

A folded sheet of content for [OSR] roleplaying games



Includes gore, drugs, semen and more
Not suitable for minors. NSFW

FROM THE BASEMENT OF D-oom

You don't wear The Mask Doom, The Mask Doom wears you!

It is in the eye of the beholder, if the founder of The Mask Doom is an unfortunate person or not. The mask is too ugly to be of any value of as a collectible or an art piece - except for very bizarre and twisted individuals.

But even though you happened to know a collector who would pay decent price for this unique abomination, it would be difficult and risky to deliver the mask.

You see, this is a mask people don't wear. No. This is a mask that wears you.

Immediately after touching the mask (*the Referee might call for a Save, if he is benigant*), the mask starts to wrap the victim around it. There is no purpose for the position of bones anymore, when the insides are turned outside as the mask wears the unfortunate nosey one around it.

The victim's friends only have 3 rounds to try to stop this ghoulish spectacle. But with a huge risk. Every round they try to rip their friend apart of this brutal dressing ritual of **The Mask Doom**, there is a change that one of the sufferer's physical (*STR, CON or DEX*) and one of the mental (*INT, WIS, CHA*) both decrease 1d4 points (*exploding die, roll highest result -4 in this case- again and add*) permanently. If your attribute goes below 1, you know what happens... crippled, braindead, depends on which one.

After 3 rounds, it is nigh impossible to release the victim with normal means or without serious consequences or dark rituals.

Even though no one wants to be weared by a demonic mask, it might be lesser evil as a fate for the unfortunate victim of its perverse coquety. The higher the victim's CHA is, the longer the mask enjoys him wrapped all over it. Every point of CHA equals one day **The Mask Doom** wearing the victim.

But when **The Mask Doom** gets weary of you, it will release you. But you will be a mess after a trauma like that. Add 1d6 to a random attribute, and equally take 1d6 off of another one. Then randomly shuffle all these attribute values. That's a new you.

Spikers: Elven Junkies on hard Drugs

Elven forests are bulging flora, both natural and magical, used in thousands of different ways by this glamorous race. As nourishment, remedies, medicine, to see visions, and to get high.

But in urban environments an elf might get depressed. Sure, you can buy goods, but they are not as fresh and ripe as plucked directly from an elven soil. Many elves can fight this depression with their memories of their home woods and with a hope to frolic with their friends in the forest openings, but not all.

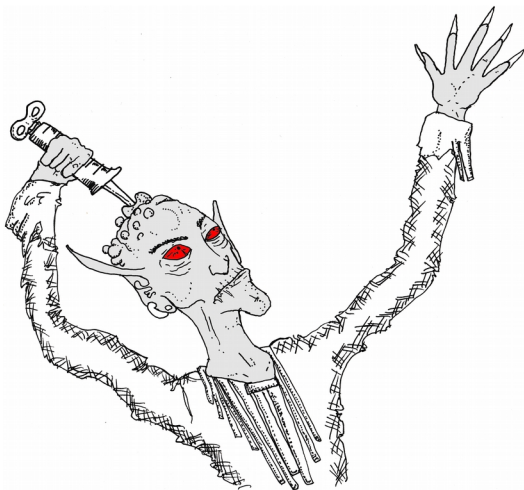
Some elves have lost their hope, their dreams, and any view of better than grey and smelly metropolis.

If there is a park or similar more natural location within the urban location, that is the place to find **spikers**. They are as close as nature as they can within the metropolis dystopia. There they dwell in their shackled communities, stoned and miserable.

It is weird, though, that no elf knows how to make spikers' drug. It is rumored, that it is produced in dwarven laboratories, but no one can be sure. Logistics of the substance are so complicated, that the original source is impossible to track down. The price is 100 GP per daily dose, but heavy users might need multiple doses per day. If they don't get it, they die. For an immortal race death is a disgrace.

(Dis)advantages of being an elf junkie

- ✗ *When spiker elf casts a spell, there is a 50% chance that the spell fails and does the opposite as intended*
- ✗ *It's better to cast being high, though, so consider him 2 levels higher caster under influence*
- ✗ *You are immortal, right, psychosis is a way to test your limits - nothing stops you!*
- ✗ *Every year of drug abuse reduces 1 point of your every attribute to the minimum of 3. Except CHA is reduced 1 per month*
- ✗ *Without injecting your daily dose, can't do anything creative or productive. Every 3 hours you will spontaneously cast a random spell, memorized or not*



Rumors & Local Talk & Random Affairs

1. If you stare the solar eclipse long enough to be blinded, you'll see the truth.
2. Harvest, prepare, use. That's it! Everything else is pointless.
3. Junkie elves are commonly mistaken for ghouls.
4. Mind altering substances are actually altering the world around you, not how you see it.
5. Cold is the opposite of hot. Even though both are the same.
6. Third child is always a little weird. Can't tell how, but they are.
7. Dwarves were first to embrace same-sex marriage. Not because it is said that woman dwarves are rarer than males, but because they know that in the end everyone is the same. From the soil we all born.
8. When the second moon rises from the sea, the unicorn princess will raid the realm with her iron grip.
9. There are people who you cannot see. They live right next to us unnoticed, doing their things in their little society. They see us, though.
10. Wizard Murtherius has discovered a portal to many different worlds. He's making piles of gold delivering drugs to these places.
11. New trend in death of honor: let it rot where it drops.
12. Those Clerics under vow of poverty claim that gold is demons' excrement so it must be avoided at any cost.
13. If the young yellow maggots, the whispering worms, are allowed to read books they make excellent conversation company.
14. To become an undead yourself, you just need to eat five different types of undeads. And wish for best!
15. Mother Mycon's shroom-headed children need a proper father figure. They are out of control! Eating Mother Mycon results males to spontaneously ejaculate. If the semen gets in touch with Mother Mycon, the result is shroom-headed children. When they born, their father usually is long gone.

This is a collection of random ideas I had forgotten.

Both available in PDF and basement print from D-oom Products.