the wall. PCs who search the room find pickaxes, chisels, hammers, spikes, a small religious icon, an ornate dagger and two crates of samples taken from the wall.

E. UNDERMINE

The ink blackness of the cramped interior is accompanied by lazy splashing. As you gradually are able to peer through the dark, you make out the deep, dull burgundy of half congealed blood, pooling the cavern floor. The stench is unbearable, causing your insides to stir.

The chamber is filled with the bodies of other miners, basting in a pool of their own viscera. They seemed to have torn each other to pieces. The floor of the cavern, hidden beneath the blood, is made up entirely of brain matter. Searching this chamber reveals 30 SP and a small bag of gemstones (worth 1,000 SP) soaked through with blood, but it also triggers an immediate contagious psychosis event.





F. PINEAL STONE

The floor suddenly drops into a small canyon of dark bone, in the center of which, a small spike rises like the center of a raindrop landing in a puddle. At the tip, a blizzarding chaos of bright light resides, rendering all sight meaningless as your eyes are assaulted. But like a mist, the white begins to gently clear, allowing you to see...

This area contains three dead bodies and the pineal stone. The corpses appear to be expedition members. However, they did not die from the fall. One has a broken leg, but nothing life threatening. These people were also not affected like the rest. They do not exhibit the same signs.

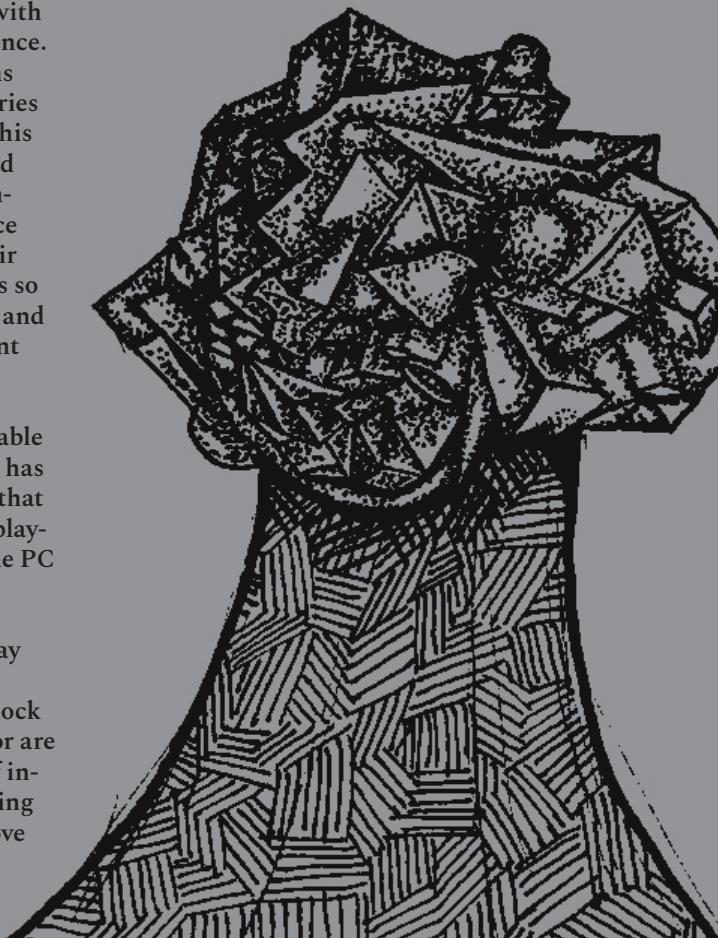
The stone is housed atop a scepter of bone that reaches out of the floor. It pulses with a strong, inner light in a random sequence. The stone reads latent thought-patterns like waves. The substance's potency varies depending on how large the stone is. This one in particular is larger than the head of a grown man. Anyone who gets within 20ft. (6m) of the stone will experience intense hallucination, borne out of their own subconscious mind. The illusion is so intense that it threatens to overwhelm and break the mind of any mortal intelligent being.

To simulate this, the DM rolls on the table below and speaks the word. The player has 10 seconds to declare the antithesis to that word. The DM then determines if the player's answer is valid. This symbolizes the PC fighting to see through the illusion.

If the player succeeds, his or her PC may act as normal. If failed, PCs take 1d8 psychic damage and are rendered in shock until they succeed on their next turn, or are able to move outside the stone's area of influence. A PC can decide to forego rolling on the table and instead attempt to move

away from the stone. However, the PC's sense of direction is skewed in the illusion and so must roll randomly to determine in which direction they move. If they end up moving closer to the stone, they take 1d8 of psychic damage.

If the stone is broken, it shatters into twelve pieces. Each piece is comparatively harmless than the whole, but still retains an echo of its former power. Each fragment is incredibly clear, almost like a crystalline lens, through which one can see glimpses of their own memories reflected back at them. These fragments are the only ones in the world and could easily earn an individual great reputation amongst any geological academy of Europe.



D100 WORD

01-02.	Faith	35-36.	Desecration	69-70.	Persecution
03-04.	Monster	37-38.	Suicide	71-72.	Necromancy
05-06.	Crucifix	39-40.	Guilt	73-74.	Harvest
07-08.	Savior	41-42.	To teach	75-76.	Sanctuary
09-10.	Sin	43-44.	In agony	77-78.	Assault
11-12.	Murder	45-46.	Soul	79-80.	Home
13-14.	A bloody knife	47-48.	Words	81-82.	To Torture
15-16.	A death shroud	49-50.	Infection	83-84.	To Preach
17-18.	Stars	51-52.	Affection	85-86.	Sadism
19-20.	Legend	53-54.	Punishment	87-88.	Masochism
21-22.	To teach	55-56.	Sodomy	89-90.	Crossroads
23-24.	In agony	57-58.	Civilization	91-92.	Righteous
25-26.	Soul	59-60.	Perversion	93-94.	Bondage
27-28.	Words	61-62.	Plague	95-96.	Fortune
29-30.	Seed	63-64.	Baptism	97-98.	Esoteric
31-32.	Temple	65-66.	Masturbation	99.	Sloth
33-34.	Worship	67-68.	Revenge	100.	Choose any

G. MAGNETIC ROOM

Spherical walls of silver metal resound with an unnerving hum, like that of a large wasp. Suddenly, an invisible force of unsurmountable power pulls you out into the center of the chamber, holding you suspended in midair.

This chamber has an isolated field of magnetism, emitted by the round walls, made of the same metal as in area C. Any PC wearing metallic armor is sucked inwards by a powerful magnetic source when standing about halfway down the tunnel (saving throw with penalties to avoid). Once inside the chamber, any metallic or otherwise magnetically polarized objects are suspended in the center of the chamber, 10ft. (3m) off the ground, held in place by the magnetic field emanating from all directions.

To escape the magnetic force, a PC might unshackle themselves of any affected items, though doing so would cause them to fall to the bottom of the chamber (10ft.) and possibly down the chute at its center, which drops in a curving path into Area L, leaving the PC defenseless and vulnerable against the Titan reborn. If this happens, take the player aside and have them fight the titan alone without the other players witnessing it.

H. CAVE ETCHINGS

The darkness seems both warm and soft here, and your head suddenly feels at ease. Along the rounded walls that encircle you, primitive carvings of men are laid out like a tapestry. A latent pulling of your attention causes you to turn round along the curved wall and discover a large altar of bones with a strange mantle and bone necklace adorning its bizarre construction.

Hidden in a bowl-like hollow along the rounded walls, etchings and petroglyphs of a primitive nature can be discerned. Intuitive and intelligence PCs will be able to retrace and reenact the story depicted. They tell the story of an Eskimo shaman that took shelter in the mountain amongst many insane indigenous people and became a God.

In this chamber is also a bone altar with a necklace of bones and a mantle made of polar bear fur. If the necklace and mantle are worn by a PC, he or she becomes immune to contagious psychosis events, but they will also develop a strange affinity for Eskimo culture and will feel the urge to shepherd the native. If a character defeats the titan wearing these items, he or she will become a shamanic figure in the eyes of natives of the northern reaches.

I. TUNNEL

The moaning of a woman greets you as you come to the end of the tunnel, which opens into a cramped interior.

At the bottom of the descending tunnel, the ceiling is much lower, only 15ft. (5m) from the floor. A splinter of bone creates a fork in the path ahead.

J. PREGNANT WOMAN

At the far end of the chamber, sitting atop a throbbing mass of that grotesque grey membrane, is an insane woman, swollen in the late stages of pregnancy. Her legs are spread as the living pile seems to have grown into her. She moans, neither in pleasure or pain, as the impression of an infant face appears along her pregnant belly, frantic with distress. Against her will she takes up great handfuls of the membrane and shovels it into her mouth. "Not my baby...my baby, no..." the woman repeats between mouthfuls. "Let it go. Come into me and abandon your pain."

The pile that the woman sits upon is brain matter. If a player attempts to help the pregnant woman, she will resist, and actually try to pull the PC onto the pile with her. The baby is already too far gone, claimed by the creeping, sentient neural tissue. It has filled the woman up, swelling her insides more than any natural pregnancy should. If the woman is startled or harmed in any way, the ripe womb bursts in a wet explosion of viscera threatening anyone in a 10ft. (3m) radius with a contagious psychosis event.

K. THE HOLE

The air feels even more moist, carrying a horrid sweetness with every breath. You are not alone. Eyeless wanderers linger here, walking slowly. Along the opposite end of the cavern, the ground and walls appear overgrown with expanses of pulsating, fleshy material the color of a scab, which covers the rock hard surfaces all around it. It seems to emulate from out of a singular, vile looking orifice in the floor. The gross looking flesh converges tightly into the opening, becoming a tight, wet passage that opens slightly as you near it.

Here begins the final descent that the Insane make toward their ultimate demise, where they enter the Birthing Chamber, and there be digested by what was once Hastik Melmark.

There are two Insane walking towards the hole in the ground, at which point they are swallowed up by it. If the PCs interfere with their progress, they hear a wet sound, followed by a snarl, as 1d4 Hound Mules emerge from within.

The hole is meant to effectively 'swallow' creatures, however, if a PC attempts to pass through while dressed in armor or the likes, the hole will choke on the character and cough them back up violently, causing 1d4+2 damage and covering them in phlegm - like slime.

The central portion of the floor is deeply fractured, though, and the PCs might actively attack the ground floor to cave it in and open another passage to the depths below.







L. BIRTHING CHAMBER

TITAN REBORN

The moist chamber is alight with a spectral glow of sickly violet, emanating from within the swollen gut of what was once a man. The body has become unnaturally bloated and stretched to encompass the whole chamber along the walls in semi-solid flesh. It writhes and bubbles, secreting sour fluids. Red, bulbous eyes sprout from all over it, everywhere watching you. The face of the man is bent in agony, his lower jaw now gone, instead replaced by a vertical tear that extends along its stomach, forming a great maw that yawns wide, harboring that pulsating glow. An insane man enters the gash, between huge jaws of elongated rib bones, and is suddenly eviscerated.

The floor is covered in flesh and pooled with vomit. Immediately upon entry, the PCs hear an impossibly low rumble in their minds: "Your disease proves resilient. A delicious attribute. I will savor it, deeply."

Here lies Hastik Melmark, no longer a man, but a vessel of rebirth for the Titan. Melmark's biology has been bent for the purposes of gestating its monstrous form, an engine of consumption and digestion. His body has fused to the environment, becoming more of a structure than a man. His insides were turned outwards. His ribs have been repurposed as monstrous teeth. His skin is stretched inhumanly, coating the entire chamber. His teeth, eyes and fingers are melted atop each other.

The Titan is outrageously strong. Whatever the GM considers a ridiculous amount, that's its HP. It is unmovable except for the intestinal tendrils that fly around the room. It can sense everything inside the chamber. It can hear your heartbeat in your chest. The Titan will seek to consume the PCs rather than kill them. They represent valuable 'nutrients' to be gleaned. Hitting the Titan does not require a to hit roll. PCs can roll automatic damage against it.

It has three means of attack:

1. To spurt an acidic torrent from its open maw/gut, causing 2d10 of acid damage.
2. To grab with two or more intestinal tendrils and elongate the target's body like spaghetti. First attack causes 1d12 of damage. Then, add one 1d12 of damage per round. So, 1d12 first round; 2d12 second round; 3d12 third round etc. The PC is allowed a hard ability roll to disentangle itself from the grapple each round.
3. To swallow and digest the targets whole through its rib-maw. This causes 4d10 of chewing damage each round. Each round the titan must make a new to hit roll, even if it is still grappling the target. If the roll fails, the target is not chewed, but swallowed whole. The target can try to break free from the stomach into the chamber once again.

TITAN ABORTED

An ear shattering shriek emits from inside the grotesque stomach maw, before it suddenly chokes and ejects something into your midst. You see it for but a moment, as it hits the floor with a wet splatter. A frantic tangle of entrails, veins, and glowing spherical nodes all anchored to an incomplete framework of twisted bones. It lacks any kind of symmetry or perceptible form, but rather an amalgam of foul, dripping pieces, somehow bound together and clinging to life. But before you can properly examine it, the thing is a blur of motion, flinging itself through the air at an unbelievable speed.

If the titan is slain, the gestation is interrupted and the monster inside the womb is ejected in a frenzy. This is the Titan Aborted. It has only 1 HP. But hitting it requires a Critical Hit, because the creature has an extraordinary nimbleness, having all agility and reflex skills of a level 20 thief.

It has two means of attack:

1. To launch a psychic shriek, a high pitched wail that tears the ears and minds of any creature present. Those affected must make a mental saving throw, otherwise they fall unconscious for 1d3 rounds and become deaf until leaving the titan-head.
2. To inhabit a target: the aborted will attempt to lodge itself inside the body of an unconscious victim through whatever opening is available. It can do so with a successful to hit, but it will take until the beginning of its next turn to complete the process. During this time, the Aborted can be hit with a regular to hit roll (armor as leather). If inhabited, the victim becomes the new gestating womb for the Titan. The victim must be killed to prevent the Aborted will try to force itself into a new body.

Conclusion

If the titan is not defeated, human settlements in an area of around 2,000 square miles (3,200 km) will most likely be consumed as the creature settles its new home. Rumors and campfire stories will circulate about the dangerous lands of the north and the Giant that there dwells. Some of these will reach as far as the southern tip of Africa.

If the Titan is defeated, its death is accompanied by a thunderous blast of energy as its psychic power bursts like an overripe fruit, creating a permanent aura of energy that links earth and skies with a radiant glow – years later, anthropologists would discover communities of Eskimos worshipping such oddity. This blast strips the Insane of their mental bonds, though it also erases their minds in the process, effectively regressing each man and woman's mental state to that of an infant. All throughout the caverns, the sounds of weeping can be heard from the 'newborns'.

In the mess of the remains within the birthing chamber, PCs who search are able to recover scattered possessions amidst the gore: a silver rapier, 500 SP, jewel inlaid spyglass (1,000 SP), Hastik Melmark's journal and one particular object of importance to the current campaign or to a PC's personal goals, if that's the case. The GM decides which.

Hastik Melmark's Journal

An average sized notebook bound in leather. The front cover reads in gold lettering, MELMARK. The pages have been horribly torn or wet beyond legibility, though some notes are still visible. Selected entries from the journal:

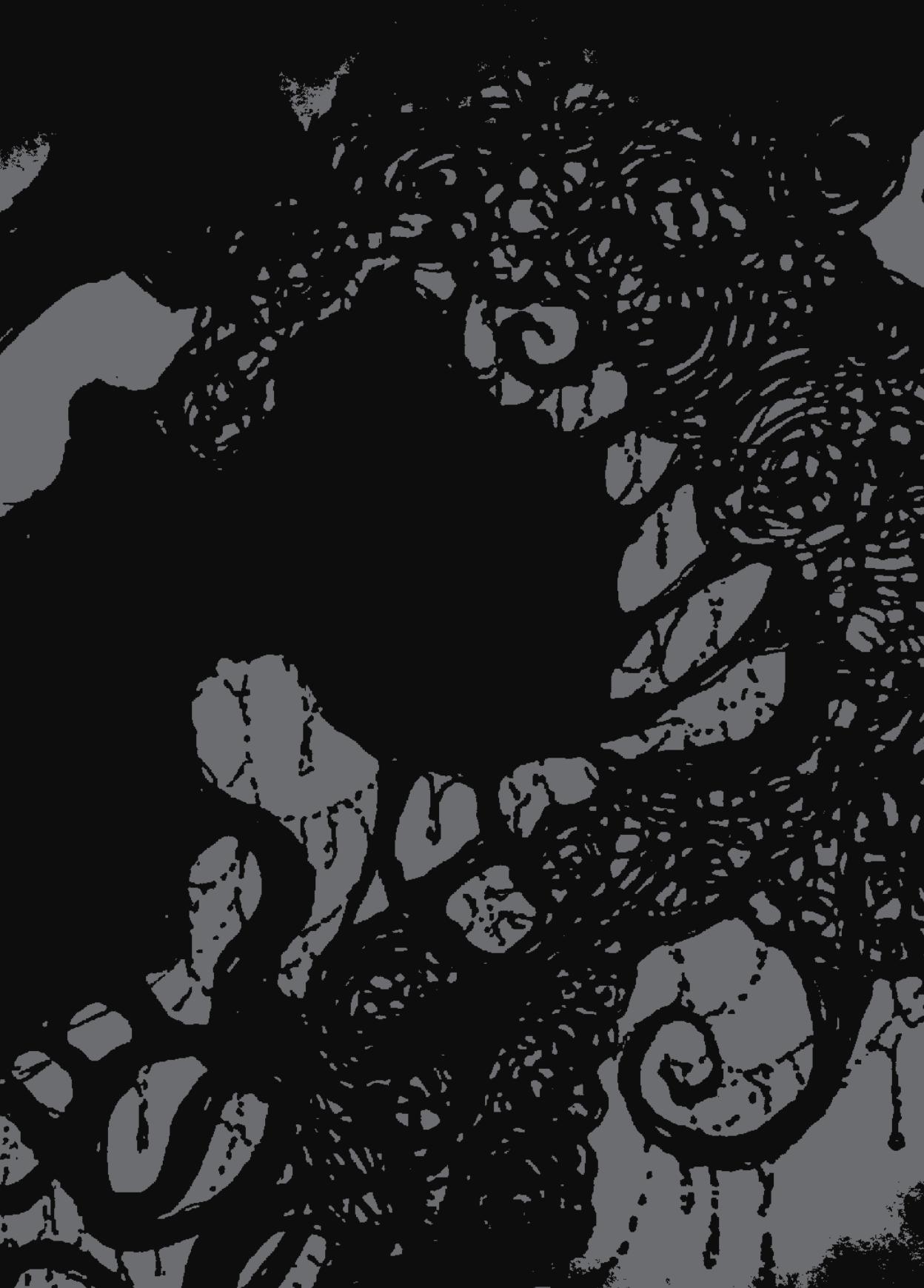
♦♦♦ The front page of the notebook reads, 'The Dorag Expedition'.

♦♦♦ *Have discovered the source of the dreams. This is it, I know it. Even now, as I write, the alchemists are applying explosive means to the mountainside.*

♦♦♦ *...fallen away to reveal the stark white of bone buried within the rock! It is not a cave, but a gigantic skull! What kind of creature could have roamed and without us ever knowing? Until now!*

♦♦♦ *We shall waste no time. At first dawn we make our first journey into those strange recesses...*

♦♦♦ *...dogs uneasy. They persist in whining and barking at nothing. Everyone is annoyed, but I am curious if it relates with my dreams... we will find the answer, I'm sure of it.*



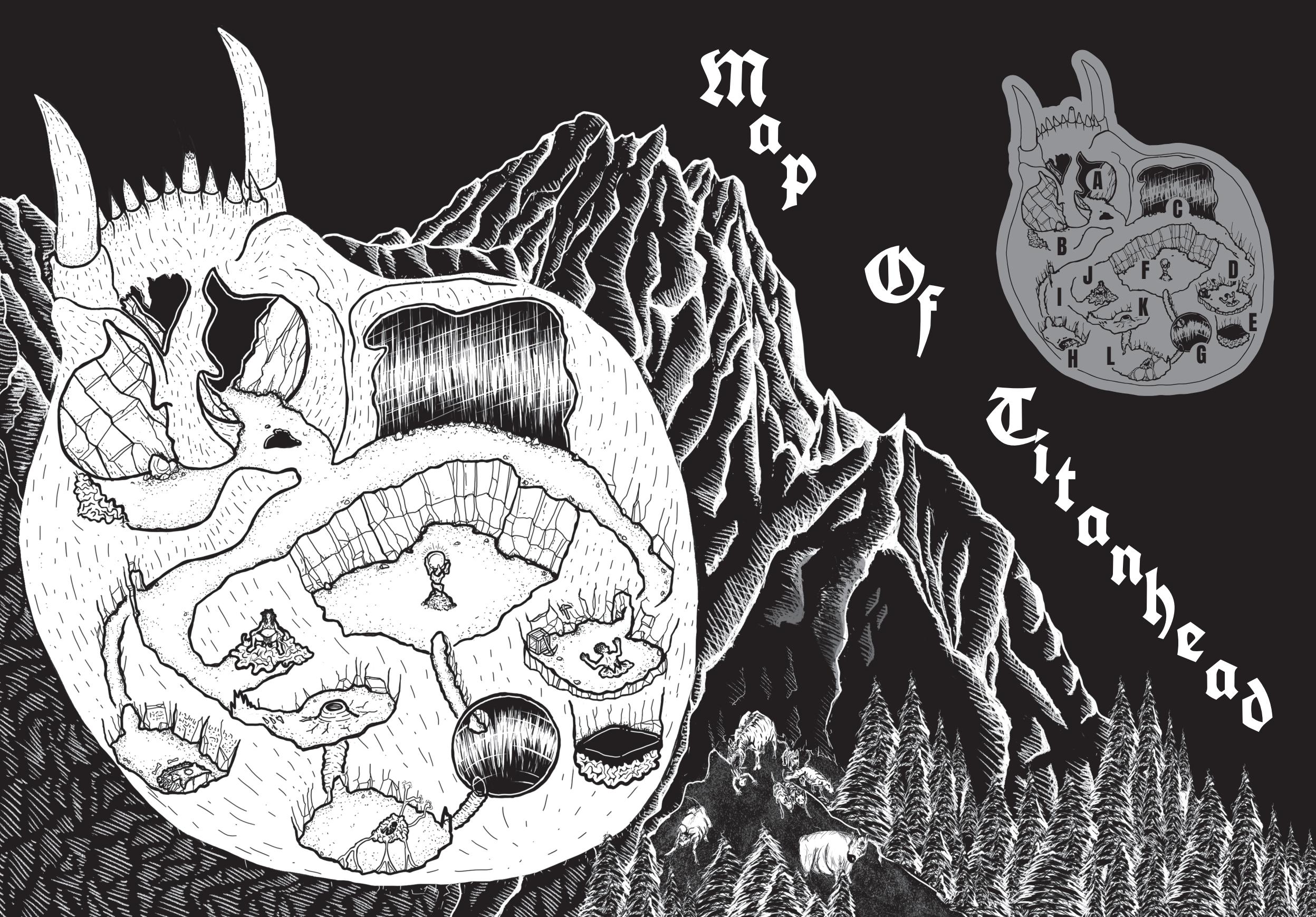
Manifestus Omnivorous

1. All books are adventures.
2. The adventures must be system-agnostic.
3. The adventures must take place on Earth.
4. The adventures can only have one location.
5. The adventures can only have one monster.
6. The adventures must include saprophagy or osteophagy.
7. The adventures must include a voracious eater.
8. The adventures must have less than 6,666 words.
9. The adventures can only be in two colours.

The lost rule:

10. The adventures cannot have good taste.

GAMES
OMNIV
OROUS



Map

Of

Titanhead

