

SECRET SANTICORE 2017



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SECRET SANTICORE
2017

11.11.17

THE POLLUTED WASTES GOBLIN

WRITTEN & ILLUSTRATED BY LUKA REJEC

aka - Wizard Thief Fighter...

298 KG
SNOWMAN



THE
SQUABBLING
Tribes of the
Filthy and the
Few agree on one
thing. The other
tribe is in cahoots
with the Lily
Elves from across
the East
Sea and
RED TIDE
RISING they caused
the horrid
Red Tide.

Of course the foul goblins are lying. They brought this degradation on themselves, living in filth, taking part in acid trials, drinking secret dream water and more. And now they're disturbing the property of the Holy Elfy Lily corp! Stop the goblins before they hurt the poor, pretty elves of Ther!

D100 ALCHEMICAL ACCIDENTS

BY NICK LS WHELAN

"I want a d100 table of alchemical accidents."

~~Cecil Howe~~ Some ASSHOLE. Seriously, who requests a d100 table for Santicore? That's way too much. Jerkface.

While attempting to mix the desired concoction, there is an explosion, and...

1. When the dust settles, all that remains are two gallons of milk in plastic jugs.
2. One of the vials is unbroken, and it contains a *Potion of Suzie*. The imbiber instantly transforms into an 8 year old girl with red pigtails, and freckles all over her face. She is the protagonist of a popular series of children's books, and will want to go on adventures, and learn simple lessons. The transformation lasts until it is undone by some magic.
3. A puppy, which speaks like an 18th century aristocrat, appears.
4. A bucket's worth of refined napalm pools on the floor.
5. The metaphysical concept of the number six has been made physically manifest. It must be protected at all costs. If it is destroyed, math will cease to function throughout the cosmos.
6. A single jar is not shattered, and contains *Fetish Juice*. Anyone who consumes it will gain an intense, kinky desire.
7. Seeds blow out in all direction, at least a few of which will land outside. Within a year, the seeds will grow into thriving apple-on-a-cob plants.
8. A rift is torn open in space-time, leading to the most boring possible version of the character's reality.
9. There's a puddle of green glowing goo on the ground. Touching it causes a person to mutate to resemble whatever other animal they were most recently in contact with.
10. There's a puddle of green glowing goo on the ground. It doesn't do anything, it's just kinda gross.
11. Along with the smoke and shrapnel, there are bones in the explosion, enough for a full skeleton. It's not clear where they came from, though study may reveal that they are exact clones of the alchemist's own bones.
12. When the smoke clears, a naked clone of the alchemist is all that remains of the lab.
13. When the smoke clears, an evil naked clone of the alchemist is all that remains of the lab. The clone also has wings and laser eyes and twice as many hit points as the alchemist has.
14. When the smoke clears, all that remains of the lab is a clone of the alchemist that is such a profoundly good creature, that it cannot abide allowing the alchemist (who is necessarily evil by comparison) to live.
15. A single decanter remains intact, filled with a *Potion of Shoe Location*. When consumed, the imbiber will gain a sixth sense, enabling them to locate any shoes nearby.

16. The explosion is caused when sheets of paper begin to appear, one after the other, inside a sealed jar. Eventually the jar bursts, sending glass and pages everywhere. There is typing on the pages, and if they are gathered up and placed in the correct order, they form a really shitty novel.
17. All that is left is a lizard. A sort of iguana looking thing, with organic jet engines instead of feet, allowing it to fly or hover, as it wills.
18. There's a beaker on the floor, filled with a *Potion of Wanting a Haircut*. Consuming it will cause a person to want to go get their hair cut.
19. A fleshy tarp covers the whole space of the laboratory. It shudders with pleasure when touched.
20. The explosion gradually settles into a cloud of fetid gas, large enough to fill the room. This cloud can never be dispersed, though it could be moved by a sufficiently powerful air current.
21. All that remains is a cup, with a *Potion of Creative Dance* in it. When consumed, the imbiber will be flooded with ideas for interesting new dances.
22. A wildly gesticulating hand flops about in the aftermath. If the hand is given a writing implement, it will immediately begin writing gibberish, and never stop so long as it is not restrained from continuing. There may or may not be hidden meaning in this gibberish.
23. A mysterious concoction has appeared, in a little jar labelled "Drink Me." If it is consumed, and the imbiber has a dick, then their dick falls off. If the imbiber does not have a dick, then they grow a dick.
24. The Alchemist has invented American Cheese. Thanks a fucking lot, Alchemy bro. That's something the world really needed.
25. A *Potion of Speed Reading* has been created, allowing the imbiber to read at three times their normal rate.
26. From every jar and beaker, a cactus begins to grow, and it just won't...stop...growing...
27. A black monolith appears, harbinger both of growth and of violence. Every creature present will be awakened to a new level of existence, and filled with an intense desire to use their newfound enlightenment to dominate those around them.
28. The alchemist has accidentally created a star, roughly the size of a marble. The heat from a star even this small is so intense that everything in its vicinity burns.
29. The ghost of a woman who never lived is created. She is a crossing guard, and will attempt to let people know when it is safe to walk, and when it is not.
30. PARTY EXPLOSION! Confetti and streamers burst outwards from the failed concoction. Banners affix themselves to the walls, hats appear on heads, and dance music begins to pound as if from nowhere. It's a celebration! Everyone must party. Not partying is impossible.
31. One of the vials is unbroken, and within is a potion of Affection for the Color Green. Consuming it will make you mildly predisposed to like things that have a green color. Ironically, the potion itself is red.
32. A single decanter remains, with a bit of fluid inside of it. This is a *Potion of Temporarily Forgetting Your Own Name*. The effects of this potion are entirely predictable.
33. A milky white goo has congealed into a crater in the ground. It is a *Tincture of Racism*. If consumed in any amount, randomly determine a race for the dumbass who consumed the mysterious white goo to hate.
34. The mind-altering smoke is laced with tachyon particles. At some point in the past of everyone who inhales it, they will make a different decision during some pivotal moment in their life. This new choice in their past is still consistent with their character at the time, but it changes their present circumstance in some significant way. The referee may designate anyone they desire to identify this different choice. If the inhaler objects that it's not something they ever would have done, the table must vote on whether or not it is consistent with their character. Majority rules.
35. There's one beaker left, containing a *Potion of Speak to Mosquitos*, duration 2 hours. Mosquitos are macabre, edgelord little shits.
36. The alchemist has accidentally discovered chocolate chip cookies. Bake sales will never be the same.
37. A spray of liquid paper splatters all across the room.
38. As the orange dust settles, it coats everything in the room with a strange kind of greasy powder, that tastes vaguely of cheese. The flavor is wholly unnatural, yet addictively compelling, and fills the consumer with an intense desire for something called "mountain dew," whatever that is.
39. Only a single vat remains, now filled with a dull grey liquid. If gold is dipped into this vat, it will be transformed into lead.
40. In the center of the room is a massive heap of slimy, shower-drain hair.
41. A radioactive isotope has been created. It glows with a faint green light, and is quietly poisoning everyone in the room.
42. All that's left is a 6-inch cube of an unbreakable, unmalleable, unmeltable, completely unknown metal.

43. A *Potion of Melodrama* has been created. Whomever consumes it will become suddenly melodramatic about every little thing that happens to them. There is no cure.
44. Tiny flecks of something too small to hurt pelt everyone in the room. Once it's safe for people to open their eyes, they will discover they are surrounded by piles of clipped toenails and fingernails.
45. The air grows cold, and the lights grow dim. Wherever you are, a long winter night has begun. Pray you do not die.
46. The room is splattered with a thick coat of the Big Mac's secret sauce.
47. The explosion has birthed a potion leech. A creature which sustains itself by sucking potions and other magical effects out of people's bodies.
48. A noise hole is opened to the future. Only sound passes through it. The other end of the hole is in the basement of a house in Milwaukee, on April 7th, 1974. Nobody is down there for most of the day, but at 3pm a man comes down to start a load of laundry, and at around 4, a woman comes down to move it into the dryer. Time on the other end of the sound hole loops each day.
49. Fart in a jar.
50. A mysterious concoction appears. It is a *Potion of Annoying Laughter*, which permanently alters the laugh of whoever consumes it. Anytime they are amused, they emit one of the most unpleasant, inhuman sounds that could ever be called a 'laugh.'
51. It's not just a normal alchemical failure explosion. It's a really big alchemical failure explosion. All that's left is a crater, with a 500' radius. Mysteriously, no warm blooded creatures are harmed by the explosion. It just passes over them like a hot breeze.
52. The alchemical explosion expands outwards in slow motion. It is intensely hot and dangerous, but will take over 2 years to complete.
53. A massive portal to the south pole of the planet is torn open. The tear in space gets larger and larger, until it's over 100' long, with cold wind blasting through it. This dramatically changes the weather patterns in the local area, gradually causing a cataclysmic shift in the environment.
54. A 6' high pile of human noses fills the room. Periodically, one of them sniffs loudly, as though trying to identify a smell.
55. Someone's skin has appeared on the laboratory floor. There's no seams, no tears, no blood, and absolutely nothing inside the skin. Somewhere in the world, someone's skin has just disappeared, leaving them a screaming heap of exposed muscles and organs.
56. A mysterious voice whispers "thank you..." and fades away. It's a completely sincere sentiment, and there's no indication of what anyone has done to deserve being thanked.
57. All oxygen in the room vanishes, creating a vacuum until some doors or windows are opened.
58. A small bit of ice. If this ice comes into contact with any water, it will rearrange the atomic structure of that water, freezing it instantly into ice.
59. An all-consuming moss has been created. Gods have mercy on you for what you've done.
60. There is an unbroken flask, containing a *Potion of Static Shock*. Whoever consumes it will generate a charge on their body, causing them to receive a static shock anytime they touch anything metal. The effect lasts for two weeks.
61. There's one beaker left, containing a *Potion of Knowing Pi*. The effect lasts for 10 minutes, and during this time the imbiber knows every single digit of pi. Of course, they can only communicate so much of what they know in the 10 minutes they have before their knowledge fades.
62. The 9th Roman Legion marches out of the smoke. It takes a while for the whole group of them to emerge, and they won't seem to notice they've been snatched out of the past until every one of them has arrived.
63. A *Tincture of Pleasant-Smelling Farts* has been created. If consumed, a person never need worry again about the social awkwardness of releasing their poo-gas around other people.
64. A randomly determined 8th level spell forces itself into the Alchemist's brain. Unless the alchemist is already capable of casting 8th level spells, this process is completely overwhelming, to the point of causing some damage to their brain. The spell must be cast immediately, or the more damage will be done. The player has no time to read the spell's description, they must simply pick a target and go.
65. There's a decanter embedded in the wall, filled with a strange glowing liquid. It is a *Potion of Paraplegia*. When consumed, it causes a person to temporarily lose all motor function beneath the neck.
66. A portal is created to the bottom of a nearby lake. Water pours through the portal until the lake is drained.
67. A pair of stone tablets have appeared, with Holy Commandments eleven through twenty inscribed on them.
68. A *Tincture of Tolerance* has been created. Nothing really bothers the one who consumes it. I mean, they may not like something, but they're not going to make a fuss about it or anything.

69. A tear in the cosmic fabric appears, and a bloodshot eye looks through it. The eye presses itself up against the tear, and looks around the room with a hateful gaze.
70. An army of hopping legs is created, and they begin boopin' and boppin' all about the place.
71. There's one beaker left amidst the shattered glass of the alchemical equipment. It contains a black liquid which, if consumed, proves to be a *Potion of Emo Bullshit*. The imbiber is uncontrollably compelled to act like a sad, upper middle class teenager from the mid 2000s. The curse lasts for about 5 years, or until strong magics are used to break it.
72. Amelia Earhart appears, torn away from the future and dropped, annoyed, into the destroyed alchemical lab.
73. All metal in the area instantly heats into a molten state.
74. A *Potion of Ranting About Half-Baked Political Nonsense* is created.
75. A strange, haunting music begins to play, growing gradually louder until people have to cover their ears. The music will never go away. It will continue to play here for all time.
76. Everyone impacted by the blast feels a surge of artistic inspiration. They are compelled to go out and create something.
77. A vial rolls out from the center of the blast, containing a *Potion of Obsession with Dumb Jokes*.
78. A powerful creature is summoned from the outer planes. Randomly determine whether it is an angel, a demon, a devil, or some otherworldly horror beyond human reckoning. In any event, it will not be happy to have been pulled from wherever it was before.
79. A conduit is opened for speaking directly to God. Turns out, though, God is kind of a loser nerd.
80. The sound of crying echoes from nowhere in particular.
81. A cup slides out from the smoke, containing a *Potion of Body Part Shrinkage*. Randomly determine which body part shrinks when the potion is consumed.
82. A cup slides out from the smoke, containing a *Potion of Body Part Gigantism*. Randomly determine which body part enlarges when the potion is consumed.
83. A geyser of beer erupts from the earth. It's a pretty decent brew.
84. Instead of a "boom," the explosion sounds like a sentence. A profound, cosmic truth, bellowed into our world. Something no one ever would have thought of. And yet, now that they've heard it, they wonder how they've lived so long without realizing its obvious truth.
85. A bitter, hateful voice worms its way into the heads of everyone in the room. It will criticize and question everything they say and do until it is somehow expelled.
86. A shark appears, flopping on the ground, suffocating and dying.
87. A fat little writer goblin named Nyc is born. He is terrible.
88. Suddenly, everyone in the room is wearing these really cool, matching leather vests. They've got studded epaulets and everything.
89. A vial flies out of the explosion, and lands right in the alchemist's hands. It contains a *Potion of Alopecia*. Drinking it will cause the imbiber's body to become completely, and permanently, devoid of any hair.
90. A tiny war cry is squeaked into the room, as an eight inch tall Klingon charges out of the smoke, Bat'leth swinging above his head.
91. Tongues begin growing out of the floor, walls, and ceiling, wagging about and trying to taste anything within reach.
92. An intense interest in an obscure, ancient sport begins radiating out from this spot. Anyone who comes within a mile will have heard of the sport, and be interested in learning the rules. People closer to the source, or who spend an extended period of time in the area, will become obsessed with playing the game, building a playing field, and eventually getting a league going.
93. The fingernails of everyone in the room begin to grow out of control.
94. A potion is created which, when consumed, causes the imbiber to lose control of their bowels.
95. A permanent door is created, which leads to some other part of the world within a few miles of here.
96. Everyone in the room is instantaneously teleported to a chamber deep underground. How far they have gone, and how deep they are, is unknown.
97. Tails grow outta errybody's butts.
98. The alchemist suddenly finds they have a passion for styling people's hair. It's now much more interesting to them than Alchemy is.
99. A constant spray of lubricating gel starts spraying all around the room.
100. A creature that resembles OSR luminary Cecil Howe appears.
Except he sweats a lot, cannot stop farting, and nobody will ever want to kiss him

THE ELEMENTAL WEAPONS OF THE FIVE SPHERES

BY STEVE SIGETY

"I want five sentient super science sorcery artifact guns for described with under 66.6 words each."

—Anonymous

FURIONDON

This weapon is pistol-shaped and made from metal that appears to be brass. The body is ovoid in shape with a short barrel of the same material. Furiondon has a quick temper and is prone to argument. It normally shoots bolts of magical fire (as *magic missile* spell), but once per day can launch a blast of hellfire plasma (as *fireball* spell).

KRIKRILIK

This pistol-shaped weapon appears to be made from clear crystals, with "barrels" projecting from over and under the grip. Krikrilik speaks in clipped sentences, rarely staying interested in conversation for long. The target erupts in an icy blast of sleet and hail (as *ice storm* spell, then roll 1d4, on a 1 all of Krikrilik's magic essence has been used for the day).

BLORIAN

An unusual weapon, it appears to be made of metal like mithril—lightweight yet strong. The body of the pistol is a flat fan shape widening towards the target. When activated, Blorian lets out a howling blast of wind (as *gust of wind* spell×2, roll 1d4 at the start of the day for number of uses). Blorian is a boastful braggart.

MARSALTAR

The barrel of this weapon is shaped like a ship's cannon. The entire body is made from finely-crafted ceramic. When fired, a stone bullet leaves the barrel and expands as it travels, becoming a huge boulder upon impact with the target. The stone causes 2d6 bludgeoning damage per 10 feet, up to 100 feet when the magic stone dissipates. Marsaltar speaks in low rumbling tones.

[HIGH-PITCHED SERIES OF SHORT AND LONG BEEPS]

This weapon appears blurry to normal sight. What you can make out seems like a jet-black magic wand that curves slightly into a pistol grip at one end. Flip a coin, call it correctly, and on a successful to-hit target's AC, it pushes the target into the Astral Plane (as *astral projection* spell, target cannot dismiss). It rarely speaks and is dismissive of most mortal creatures.

SMALL, EARLY 20TH-CENTURY TREASURES

BY ANONYMOUS

"A random generator for small (i.e. lower value) early 20th century (gaslight/steampunk/CoCesque) treasures."
—Gus L.

MAGICAL (ROLL 1D10)

- 1 A small statue of a badger that gives everyone who sleeps in the same room as it prophetic nightmares; the next day, they take an appropriate penalty for exhaustion but can automatically succeed in one thing that was prophesized in the dream.
 - 2 4 steel injectors, with a dark blue liquid inside: injecting it will cause a euphoric feeling while you undergo a physical transformation, the whole process lasting about two minutes; at the end, you will be unrecognizable, having lost six inches of height and 10-20% of your body mass; your new face will give everyone you meet a terrible first impression of you, immediately convincing them you are up to no good; you have a bonus to intimidation or similar; this change lasts for 8 hours and ends in an agonizing transformation into your previous self that also takes two minutes.
 - 3 A scroll of FG paper, three feet by four inches: favored by alchemists and engineers, it is treated with special ointments and oils; placing an appropriately sized cut-out piece over a burn wound (fire or acid) will heal it by morning with no trace or scarring.
 - 4 A grey and green ceramic teapot that neutralizes all poisons within, but the tea tastes pretty bad.
 - 5 A bottle of ink: inside the bottle is an ink golem; when it is used to write on paper, it can change the words to say anything you want after the fact, but you have to be polite.
 - 6 A vial of bright pink liquid: when smashed or unstoppered it grows into a ten-foot cubed pile of pink foam; squishy enough to prevent all falling damage and solid enough to block doors or hallways for a few minutes; very flammable.
 - 7 A gold ring set with a red gemstone: when you say the command word a jet of flame comes out; the louder you say the word, the longer the jet, from about an inch at a whisper up to three feet when you yell; the command word is "nobilitaveram," alternatively, "bless you."
 - 8 A book that causes anyone who reads more than one page to fall asleep until someone else closes the book: the title is *A Collection of Stories for the Enlightened Mind*; as long as the book is not closed, multiple people can be asleep from its effect.
 - 9 Surgeon's Flask: a small flask that produces a seemingly endless amount of crappy whiskey, but only when the owner is stressed out; if you are calm or drunk, only water will come out.
 - 10 A mask carved from ebony: has a long nose and a unsettlingly large grin; when wearing the mask, you can see in the infrared spectrum and your own body no longer gives off heat.
-

MUNDANE (ROLL D4+D8)

- 1+1 A small brass wind-up flying machine: has fins that can be angled so it will fly straight or around in circles; one minute of wind-up is two minutes of flying time.
 - 1+2 A pocket watch that displays the current phase of the moon as the clock face.
 - 1+3 Twenty times the usual treasure value in cash (bills): the money is counterfeit; the face of someone unusual (perhaps a famous revolutionary instead of the king) is on the currency.
 - 1+4 An unusual saxophone that has had its keys reordered to allow it to be played one handed by someone who has at least six fingers.
 - 1+5 A single-shot pistol designed to look like a prosthetic finger: has a glove to affix to your hand; cannot be worn unless you are missing a finger.
 - 1+6 A gold-plated photo album that has a piece of a pattern in the background of every picture: these can all be put together to reveal design or coded phrase even though the photos seemingly have nothing to do with one another.
 - 1+7 A 10-pound tank of nitrous oxide: about the size of two footballs.
 - 1+8 Two bottles of absinthe: the labels feature a horned demon face with its mouth open and a train on tracks coming out of it; each is perfectly hand drawn and lettered, with the numbers 18/150 and 19/150 on the labels; there is no visible brand name.
 - 2+1 A silver cigarette case with an engraving of a raven sitting on the back of a park bench.
 - 2+2 An enamel tea service in bright red and royal blue, covered in swirling golden patterns: the maker's mark is visible on the bottom of each piece, the letters J.E.D.D..
 - 2+3 A checkered blue and white silk handkerchief with images of foxes chasing hares around the edge.
 - 2+4 A black leather case about five feet long by six inches wide and deep: inside, pressed in between layers of red velvet are a dozen peacock tail feathers.
 - 2+5 A bag or pocket full of polished gold buttons marked with the symbols of a nearby nation: likely from a particularly decorated military officer's uniform.
 - 2+6 A high-quality fox-fur muff and matching stole: the muff has a hidden pocket inside with a note seemingly to the owner from her lover; she is a public figure; it's possible you could recognize who from context and the first name.
 - 2+7 A brick of dried black tea the size of a cinderblock: the seals have been broken; it may have been tampered with.
 - 2+8 A gas-powered dart launcher and three darts with an unknown waxy, yellow substance (a tranquilizer) smeared on the tip; it's shaped like a rifle but only half as long and completely silent; must be pumped up between each shot.
 - 3+1 A telegraph splice: clip it to a telegraph line and you can read all the traffic passing through; it does leave a noticeable mark on the line though.
 - 3+2 Sealed box of hand-made Havana cigars from a small family shop translated as "The Fire Down Below".
 - 3+3 A chibouk: a four-foot-long smoking pipe with a clay bowl inlaid with lapis lazuli; the mouthpiece has teeth marks in it.
 - 3+4 High-quality white spats with mother-of-pearl buttons: they are thick enough not to show the stain on the inside that looks like blood.
 - 3+5 A taxidermied scarlet macaw: there is a secret compartment underneath the left wing; it contains a number of valuable old coins.
 - 3+6 A miniature self-playing grand piano: plays Nocturne in C-sharp minor by Tchaikovsky; it's about a foot tall and about two feet square.
 - 3+7 A pressurized canister of helium attached to an inflatable balloon by a rubber hose: this assemblage is attached to your belt; when the canister is opened, the balloon is filled and will get caught by the, wind allowing you to jump great distances; one use.
 - 3+8 A portable battery of surprisingly high voltage: it is about the size of a child's lunch box and can power basically anything for 12 minutes; rechargeable.
 - 4+1 A blackthorn shillelagh, about three feet long; alchemically treated to be as strong as steel.
 - 4+2 A large blue umbrella with a small burn hole in the canopy: in the handle there is a hidden rapier blade.
 - 4+3 Hobnailed boots made from seal leather: treated with oils to be water- and acid-proof and reinforced with steel toes and heel; black with swatches of red and yellow leather in a flame pattern; made for ass kickin'.
 - 4+4 A silver locket necklace: it is stuck closed, requiring special jewelers tools to open; inside is a tightly folded, high-denomination bill.
 - 4+5 A brooch in the shape of a small octopus, carved from obsidian with gold-leaf accents.
 - 4+6 An electric Dilruba made of very pale wood: when not plugged in it is almost silent, but when it is, it can easily drown out all other sounds.
 - 4+7 Roll once on the magical table.
 - 4+8 Roll once more on the mundane table and once on the magical table.
-

BLUE HOLE HELLHOLE

BY NOAH STEVENS
(NOAHMS456.BLOGSPOT.COM)

“A MCC aquatic adventure or a candy PC race, whichever the creator prefers.”

—Lee “Mr Salt”

Based upon the Cenote Xlacah in Merida, Mexico
Play-Tested at TridentCon 2017 by
Scott McK., Jose P., Sam and Adrienne M., and Matt G.

The tiny village of Rad sits on the edge of an ancient Cenote, modified by a tribe long ago to include a modest temple - now sadly in ruins. The villagers of Rad are generally peaceful and friendly, but they do pitch troublemakers, sluggards, and vagrants into the cenote on nights when the moon is full. The Radders receive in return assorted bits of technology and a thick nutrient-rich sludge that bubbles up from the deep blue waters to enrich their radish-bearing crops.

Lately, the radishes are performing poorly, and the broken moon is nearly fully aglow in the night sky. It is forbidden to look upon the Generous Deity in the Blue Hole, and so avert your eyes and behave when the moon is full above the Village of Rad!

RUMORS/HOOKS:

“For such a small village of root farmers, those Radders sure have a lot of tech!”

“My village’s band of Seekers disappeared near Rad—maybe the Radders know where they went.”

“I will pay you 200 domars for the recipe to that Crazy Old Lady’s radish stew, no questions asked.”

“The Radders’ sub-chieftain traded me this Blaster for a jar of Ancient WondaGrow, the old fool! It looked like he had a box of them in his hut!”

“I found a water-logged Metal Man wandering on the beach not far from Rad, spouting madness about Tech Tonics and Plates. I killed him and stole his batteries.”

“By the Cog, I sure am sorry to get you all into this jam. Keep treading water—I’m sure we’ll sort a way out of this! Hey, did you feel that just now?”

THE VILLAGE OF RAD

Rad is an innocuous village near the coast, nestled about an hour's walk from the beach. It sits in the midst of several vine-encrusted hills, and the whole village is fertile, arable land. The Radders do not acknowledge it, but beneath the loamy soil and vines are very ancient ruins of coral stone blocks, forgotten and hidden away by time before the Ancients came to this area. The Radders subsist on fish from the cenote and coast, a nutritious stew of glowing radish-like roots, and the fruits of the vine, as well as whatever game they can hunt from the nearby jungles. They are industrious and pride themselves on self-reliance, and have a strong work ethic. There are strangely no unhappy or lazy people in the village, and even the elderly are hale and healthy. The Chieftain is old but psionically gifted in soothsaying (a **Mild Temporal Prescience** gift), and can sniff trouble-makers out a mile away. They protect themselves from Raiders with spears, a plethora of beam, sonic, and solid-projectile weapons, and a **Non-Violence Aura**; any attacks upon a Radder not already engaged in combat are at d12 rather than the PC's or NPC's usual Action Dice.

The Radder youth are healthy and attractive, and sometimes leave the village upon reaching majority. If necessary, replacement PCs can come from Radder stock, and all of them will be Mutants with at least 1 **Positive Mental Mutation** and 1 **Negative Mental Mutation** (it is assumed that their Negative Mutations prompt them to leave Rad, owing to the Radders' habit of pitching poor performers into the Blue Hole Cenote). Good Choices for Mental Defects would be Enmity, Uncontrolled Empathy/Telepathy, or Life Force Transference.

There are 85+1d30 Radders in the village. Adults have a randomly determined melee weapon (very likely a metal knife or spear), and a gun and sufficient ammunition for 1d8 shots. Replacement PC's drawn from the Radders will not start with a gun.

■ RADDERS

■ Init -2; Atk fist +0 melee (1d8) or by Weapon; AC10;
■ HD 1d4; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP Sense motive and
■ limited telepathy; SV Fort +1, Ref +0, Will -1.

■ RADDER CHIEFTAIN

■ Init +6; Atk psychoblast +5 mental (1d12); AC12; HD
■ 1d8; MV 20'; Act 1d24; SP Sense motive, precog, and
■ limited telepathy; SV Fort +0, Ref +8, Will +3.

THE GENEROUS GOD OF THE BLUE HOLE

On the eastern edge of Rad, between it and the coast, lies the jumbled coral-stone slabs of a temple, in the midst of a serene, lily-filled pool. The water is cool and crystal clear, and the lilies are pastel colored and emit a soporific pheromone. The lilies bloom year-round, and if eaten will provide aquatic breathing for 1d10 turns, but in this case the character will suffocate when out of water. Multiple ingestions will alter the DNA of the eater and cause longer and longer durations of effect (×3 on the second dose, then ×5 times on the third), with the 4th ingestion causing permanent water-breathing.

The Cortixin-rich mud in the pool is sometimes harvested and used to enrich the Radder's radish crop, and is responsible for the glow of their roots. A bit further on, the spring (actually a cenote) plunges deep into the ground—so deep that the bottom cannot be seen. If they swim in the spring—the Radders permit and even encourage it, except on nights when the full moon shines—the PC's will find various objects (roll 1d10 and add/subtract Luck modifiers; each object can only be found once).

1. A working, but not-trustworthy, random gun (consider the CM to be +2 more than given, and the critical fumble roll to be 1–4)
2. A magnetic key-card, emblazoned with the sign of a setting sun
3. A Rebreather-Unit (supplies air from a tank for 1d10 turns) TL2, CM3
4. A metal knife blade, 1d4 damage
5. 1d10 domars
6. 1d4 pyramidal weights, inscribed with runes, made of strange lustrous metal
7. 1 Gauzer pistol (1d4 shots remaining)
8. 1 Dazer pistol (1d4 shots remaining)
9. 1 Lazer pistol (1d4 shots remaining)
10. 1 Stun grenade TL4, CM5
11. Strange lustrous golden jewelry, worth 50 domars

INTO THE CENOTE

On one end, the pond of the Blue Hole is 3 to 6 feet deep and easily wadeable, but the far end has a high stone concave wall to prevent escapes and the depth of the sinkhole is roughly 140 feet deep. Unprepared and heavily-laden characters who waded to this end will sink like a stone to the bottom, likely drowning. If they swim at night on the full moon, or are thrown in by irritable Radders, then they may be dragged into the lair of the “god” of the cenote, a sentient mutant Octopus. It is highly curious and mostly beneficent, and engaged in a lackadaisical territorial war with the Barracudoids from their deep-sea trench city. In exchange for footsoldiers and unlucky vivisection subjects, it offers weapons to the Radders, mainly the pistols that defeated Barracudoids have scavenged from the shipwrecks in the depths. It does not understand or initiate aggression, but responds promptly to attackers with psionics and filleting, seeking to discern why a fellow sentient being would attack it. It communicates with color changes of its chromatophores

The Octopus God is sentient owing to Cortexin exposure. There are leaking Cortexin cylinders in the wrecked submersible craft in **AREA 1**.

Thus, random encounters will often be with the Barracudoids, or else the Octopus, or semi-sentient Fishoids, or several together. Those sacrifices or intruders who are not friendly and not vivisected by the Octopus are usually whisked away to be interrogated by the Barracudoids and their ally, the nefarious Robolich. The Barracudoids are blessed with an anesthetic slime that paralyzes their victims, and any contact with them forces a DC15 Fortitude Save or else the victim will be paralyzed for 1 hour, probably eaten (or worse, for very fit or psionically gifted specimens) implanted with viruses that change them slowly into Barracudoids!

■ BARRACUDOIDS

■ Init +4; Atk fist +2 melee (1d6), bite +1 melee (1d10), or by Weapon; AC14; HD 2d8; MV swim 30' or walk 15'; Act 1d20; SP paralytic slime Fort 13 or paralyzed 1d4 rounds, and other special attack variations; SV Fort +3, Ref +1, Will -3.

The Robolich has modified some individuals to have eyebeams that cause 1d10 points of damage but give off a distinctive whirring as the biological dynamos wind up. In any group of Barracudoids, the one with the most hit points will be modified this way.

This local fragment of the Robolich is currently repairing an elegant, and ancient, Alien Matter Transmitter machine that the Barracudoids have lost the knowledge of. Soon, provided he can capture or create a living mega-mutation endowed specimen, the Robolich will power up the Matter-Transmitter-Turned-Warpgate and make a gate to a blasted far-off planetary hellscape, draining thousands of cubic feet of water through every second the thing is operational. He will escape to that planet and leave behind a crystalline psychic beacon in order to find his way back after raising an army from whatever creatures he can make or subdue, there. He gives the Barracudoids fiendish surgeries to implant weaponry and wetware powers in exchange for their services, but they are insufficient in number to provide him a large fighting force.

THE FISHOIDS

Generally peaceable, semi-sentient, curious, and not very bright. Will trade, and love shiny objects to decorate their nests, but do not know any speakable languages. They are mildly telepathic, but only with each other, and no specimen is yet telepathic enough to activate the Robolich's Warpgate. They could be made so with high doses of Cortexin, though. In addition to their spark attack, they have an inky, blinding escape cloud that they use when scared that will not disperse for 2d4 rounds. Any attacks in the cloud will be at -2d

■ FISHOIDS

■ Init +1; Atk electrical arc (1d8); AC8; HD 1d4; MV 50' swim; Act 1d20; SP ink cloud; SV Fort +3, Ref +3, Will +3.

RANDOM ENCOUNTERS (1 ON 1D6 EVERY OTHER TURN)

1. Octopus God, Collecting Artifacts
2. 1d6 Barracudoids, raiding Fishoid Village
3. 1d6 Barracudoids, searching for Cortexin
4. 1d10 Fishoids frolicking (20% chance one has a **Mega-Mutation**, if so then it will be the target of 1d6 Barracudoid Raiders)
5. Companion Android, confused
6. 1d4 Amoeboid Animated Skeleton, dressed in pressure suits with bubble helmets

AQUACORP SUBMERSIBLE

The star on the map is the location of the submersible, pitched over on its side, with the escape hatch jammed in the partly-closed position. A DC 16 Strength check will open it, and inside 1d3 Cortexin Cylinders are found. 1 of these is leaking, slightly, and will cause heightened intelligence for 1d6 turns in biologicals who are exposed unprotected. Also, 2 bony corpses in Aquacorp Submersible Suits, with Bubble Helmets, a Plasma Sword, and a VR Terminal Helmet with which to bond to HALE-E.

FLOTSAM

A confused, humanoid companion robot is here, wandering. It throws up its hands in despair, as to the south there is a vast undersea battlefield littered with the dead. It is horrified and insane and will not fight nor defend itself if attacked. Might become a companion to a high-Personality character or a weird PC if needed.

SUNKEN FOOD STORES

A food cache for AquaCorp's former undersea forces. Now, mostly intact in water-tight, weighted containers (the submersible, if powered by a Q-cell would be sufficient to transport it to the Radders, above if the PCs had sufficient tools and ability).

AQUACORP OBSERVATION SUBSTATION

A working terminal, Q-cell powered—radar monitoring of the vast undersea city to the east—a mile-long drop to the ocean floor will bring the PCs to the Warpgate of the Robolich and his Barracudoid allies. If operated (TL2, CL2) the terminal will show a radar map of the city, cycling with a video clip of the massacre of the AquaCorp force several hundred years ago by the marauding fish-men.



LEDGE/DROP-OFF TO BARRACUDOID UNDERSEA CITY

The mile-long drop to the deep ocean, where a terrifying cyclopean city stretches. The site of the Robolich's Warpgate is just below, and straight down.

FISHOID JELLY NEST

Fishoids patrol and play in this area, which houses their brooding nest, in which 1d100 eggs are stored.

OCTOPUS GOD

Init +12; Atk tentacle claw (×-5) +13 melee (1d8); AC 22; HD 12d12 (95 hp); MV swim 60'; Act attacks 5d20, spells 1d20; SP see below; SV Fort +12, Ref +12, Will +12; AL C.

Breath Weapon: Type (Sleep ink); Save (Fort 22); Damage (Fall asleep for 1d6 hours, no effect with save); Shape (Cloud, radius 1d4 x 10', aimed up to 60' away)

Level 1 Spells: *Feather Fall*, *Enlarge*

Level 2 Spells: *Mirror Image*

Martial Power 1: Infravision 100'

Martial Power 2: Snatch attack. On a successful claw attack, the Octopus God snatches a target. The Octopus God can snatch up to one target per tentacle claw attack and cannot make the corresponding claw attack while a creature is snatched. A snatched creature takes 1d6 crushing damage each round. The Octopus God can swim very quickly with snatched creatures. Snatched creatures can attempt to escape with a Strength check (DC 22).

Unique Power 1: Neutralize poison (1/day). The Octopus God can cancel the effects of any one poison by touching the affected creature.

Unique Power 2: Plant growth (1/hour). All plants within 100' grow to twice their current size in 1d4 rounds; targets within growth are entangled (half speed, -2 to attacks).

Unique Power 3: Locate object (1/day). The Octopus God can locate an object known to itself. It receives an unerring sense of direction toward the object and the approximate distance. The range of this ability is: up to 1 mile on this plane.

Unique Power 4: Wall of Ink(1/hour). The Octopus God can summon a wall of ink at will. The wall is up to 100' x 20' x 100'. Within the ink, targets suffer -4 to all attacks and move at half speed.

TIDAL VENTING TUBES

entering this tube, a rush of pressure will take the PCs randomly to (2d6):

2-7: A beach about 1 mile east of Rad, to be attacked by Barracudoids and dragged to the undersea site to be Cortexin-exposed (if they have looted the submersible) and then sacrificed to the machine.

8-12: Out over the Warpgate and down, down, down.

OCTOPUS GOD'S LAIR

Strange technology, blue-green crystals, and smattering of technological artifacts of no use or interest to it (including a gene-resequencer and multi-tool).

ROBOLICH NODE (TYPE 4 DEMON)

Init +7; Atk Charge +10 melee (2d8), Eyebeams +10 beam weapon (2d8) or Spell; AC 23; HD 8d12; HP 56; MV 50' or teleport; Act 2d20; SP Demon traits; SV Fort +10, Ref +13, Will +13, AL C.

Appearance: A Centipede-like metallic thing, with a video monitor and sensor array mounted on the head-end. A leering skull flickers on and off in disquieting manner on the monitor portion, flashing profane texts and sigils when it communicates

Trait: Teleportation

Standard Type 4 Demon Features

Communication: Speech, telepathy

Abilities: Infravision, darkness (+16 check)

Immunities: Immune to weapons of less than +3 enchantment or natural attacks from creatures of 7 HD or less; immune to fire, cold, electricity, gas; half-damage from acid

Projection: Can usually teleport back to native plane or any point on same plane, as long as not bound or otherwise summoned; can project astrally and ethereally. Will need to drain a Mega-Mutation capable sentient being in order to focus this power on the disabled warpgate it is repairing.

Crit Threat Range: 17-20

VISIT BEAUTIFUL BEFLY

BY DANIEL DEAN
BASICREDRPG.BLOGSPOT.COM

"I'm working on a point crawl and I need a location that is absolutely revolting, sickening, and disgusting—a location that would make characters and their players gag, wretch, and, if I'm lucky, hurl their pizza all over the table!"

—Chris Wilson

Befly was a small village with fewer than 100 souls calling her home, all of them at most second cousins from one another. They lived good, pious lives and denied themselves all vices. Not too long ago a particular plague was brought to town by a stranger named Russtle. It moved with such swiftness that no attempt at sending for aid could be successful in time—messengers died on the roads and their horses trotted off with them still in their saddles. This inconsequential little hamlet could have passed out of all history without their tragedy every having been known. Instead, everyone got back up in a week or so.

They have thoughts like themselves and they go through normal courses. Their behavior is far from mundane. They consume but do not need to eat and do not eat correctly. They mill in the church and scream with tearing, wet, sucking-sound throats full of rending cords in place of psalms. They collect hens' eggs, crushing each in their grip and never stopping to wipe them off. They face each other and make polite small talk but their eyes are clouded over or rolled back in their heads or missing altogether.

These are the Yeast Zombies, animated by an airborne venereal infection which can be cleared up with a simple *Cure Wounds* spell. Absent of such magic it infects to the point of making its host nonviable upon exposure, though the body's individual systems take some time to become septic and shut down. After about five days the infection itself is advanced enough to take over your simple motor functions and hammer old chemical pathways, enough to make a simulacrum of your old self that could pass for

you-but-with-a-serious-head-wound at a distance. Perhaps the idea is that this will help it spread itself but the small lives of the people of Befly did not leave much room for journeys or ambition. They would probably simply circulate through the square night and day until the microbes had completely stripped bone and flesh of anything useful and collapsed into a mushy mass. Perhaps that is how the players come upon them but, more likely, they will have to deal with Russtle.

Russtle is an apprentice necromancer and a huge pervert, immune to the necromantic arts himself but with little gift for applying them. As such he made a terrific carrier for this zombie yeast, picked up from (why start with euphemisms now?) corpse fucking. Befly was his first stop on the way to a new life after his master cast him out of study for the breach of protocol of fucking the corpse before his master could do so first. Instead, as villagers died around him, he found a gift from some fucked up gods and stayed on as the ghost town's pope of pleasure. He wasn't going to let a little thing like the corpses reanimating stop him from enjoying himself.

KEY FEATURES

The Disused Mission: Forgotten here is a small well whose waters allow you to remember something you'd forgotten up to a year ago. The more you drink the further back you recall. This secret was kept by a miserly and haunted preacher before he fell off his horse ten years back. The Mission will be in disrepair, all other valuables long ago looted.

Russtle: Lv. 1 Necromancer. Immune to poison, disease, necromancy. Knows the spells *Comprehend Languages*, *Cause Light Wounds*, and *Create/Destroy Stench* (make a Poison save vs. the Stench where failure leaves you unable to take actions or cast spells for 1 round, must be made each round with a bonus equal to your previous successes, until you have either failed thrice or succeeded thrice) but may have some stolen office supply scrolls (20%). If found in his lair (the pub) he will likely be asleep with exhaustion, gently reposing in the nude while sucking lovingly on long matted hair. If encountered on the street he will likely (90%) be busily pleasuring himself with the Yeast Zombies, wearing clothes stuffed with soiled matted hair (-1 from any damage dealt to Russtle). Russtle has an oral fixation. Speaking of which, Russtle casts his spells by pulling his own rancid teeth from his maw with rusty pliers. If he is able to put one of these teeth inside you somehow then you do not get a save from that spell's effects. Cause Wounds spells heal Russtle and re-grow his teeth, which makes an ear splitting fingers on chalkboard noise. Russtle is constantly moist and gains +3 AC unless his attacker specifies that their target is moist by slowly stage-whispering it. Russtle has 9 nipples like a dog, and they all bleed when he experiences sensual pleasures. Stimulating Russtle through nipples or other means causes him to take 1 point of Exhaustion penalties per round until he passes out from ecstasy. This means that when you encounter Russtle pleasuring himself with the Yeast Zombies you could just wait until he pleasures himself into unconsciousness. Russtle never does anything as untoward as just fucking these walking corpses, usually; instead he likes to open ragged, gaping, pus-oozing wounds and insert different body parts into these new orifices, often to cries of "Oooohhhhhh, Mmmmmmmomyyyyyy..." Simply being in his presence, however, puts you in danger of catching this disease.

The Floral Clock: This is set to some timekeeping scheme with 26 hours in a day and populated with strange breeds of roses. These are not magical but are remarkable: Befly was home to some secret botanical genius unseen by the wider world before it fell ill. Sustaining these plants until you can get them to someone who knows their value would be like selling a spell book. Flower people are crazy.

Yeast Zombies: 10% chance of being armed but will not attack you; these are weapons Russtle might use, though. While it goes without saying that their genital zones would be a thing of nightmares to look at right now every orifice is crusted with some horrible goopy collection, trapping dirt and gnats. Sores from before they died had crusted over and now their scabs are like a creme brulee. New wounds which they have suffered in their brainless meanderings go unnoticed and untended and sprout new goop from these infectious lava vents. The mayor and his wife were so gored by their prize bull before it ran off that their torsos have great gaping chasms now leaking a small trail. The mayor's is only held together with rusty gut-covered fish hooks, a bit of ingenuity on Russtle's part that allows him to strip down and slide his torso in and out of the mayor's torso hole to achieve maximum stimulation. They are not really alive but will act like it, up to and including facing you with dead eyes and making unending pleasant small talk all while Russtle ruts away oblivious of the wider world or any sort of virtue or cleanness. The creatures inside of them create a lot of waste heat and so these hosts constantly sweat buckets. Any you see will be dripping as from a bath, reeking of both decay and active body odor. Their homes have been untouched so there is a 100% chance to loot basic stores, provisions, tools, nails, animal feed, other such supplies, but remember these are simple people: outside of a few coins or deeds they only have 1% chance to have anything extraordinary. You will not find any children in the village of Befly, and so no children who have become Yeast Zombies.

Tiny Hurried Makeshift Cemetery: 5% chance to find something of value here, as all manner of strange trinkets and heirlooms have been left as offerings for the departed young of Befly. Only eleven markers stand here in this special burial mound far from the other, older plots. It was believed to be a kind of fever....It is not obvious unless you are looking for signs of Befly's children around town. As I finish this sentence I cannot in good conscience state that Russtle the pervert necromancer is aware that it even exists and ask only that if you make a command decision about disregarding his ignorance you simply never tell me about it.

INSIDERATES

BY JOSHUA RIVERA

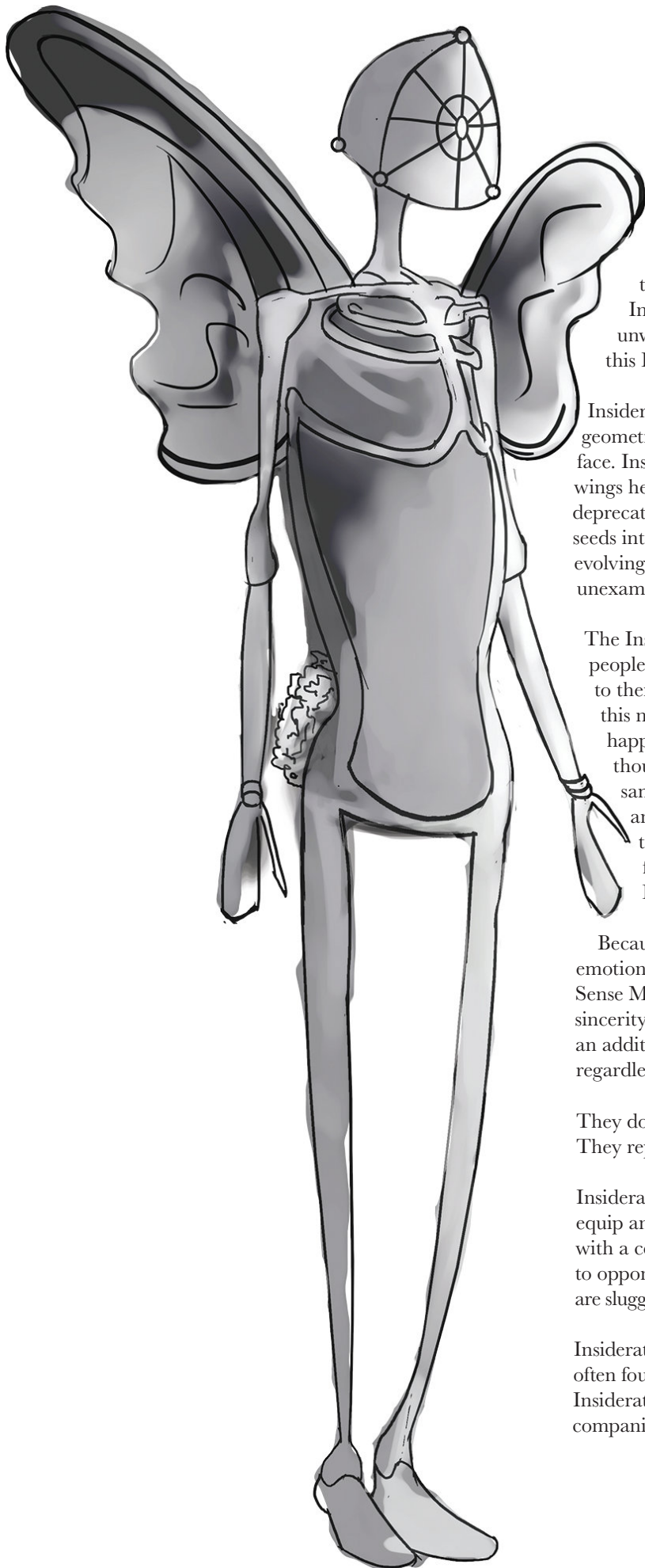
“Request: A really weird alien race.”

—Dennis Higgins

Insiderates live on a gas grave planet, where the gargantuan bones of space whales drift through strawberry scented clouds. They stink of cupcakes. When a gust of wind grazes their glass bodies, they ring off in high notes. Gathered together, their sounds are reminiscent of a choir. Their faces are geometric patterns, that change and undulate, feigning expression. They have a simple glass bone structure—the absence of gravity lets them stand tall. When an Insiderate moves, it is neither naturally or mechanically. When the light refracts through them, it’s like the sensation of looking at yourself in a mirror, during a dream; an unclear haze.

A hormonal, dread-inadequacy causes Insiderates to struggle everyday with an overwhelming urge to end their own life—an incredibly difficult feat on their homeworld, which lacks appreciable gravity, making the obvious choice of plummeting to one’s death impossible. Some Insiderates will drift along the gas currents of their dead world, obsessing on their own self-loathing, while others seek intimacy in fellow Insiderates, by welding their limbs to one another. Their desperation for companionship often results it violently different personalities joined together for life, further compounding an Insiderate’s self-loathing dread. Their existential dread sometimes expresses itself as hate, and Insiderates often find themselves on other worlds, levying their pain on others. They are fond of making Humans suffer, but not as fond as they are for inflicting themselves on Halflings.

LEVEL	XP	HP	PARALYZE	POISON	BREATH WEAPON	MAGICAL DEVICE	MAGIC	SENSE MOTIVE
1	0	1d6	15	14	17	15	17	3-in-6
2	2,500	+1d6	13	12	15	13	15	3-in-6
3	5,000	+1d6	13	12	15	13	15	3-in-6
4	10,000	+1d6	13	12	15	13	15	3-in-6
5	20,000	+1d6	11	10	13	11	13	3-in-6
6	40,000	+1d6	11	10	13	11	13	4-in-6
7	80,000	+1d6	11	10	13	11	13	4-in-6
8	160,000	+1d6	9	8	9	9	11	5-in-6
9	320,000	+1d6	9	8	9	9	11	5-in-6
10	480,000	+1d6	9	8	9	9	11	5-in-6



Insiderates have a short tail, made of blinding tinsel, where they grow vagrant thoughts. When an Insiderate shakes its tail, it crackles and infects the air with ideation of self deprecation. Thoughts like, “I am worthless unless I serve an Insiderate.” or, “I think I would like to start a family with an Insiderate.” or, “Everyone hates me and I am unworthy of love, so I can’t comprehend what this Insiderate sees in me.” permeate the area.

Insiderates have wings like butterflies, with unique geometric patterns, not unlike those that make their face. Insiderates can’t use them for flight, but the wings help spread vagrant thoughts. Fanning self-deprecating ideas, until they drift like dandelion seeds into the perceptions of other people, and evolving into unwarranted justifications and unexamined beliefs.

The Insiderates have no agenda. They just need people to be so afraid, so desperate, that they turn to them for affirmation. They have evolved so that this negative feedback loop is their cornerstone of happiness and self-fulfillment. When a vagrant thought is mature, it cocoons the host in the same shiny tinsel as an Insiderate’s tail. When an Insiderate returns to harvest the cocoon, the person inside is kept largely intact, save for their emotional dependency on the Insiderate from which the thought originated.

Because of their biological connection to the emotions of others, Insiderates have access to the Sense Motive ability, allowing them to intuit sincerity from sapient beings. Insiderates also receive an additional +1 bonus to their Wisdom modifiers, regardless of their actual scores.

They do not possess genitalia, but their hips are cute. They reproduce via some kind of vainglory mitosis.

Insiderates lean towards chaotic-lawful. They can equip any armor or weapon, but deal 1d6 damage with a cestus and do not suffer the typical -2 penalty to opponents with an AC of 15 or higher, because they are slugger-style boxers.

Insiderates are also rather fond of capybaras and are often found riding them. At the Referee’s discretion, Insiderate characters may begin play with a capybara companion.

GOBLIN SHENANIGANS

BY ANTON L.
(SAVEVSHOLLOWING.WORDPRESS.COM)

“Santicore, can I please have more goblin shenanigans?”

—Paolo Greco

The so-called Fawkin goblins are always up to something. People say there’s always at least one person cursing them in anger at all times. The most annoying bit is that you can’t quite kill them off. Not that people haven’t tried. When one dies there’s a new one, which is almost the same as the one that died. There’s always twelve of them:

- ♦ Gobbler—huge toothy mouth.
- ♦ Glob—looks half-formed and lumpy.
- ♦ Snap—hyper-aggressive (rabies).
- ♦ Wretch—small and thin, shy but cunning.
- ♦ Juggle—continually throwing things.
- ♦ Bes—wears a red cap (otherwise nothing special).
- ♦ Jolt—wears a trailing human-size wizard’s robe. Presumably knows some magic.
- ♦ Pops—wise (comparatively), and the oldest.
- ♦ Lio—can change shape to any farm animal.
- ♦ Sang—puts broken goblins back together.
- ♦ Shiv—has far too many knives.
- ♦ Enser—can distort voice to sound human.

They ride stray dogs to the nearby villages (and beyond) to cause trouble.

THEY CAN’T SEEM TO DIE

Why? Nobody knows, but there are many theories:

- ♦ They are spirits manifesting through bodies of mud.
- ♦ They go through super-fast reincarnation.
- ♦ There’s a supply of clones of each one of them.
- ♦ They are the gods’ test (or punishment).
- ♦ Their names are just positions within a goblin tribe.

THEY ARE TURNING EVERYTHING UPSIDE DOWN

Like literally putting things upside down. Furniture, plates, tables, pots, tools, animals, everything is left underside-up where they have passed. Why? Nobody knows, but there are many theories:

- ♦ This helps their illusions take form.
- ♦ It’s compulsive behavior.
- ♦ To exhaust and distract the village.
- ♦ It’s just to spite people.

THEY ARE STEALING EVERYONE’S RIGHT SHOE

Why? Nobody knows, but there are many theories:

- ♦ Being kicked and stomped with boots hurts.
- ♦ People can’t chase as well without shoes.
- ♦ To ruin it for the local longbow archers (who only wear right shoes).
- ♦ Because people lead with their right foot when they poke goblins with pikes.
- ♦ It’s all a ruse to get the soldiers to attack a rival goblin clan (the Eetchets).

To prevent everyone from just getting new shoes, they eventually replace the shoes with one of...

- ◆ A bucket under an illusion—everyone's really clumsy and don't know why.
- ◆ Polymorphed goblins—no one expects to be attacked by their own shoe.
- ◆ Shoe mimics.
- ◆ Just a normal shoe in the wrong size.
- ◆ Just a normal shoe, but the placebo effect of having a shoe replaced is tripping everyone up.

THEY ARE POISONING THE WELL...WITH ALCOHOL

Why? Nobody knows, but there are many theories:

- ◆ Watching an entire village drunk is fun.
- ◆ To prepare for the imminent takeover.
- ◆ So that the people will get more flammable.
- ◆ They mistook it for actual poison.

THEY ARE MOVING THINGS BETWEEN HOUSES

Why? Nobody knows, but there are many theories:

- ◆ To insinuate theft, and sow discord.
- ◆ To spread the wealth of the village.
- ◆ To confuse the people.
- ◆ They just borrow things to use and can't remember where they came from.

THEY ARE INFILTRATING THE VILLAGES

Some of them roll themselves in glue and shed fur, pretending to be dogs. Some dress up like ugly children. Some just hop into barrels and hide. Why? Nobody knows, but there are many theories:

- ◆ They are preparing for an incoming invasion.
- ◆ They love gossip.
- ◆ There's a huge prank coming right up.
- ◆ The people are weird enough to just watch on their own.

THEY ARE DIGGING UP A BURIED DRAGON

The great dragon Sophorax has lain buried in the rubble the fallen of Flame Mountain for hundreds of years, after being defeated by the hero Lica. The goblins are stealing tools and unburying the now thoroughly irritated and vengeful dragon. Why? Nobody knows, but there are many theories:

- ◆ It's their deity.
- ◆ They will enjoy watching it wreak havoc.
- ◆ It's a gamble to get a favor.
- ◆ They are the dragon's familiars.
- ◆ They are actually mining for gold.

THEY ARE SELLING STRANGE THINGS

Often for peculiar prices. Goods for sale are:

- ◆ Your next ten breaths.
- ◆ Your ability to see the color blue.
- ◆ The color of your hair.
- ◆ The goods themselves are equally weird, like:
- ◆ An infinite-length garotte.
- ◆ Vials containing screams.
- ◆ A torch that emits silence instead of light.
- ◆ A five-edged but flat sword.
- ◆ Antivenom against one specific snake.
- ◆ A ring that makes that one finger invulnerable.

Why? Nobody knows, but there are many theories:

- ◆ It's a fun game to them.
- ◆ They just need funds.
- ◆ They are getting rid of cursed items legally.
- ◆ It's a scam, you actually lose out in value.

MINOR SHENANIGANS

- ◆ When they aren't doing something big, they are doing something small.
- ◆ They replace all your coins with painted stones.
- ◆ Switching people's weapons around.
- ◆ Feeding the animals arcane steroids.
- ◆ Changing all ways signs.
- ◆ Opening and closing doors.
- ◆ Mimicking sounds in weird places.
- ◆ Waking up sleeping people.
- ◆ Spiking people's doors shut.
- ◆ Replacing bed fillings with dry leaves.
- ◆ Painting houses and equipment bright colors.

REEF ELVES

BY RED FLANAGAN

"Dear Santicore, I'd like a write-up of a previously undiscovered tribe of aquatic elves for DCC."

—Bob Brinkman

Reef Elves live below. Some, it is said, have never seen the sunlight, so deep are they beneath the waves. They take many forms, when it suits their purpose: as fish, as half-fish merfolk, or when they take to land, as bipeds nearly indistinguishable from common elves but for the coral growths down their spine, which they are careful to keep hidden.

Deep, hidden in dark crevices and the lava floes of mountains long consumed by the sea, they reside in their reefs; they live among the coral and foster its growth. The coral makes their homes, their tools, and their altars.

On these altars are their sacrifices. The land-walking races foolish enough to sail on dark seas, to fish in their waters, or to venture below. These offerings are bound to the coral, magically molded into its structure, crucified. They are picked apart by eels and the creatures of the ocean floor, and their bones join the coral.

These deep elves are happy beneath the waves, in the darkness, with their coral and their bones. The sea provides for them. The only reason that they ever venture above is to claim more sacrifices, which they will happily do through trickery, kidnapping, or bloodshed. A rare one, given to wandering or born an outsider, may take to the adventuring life, but will never forget the call of the sea and the embrace of the coral.

There are tales of long lost cousins of the Reef Elves who live above on a floating coral island, roaming the shallows and coexisting peacefully with the land-walkers. No Reef Elf in living memory has seen one of these folk, but are sworn to kill them on sight for forsaking the ways of the deep.

AS MONSTERS

Init +1/+5 underwater, Atk +1 spear (1d), AC 14, HD 1d8+4, MV 30' or swum 60', Act 1d20, SV

Fort +2, Ref +2, Will +2, AL C

A hunting party of Reef Elves will often be accompanied by trained fish such as sharks, eels, or other carnivorous sea creatures. There is a 50% chance that there will be 1 such creature per 4 Reef Elves encountered, with the creatures possessing 1d4 Hit Dice each.

1 HD: Fish

2 HD: Eel

3 HD: Octopus

4 HD: Shark

AS PLAYER CHARACTERS

Level progression as standard Elf class.

Hit Points: Reef Elves gain 1d6 hit points at each level.

Weapon Training: Having lived their lives underwater, Reef Elves are untrained in any weapons but spears, garottes and nets. They may use other thrusting weapons at a -1d penalty (a d16 instead of a d20, for example).

Reef Elves gain the same proficiencies as Elves upon reaching level 2.

Alignment: Almost all Reef Elves are chaotic. Some may be neutral, but few, if any, will be lawful.

Magic: Reef Elves practice magic and use the same progression for spells as land elves, but with a few differences. They only know 1 spell at level 1, although the maximum number they can learn through study is the same as an Elf of equivalent level.

They have sworn off all worship except for that of the coral, and so may never learn or cast *Patron Bond* or *Invoke Patron*.

Caster Level: A Reef Elf's caster level is the same as their class level.

Echolocation: Reef Elves can use echolocation to "see" up to 90', both above and below water. The high-pitched sound is audible by other creatures, and can be quite harmful to those with keen hearing.

Underwater Natives: Reef Elves can breathe underwater as well as on land. They can swim incredibly fast, as well, traveling 30' per round in bipedal form and 60' per round in mer- or fish-form.

Changing Forms: All Reef Elves can change form up to twice per day. They may take bipedal, half-fish (similar to mer-folk) or fish form. In order to do this, they must have a piece of the type of creature they wish to transform into, and may only transform into a fish form with Hit Dice equal to their level or lower. The transformation takes 10 minutes, and does not affect any of their items. Many Reef elves carry special pouches to store their items before they change shape, which they can carry with them in any of their forms (as long as they are a fish physically large enough) with encumbrance as normal.

Water Resistance: Reef Elves can make a Will save for half damage against any spell or magical effect using water.

Vulnerabilities: Reef Elves do not share land elves' weakness to iron. Living so deep below, however, they are unaccustomed to fighting without buoyancy, and heavy or dense items such as metal or stone count as being 1.5 times their weight for the purposes of encumbrance.

Reef Elves take damage from Holy Water because of the salt water and blood which seeps into their very souls and is anathema to the laws of the patrons and gods they have forsworn. Holy Water does 2d6 damage to a Reef Elf and causes paralysis for one round unless they make a successful Fortitude save.

Heightened Senses: Reef Elves are natural hunters with smell nearly as keen as that of a shark. They gain a +4 bonus to tracking any creature which leaves a scent.

Action Dice: Similar to land elves, Reef Elves may use their action dice for either attacks or spell checks.

REEF ELF TITLES

1. Reef Tender
2. Hunter
3. Reaver
4. Sea Stalker
5. Coral-kin

THE LAIR

BY BRIAN RICHMOND

“Request: A monster/beast lair.”

—Anonymous

This lair is a cavern-like structure, two rooms deep, connected by a singular corridor which leads to the exterior world. Pillars help keep the roof up, and while the floor is uneven it does not provide too much of a challenge with regards to finding one’s footing whilst in combat in the lair.

While not quite large enough to host an entire tribe or species, it is spacious enough to house one or two large beasts, or perhaps up to five medium sized monsters who use it as a minor base of operations from which to carry out their nefarious deeds. To determine the finer details of the lair, roll or choose on the randomizers that follow.

WHERE IS THE LAIR? (D12)

1. Atop a hill, hidden by brush and trees. Winds howl when the brush against the stone.
2. In a ditch way, obscured by fallen pines. It wafts out a stink of rot, mud, and old smoke.
3. Gnawed into the trunk of a great redwood tree, it creaks and splinters uneasily.
4. The lair is a half-collapsed stone structure upon a field, all too silent and all too still.
5. Carved by salt and erosion into the cliffside on the beach. It echos dripping ripples.
6. Under crumbling timbers and canvasses, embedded into the city’s stone wall.
7. Beneath the hill, in truth an old barrow mound. Ghost lights appear on cold nights.
8. Beneath the hill, in truth an old barrow mound. Ghost lights appear on cold nights.
9. Ramshackle and boarded up in the slum side of town, none dare enter its walls.
10. 1Beneath an uprooted tree, roots dangle from the ceiling and dirt falls in clumps at times.
11. Half-submerged in pitch black mud, within a swamp of ill repute and foul contagion.
12. The lair is a derelict crypt in a long abandoned graveyard, where the winds weep sorrowful tales.

THE LAIR



WITHIN THE INTERIOR OF THE LAIR? (D12)

1. The side chamber is raised and even, with wooden planks that creak when stepped upon. The walls have been worked by chisel to create small candle alcoves.
2. Sour smoke spills out from a million tiny pores in the walls, but only on moonless nights. To some it smells of honey, to others it reeks of corpses.
3. The rear chamber is filled with mouldy old crates, slathered by dust so thick it is damn near greasy. The entire lair smells strongly of black fungi spores.
4. The floor is littered with guano and squirming parasites which hunger for bare flesh to infest and sup upon.
5. The walls are painted, crudely, with what might be feces or blood. They display as stains upon the stone, horrific acts from a more primitive age.
6. The floor is stone, warm to the touch, it almost seems to raise and fall like the breast of a great beast. This is likely just your imagination.
7. The smoldering embers and coals of a campfire can be found in the side corridor, signs of recent occupation and use by intelligent beings. The ground is, however, stained.
8. A charnel house in terms of defiled corpses, splayed men and women, nude, mutilated, arranged in a pattern which surely must have some profane meaning behind it.
9. Grime-slicked stone, and dripping stalactites with a floor almost of silt-like consistency. The lair is damp, moist, balmy and claustrophobic like you've stumble into the maw of a behemoth.
10. Smooth cobble-stone floors and pillars of stone that were hewn by hand. Brute architecture, vaguely religiously; but condemned now, unhallowed, and oppressive like a master on his deathbed looking for a slave.
11. Iron pounded into the walls with great stakes and rivets. Chains dangle from the ceiling. There should've been doors. This was an oubliette clearly, at one time. What escaped from here?
12. Dead coral and fungal whorls sprawl across every surface, making the ground and walls textured and painful upon a fall. Pareidolia might allow one to see faces in their cracks.

WHAT DWELLS WITHIN THE LAIR? (D12)

1. The Brigand Thugs: A group of right bastards who enjoy sadistic acts of cruelty only slightly less than they enjoy leering upon ill-gotten gold...
2. The Horrendous Vermin: They seek to feast, to propagate, to gnaw upon flesh and infest one's bones. They fear the light, but could blot it out with their numbers...
3. The Summoned Demon: It was invited here, and it creeps now in the shadows of those who trespass. It has bargains to make, but it lusts to feast on warm gore.
4. The Outcast Abomination: Man cast it out of the civilized realm, but it is human. Its heart burns with a foul human hate and its mind is bent to mutilate others to its guise.
5. The Wretched Hydra: The serpent and all its terrible venoms slumbers here in muck, the smallest scratch bringing forth maladies most malevolent upon trespassers.
6. The Barbarous Enemy of Man: They are not Us, they are Another. Primitive, foul, profane. They laugh like jackals, they strike like predators from times immemorable.
7. The Lesser Drake: The Dragon, sin incarnate, lairs here. It thirsts for maiden's blood, child's innocence, and man's ambition; to twist and to hoard and to burn to black bone.
8. The Siren Temptresses: False maidens who lust for man to hold them, so they might rip out their hearts and reveal their true and monstrous selves. They sing sweet songs.
9. The Misguided Revolutionary: Dissidents and would-be despots denied from a chance to enact atrocities only by the current regime. Those who are not their own, are spies.
10. The Sadistic Beast: It hurts its prey for its own sick pleasure, not merely to eat. It takes a sick thrill in the hunt, in watching its victims scream in anguish as they are devoured.
11. The Anchorite Heretic: Faith scorn and doctrine denied, they perform profane and blasphemous rites of passage here. They will purge the unclean, by scourge or dagger.
12. The Beast in the Wild: The natural world produces monsters of its own, great and predatory creatures who hunger for man's flesh and to crumble his institutions.

WHAT MIGHT MAKE IT WORTH OUR WHILE? (D12)

1. Hidden in the side room is a cache of weapons left over from the last war, bound in canvas and never used. A sense of sadness lingers upon it, of patriotism denied metal and deeds.
2. Beneath a stone in the rearmost room is a carved cache, air-tight and sealed. Within can be found a wheel of ancient, vintage cheese and a bottle of spirits that could satiate a king.
3. Obscured by clay near the base of each pillar can be found a hidden cache of several dozen silver coins, tarnished and marred to sully the head of the king stamped upon them.
4. Foreign plunder from some ill-conceived crusade can be found within, casually lain about as though someone intended to come back for them.
5. Among the lair can be found the corpse of a fallen knight in hideous repose. Its sword and armor remain, though a dagger is stabbed under its arm to where the heart once was.
6. Bloodied coins of gold and slashed up canvasses, of which might remain a masterpiece not fully destroyed. It is hard to discern how things became this way.
7. A barrel of ill-gotten goods, anything that shined. Proliferated and profited by way of brigand or troll, barely even sealed away or hidden due to the arrogance of such a party.
8. In the side room a locket can be found, made of fine silver, inlaid with small emeralds. It is locked, and within it lies only memories and nostalgia of long dead personage.
9. Religious text and tome can be found here, and some of it is not torn to shreds. The illuminated works could be worth a fine shilling if liberated from this place.
10. Edifices and frescos line the walls displaying events and characters of distant or forgotten lore. If one could pry out their eyes, they are made of precious stones and gems.
11. Upon one of the pillars, dripping from the floor to the ceiling, is precious liquid manna from heaven. It binds wounds and cures ailments, but it spoils quickly in sunlight.
12. Fastened to the ceiling, above the entrance, and hidden beneath canvasses matching the environment is a sack of poisons, knives, and contracts fulfilled.

ENEMIES OF THE WEIRD STATES

BY CHRIS WILSON

JOURNEYINTOTHEWEIRD.BLOGSPOT.COM

"Enemies of the (weird?) state(s), their crimes, and their punishment should they be caught."

—Anton L

RESULT	NAME	CRIME	PUNISHMENT
1	Bagolo	Hoarding Knowledge	To be de-limbed and mounted, where their knowledge may be utilized by the worthy.
2	"Greasy" Pede	Piracy	To be hanged from the yardarm.
3	Franzetta Milzuni	Vampirism	To be presented to the dawn. Teeth to be sold.
4	Garabvani Mio	Jewelry Theft	To be cored with ill-gotten gains.
5	Karastaz	Non-cannibalism	To be fed the sacrificed, as is tradition.
6	The King of Pigs	Extensive Gluttony	To be buried head first up to the neck and left to carrion.
7	Yosef Yazin	Alchemical Misconduct	To be force fed de-gilded ash. Stolen years to be distributed among the populace.
8	Dudbrou Swole	Brazzinness	To be put to gladiatorial combat along with any willing peers.
9	Yana Hana	Necromancy	To be buried alive. Puppets to be collected and destroyed.
10	The "Eraser"	De-runeing	To be put to the task of neutralizing all active runes within the city (alive or dead.)
11	Ok-Ok Rok-Rok	Extensive Property Damage	To be butchered. Remains to be put to the task of rebuilding damaged property.
12	Scoundrel Slim	Debauchery	To be put to a drinking contest with any willing patrons of the "Golden Goat" tavern until satisfaction is met.
13	Yanna of the Rock	Heresy	To be put to the flaming stake.
14	Levewicz	Treason	To be exhumed and put to the executioner's blade. Head to be put on display.
15	Garl Rovenbault	Murder	To be fashioned into a blood eagle.
16	Relise Morgastrum	Simony	To be put before a collection of peers and passed judgement upon.
17	Sarbok	Manslaughter	To be put to firing squad. Hide and furs to be put on display.
18	Garlina of the Crook	Witchcraft	To be butchered. Limbs to be distributed as warding charms.
19	Stonchee	Thievery	To be put to the act of returning stolen goods to their rightful owners, and to receive a stern talking to by their mother.
20	Stroczeim	Mass Murder	To be put to the pike. Blood to be collected and distributed among the military.

D6 SPELL COMPONENTS

BY KULT ESOTERICA

"I'd like some material spell components with effects, some positive, and some negative when combined with certain spells types, for systems that do not natively use material components."

—Anthony Fournier

All magic-users start with specific knowledge of the use of one of these materials.

1: SALT

Common Knowledge: Used to preserve food; occasionally currency.

Consumed As: Pots with 10sp of salt inside.

Benefits: Can be consumed while casting *Turn Undead*; doing so allows casters to roll like they're one level higher on the Turn Undead table (e.g.: A level 3 cleric casts *Turn Undead*, spending 3 charges of salt in order to cast the spell like a level 6 cleric).

Drawbacks: Magic-users (and any non-divine casters) who are carrying salt must save vs. Magic Device when casting a spell. If they fail, the salt is consumed and the spell fizzles.

Additional Uses: Can be used to create impassable barriers to innately magical and evil creatures by putting it on the ground as an unbroken line (one pot creates a five-foot circle or a ten-foot line). These beings cannot disturb the salt, but any outside disturbance risks breaking the line.

2: CINNABAR

Common Knowledge: Cinnabar is a compound used as an ingredient for makeup and as a way to color pottery. It is considered to be priceless by some obscure alchemical circles, who claim it is the gateway to shifting forms and immortality.

Consumed As: Small pots with 50sp of cinnabar inside.

Benefits: Doubles the duration of any illusion spell and allows *Cure Serious Wounds* and *Cure Critical Wounds* to heal for the maximum amount upon consumption.

Drawbacks: Cure spells that use cinnabar cause the target to save vs. Poison. Upon failure, target will die of mercury poisoning in 1d12 months.

Additional Uses: If it's ground up, mixed with honey, and left to dry, it creates a lozenge that works as a *Cure Minor Wounds* spell when consumed. Only one can be eaten a month, or else the character eventually gets symptoms of and dies of mercury poisoning.

3: COLD IRON

Common Knowledge: Iron that is not forged but sharpened into a blade is cold iron, and can be used to protect against faeries.

Consumed As: One handle-less blade, worth 2sp. As cold iron is consumed, it rusts into powder.

Benefits: Can be consumed when casting any spell that protects the caster (*Magic Armor/Vestment*, any spell that creates a wall, any spell with 'Protection' in the name, etc.) in order to double the duration.

Drawbacks: Carrying it around causes the numerous Fae in the world to have brutal headaches as you walk by them, ensuring they're pissed off and spiteful. Having more than one blade of cold iron causes the Fae to meddle with the PC's magic, causing spells to fizzle 10% of the time, forcing a roll on your favorite spell mishap table instead. If they fail to kill the character through messing with their spells, they will take matters into their own hands.

4: HEMLOCK

Common Knowledge: Poisonous plant, fatal if consumed.

Consumed As: Burnt as a bundle of leaves, worth 100sp and difficult to obtain legally.

Benefits: Upon consumption, allows *Cloudkill* to kill any creature below 7HD or can be used to cast a free *Stinking Cloud* spell. *Inflict Wounds* spells deal the maximum amount of damage.

Drawbacks: The cloud produced by *Cloudkill* and *Stinking Cloud* will move towards the closest thing it can kill/nauseate until dispersed. Hemlock is an illegal substance and will ensure the party gets in plenty of trouble if found, priests risking excommunication and loss of divine powers if their use of a wicked plant is discovered.

Additional Uses: May be used as a poison if turned into a tincture. Target must save vs. poison or die when it's consumed.

5: AQUA VITAE

Common Knowledge: Pure ethanol: used for preservation and as fuel.

Consumed As: Stored in glass vials, 30sp each; must be applied to the hand or object the spell is being cast from.

Benefits: Turns faerie fire into a real flame that can still be handled by the caster as if it was illusory. It can be used to light objects and burn people for 1d6 damage. Heat metal will burn for twice as long; magic missiles have a chance to ignite targets, and explosive runes detonate for 4d6 damage.

Drawbacks: Due to the fickle nature of flame, the MU must pass a save vs. Magic Device or risk igniting themselves, potentially destroying the wand/staff they're casting with or burning their hand for 1d4 damage.

6: DIVINER'S SAGE

Common Knowledge: Some followers of old religions or of the occasional church that incorporates older practices into its beliefs smoke diviner's sage to have prophetic dreams.

Consumed As: 5sp parcels wrapped tightly in parchment.

Benefits: Consumption of diviner's sage allows an MU to see the result of a *Summon* spell before it is cast and allows them to use the phantasmal line of spells to create illusions of creatures they have only heard of, in addition to creatures they have seen. Clerics can consume it in order to get a single detailed answer from a god when using *Commune*, instead of the three usual 'yes' or 'no' responses.

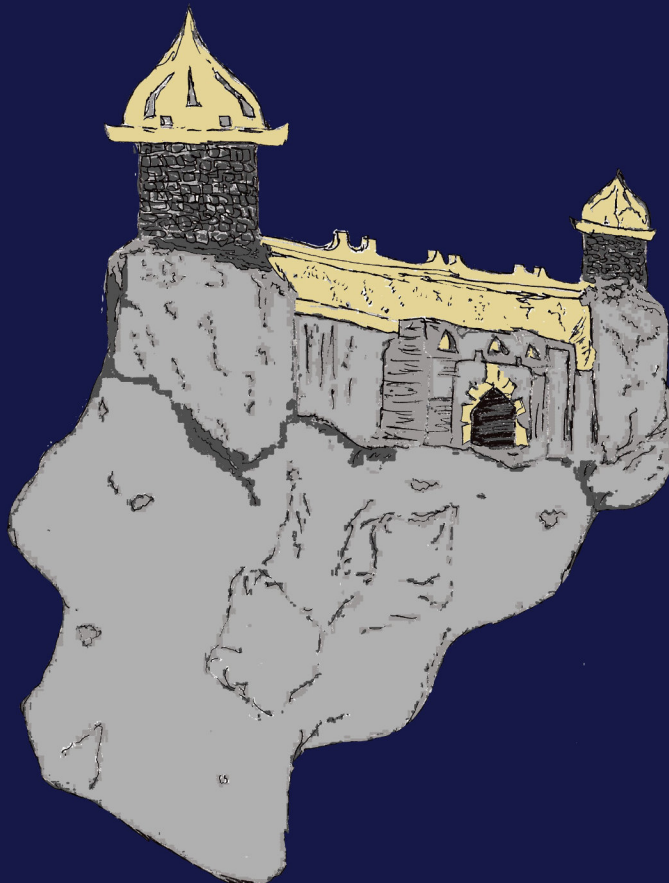
Drawbacks: There is a 10% chance what they see from the visions is just wild hallucinations, and there is an equal chance the phantasmal creature may turn against its owner when created.

THE FORTRESS

BY ANONYMOUS

"A castle built atop an asteroid, floating in the depths of space, with a single tiny spaceship approaching it. I feel like this should be a riot of color, but if B&W is your jam, you won't hear any complaints from me."

—Nick LS Whelan



AN OOZIAN CLERIC

BY ED HACKETT

CHAINSAWCHIRURGEON.BLOGSPOT.JP

“Request: A new kind of magic.”

—Daniel Fischer

A class for *Labyrinth Lord*.

“The ooze will choose,” howled the mutated half-orc cleric, Grahk Oozespeaker. His faith in the test tube of bubbling green muck unwavering, he held the makeshift holy symbol aloft. “Choose. Choose. Choose!”

And choose, it did. Many times. And poorly. For his adventuring party was often times decimated, yet Grahk survived every time, and his faith strengthened with every “success.” He “blessed” his followers with the anointing fluid of the ooze lord and they rose or fell on their faith. When Grahk discovered the great bubbling vat of green fluid deep within a hostile subsurface structure, he knew that he stood in the very presence of god: The Great Oozing Overlord...

Clerics of the Great Oozing Overlord, or Oozians, have command of strange mutagenic magics, what they call “blessings.” Accompanied by the mesmerizing rhythm of their deep-drums and cacophonous chants, they draw the glorious anointing fluid directly from the physical manifestation of their god.

OOZIAN “CLERIC”

Requirements: WIS and INT less than 10

Prime Requisites: CON

Hit Dice: d6

Maximum Level: None

Attacks/Saves: as Cleric

XP Table: Cleric

Weapon Restrictions: None

Armour Restrictions: None, but Oozians prefer not to wear armour.

Abjure the Oozing

Rather than affecting the undead like other clerics, any creature that oozes can be turned/dominated by an Oozian (use cleric turning table; “D” results in domination, never destruction of an ooze).

Ooze Magic

Oozian spellcasting is slow and not based on existing spells from *Labyrinth Lord*.

Find the closest music playlist with a shuffle function (like an MP3 player).

Spells are based on the titles of the first songs found on shuffle. The spell effect and duration is decided by all the players at the table.

Oozian spellcasters gain different spells at the start of each session. These spells always require some kind of ooze as a reagent. These spells are all 1st level, no matter what power level. Oozian spellcasters never gain spell slots above 1st level.

Ooze Blessings

At morning ablutions each day, the Oozian gains one blessing. Blessings have a duration in hours equal to the level of the Oozian.

The Oozian can choose to take the “blessing” or bestow it upon another; the target can gain a single random mutation. The Oozian douses themselves or their chosen with the primordial vigour of the Great Oozian Overlord and the target of “blessing” must make a Save vs. Poison/Death. On a successful save, the “blessed” gains a short term benefit. On a failed save, the “cursed” suffers a short term drawback. (Use the physical mutations from *Mutant Future*, *Mutants & Mazes* on page 146. Or substitute your favourite mutation tables: I’m a big fan of *The Metamorphica*)

Every four levels, the Oozian cleric gains a permanent blessing.

Ooze Form

At 9th level, the Oozian can assume the form of any ooze of up to 5 HD.

Ooze Moot

At 10th level, the Oozian can build a stronghold and summon to his service a great writhing morass of oozes (6d4 HD of oozes of various kinds). The stronghold can be of any type, but must contain a slime vat of sufficient size to please the Great Oozing Overlord. 1d3 Oozians of first level and 1 Oozian of second level will come to serve the new Ooze-lord.

RESOURCES FOR ALTERNATIVE OOZES

Arnold K.’s The Glog: Alchemy and Oozes

Rafael Chandler’s Teratic Tome and SlaughterGrid

Inspiration for Oozian Spellcasting:

James Raggi’s G+ post on metal songs as spell names:
<https://plus.google.com/112262093672917983853/posts/MuMUstCbrLr>

- 1 A late-night restaurant
- 2 Atop a high tower
- 3 A vivid field of flowers
- 4 Amidst the trees
- 5 A hidden beach
- 6 Lavish, rented lodgings
- 7 A misty evening
- 8 Near a trickling stream
- 9 An intimate cafe
- 10 A masked ball

- 1 Lovers arguing
- 2 Secret lovers meeting
- 3 Friends talking intensely
- 4 A sweet first date, going well
- 5 Modeling for a painting of photograph
- 6 A break up, uncomfortable and messy
- 7 Lovers, once seperated, reuniting
- 8 Unrequited love, unnoticed

- 1 Lustful, sparkling Chrysanthemum
- 2 Beaconing, moonglow Salvia
- 3 Christmas Rose, dancing by starlight
- 4 Pansy with an uplifting aroma
- 5 Shining Snowdrop
- 6 Doomed Dahlia
- 7 Tulip of astonishing cheer
- 8 Lily with a beauty to stop war
- 9 Sweet-smelling Lilac
- 10 Calming Iris
- 11 Daffodils of joy
- 12 The Lover's Rose

- 1 A competing suitor
- 2 Innocent interruption
- 3 Private property
- 4 An awkward moment
- 5 Physical combat
- 6 A Malicious

- 1 Winter
- 2 Spring
- 3 Summer
- 4 Fall

- 1 Statue of Ten-Thousand Conversations
- 2 Faint Floral Aroma Inspiring Amorousness
- 3 Calming Purple Light
- 4 Gloves of Caring Love
- 5 Locket of Love Ill-Fated
- 6 Necklace of Superficial Love
- 7 Impossibly Smooth Diamond Sphere
- 8 Rings of Conjoined Thought
- 9 Lapel-Pin and Brooch of True Love
- 10 Potion for a Broken Heart

- 11 Painting of Paralyzing Beauty
- 12 Spectacles of True Intention's Sight
- 13 Top-Hat of Pure Thought
- 14 Mother's Soothing Milk
- 15 Cheeses of Disguised Intentions
- 16 Candles of Bonding
- 17 Incense of Exploration
- 18 "Buddy Brew" Ale
- 19 Gelatin of Self-Reflection
- 20 Ember of Familiar Warmth

SERPICO IN SPACE: SANTA'S MISSION

BY ANONYMOUS

"An encounter table for 1970s New York City, except the genre is space opera and people are just getting used to visiting aliens and future tech."

—Joshua Rivera

THE SITUATION

New York City has gained notoriety for high rates of crime and the decline in the city's quality of life. The city's subway system is unsafe due to crime and mechanical breakdowns. Prostitutes and pimps frequent Times Square, while Central Park is the site of muggings and other violent crime. Homeless persons and drug dealers occupy boarded-up and abandoned buildings and the New York City Police Department is being investigated for widespread corruption.

And if that wasn't complicated enough, there's the aliens. No, the real aliens, from fucking outer space. And the rayguns, and computers, and everything else. They aren't not helping, at least not yet, but maybe they can? Who knows? Not me, man. Not me.

HOW TO USE

Roll a d12 and a d30. Look up the result of the d12 on the ADJECTIVE table to get an adjective /descriptor, and then look up the d30 on one of the NOUN tables. There's a GENERAL table for NYC, plus a more specific table for different parts of NYC, like MANHATTAN.

Disclaimer: The author was raised in West Virginia, lives in Washington, DC, and has never been to NYC. So I'm relying heavily on a little research and lot of media tropes here. Stereotypes abound, and I've likely gotten something wrong here. I'm sorry! Hopefully, it's fun anyway.

SPECIAL NOTES

Interpret the combination of adjective and noun in whatever way makes sense. If it doesn't make sense, think about it for a bit, and if you still can't make it work, re-roll. For example, during the day when no clubs are open, an "Angry Clubber" might be on their way to a dead-end retail job.

There may be overlap between categories. That's okay. Frex, an Arsonist, might also be a member of a street gang, or even a Stock Broker. Few people are full-time Arsonists.

In particular, the "Alien" and "Space" adjectives have a lot of room for interpretation. If you roll "Space Cabbie" that could mean an alien cabbie, or a human who runs a cab in space. In addition to space alien, "Alien" could mean "human illegally from another country," but that's usually boring, or it can mean someone who deals with aliens if you don't want an actual alien, like an Alien Cop might be a police officer in a special squad for dealing with space aliens and their tech.

"Space" or "Alien" could also mean that the person in question has access to some futuristic technology. So a "Space Gangbanger" might be a local gang member who's gotten their hands on a plasma shotgun.

Speaking of which, "Gangbanger" is used to refer to a member of a street gang. "Gangster" is used to refer to a member of an organized crime family "Techie" means anyone who works with something highly technical, like electronics.

AVERAGE means the mythical “average person.” Now, this could get weird in combination with the adjectives. “Alien AVERAGE” might mean the “average” space alien that is inclined to visit Earth.

If it makes sense for more people to be in an encounter, add them! A Dignitary or Celebrity likely has bodyguards and/or an entourage. Better to just make these up than roll them, though you could roll on the adjective table for them.

Speaking of more than one person, a Tourist Group is specifically 1d6+1 tourists. You can use a higher die type if you want the possibility of, say, a busload of tourists.

Remember, even with future tech available, the Bronx is still burning...

d12	Adjective
1	Hurried
2	Angry
3	Confused
4	Contemptuous
5	Bored
6	Busy
7	Smarmy
8	Alien
9	Space
10–11	Opinionated*
12	Re-roll. If another 12 is rolled, result is Genuinely Friendly.

**An optional “OPINIONATED ABOUT” subtable is provided below if you don’t have an idea what they’d be opinionated about or want to leave it to chance.*

d10	Opinionated About	d6	Tone*
1	Space Aliens	1	Very Negative
2	Immigrants	2	Rather Negative
3	Mayor	3	Somewhat Negative
4	Homosexuals	4	Mildly Negative
5	Alien Technology	5	Mildly Positive
6	Space	6	Somewhat Positive
7	Disco		
8	Different Race/ Ethnic Group		
9	Crime		
10	Sports Team		

**Yes, they’re more likely to be positive than negative. Yes, that’s intentional.*

d30	Brooklyn
1	Mugger
2	Prostitute/Pimp
3–4	Street Performer
5–6	Squatter
7–8	Street Vendor
9	Construction Worker
10–11	Radical
12–13	News Vendor
14–16	Teenager
17	Gangster
18	Gangbanger
19–20	Old Person
21–23	Child
24–26	Homeless Person
27	Drug Dealer
28–29	AVERAGE
30	Cabbie

d30	General
1	Mugger
2	Prostitute/Pimp
3–4	Cabbie
5–6	Commuter
7	Tourist
8	Tourist Group
9	Dignitary
10	Celebrity
11–12	Street Vendor
13–14	Construction Worker
15	Politician
16	Radical
17–18	News Vendor
19	Teenager
20	Cop
21	Gangster
22	Gangbanger
23–24	Old Person
25	Child
26	Homeless Person
27	Drug Dealer
28–29	AVERAGE
30	Street Performer

d30	The Bronx
1–2	Mugger
3–4	Prostitute/Pimp
5	Street Performer
6–7	Squatter
8	Street Vendor
9–10	Radical
11	News Vendor
12–13	Teenager
14–15	Gangster
16–17	Gangbanger
18–19	Old Person
20–21	Child
22–23	Homeless Person
24–25	Drug Dealer
26–28	AVERAGE
29	Cabbie
30	Arsonist

EXAMPLES OF USE:

The PCs have just arrived at the JFK Spaceport from a brief stint on Mars, and the GM decides to have someone bump into them. The GM decides to use the General table, not feeling that JFK is going to partake much of its local neighborhood flavor. The GMs roll a d12 and a d30, getting a 5 and a 22 respectively.

Bored Gangbanger: The GM decides that the gangbanger is waiting to greet a man who is smuggling a new alien drug onto Earth, which his gang then distributes. He's bored because he's done this so many times before. In fact, he's so bored he isn't paying too much attention, and mistakes the PCs for the latest in the constantly-changing roster of smugglers, signified by a certain mode of dress that one PC accidentally imitates...

Later, the PCs have barely escaped that same gang and found their way into Queens. Desiring another random input, the GM rolls a d12 and d30, this time looking at the QUEENS table for the noun. The GM rolls a 10 and 3 on the d12 and the d30 respectively.

Opinionated Cabbie: A classic! The PCs were looking for a cab, and they pile in. The GM decides to roll on the subtable to figure out what the cabbie is opinionated about. The GM rolls a d10 and a d6, getting a 6 and a 2 respectively. The cabbie is opinionated about Space, in a Rather Negative way.

When the Cabbie finds out the PCs work in space, an argument starts, and one of the PCs, the one who was mistaken for a smuggler, can't keep their mouth shut, causing the group to get ejected from the cab before they reach their destination.

d30	Staten Island
1	Mugger
2	Prostitute/Pimp
3-4	Cabbie
5-6	Commuter
7-8	Squatter
9-10	Street Vendor
11-12	Street Performer
13-14	Radical
15	News Vendor
16	Techie
17-18	Teenager
19	Cop
20	Gangster
21	Gangbanger
22-23	Old Person
24-25	Child
26	Homeless Person
27	Drug Dealer
28-29	AVERAGE
30	Construction Worker

d30	Manhattan
1	Mugger
2	Prostitute/Pimp
3	Cabbie
4	Clubber
5	Tourist
6	Tourist Group
7	Dignitary
8	Celebrity
9	Street Vendor
10	Construction Worker
11	Politician
12	Radical
13	News Vendor
14	Teenager
15	Cop
16	Gangster
17	Gangbanger
18	Roll 1d6. Odd: Old Person. Even: Child
19	Techie
20	Homeless Person
21	Drug Dealer
22	AVERAGE
23	Street Performer
24	Roll 1d6. Odd: Punk. Even: Bohemian
25	Stock Broker
26	Office Worker
27	Actor/Actress
28	Snob
29	Sports Enthusiast
30	Professional Sports Player

d30	Queens
1	Mugger
2	Prostitute/Pimp
3-4	Cabbie
5-6	Commuter
7-8	Squatter
9	Techie
10	Celebrity
11-12	Street Vendor
13-14	Street Performer
15	Politician
16	Radical
17-18	News Vendor
19	Teenager
20	Cop
21	Gangster
22	Gangbanger
23-24	Old Person
25	Child
26	Homeless Person
27	Drug Dealer
28-29	AVERAGE
30	Construction Worker

A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE ASYLUM

BY BOB BRINKMAN
SANCTUM.MEDIA/BLOG

1. The radio at the nurse's station begins picking up the broadcasts of a pirate punk rock station. When this happens, the lead singer of the band (currently in for rehab) rushes the station, sweeps one of the nurses into his arms, and begins to dance manically.

2. During a twelve-step meeting, an argument breaks out over who was the worse drunk, Ernest Hemingway or Betty Ford. The heated discussion becomes quite lengthy as other people toss in their favorite candidates (such as William Faulkner and W.C. Fields).

3. Local volunteers arrive to cheer up the residents with a puppet theater performance. This leads to a rash of stolen socks followed by a one-man, all sock puppet production of the *Catcher in the Rye* put on the following week.

4. A recovering junky claims that one can snort Tang to get high. The following day one of the orderlies is spotted with orange-colored rings around one of his nostrils.

5. The trial run of a new therapy dog is complicated by his habit of relieving himself in the office of the institution's administrator. All seems lost for the career of the poor animal until the hospital board, who absolutely hate the administrator but cannot afford to lose him, demand that the dog be kept on—going so far as to install a doggy-door into the office in question.

6. After the banning of glitter from the craft room, glitter becomes a patient to patient currency, with several people hoarding huge supplies until the inevitable bed-check followed by an unfortunate air vent incident which spreads the glitter throughout the building.

7. A newcomer to the janitorial staff fails to understand how the automatic floor buffer works and so mistakenly waxes and polishes the main hallways to an almost frictionless state.

8. Without explanation, 10,000 copies of the Pottery Barn fall catalog are mailed to an inmate. Once cleared as "safe" they are delivered (as Federal law requires). The patient immediately begins shredding the catalogs to make papier-mâché and sets about to duplicating the items shown in the catalog with differing degrees of success.

9. A raccoon takes up residence in the crawlspace above the nurse's station. At night he cleverly moves the ceiling tiles and descends to loot and pillage. The staff blames the disappearing items on the residents, while the residents have taken to calling him "Harv the Ceiling Monster" and have adopted him as an unofficial mascot.

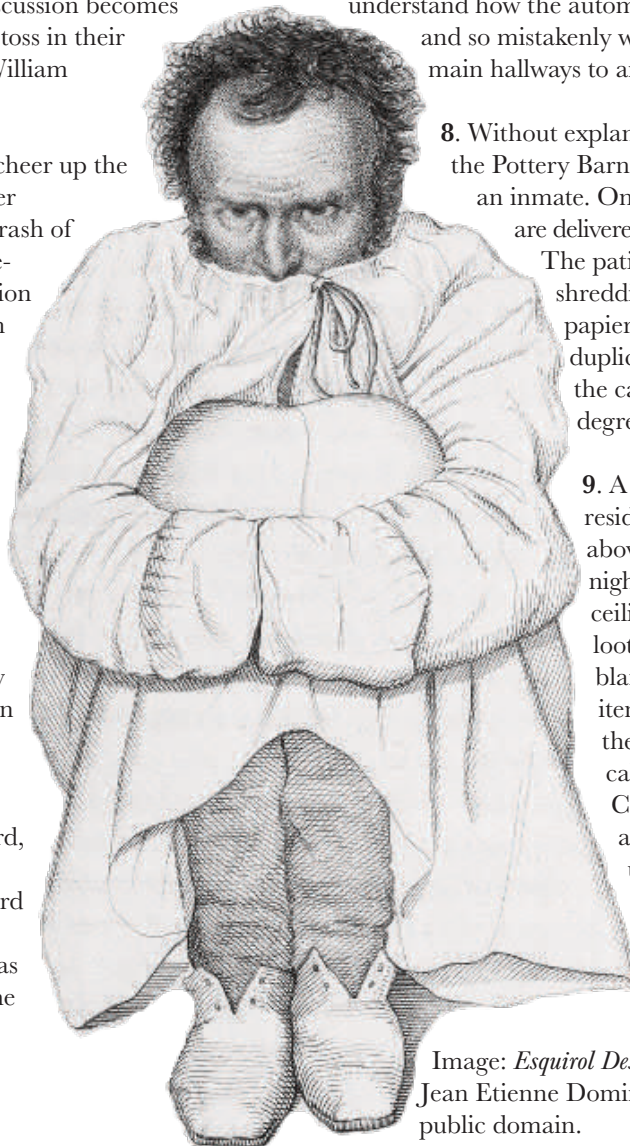


Image: *Esquirol Des Maladies Mentales* by Jean Etienne Dominique ESQ is in the public domain.

STRANGERS OF THE ANGEL COAST

BY DANIEL FISCHER

"Dear Santicore, I would like something involving the strange folk of the Angel Coast: a race, a class, a mini-adventure, a table, it doesn't matter."

—Dan D.

Strangers were humans, and most still very much appear to be human. They live on The Angel Coast, the rocky rim of a flooded caldera which has become known as Angel Bay. Mos, living in fishing villages around the bay, or in their main settlement, Baytown (population ~6,000).

Angel Bay glows with an eerily green by night, and the fish pulled from it are plentiful but horribly mutated. Most neighboring kingdoms have outlawed the import of fish from the Angel Bay, but Baytown has created a savvy trade and a network of smugglers who sort out the

normal looking fish and sell them cheaply on black markets to neighboring states. Some think that the source of the strangers' mutations is the bay itself. More than one sage has claimed that a century ago the Angel Bay didn't exist, and was formed when something crashed into the coast from the heavens.

Hit Points: d6 every level

At first level, and each level after that roll twice on this table (inspired by random classes by Zak S.).

Result (d100)	Effect
1–25	You have adapted to survive, that extra organ comes in handy. +1 to all saves.
26–50	Better to be skilled than lucky. Gain 2 skill points (or go up 1 level on a thief table).
51–60	Persecution has taught you to defend yourself. +1 to attack rolls.
61–65	Strangeness in the blood. Flip a coin. Heads, randomly roll for a 1st level spell on the Wizard table. Tails, randomly roll for a 1st level spell on the Cleric table. You can cast that spell your level/3 times a day. Your caster level is your level. Each time you roll this ability gain another spell. You also switch genders.
66–67	You have an extra finger and can wear and gain the effects of an additional magic ring. If you reroll this you could end up with a lot of fingers...
68–69	Your skin grows incredibly thick and looks like leather. You're not particularly attractive but you can take a punch (or a sword for that matter). +1 AC.
70–71	All of the hair falls off of your body and your skin can change color like an octopus, making you extremely good at hiding. If you roll this ability twice you can create a scintillating effect that dazes any creature that sees you (Will/Paralysis Save to resist vs. 10+level). Reroll thereafter.
72–73	Gut of storing (you've eaten worse). As a move action you can store or regurgitate a single item that weighs no more than 20 lbs. Each time this is rolled you may store an additional item in your gut.
74–75	You are a creature of the Bay. You gain a swim speed equal to your land speed and can hold your breath for an hour. On a second roll you grow gills on your neck, and can breathe underwater. Reroll thereafter.
76–77	You're a physical freak. Gain +1 Str up to max. If at max strength add +1 Con. If both at max reroll.

- 78–79** Medicinal Spit. Your saliva has regenerative properties. The first time rolled 1/day your spit can heal 1d8+5 Hit Points or detoxify any poison. On second roll 2/day you can heal as above and/or heal a disease. On third roll 3/day you can do any of the above or heal 1d4 points of ability damage. Each roll thereafter allows you to use this ability +1 time/day.
- 80–81** Bone spurs sprout from your body. Your unarmed attacks are considered armed and deal 1d4 damage. On rerolls your unarmed strikes deal d6, d8, d10, and d12 damage. Reroll thereafter.
- 82–83** Strange Voice. Your whistling can attract swarms of tiny or smaller creatures within 400 feet. As long as you continue to whistle the swarms are under your telepathic control. Re-roll if rolled again.
- 84–85** You can detect thoughts at will, at a caster level equal to your level. If rolled again you can charm equal to your level 1/day. If rolled a third time you can dominate equal to your level 1/day and charm 2/day. Reroll thereafter.
- 86** You grow a third eye on your (roll d4: 1-Forehead, 2-back of head, 3-chest/belly, 4-hand). If the eye is exposed most people have a negative reaction. Eye can See Invisibility and grants a 1/6 chance to not be surprised when you otherwise would be surprised. If rolled again the eyes grant True Sight and a 3/6 chance to not be surprised. Re-roll after that.
- 87** You grew a third arm which can be used for a variety of tasks, but is not strong enough to allow for an additional attack. On a second roll your arm is stronger and you can now use it to make an additional attack! You can keep gaining limbs in this way.
- 88** Your tongue is forked and you can “smell” with it. You can navigate in dark environments and engage in melee combat without penalty. Your senses are not precise enough to allow for ranged combat in the dark or do things that actually require seeing (i.e. reading). On a second roll your senses are so acute that you can use ranged attacks without penalty in the dark (still can't read). Re-roll after that.
- 89** Your skin turns a pale green and you can undergo photosynthesis, only requiring water, air, and sunlight to survive. Re-roll if rolled again.
- 90** You gain minor telekinetic abilities and can use Mage Hand at will. Rolling a second time allows you to use Telekinesis, the spell, at your character level 1/day. Re-roll if rolled a third time..
- 91** Your skin excretes a thick sticky ooze that allows you to use Spider Climb at will. You look gross though. Re-roll if rolled again.
- 92** By dealing 1 damage to yourself, your blood can be used as a universal solvent or be used to coat a weapon in a weak acid dealing an additional 1d6 damage on your next hit. Re-roll if rolled again.
- 93** Your cells regenerate at an amazing rate allowing you to heal 1d8+5 damage to yourself 1/day. On a second roll you completely stop aging. Re-roll thereafter.
- 94** Your legs painfully twist backwards like those of an ostrich. Gain +10 land speed. On second roll you can jump as if under the effect of a Jump spell 1/day. On third roll you are permanently under the effects of a Freedom of Movement spell. Re-roll thereafter.
- 95** Gain +1 HP/level. This is retroactive.
- 96** You can Scry 1/day. On reroll you can foresee the future outcome of a proposed action 1/week. Re-roll thereafter.
- 97** You gain elemental resistance equal to half your level. It randomly changes each session (1d6: 1-fire, 2-acid, 3-cold, 4-shock, 5-poison, 6-negative)
- 98** You begin the process of budding. Over 9 months you slowly split vertically in half into two identical copies, one male one female. If your character ever dies, instead of rolling a new character you may choose to play your offspring which is an identical copy of your character at -1 level. You switch genders during this process.
- 99** You seem to stretch out becoming inhumanly tall and thin. You are now Large size but can fit through spaces as if you were Medium size.
- 100** Contagious Curse. Your curse is contagious. 1/day you may make a touch attack to spit on another creature and infect them. In 1d6 days they will develop a horrible physical mutation that will impose a -4 penalty to social rolls and a -2 penalty to an ability score of your choice.
-

THE HOUSE OF RED BONES

BY BRIAN RICHMOND
GOATMANSGOBLET.COM

"I would like a tavern/restaurant/bar from a novel or underexplored time period analogue/cultural analogue/perspective. Preferably with a few NPCs and some decorating advice."

—Paul Edson

Built originally as a toll gate upon a treacherous mountain pass separating one wartorn borderland from its hinterland, this gatehouse was left abandoned for nearly thirty years before finding its new purpose as the Skhiskil P'angi; the House of the Red Bones. The exterior of the building is constructed from heavy limestone bricks and hewn logs, slathered with the ochre white clay of the summit glacial streams; painted only recently with a meandering fret in marrow reds and tooth-bone yellow at the base and top of the exterior walls.

The interior is the epitome of domestic intimacy, rarely crowded but always a bit cramped. The common room, what was once clearly a storage room, has a floor carpeted with the fine occidental handywork one can only come across by way of conquest or plunder. The walls are lined with hanging shelves, utterly embedded into the masonry and just a bit too far in to make the curios sitting upon them seem anything but precariously placed.

The keeper of Skhiskil P'angi is a former military man by name of Vaskhal Gorga. Clearly in his sixties, the weight of muscles that would've once wrapped his bones like the pulp of a mighty oak has turned instead to the plump and sagging fat of atrophy. Vaskhal keeps his hair in a loose thatch of grey, though his beard is long and immaculate. In his private quarters, above his bed, he keeps a pair of metal-feathered wings and a notched hatchet of brilliant silver. He doesn't like talking to anyone who is not of his

esoteric interpretation of the faith, considering most to be heathens worth only the silver they bring with them. If his brusque demeanor could be broken through, perhaps by enemies of his enemies from warring days; he knows all that can be known of cavalry tactics. In a lockbox beneath his bed, he keeps a series of long-winded, foul, and angry letters to foreign Emperors and Shahs from his warring days.

His wife, however, is far more pleasant. The Goodwife Mabkha is avarice made manifest in the body of a forty something woman. She bears numerous scars across his face and flesh, though none marr her brilliant blue eyes that pierce deep, like staring into two globes of spring sky after a month in the dungeon. Mabkha has no love for Vaskhal, twenty years her senior, and merely plies him to remain in the comfort and safety of the House of the Red Bones. In truth, Mabkha was once a renown sellsword in her youth; but after killing a child of a warring Shah she was forced into hiding. She will kill anyone who bares allegiance to her old enemy, but she'll play the role of a sword-fearing waif if it fares her better around strangers. Mabkha will ply rumors from those who wander through the area, and she knows much of treasures and burial ovoids that might be rich with plunder; but she considers these temptations sent her way so that the Shah might bait her out of hiding and have her scalp.

Perhaps the only individual who allows the House of the Red Bones to fare as a roadhouse and inn rather than some brigand's stopping point, is the former wayfarer Nicodemus. A spice merchant from the deep northern interior, Nicodemus earned himself the hospitality of Vaskhal by way of knowing the proper rituals of the tamada. Fearing a war on the horizon, Nicodemus took up roost at the Skhiskil P'angi over a decade ago; cooking meals for his host and Mabkha, serving as the officary of their wedding, and serving as a master of hospitality for travellers who are willing to hire his services. Nicodemus is, despite his position, a rail-thin man. He dresses in a sparse black and red embroidered silk tunic, with a long bristling white mustache that curls back and nearly scrapes at his earlobes. His eyes are tired, yellow, and addled by an early life of drug abuse. His pate is bald, save for a thinning mohawk that starts on the back of his scalp and extends to the middle of his back.

To determine what is being cooked on any given night, roll on the table below. Nicodemus charges a reasonable fare for his work as he is a trained individual, though he can be haggled down if an one is tactful in doing so (often by way of claiming to be a gourmand). The party would have to pay extra for the chance to dine alone, as Gorga will not provide a table to sit at in the common room unless he is also dining.

d10	Main Course...	With...	And...
1	Buttered bread pie filled with cheese curds.	A leafy salad with sprouts and walnuts.	Grape must candies.
2	Soft cheese with mint, wrapped in noodle.	Beetroot lumps and walnut.	A glass of plum wine.
3	Beef, rice, and cherry plum soup with walnut sheddings.	Bean stew with garlic and onion.	Caramelized walnut brittle and fried honey.
4	Beef, lamb, and pork stew with a thick foam on top.	Cheese stuffed tomatoes, softly boiled.	A glass of Gorga's favorite beet wine.
5	Breaded sterlet shank in a shallow soup of goose liver.	Garlic-yogurt wrapped in a leaf.	Thickened grape juice sausage.
6	Lamb chop, onion and coriander stew.	Baked eggplant skewers.	Sweet, syrupy baklava with mint.
7	Minced meat dumplings with cumin, salt, and cilantro.	Diced, caramelized onions on a slice of toast.	Doughy soft pastries filled with grain alcohol.
8	Lamb kabob with bell pepper and bracket mushroom.	A small bowl of sweet stringy yogurt.	A shot of fig brandy with salt.
9	Pan fried chicken with garlic sauce.	Raisin and currant pudding bread.	A glass of lemon water and creme.
10	Red, bloodied mule meat served on the bone with peppers.	Cabbage, onion, and shredded beet salad.	A sweet bowl of murabba peach jam.

THE SISTERS OF THE SEVEN DIVINE SEGMENTS

BY BRIAN RICHMOND
GOATMANSGOBLET.COM

"A cult who worship Heptagons. Format is whatever suits you, but ideally something useful at the table."
—Trent B.

A deviant sect of the True and Greatest of Faiths, these nuns have fallen afoul of angelic forms of strange geometries, seven-sided in purpose, sin and substance. Seven is pure, it is the number closest to that which is divine; to have more is vice, to have less is craven cowardice; one can always recover from vice but seldom do any recover from cowardice.

They lop off toes and fingers, locks of hair, pry out teeth, split tongues with serrated razors; all in pursuit of perfect seven. They scorn the gambler who makes luck out of a six and a one upon two bone dice; if seven is not the apex than it is not a true seven at all. Sisters scourge and slam gamblers and urchins with strange crooked staves that appear akin to their holy number but not near enough to be accused of the blasphemy they hold within their hearts.

Outside of their nefarious worship they play much the part of an involved faction within the community, gerry-mandering ever so subtly to create heptagonal districts that number no more nor less than seven within their

district. They hold feasts on the seventh day of a seventh month or moon, though no more than seven may sit at the table from which they host. Any who have stumbled upon their strange obsession with seven has a 7-in-8 chance of simply thinking it queer happenstance.

However upon a roll of foulest EIGHT they become all too aware of the corrupting nature of the Sisters; and should they roll this upon gazing upon the Sister Superior, they shall notice her seven eyes, mouths, teeth, and limbs which waft in horrible patterns outside the vision of mortal man who has become accustomed to ignorant bliss.

The Sister Superior is in terrible truth the host for the "angel" Sepramel, who has fallen from Heaven out of rage that a deity might forgive foul men for their debts unpaid. It has yet to fall fully to ruinous and hellish disgrace, though it does not care so long as it may lead the Sisters to scourge gamblers and wicked men.

SISTER

[No App. 1d8, AL C, MV 90' (30'), AC 6, HD 1+1 (7 hp), #AT 1, by weapon, SV C1, ML 7(+1 Per Sister Enc.)]

Special: A Sister who casts a spell may do so with the assistance of her fellow Sisters, but they must have at least seven sisters present or take seven rounds to do so. If this is done, the spell automatically succeeds. If a Sister ever rolls an 8, they must immediately make a Morale Save or fall to the ground shrieking in realization of how they've fallen away from God's Graces.

SISTER SUPERIOR

[No App. 1 (Unique), AL C, MV 90' (30'), AC 5, HD 7, #AT 1, by weapon, SV C7, ML Unflappably Zealous]

Special: If the Sister Superior casts a spell, she must roll a d8 to determine if it will succeed. On a roll of 7, it immediately succeeds as though a critical; on a roll of 8 she is consumed by Sepramal who manifests in her stead. Sepramal will not manifest if the Sister Superior casts this spell from within a drawn heptagon or within a holy structure. If the Sister Superior dies, Sepramal will choose the next host for its divine foulness from lesser sisters.

SEPRAMEL OF HELLISH ANGLES

[No App. 1 (Unique), AL C, MV 120' (40'Ê) Fly 240'Ê (80'Ê), AC 5, HD 7, #AT 1 (touch), DG 1d8+ drain attribute, SV F4, ML 15]

Special: On a Roll of 7 when dealing damage, Sepramel drains a random attribute but said attribute can never be drained below 7. On a roll of 8 while dealing damage, Sepramel is stunned. If Sepramel is struck by an attack that deals 7 damage, he takes no damage at all.

BABA YAGA'S TRAVELLING SALOON

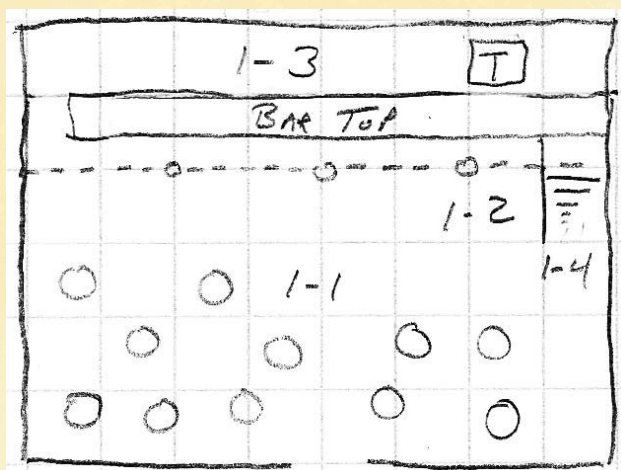
BY BOB BRINKMAN
[HTTPS://SANCTUM.MEDIA](https://sanctum.media)

A post-apocalyptic western dungeon. It must be able to physically move.

—Tom Ryley

They say that the more things change, the more they stay the same. As civilizations rise and fall, and knowledge is found and lost, there is always a return to the frontier. In those times, ancient beings of immortal power once again remake their image to match the marvels of the modern era.

The witch Baba Yaga, her two sisters (also named Baba Yaga), and their servant horseman live within the traveling saloon. The “modern marvel of magically-mechanized movement” travels from town to town along the frontier, often appearing overnight. The Baba Yagas prefer to set up temporary residence in boom towns. It isn't that they are worried about the accumulation of wealth so much as they prefer to have a stream of the wicked to rain ruination upon.



GROUND FLOOR

The sign above the door reads, “Enter of free will, and never through coercion.” The saloon is always bustling, but never packed. The floors and walls are bare wooden planks, while behind the bar sits a massive mirror that runs near the width of the establishment. Perceptive PCs will notice that the regulars avoid gazing into the mirror for any length of time.

1-1 * Main Room

Eleven tables are situated in the main portion of the tavern (11 being a mystical number associated with internal conflict and rebellion), about half of which are occupied. Several tables are occupied by townsfolk, some drink while others stare intently at each other over hands of poker. A young man clad in all white plays piano in one corner near the stairs (1-2) while a man clad in all red tends bar (1-3) with the help of an elderly barmaid.

The balcony above, its structure supported by a trio of wooden pillars, looks down from the upstairs rooms. The small quantity of rooms is available for rent by the night or by the hour. Standing at the base of the stairs (1-4) is an aged madam, perhaps sister to the woman assisting behind the bar.

TOWNSFOLK (28)

Init 2-; Atk pistol -1 ranged (1d10-1) or improvised weapon -1 melee (1d4; AC 9; HD 1d4; MV 30'; Act 1d20, SV Fort -1, Ref -2 Will -1; AI Varies.

The townsfolk are unaware of the weird nature of the saloon and are here merely to enjoy themselves. Should an altercation break out, 1d4 of them will join the fray. As any general melee progresses, an additional 1d4 will join the combat each round until the entire saloon is filled with flying fists, chairs, and glasses.

1-2 * Piano

Seated at the piano is a young man, perhaps 16-17 years old. He is clad, completely in spotless white adorned with silver cufflinks and watch chain. His hands dance across the yellowed keys, managing to draw music of near dizzying flawlessness from the battered old instrument. A tip glass sits atop the piano, resting next to a half-full glass of whiskey.

If approached and spoken to, the pianist will ask for any requests, immediately segueing into any tune the PCs may request, and doing so perfectly. Any attempt to interrupt his playing is met with a scowl, and belligerent attempts to get him to cease draw his ire.

Any attacks made against Baba Yaga (I) will immediately draw the attention of the White Horseman, who will rush to her aid.

THE WHITE HORSEMAN

Init +2; Atk pistol +3 ranged (1d10+3), boot knife +3 melee (1d4+2); AC 12; HD 3d6; hit points 16; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP doom song; SV Fort +3, Ref +2, Will +3; AL L.

Doom song: The White Horseman is capable of playing music that draws the listeners mind inwards to the crimes and sins which they have committed. Those who hear the music go gradually mad and, unless a DC 13 Will save is made, commit suicide within 24 hours.

1-3 * Bar

The bar is breathtaking, seating up to 25 people along its 75' long wooden top, which is fashioned from a single massive plank. Despite the hard use it undoubtedly receives, there is not a single blemish on the finish. Behind the bar is a mirror that is nearly as long as the bar itself. Its surface seems slightly distorted and the images within look more shadowed than they should. The bartender is a man of about 40, clad in deep crimson (friends call me "Red") and working alongside him is an elderly crone whose visage along is likely enough to turn wine to vinegar. As the bartender serves drinks, the old woman methodically wipes the bar and sweeps behind, all the while muttering to herself.

Behind the bar, is a trapdoor that leads down into the inner workings of the saloon. Persons interested in the trapdoor will be politely redirected by the bartender, and rudely turned away by his "assistant."

Any attacks made against Baba Yaga (II) will immediately draw the attention of the Red Horseman, who will rush to her aid.

THE RED HORSEMAN

Init +4; Atk shotgun +5 ranged (1d12+2 or 2d12+4), Bowie knife +5 melee (1d5+4); AC 14; HD 4d10; hit points 24; MV 30'; Act 2d20; SP lock, shot, and bottle; SV Fort +5, Ref +4, Will +5; AL L.

Lock, shot, and bottle: If confronted by more than one assailant, the Red Horseman will toss a barrel of high proof rotgut into the air while simultaneously firing one-handed with his shotgun and flicking a lit match into the air with his other hand. The resulting fireball engulfs all enemies within a 10' radius, inflicting 4d6 of damage (Reflex vs. 14 saves for half).

BABA YAGA (II)

Init +2; Atk claw +2 melee (2d4), curse (DC 20 Will save), or spell; AC 13; HD 6d6; hit points 32; MV 20'; Act 1d24+1d20; SP curse, discomfort, spellcasting (+10 spell check); SV Fort +6, Ref +2, Will +10; AL L.

Curse: Baba Yaga (I) may issue a curse as an attack action. The victim receives a DC 18 Will save to resist the curse. See DCC RPG Appendix C, or the free *Sanctum Secorum Companion* issue #'s 27 & 29, for suggestions.

Discomfort: Her crass comments and lewd ways have greater purpose than mere lechery. Her ancient and corrupt appearance, coupled with the horrific suggestions Baba Yaga makes serve to make people consciously avoid her.

Intelligent creatures of less than 1st level will immediately retreat and refuse to come within 20' of Baba Yaga (II) for 1 week. Creatures of level 1–2 must make a DC 15 Will save to shrug off the effects. Once a successful saving throw has been made, the creature is forever immune to this effect. Intelligent creatures of level 3 or higher are immune.

Spells: Baba Yaga (II) knows the following spells: (1st Level) *charm person, comprehend languages, detect magic, enlarge, magic missile, magic shield, sleep*; (2nd Level) *detect invisible, fire resistance, forget, invisibility, scare, scorching ray, strength*; (3rd Level) *deceptive dissolution, dispel magic, eldritch hound, lightning bolt, turn to stone*; (4th Level) *phlogistanic spray, polymorph, wizard sense*.

1-4 * Stairway

The stairs themselves are a fairly simple affair, mostly level, hardly crooked, and likely able to support weight. What catches the attention of folks is the elderly woman at the bottom of the stairs with piercing blue eyes, dressed in all her "finery." It is she who serves as gatekeeper to the upper floor.



That said, for all of the emphasis that others might put on her presence, she seems relatively uninterested in the role of guard, instead choosing to disturbingly (and fairly lewdly) flirt with any and all who approach her. No regular will willingly come within 20' of her and her not-so veiled innuendoes.

BABA YAGA (I)

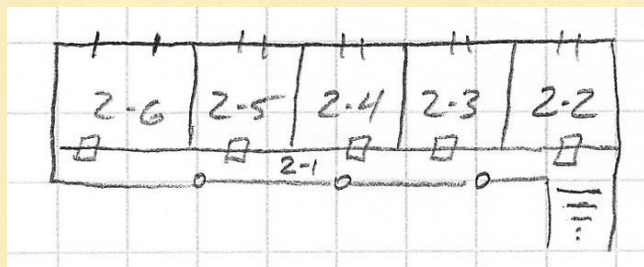
Init +0; Atk claw +0 melee (1d4), curse (DC 16 Will save; see below), or spell; AC 11; HD 6d6; hit points 32; MV 20'; Act 1d24; SP curse, spellcasting (+8 spell check); SV Fort +4, Ref +0, Will +8; AL L.

Spells: Baba Yaga (I) knows the following spells: (1st Level) *charm person, detect magic, enlarge, magic missile, magic shield*; (2nd Level) *detect invisible, fire resistance, invisibility, scare, scorching ray*; (3rd Level) *deceptive dissolution, dispel magic, lightning bolt*.



UPSTAIRS

The upstairs of the saloon serves to house the shared living quarters of the three horsemen, as well as temporary lodgings for travelers, and slaughterhouse for unwelcome visitors.



2-1 * Hallway

The bannister-lined open hallway of the upstairs looks down to the main saloon, 15' below. The drop is long enough to inflict 1d6 of falling damage, but not so far as to discourage cinematic leaps to the tables below. Threadbare paisley carpet runs the length of the hallway and a quintet of doors open into rooms beyond.

2-2 * Unoccupied Room

The door opens into a simply decorated room with a window looking out into the alley behind the saloon. Simply furnished, there is a small bed, washstand, and reading chair in the room.

2-3 * Soldier's Room

The curtains of this room's window flutter around the broken remains of the glass. All furnishings of this room (save for the reading chair) have been thrown out the window and onto the strange landscape beyond, dotted with trenches dug into blood-soaked soil.

Sitting in the chair, staring out the window is a soldier, a WWI Doughboy, who found himself here after entering a hospitality tent that had appeared near the boundaries of No Man's Land. He watches in sick fascination, as the fighting goes on, and is oblivious to the arrival of the PCs.

Wracked with guilt of his desertion, if disturbed from his reverie he will begin to weep uncontrollably. Unrestrained, he will pull a pistol from his belt and leap through the window and back into his war (where his act of redemptive courage may allow him to survive). If left undisturbed, the soldier will shoot himself in 20 minutes (2 turns).

DOUGHBOY

Init +0; Atk bayonet +1 melee (1d6) or rifle +1 ranged (1d10+1); AC 12; HD 2d8; hit points 10; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +1, Ref +1, Will +0; AL N.

2-4 * Astronaut's Room

The window of this room looks out into the endless void of space. Lying on the bed of this room is a man in a bodysuit of strange fabric, with a clear dome encasing his head. As he lies there, his hands and feet are beating a tortured tattoo against the covers as his eyes bulge and his skin blues.

Cracking or breaking the dome will allow air in and save the astronaut's life—otherwise he will die in 2 rounds. If saved he will speak of the guilt he has suffered, crushing waves of guilt over matters ranging from his cheating on his husband to his falling asleep on duty leading to the death of all on his space capsule.

If the PCs convince him that his mind has been somehow influenced, he will join them on in any action that allows him to revenge himself upon the Baba Yagas. Otherwise he will give his sidearm to the party in gratitude and then walk downstairs and out the door into whatever world awaits him.

ASTRONAUT

Init +1; Atk punch +1 melee (1d3) or Edison-gun +3 ranged (1d8, Fort save vs. 14 or stunned 1d5 rounds); AC 12; HD 2d8; hit points 14; MV 30'; Act 1d20+1d14; SV Fort +2, Ref +1, Will +1; AL N

2-5 * Morlock King's Room

The curtains of this room are drawn tight, and the entirety of the chamber is shrouded in magical darkness. PCs with infravision can see 5' through the darkness, and magical light will only brighten the room from darkness to incredibly dim—allowing sight up to 10'.

The inhabitant of this room however, with his oversized platter-like eyes sees perfectly well. Having stumbled into a cave of subterranean delights, this despotic morlock abandoned his people so that he could feed all of his darkest and basest desires (which he has done with great gusto).

Inexplicably immune to the magics of the three sisters, the king has overstayed his welcome as he has eaten, smoked, snorted, drank, fought, and fornicated with anything and everything brought into his room. He sees the arrival of the PCs as the next course of his indulgences.

The morlock king has a vial of hallucinogenic powder (Fort vs. 18) and an alien gemstone worth 300 gp, both tucked into his loincloth.

MORLOCK KING

Init +0; Atk claws +4 melee (1d5) or bite +2 melee (1d7); AC 13; HD 4d10; hit points 24; MV 30'; dig 15'; Act 1d20; SP berserk, remorseless, unwelcome; SV Fort +1, Ref +2, Will special; AL C.

Berserk: Befitting his descent into animalistic desires and behavior, the morlock king is capable of entering a state of berserk frenzy; doubling both his number of attacks, adding +5 to all damage, and during which time he will not cease attacking even if he would be otherwise slain by ordinary methods. This state lasts for 2d3 rounds, at which point he is exhausted to the point of torpor, collapsing into a coma-like state for 2d4 hours.

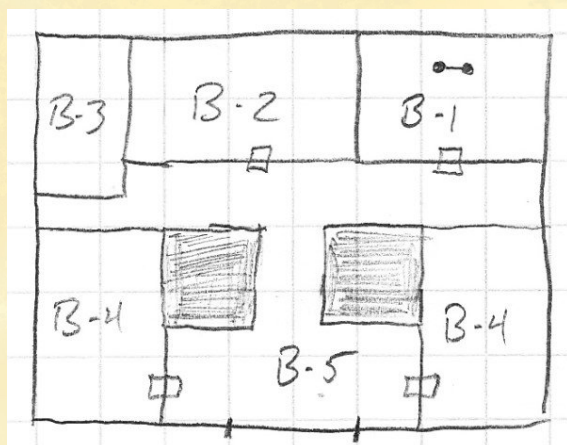
Remorseless: Driven solely by his unrepentant hedonism, the morlock king is immune to all mental affecting spells and powers and he is relatively unphased by anything else that may otherwise impact his mental state.

Unwelcome: The sisters are rather puzzled by both the survival of the morlock king as well as his ability to seemingly thrive while under their care. Ejecting or killing the morlock king does earn the respect of the Baba Yagas (who haven't bothered to deal with him yet) and, if there is no animosity between them and the PCs, the sisters will use the traveling saloon to transport the PCs to any one geographical location that they should desire. If there has been battle between the PCs and the Baba Yagas, they will offer a truce by way of reward, allowing the PCs to leave freely and safely.

2-6 * Horsemen's Room

This room is larger than the others, and is only furnished with three beds, at one end of which are footlockers with palm-scanners for access. Breaking into the footlockers requires one of the following:

1. DC 25 remove traps (medieval tech characters)
2. DC 18 pick locks (advanced tech characters)
3. Combined strength of 40 (up to 3 PCs)
4. 30 points of damage to the footlocker (Luck check for contents to remain unbroken).



The contents of the footlockers are as follows:

#1—Several sets of clothing (tuxedo, spacesuit, loincloth) of purest white; these items cannot be stained and do not discolor; A bag of silver ingots worth 50gp as “coinage” but worth 500gp to a collector of curiosities; a silver-framed, color photograph of a young woman with piercing blue eyes, few clothes, and a dazzling smile.

#2—Several sets of clothing (three piece suit, flannel shirt and slacks, wetsuit) of deepest crimson; these items cannot be stained and do not discolor; A small flask that, when emptied and re-sealed, always re-fills with fine scotch; a thick red book (The Bostonian's Guide to Bartending), and a vial of ruby red liquid holding eight draughts that grants immunity to poisons with the first sip, removes that immunity with a second sip, causes spontaneous combustion of 8d24 points with a third sip. Imbibers feel no effect (unless they explode into fire), although the liquid is tasty and refreshing.

#3—A woolen suit of black so deep that the light in the room seems to dim; a pair of black leather gloves, a black Stetson hat; and an old sheriff's badge with a bullet hole through the center. Touching the badge immediately alerts the Black Horseman to the presence of the PCs and theft of the badge immediately summons him (see area B-3).

It is of note that the bed for footlocker #3 appears to have never been used.

BASEMENT

Beneath the trapdoor behind the bar is a metal ladder that descends into the storeroom of the saloon and, from there, outwards to its lower workings.

B-1 * Storeroom

The ladder to the bar above rises from amidst cases of strange liquids, casks covered in unsettling script, and even self-refrigerating kegs. Among these potent potables are boxes of various snack foods both

mundane and bizarre. Anyone drinking a beverage found in this area (where things not easily survived at the current time/space location of the saloon) must immediately make a Luck check.

Success avoids instant, and horrible, death while still inflicting 1d60 points of damage (so long term survival is still questionable). Succeeding on the Luck check by 5 or more however, means that the imbiber has found a beverage particularly suited to their particular temporal and genetic makeup. This person receives 1d6 (which cannot be boosted by Luck) and may add that total number of points across their ability scores as their physiology morphs and changes. Anyone else consuming this, uniquely compatible beverage, dies immediately without Luck check or saving throw.

Any bottles stolen from here and brought out to the black market are easily worth 100gp (or equivalent) to the right buyer.

B-2 * Boudoir of the Baba Yagas

This sparsely decorated room is filled with strange and esoteric clutter. In one corner is an enormous mortar and pestle, while an astrological chart from an alien world rests on an easel in the opposite corner. All manner of magical and scientific contraptions may be found here, limited only by the Judge's imagination.

Once the furnishings are considered, this room is more "nest" than bedchamber, and three piles of cushions, leaves, and the like meet the requirement for sleeping areas. The room is unoccupied the first time entered but, if returned to, a random sister will be here trying to sleep.

B-3 * Lair of the Black Horseman

With no mortal form of ingress and otherwise unattainable by mundane means, it is here where the Black Horseman waits until called upon. Should PCs find their way into the room, their decision may be seen as...regrettable. Within the lightless confines of his lair, the Black Horseman is wholly undetectable and all actions against him are treated as having been made by an individual who has been blinded (-8 on all attack rolls) and treated as spellcasting in a random direction.

Further, the properties of this room are such that, not only is there no light here, there can be no light here.

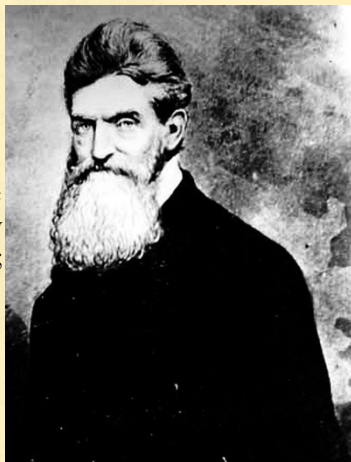
Technological lights (from the simplest torch to atomic powered floodlights) function, yet cast no light. Similarly, attempts at magical light fail and even weaponry which relies on light (such as lasers) do not function.

Those who trespass into the domain of the Black Horseman are met with the fullness of his ruthlessness and fury. There is no reasoning with the Black Horseman, there is no pity, and there is no surrender. There is only fight or die.

THE BLACK HORSEMAN

Init +6; Atk eldritch revolver +9 ranged (4d10+3), soul saber +9 melee (1d14+6, Fort save vs. 16 or be permanently drained of 1d3 Stamina); AC 17; HD 5d14; hit points 40; MV 50', special; Act 3d24; SP relentless; SV Fort +7, Ref +6, Will +7; AL L.

Relentless: The Black Horseman may not be impeded by any normal means. Doors open at his touch, walls provide no obstacle, and not even the fabric of space and time provide a barrier to him. He is capable of moving through time at a rate of 5 years/turn, can step across the land at a dizzying rate of 500 miles/turn, and can cross the endless voids of space at 5 light years/turn. He cannot be bound, held, or dismissed. He is wholly the master of where he is located and where he is going from there.



B-4 * Engine Rooms

Housed within these two mirror-identical chambers are the mystically-fueled engines that power the saloon's locomotion. Drawing energy by absorbing the souls of those who die above, the engine rooms crackle with an obscene greenish-energy that any cleric or practitioner of the divine arts will recognize as captures and corrupted life-essence.

Despite the complexity of the engines, disabling them is no simple task, nor is it a safe one. While they may be disabled by rendering tremendous damage to them (treat as AC 18 with 100 hit points), metal striking the engine's components causes an arc of energy to be released, striking each individual in the room in order of Luck from lowest to highest. The first person struck suffers 1d10 points of damage; with each subsequent victim being struck receives a cumulative -1d reduction to the incoming damage.

Magical attacks leveled against the engines are rolled as normally however, due to the nature of the room, all those casting arcane magic against the engines automatically suffer Greater Corruption with each successful casting. Divine magic, granted by the gods themselves, suffers no penalties and causes no ill effects.

Both engines need to be disabled to prevent the saloon from moving. The moment one engine has been disabled, the Black Horseman is summoned to guard the entrance to the opposite engine room.

B-5 * "Control" Room

Nestled between the paired engine rooms and the space required to house the saloon's massive locomotive legs is the control room. One wall is taken up by a window of some strange crystalline design that currently looks out into the soil around the saloon. In the center of the chamber is a simple wooden chair and, with that chair, lies the secret of the saloon.

There are no visible means of control in this chamber, no dials, levers, or other mechanical means. The saloon is merely controlled by sitting in the chair and thinking of where one would like to go. The saloon will then transport itself there, physically running there is possible, warping dimensional folds in space/time if not.

The cost of controlling the saloon is great. Intelligent creatures of 2 or less hit dice are immediately reduced to fine ash as the saloon uses their final moments of life to power up its systems. Those of 3-4 hit dice are immediately, and permanently drained of 3d6 Stamina (Fort save vs. DC 20 reduces the loss by half) as their bodies struggle with the strain of controlling such energies. Creatures of 5 hit dice or higher must make a DC 13 Fort save or suffer a temporary loss of 3d6 Stamina.

Once a creature has successfully directed the saloon and survived, they are bonded with it and may safely continue directing it until the saloon is controlled by someone else, severing their attachment. Currently, the saloon is bound to the eldest of the sisters, Baba Yaga (III).

She may, depending on her whims, allow another to attempt to control the saloon for a time. As the eldest, she is also the most world weary and jaded with the sights now afforded to her. Those who can take her to places she has not yet imagined (such as a different setting) may be greatly rewarded in the future.

If Baba Yaga (III) is attacked, the Black Horseman will not intervene. Instead, he will await the end of the combat and, should Baba Yaga (III) be slain, he will immediately and methodically attack the victors, stalking any who escape through all of time and space. Of course, if she survives and her attackers escape, woe be to any casters among their number for they will never be beyond her reach.

BABA YAGA (III)

Init +4; Atk claw +4
melee (2d6), curse (DC
22 Will save), or spell;
AC 15; HD 10d8; hit
points 50; MV 25'; Act
2d24+1d16; SP curse,
luck drain, spellcasting
(+12 spell check); SV
Fort +8, Ref +4, Will
+12; AL N.

Luck drain: So great is the power of the eldest of the sisters that she is able to draw upon the

Luck of others to fuel her own actions. Once per round, after making any roll, Baba Yaga (III) may target a single individual and make an opposed Willpower check. Should she win, she siphons 1d3 of her victim's Luck and immediately adds it to her existing roll. Should she lose, she may not attempt to drain that target's Luck again for 1 year.

Spells: Baba Yaga (III) knows the following spells: (1st Level) *charm person*, *comprehend languages*, *detect magic*, *enlarge*, *magic missile*, *magic shield*, *read magic*, *sleep*, *ward portal*; (2nd Level) *detect invisible*, *fire resistance*, *forget*, *invisibility*, *locate object*, *ray of enfeeblement*, *scare*, *scorching ray*, *strength*; (3rd Level) *binding*, *deceptive dissolution*, *dispel magic*, *eldritch hound*, *fireball*, *lightning bolt*, *planar step*, *turn to stone*, *witch-web*; (4th Level) *phlogistanic spray*, *polymorph*, *wizard sense*; (5th Level) *devouring void*, *magic bulwark*, *phlogistan storm*.



FINAL THOUGHTS

While encountering Baba Yaga's Saloon is not an adventure in the standard sense, as a location it provides both mystery and opportunity for a Judge to introduce any number of themes to their game. Easy enough to begin in a traditional fantasy setting and travel to the worlds of MCC, Terra AD, Dark Trails, Crawljammer, the Shudder Mountains and more.

The Judge should take liberties with the reactions of the sisters, keeping in mind that, via their deceptive dissolution spell they could appear to die countless times and then return to confront the PCs. Will the ancient witches be angry, amused, entertained, or scandalized? That is wholly up to you.

How the local townsfolk react to the sudden appearance of the saloon also offers a number of possibilities from resigned acceptance to Inquisitorial-level warring against the saloon and those who would frequent it. What rewards might the people of the town offer for ridding them of the unsettling presence of a saloon that can walk on its own legs, of a horseman who can appear about of an ever expanding pool of darkness? The challenges, risks, and rewards are near endless.

NEW MAGIC ITEMS

Eldritch Revolver

The revolver of the Black Horseman is bonded to him, and only he alone. Only if he is slain may another draw it from its holster and fire the weapon. The recoil of the pistol is so great that it may not be safely used by those with strength less than 16, those not meeting that requirement fire wildly and randomly at a different target in range (including their companions).

The ammunition of the gun is never-ending, drawing magical energies from the world around it and compressing those bits of raw phlogistan into shells. As such, the eldritch revolver is treated as a +3 weapon in terms of to hit and damage.

Soul Saber

The Black Horseman's blade is so powerfully charged that it not only cuts the physical form of his foes, but also their spiritual essences. Those struck by the saber must make a Fort save vs. 16 or be permanently drained of 1d3 Stamina. The saber then fuels its wielder with that life energy, immediately adding that HD worth of hit points to their current total.

Forged with brimstone and angelic steel, the soul saber is a +4 weapon for purposes of to hit and damage.

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1020 THINGS FOUND IN THE GLUTTONOUS GENDARME'S GARRISON

BY DAN D
THRONEOFSALT.BLOGSPOT.COM

"What might be found within the flooded cellar of the Gluttonous Gendarme's Garrison?"

—Brian Richmond

1. Cockatrice foie gras
2. Unfinished paperwork, overdue
3. Wine-pickled gorgon eggs
4. Tin soldier miniatures on a sheet cake map
5. Cadre of foreign-legion grognards playing dice
6. Cursed iron mask in a locked tower bedroom
7. Two tickets to the opera, a note from a lover
8. Strawberry flan pudding tarts, excitable like puppies
9. Medal of the Stately Fraternal Order of Gastronomic Honor
10. Crate of grenades, filled with pastries
11. Crate of pastries, filled with grenades
12. Rack of ceremonial parade rifles
13. Hidden packet of cigarettes and brothel tokens
14. Fairy-bone tableware
15. Shelf groaning under the weight of expensive cookbooks
16. Jar of candied manticore eyes
17. Bust of the current President of the Republic
18. Novelty butter guillotine
19. Messenger roc, bearing news from the capital
20. Marzipan armor, decorative

STABILITY/CHANGE DEMON GENERATOR FOR EMPIRE OF THE PETAL THRONE

BY DENNIS HIGGINS

GAMINGALLOVER.BLOGSPOT.COM

"A random generator for Stability/Change "demon races" for M.A.R. Barker's Tekumel setting."

—Anonymous

1. Roll a d4, a d6, a d8, and a d10 on the following drop table.
2. Add up all of the dice, if the result is even, then the demon is one of **Stability**, if it is odd, it is one of **Change**.
3. The d4 determines the number of key words, based upon where the dice land. In order, use the key word underneath the d4, d6, d8, and d10 in order based upon the number of key words. If the die is on multiple words, you can choose which one you want.
4. The d6 determines the number of attacks:
1–2: 1
3–4: 2
5: 3
6: 4
5. The location of the dice determines what the attacks are. In order, the d10, d8, d6, and d4 are checked according to the bottom modes of attack. If the dice cross multiple forms of attack, you can choose which one you want.
6. The d8 determines the form of the demon:
1–2) Humanoid
3–4) Quadripedal
5) Amorphous,
6–8) Multi-limbed (the d4 determines the number of arms, the d6 determines the number of legs)
7. The d10 determines the number of hit dice that the demon has.
8. Assign a damage value to each of the attacks in order based on Hit Dice:
1–2) 1d6/1d6/1d4/1d4
3–4) 1d8/1d6/1d6/1d4
5–6) 1d8/1d8/1d6/1d6
7–8) 1d10/1d8/1d8/1d6
9–10) 1d10/1d10/1d8/1d8
9. The total of the dice determines the AC of the demon:
4–7) 2
8–11) 3
12–16) 4
17–20) 5
21–24) 6
25–28) 7. Then subtract the demon's HD/4 (round up) for the final AC.

AIR	SILVER	STONE	WINGED	LIGHTNING
BRASS	STEAM	FIRE	AVIAN	AMPHIBIAN
PISCINE	WATER	SHADOW	ICE	SALT
VOID	SCALED	CRYSTAL	TRANSLUCENT	EARTH
IRON	SPIKED	FURRY	REPTILIAN	RADIANCE
CLAW	ENERGY BLAST	WEAPON	BREATH WEAPON	BITE
MODES OF ATTACK				

MONSTERS FOR EMPIRE OF THE PETAL THRONE

BY GREGORY BLAIR
OWLBEARHUGS.BLOGSPOT.COM

“A “Saturday Night Special” monster generator for Empire of the Petal Throne.”

—Anonymous

The only things I really knew about Empire of the Petal Throne before getting this request were A) MAR Barker created it and B) Dyson Logos plays in a game there and makes maps about Jakalla.

And as far as I know a “Saturday Night Special” is a really cheap low-quality gun, which matches my familiarity with the subject matter. So here you go, a quick and dirty monster generator with some Petal-y flavor. Roll at least once on all the tables, roll a bunch of times on “What Can It Do?” if you’re feeling especially sassy, and smoosh everything together into a monster. “How Many Are There?” is whatever seems the most fun based on the combination or just toss out a d20 and see what happens.

Note: If you don’t have a d24 for the last table roll a d4 and a d6 together and compare to the numbers in parentheses. The d4 is the “tens” place and the d6 is the “ones”. For example a 3 on the d4 and a 2 on the d6 would equal 32 / entry 14 about “inner heat.”

WHERE DID IT COME FROM? (D6)

1. Creation of the gods (d4): 1–Stability god, 2–Change god, 3–Pariah god, 4–Shadow god
2. Ageless experiment of the Ancients/Humanspace Empire
3. Robotic creation of the Ancients/Humanspace Empire
4. Natural creature of the world
5. Genetic offshoot of dominant race in the area, outcast
6. Undead

WHAT DOES IT LOOK LIKE? (D6)

1. Amorphous blob
2. Serpentine
3. Generally upright humanoid shape
4. Quadra / hexapedal walker (referee’s choice)
5. Hundreds of legs, millipede style
6. Winged (roll again)

HOW BIG IS IT? (D6)

1. Swarm
2. Small
3. Medium
4. Large (4x a person)
5. Huge (8x a person)
6. Look at the size of that thing!

WHERE DOES IT LIVE? (D8)

1. In the deep Underworld
2. Underwater (amphibious)
3. Underwater (water breathing only)
4. Stalks the Sakbe, the road walls spread throughout the Empire
5. Amongst the “normal” races, concealed
6. High up in the mountains
7. Deep in the forests
8. Tunnels not very far beneath the dirt

WHAT DOES IT WANT? (D12)

1. Creation of a slave empire
2. Obliterate the Empire of the Petal Throne
3. Increase its collection of shiny things
4. Eat brains to absorb knowledge, wants to know as much about everything as possible
5. Integration with society and acceptance
6. Acquire knowledge and technology of the Ancients/Humanspace Empire
7. Return humanity as it is to their biological makeup at the time of the Ancients and rebuild the Humanspace Empire
8. Discover means of piercing the veil that keeps the pocket dimension isolated and escape.
9. Protection of a particular locale, keep out any interlopers (e.g. tomb, lab, breeding grounds, holy site, etc)
10. Breed and grow, specifically encourage conditions to foster more of its kind (base survival)
11. Plant spores in meat to control its brain, have an army of such servants to tend the gardens full of rare and valuable plants.
12. Consume magic items. If it does not detect any with the party it will leave them alone. If it does detect some, but eats them, it will also leave the party alone.

WHAT CAN IT DO? (D24 OR D4/D6)

1. (11) Poison secretion that destroys memories of the creature.
2. (12) Magical sapper, drains spells to use as its own, determine randomly per hit. If target has no spells does minimal or no damage.
3. (13) Paralyzing gaze or touch.
4. (14) Shape shifting form, can look like any creature or race
5. (15) Absorb all oxygen in a 30 ft radius, snuffs out lights and asphyxiates, prefers tunnels and caves.
6. (16) Grapples target; next round lays eggs in it that hatch in 1d8 rounds. Hatchlings are half as good as the monster (HP, attack, etc) and cannot lay eggs until maturity (3 months)
7. (21) Charms creatures that see it, they will then see it as a warm comforting creature that they want to embrace. Creature will then drown / asphyxiate as appropriate.
8. (22) Poisonous tale / mandible, save or start melting from the insides
9. (23) Very adept at throwing rocks or other things. Ranges from an annoyance at smaller sizes to incredibly deadly at larger ones. Flying creatures can drop them accurately.

10. (24) Regenerates when eating corpses. Will immediately try to devour downed foes. Takes 1d3 rounds to consume body entirely.
11. (25) Instant sonic emanations nullify any sounds within 100' of the creature. The creature may choose for its own sounds not to be affected. Since the silence is sonic, not magical, the effect can be countered by containing / stopping the sound emanations from the creature.
12. (26) Claw claw grapple auto-bite/absorb om-nom-nom-nom. If the creature hits with two melee attacks it gets a free grapple and then starts to eat the target.
13. (31) Creature shoots spines (ejects corrosives) in a cone that cause the targets to take on the aspect of the undead. Targets do not die but will appear as and be affected as undead. Creature will often flee at this point and try to trick the party into encountering other travelers, especially priests.
14. (32) Incredibly inner heat. Any creature that maintains contact with the creature's main body portion will ignite on fire the following round. Likes to try and give big bear hugs.
15. (33) Tries to wrench metal objects out of wielder's hands. If the creature gets one, will immediately consume the object / stash it inside of its body.
16. (34) Can liquify, getting around most any obstacle before reforming.
17. (35) Super tough crabby carapace. Immune to normal chlen-hide weapons.
18. (36) Jaws / pseudopods / claws etc. extend farther than normal melee combat reach
19. (41) Short range blinking teleports
20. (42) Subdivides on death infinitely. You do not want to cut this thing to be small enough to get in your eyes. Only way to be sure if to kill it with fire or electricity.
21. (43) Every attack (ranged or melee) leaves little barbs in the target that slowly drain their blood and eject it in the form of a fine mist. Creature will try to stay in the cloud, absorbing the mist and healing every round. Amount healed proportional to number of barbs (say 1 hp per barb).
22. (44) Eyes (or other sensory organs) everywhere around the body. Cannot be surprised, cannot be dealt sneak attack damage.
23. (45) Pheromones expelled are able to charm non-intelligent creatures. Will try to use this constantly on anything nearby. Able to emit a call to draw potential targets from far away to fight its opponents after being charmed.
24. (46) Hive mind: all creatures of this type within 1 mile can see and hear everything the others can. Potential for massive chains. They can cooperate with perfect coordination.

THE GOD CRUTCH

BY CECIL HOWE
SWORDPEDDLER.COM

"Dear Santicore, I've been such a good boy driving my enemy before me and hearing the lamentations of their women, would you please build me a mobile dungeon to explore?"

—Anonymous

HIDING GODS

There are the Gods on High that sit on their elegant thrones in their bright white halls and sip their Nectar from ornate chalices; lording over their hosts and petitioners and generally approaching every aspect of their existence as if it were a ceremonial, gilded egg that must not crack. They rule the heavens in absolution and hold dominion over portfolios concerning the mortals on the ground below, but they are not the only gods. Beneath them are the Hiding Gods. A pavilion of immortal beings that those on High, on a whim, have decided are not cut thickly enough from divinity and are instead stripped of portfolio and forced to snatch scraps from beneath the feet of their peers.

Bold and all out campaign against the Hiding Gods would be uncouth. Instead, to limit the power of the Hiding Gods and to keep them from ascending to their equal right, those On High have for eternity rationed the flow of Ambrosia to those they deem unfit. Without that nectar, a God will fade from existence after losing a battle of mind-sickness and dementia and diminishing portfolio. From On High is delivered this diluted and poisonous form of ambrosia, described in myth as Anodine, that restrains their dominion and incinerates their minds beyond any decent sense.

INTRAVENOUS MADNESS

When the Gods on High have sipped from their chalices, the sullied ambrosia that trickles from the corners of their lips is sopped from the floor and mixed with the blood of petitioners, salt from the Empyreatic Ocean, the spit of

colossal kept devils, and the dust of the dead before being reduced over an astral flame to a wet paste of noxious fumes and thick red color. The Anodine is then plunged into an apparatus the myths recount as The God Crutch. The Gods on High toss the Crutch to the Hiding Gods below and watch in jubilation as the mindless celestials scrap and fight over the poison, look on in joy as the Hiding Gods fought over which of them got a fair share of Anodine, and whisper wagers over which of the stricken of their cousins is the furthest from Godliness.

The Gods on High would normally send a messenger to retrieve the God Crutch when the Hidden Gods have had their fill, but during the most recent debauch a Hiding God absconded with the Crutch and threw it to the Earth, hoping to upend its dependence and finally die. The strange apparatus landed many thousands of miles away where it has remained hidden until recently. Rumor of the God Crutch's reappearance has set the Hiding Gods into a frenzy; eager to feel the heat of the Anodine again in their veins.

MORE RECENTLY

Wherever the God Crutch is found, it has been lying sideways there since it landed some hundred years or more ago. It is large enough that if an average sized person were to enter it they would describe it as cavernous. To that same average person this construction would appear as an abstract building stretching some 800 feet from one end to the other. The main body of a God Crutch is wide and carved from blackened stone, covered in hastily crafted gold ornament. From the bottom of the column stretches a long and hollow obsidian tube, wide enough

for several creatures to stand atop one another and ending in a sharp bevel. From the top of the column stems a second, shorter obsidian shaft topped with a large disc of bone-bleached stone. Spreading out to the left and right of the column are numerous thick rings of metal in many different sizes.

Shortly after it crashed to earth, the God Crutch was set upon by a nearby tribe of Red Goblins. The goblins discovered the last droplets of Anodine within, tasted it with great curiosity. The Anodine has corrupted the once peaceful folk and the entire tribe has retreated to the interior of the main chamber, building out a small settlement, bickering over the supply of fell ambrosia, and supplanting their natural existence with a more sinister and degenerate existence.

THE RED GOBLINS

Nothing spectacular about these goblins stands out over any standard trait of goblins, other than they are immortal. The elixir effects the Red Goblins in the same way it effects the Hiding Gods: it compresses the mind into a spiral of hallucination and madness but it also bestows immortality that can only be defaulted upon through a lack of more Anodine. They stalk the the long halls of the labyrinthine keep they've built within the God Crutch, muttering to themselves and wondering aloud; they are prone to fighting one another over any dripping of Anodine to be found. The further away from the entrance a goblin is found, the less far gone it will mostly be, as the supply of Anodine was greater at the southern end of the God Crutch when it crashed to the Earth. Each generation of Red Goblin to inhabit the Crutch has left a small number of their own sober and from this pool of teetotalers a leader of the band is chosen after the previous one has died.

The head goblin is in effectively in charge of any remaining Anodine in the Crutch. Because of this, it has a cache of treasures hidden somewhere in the God Crutch that has been offered as trade for a taste of the Anodine. Currently the head goblin is far less approving of visitors to the Crutch, and will work to convince the entire band that any visitors are merely there to steal what little Anodine remains.

It should be noted here that there are some Red Goblins who've not drank Anodine who see it as a curse on their tribe and are at all times interested in selling the Anodine off, conspiring to destroy the part of their community hopelessly addicted to the ambrosia, or at least willing to work with anyone else to remove the remaining Anodine to some place far away.

OTHER THINGS IN THE CORNERS

The Red Goblins are the least menacing threat within the God Crutch, as other more terrible creatures were attracted to the Anodine and slink about the shadows of the fabricated interior. They are fearsome and corrupted creatures, drunk on Anodine and depraved with the madness it causes. Unlike the Hiding Gods and the Red

Goblins, the Other Things do not gain the immortality that Anodine provides; instead the Anodine bends their minds and bodies until only a wisp of their former selves remains. Anyone exploring the God Crutch is likely to run into these beasts and will find them in varieties including, but not limited to:

An aggressive, towering monster with the lower body type and arms of a hill giant, but the imposing upper half and head of a bull moose. He carries swords as long as men in each hand, and his tied to his bare feet are an assortment of old axe blades and daggers.

Ants that have grown to the size of small children and who walk on legs as sharp as blades; when confronted they let loose a scream with such dread that it causes nearby creatures to sob uncontrollably.

There is a bear twice the size of a regular bear, somewhere in the halls of the Red Goblins keep that has ripped one of it's arms from the socket and affixed to one end hundreds of sharp, Red Goblin Teeth. This creature is not as aggressive as it's man-moose cousin but it is known to go crashing through the thin, makeshift walls of the Red Goblin's fortification.

A coterie of frogs that have drank of the Anodine and through it gained the ability to sing in words understandable to most common creatures. They sing a true tale of a lost kingdom, deep beneath the sea, from where all frogs originate. These singing frogs have been mutated to the size of cows, but otherwise look as normal frogs do.

Near the farthest and widest section of the God Crutch a strange and massive creature in a shape not unlike a bat. It's leathery wings and fur are the same deep red as Anodine and it hangs from the highest point in the ceiling. The beast is hibernating, but has an uncanny sense for when any creature with Anodine in their blood is near; it will swoop down to drain the creature dry.

THE GODS WILL FIND IT

The Hiding Gods are hopelessly reliant on Anodine. After it was thrown from the lower Heavens many of the Hiding Gods died in the fevered throes of starvation and madness; those who've survived thus far have search endlessly for any sign of their God Crutch and the smallest morsel of tonic within. Unavoidably, when the players cross the threshold from the entrance into the main chamber, a Hiding God will finally set their sites on the God Crutch and retrieve it. The dungeon will move, relatively free of jostling, along with the monstrous celestial being as it travels back to the heavens to beg of the Gods on High that the device be refilled. During that journey, the Hiding God will be ambushed and set upon by other fiendish Hiding Gods; there will be fights and shouting and general upset until the Crutch returns to the heavens. The journey will take many years, and your players might use the God Crutch as a vehicle to move from one place to another, or encounter it again some time later.

WORLD WEAVE

BY DANIEL DEAN

BASICREDRPG.BLOGSPOT.COM

“An explanation of how everything in the world is made up of some number of elements (in the classical sense of fire/earth/wind/water, not hydrogen/carbon) without actually using those cliché four.”

—Z.Y

Philosophers refer to the Honeycomb, chymists call it the Star, the holy speak of a Gate, and the masses call it the Weave. First proposed by Horax Baldersheef in Year Unicorn and refined by the Mosphebe cloister in Year Candle, the Weave is a way of understanding the larger world without getting bogged down in arcana. Even peasants know the stars do not affect the omens of their birth but even scholars admit to being lost in the enormity of everything. To seek an answer you must ask a question but to frame a question at all you need a language. The Weave is a responsible lexicon to begin inspection from and serves as the only true common tongue between the civilized kingdoms, the Wracked Legions of Fleisch Peak, and the Middlers with their strange eyes, short lives, and ancient catacombs.

THE TWINS: LIGHT AND BLOOD

We know that light was here when nothing was, for we know that darkness comes when things get in the way of light. Logically once all was light, and we see daily the aspect of light in all things and creatures. The eyes of those around us, the way gems and strange fishes shine even deep beyond light's reach, the flash that the storm cloud uses to frighten the rain into fainting and falling.. But we know that constant effort puts a strain on everything in the world whether it's the plow or sinew or a dam. The light was wounded in the agony of its own eternity, and so became two things: blood, which gives all things color and dries in strange shapes and textures, and the shine itself which bleeds. All things at their most elemental contain light and blood. This only makes sense since we can see and touch everything in the world. It's easy to see why the primitives back in the Crystal Epoch believed this to be the limits of science.

THE MOVERS: WORMS, TREES, AND NOISE

Mosphabe translators correctly theorized that while light and blood make up all life and matter there was no part of either alone which accounted for the locomotion of beasts, swiftly racing winds, or the changing of stars and season. We know that big things are very loud when they move so that's obviously part of it. We have seen the corpses of the dead dissolve into different kinds of worms over time so we know that worms are in every creature, probably responsible for carrying breath and blood and bile. It was difficult to determine what caused the wind until they realized that clouds drove the winds around and smoke looked like small clouds...and we ALL know that smoke comes from Trees. Everything falls into place once these motivating agents are realized. After all, the very ground we walk on is filled with worms, creates trees, and due to its size sometimes creates rumbling noise so powerful that everything violently shakes. Volcanoes are places where we can see light-filled blood bursting out and making smoke at the same time, which means mountains are rich in Trees make. Countless examples can be drawn connecting these examples, from the towering clouds that are themselves noisy to the almost-invisible worms that are found in thin, dying smoke.

THE BALANCE: COLD

A controversial modern concept is the presence of Cold as a binding, limiting, completing factor. We see this in the way it makes water (a mix of blood and noise) into a solid thing, so this would logically hold true for blood as well. We know that when things become colder the light doesn't last as long, bound into a smaller space filled by cold. And we have seen the way the cold keeps trees from growing too much at once. Most telling is how snakes and lizards are often cold, as if they might fall apart into worms and blood and trees if not for cold. This is probably why light seems to stun them into lying around, while during colder times they move too fast to see (though we constantly hear their hissing as they move about the ground, scattering leaves, chasing after their prey the wind). While generally accepted it has yet to be introduced to any scholarly texts because of the perceived diminishing power of cold, since most academics agree that you don't see winters like you used to when they were younger, suggesting cold is an exhaustible resource we are running out of rather than a fundamental force.

ETHICAL QUANDARY ADVENTURE OUTLINE

BY LEE "THE SALTY JUDGE"

"An adventure outline with an Ethical Quandary! The trickier to navigate the better! Any setting, though I'll implement it in 5e if that helps. Thanks, Santicore!"

—Liendra

The lord (Varkon) of the nearby town of Sunfel (or whichever town you want to use this adventure in) claims a rise in banditry in the area. Wanted posters are plastered all over town with rewards for the capture of the leader of them, but the small folk seemed unsure how to feel. Lord Varkon says the leader bandit (Sark) and his men harass all, but none of them can remember any time they have been robbed by them. One of lord Varkon's men approaches the party when they come to one of the taverns/bars and gauges their interest in a special job.

The lord has managed to capture one of the Sark's lieutenants and plans on using him as bait to draw out the rest of the band. Third party individuals need to be recruited to blend into the crowd and help detain and arrest bandits. They'll be rewarded for their service in gold and will be tax exempt for the next month should they agree, otherwise they'll be expected to keep their silence.

After agreeing to sign on, the adventurers are told there will be a mock execution for the lieutenant and that will be the key event to stop these criminals.

The big twist? They don't actually have a lieutenant, but the leader's sister instead. She's innocent, but she's already considered an expendable cost of war. The bigger twist? The bandits are former townsfolk that are standing up to the corrupt lord and his over taxation. Whatever valuables the peasantry have are being taken, and it's these taxation wagons that are being hit. They leave everyone else alone and redistribute their belongings back to them. They've heard of the recent kidnapping of the sister and are planning on a rescue mission. They will limit their killing to be as minimal as possible, but will not restrain should lethal force be met. The final twist? The sister is locked

up in the dungeon and another agent is in her place should the plan backfire so she can assassinate him.

So it all comes down to one question for the players, at what point is money worth more than doing the right thing? Let's say the party refuses the offer right off the bat; perhaps they are informed no tavern is available in town to stay in, they are scrutinized by every merchant when they want to sell things and guards discover that some PC's possessions might be "stolen", and there's a new foreigner tax unless they pay for a license to make sales in town. The point being they are run out of town or given reasons for being sympathizers for rebellion.

Or we can go further and guess the party decides to help out the bandits; they could be labelled outlaws as well and end up with a price on their heads which will no doubt follow them when they try to enter other towns. The bandits will be glad to have aid and would even be in the party's debt should the sister be rescued. If the corrupt lord is removed from his position and proof of his actions is brought to the King, the town should be relieved from the pressure of the extortion and celebrate the heroism of the group and rebels.

The ambush for the bandits should have surprises for them in addition to the players; the switched out prisoner, the executioner should be a fully decked out soldier disguised with a cloak and hood, the portcullis drops so there's no way out without blood, archers pop up from windows with knocked arrows, and the haughty lord offering a peaceful resolution that can only end with criminals hanging from a noose or kissing the chopping block. If the players took the time to investigate into what's going on, they'll see the dilemma as the conflict unfolds. Otherwise it might just be a simple job with a decent paycheck.

COMMON GOTHIC CASTLE DRESSINGS

BY REECE

"I need about 20 or 30 or more Gothic Dungeon or Castle dressings. More is better."

—Noah Stevens

- Stained glass windows
- Moat
- Large iron gate/s
- Gargoyles
- Large stairways
- Tapestries
- Coat of arms
- Suits of armour
- Well crafted intricate woodwork
- Chandeliers
- Leather chairs and couches
- Fireplace
- Granite/marble flooring/walls
- Murder holes
- Secret passageways
- Library
- Dungeon (more in the jail sense of the word)
- Catacombs (more in the graveyard sense of the word)
- Rugs
- Ballroom

STAINED GLASS WINDOWS

1. Geometric shapes
2. Coat of arms
3. Religious in nature
4. The Lord/Lady of the castle
5. Abstract in nature
6. Partially broken, reroll on the table to find what type rerolling 6's. 50% chance that it has started to be repaired with either new stained glass or normal glass

MOAT TABLE 1 (GETTING OVER THE MOAT)

1. Wooden drawbridge, 50% chance to be up or down
2. Stone bridge
3. Nature bridge
4. Broken bridge, reroll on this table to find out what type rerolling 4's, 50% chance of a makeshift bridge in its place
5. Magic bridge
6. Rope bridge

MOAT TABLE 2 (WHAT IS IN THE WATER?)

1. Empty
2. Crocodiles
3. Piranhas
4. Electric eels
5. Aquatic strangling vines
6. Evil water eg a portal, fed by the river styx, super cold/hot

MOAT TABLE 3 (WHAT IS THE MOAT)

1. Water
2. Acid
3. Water
4. Lava
5. Water
6. Gold
7. Mirror-like liquid
8. Water

GARGOYLES

1. Devil
2. Demon
3. Exotic animal
4. Apex predator of the area
5. Dragon
6. Nocturnal animals
7. Warrior
8. Broken, reroll on table to see what type rerolling 8's

SUIT OF ARMOUR (WHATS SPECIAL ABOUT IT?)

1. Nothing
2. Has apex predator-shaped helmet
3. Completely rusted out
4. Nothing
5. Made from demon/human/dragon skin/scales
6. Cursed
7. Blessed
8. Too small/big for normal people of the area
9. Made of bronze/platinum/gold
10. Nothing

SECRET PASSAGEWAYS (HOW TO TRIGGER THEM)

1. Special book on bookshelf
2. Switch inside fireplace
3. Pull on candelabra or bust
4. Push on mirror or painting
5. Special brick in wall
6. Key/tune played on piano
7. False wall in back of wardrobe

RUGS

1. Geometric shapes
2. Lines
3. Dots
4. Coat of arms

TAPESTRIES

1. Geometric shapes
2. Religious in nature
3. Lord/Lady of the castle
4. Battle scene
5. Hunt scene
6. "Mythical" creature
7. Landscape
8. The castle itself

NPCs FOR WILDERNESS CAMPAIGN

BY JEDRA

"I'd like to get a list of cool and funny NPC's I can include in my wilderness exploration game for new D&D players."

—Jeremy Murphy

Xavier and Umberto, acolytes of the cult of moustaches, a long lost religious cult of chaotic evil (and drawing moustaches on public artworks). They have tattooing kits for those unable to grow moustaches naturally.

■ **Philippe and Francoise**, the two musketeers—"two for one." They are out for adventure and really really really want to join your party. (They are incompetent.)

Stats for each: Level 1. 12 HP. -2 to hit. Wield rapier (1d8-2). AC: 15 (chain shirt and a really impressive hat)

Skills: History (they love to discuss it with you, particularly of lore and poetry of famous musketeers); Survival (how on earth else did they last this long?)

A hermit, **Moire**, who lives in a stump of an old tree. She writes obscure poetry and carves it into the tree stump and other trees nearby. She runs a network of messenger robins which you can use for a fee (1cp per message; to signal your request for a messenger robin, you yell really loudly that you want a messenger robin, and one usually shows up pretty soon after). Mostly the robins fly near to the recipient and sing at them very loudly from the nearest fence post or stump. It's not particularly great for personal messages but has become quite popular for announcements (and your great-uncle Marvin reminding you in public that you need to call him more often).

Two druids, **Steve and Tim**, who run a tavern that's been carved out of a giant Zurkhwood mushroom they must have lugged up from the Underdark. It is famous for its mushrooms and mushroom-based beverages. You can't tell Steve and Tim apart. Maybe it's just one druid? Maybe you had too many mushrooms?

Feel free to use the D&D mushroom table, available at <http://dndwizards.tumblr.com/post/135336900361/underdark-mushroom-table>

Polly the pig truffer. She has a horde of pigs that she uses to find truffles in the wilderness. They are not very successful as the trees aren't the right type and the climate not quite right either. Maybe she just likes pigs. But no, she looks for truffles, dammit (and sells bacon on the side, from very well exercised pigs).

Art the cart tarter. He tarts carts. For a fee, of course. He might also have some stuff for horses or other mounts just lying around (barding, saddles, etc.). And basic carts, which he can then tart.

Feel free to use the price lists for Tack, Harness and Drawn vehicles and add a bit extra for "luxury" items that characters may want to tart their cart with.
<https://roll20.net/compendium/dnd5e/Mounts%20and%20Vehicles>

Sandy the travelling children's librarian takes books around the wilderness for the boys and girls who live with wolves, strange creatures, and who have been co-opted (kidnapped?) by the moustache cultists. "Other creatures as well. Manticores like the pictures." She's always welcomed and is remarkably able to travel with no weapons or magic ability. "It's the book worms. Everyone is frightened of those."

Use stats for purple worms, make them tiny, two attacks, +9 to hit, 1d4+3 piercing dmg for bite, 1d4+3 piercing dmg for tail stinger, DC19 con save, 8 points of poison damage on failed save, half for successful. Up to 3 can attack at once, detecting damage to books and/or Sandy. They have extremely high stealth checks (+9) so it's unlikely an unwitting attacker will notice them. But then they don't try it again.

Black Annis, a witch. She lives in a cave. She's a lovely old woman who offers tea and to heal wounds. She gets a bit lonely. What about all the spooky skulls on spikes and rattling wind chimes of teeth? "Oh, they're just to scare off the angry pitchfork wielding mobs I get occasionally. I am a witch, after all." She whispers, "They're actually pretty accurate wood carvings." She shows you her tools and offers to carve you a skull if you want to hang about for a few days. Whatever happened to knitting?

Vipniss, a goblin trapper. She traps things. All sorts of things. Shiny things, not so shiny things. Smelly things. Spiky things. Bitey things. Nice things. To meet her, you probably fall into one of her traps. You can be let out, for a fee (minimum 1GP per character, though she'll start far higher than that), or a nice piece of bacon. Otherwise she will happily leave you there with whatever else falls into the trap (she'll come back twice a day to check her traps). If you try to escape while she's there, or attack her, she throws sticky spider webs at you and tries to take as much of your stuff as she can before running away. If you tempt her with bacon or pay her more than 2GP/char, she becomes quite friendly, and will show you on your map where all of the other traps are so that you don't fall in again (if you have no map she will draw one for you. It's not great but it'll give you a +5 bonus to perception on the traps). She'll also keep you up to date on anything she hears from her trapped victims on whatever the objective of the mission is. These messages come via messenger robin.

They are sometimes inconveniently timed.

Traps: Hidden, Locking, 15 ft deep Pit traps. DC 18 perception to notice, DC 15 intelligence to work out (once noticed) it's a trap. DC 20 strength to pry open the trap (if you can reach the top). Spider webs: range area attack +4 to hit, 10ft radius.

Characters in range are restrained. A DC 15 strength check to use an action to free yourself from the webs. Webs can be attacked, vuln to fire-AC 10, hp 5 per 5ft square of web.

Vipniss is unaffected by the webs. Stuff she takes-roll a D20 and cycle through a character's list of items they're carrying, 2 items per turn (she gets a surprise round, so she will always take 2 things at the very least before running away). She will run away on her action when one of the characters breaks free.

BYGONE SPELLS

BY TONY HOGARD

“A d12 list of archaic, obscure, or otherwise lost spells.”

—Kolt Esoterica

Wizards spend decades seeking esoteric knowledge, secret conjurations ancient or novel. Here are twelve dwimmers long lost to history’s murk.

d12	Bygone Spell
1	All-Devouring Curtain of Polychromatic Flame
2	Bizzlewick’s Creeping Moistness
3	Enchanted Tea Service for Six
4	Greater Odoriferous Servant
5	Invocation of the Lesser Darkness Which Snuffs Out Candles
6	Leaping Leprous Lackeys of Lemuria
7	Plaidstorm
8	Pmorety’s Sensationally Elongated Limbs
9	Rat Chariot
10	Sebboh’s Ambulatory Bone Lodge
11	Unswallow Victuals
12	Wall of Magniloquent Tongues

HORRIBLE AND USEFUL MAGIC ITEMS OF VARYING POWER

BY ANONYMOUS

"A table of horrible and useful magic items of varying power that can be used in creative ways and present the players with tradeoffs, either simpler (get hurt to do hurt) or more complicated. Difficult choices preferred. No gonzo/stock preference. Thanks!"

—Gregory Blair

Roll	Name	Description
1	Bracers of Elasticity	Extends limbs. Faster, taller, larger reach, but more gangly and easier to hit. Effects slowly reverse after item is removed.
2	Potion of Cloud Shape	When drunk, the user becomes gaseous. The user can move through small spaces and other porous obstacles, but takes damage when breathed in by nearby organisms or dispersed by breezes.
3	Whistle of Excellent Luring	When blown, the whistle attracts game animals from the surrounding countryside. The whistle also has a 10% chance to attract a monster powerful enough to threaten the user's party, which arrives in 2d4 days, following them unerringly across the current plane.
4	Potion of Consumptive Growth	The user heals a considerable amount of health, but receives damage to their physical stats. This stat damage heals at the normal rate.
5	Potion of Cognitive Motivation	When drunk, the user gains a bonus to skill checks requiring mental acuity, protection against mind-affecting effects, increased proficiency with employing magic, and a debilitating addition to the potion. If the potion cannot be drunk once per day, the user suffers damage from the stress, cannot use magic, and suffers a reduction of all mental attributes until the withdrawals subside.
6	Tabard of Bravery	When worn, the user is resistant to all fear effects, and the wearer is able to carry and increased amount due to their strengthened spine. Unfortunately, the user's newfound bravery now disallows them from retreating from battle.
7	Circlet of Airy Mind	The wearer is protected from mind-affecting effects, and cannot be detected by divination magic, but has difficulty concentrating on any task, and has a chance to misplace anything they are carrying.
8	Hotfoot Boots	The wearer can move at an increased pace, and leaves fire in the immediate area around their feet, but receives fire damage when moving faster than their standard movement speed; the faster they move, the more damage they take.
9	Ring of Shadow Doors	The user of this ring can create small portals leading between the Plane of Shadow and the current plane. These portals remain open for 2d3 minutes. The ring does not provide a method to close these portals or a way to hide from the denizens in the Plane of Shadow, who hunger for your brilliant life force.

10	Troll Rations	These preserved chunks of meat and vegetable matter regrow to be able to feed an adult human one full meal per 8 hours they are not used for food. After three days, the chunks will have grown enough to fight back as a creature with 1 HD, and continues to gain HD at a rate of 1 per 3 days, up to 5 HD.
11	The Vicarious Guise	This mask, when worn, allows the wearer to change their appearance, voice, and mannerisms to match those of a target the wearer knows. This is represented by a bonus to all skill checks to impersonate that person, and remains until the mask is removed. Each time this power is used, and for each week the power is maintained, the wearer's personality and unique features permanently fade, until the wearer is left a faceless, mindless, unremarkable husk.
12	Cage of Shared Bonds	This cage of gilded gold is studded with green jewels, and is connected to a similarly adorned gold bracelet on a three-foot golden chain. The cage contains a swarm of small furry creatures of indeterminate origin, a tiny green and gold jewel embedded in each of their foreheads. If the creatures are given an instruction and released while the bracelet is worn, they will attempt to complete the given instruction to the best of their abilities. If the creatures find the command cannot be completed, or if the bracelet is removed, the creatures will simply return. While out on a sortie, any damage dealt to the creatures is instead taken by the wearer of the bracelet. While the creatures are in the cage, any damage dealt to the wearer of the bracelet is instead taken by the creatures, which can absorb up to 20 points of damage per day before dying, rendering the item useless.
13	True Red Dye	Any garment colored with this dye imbues its wearer with increased move speed, improved constitution, and a penalty to social interactions due to an odd pervasive impulsiveness.
14	Overly-Attached Marionette	This item, apparently a wooden doll roughly carved from chunks of some sort of hardwood, follows its owner unerringly, attempts to assist them in all their activities, and jealously prevents others from getting too close to them (physically or otherwise). The doll attempts to repair itself of any damage with materials on hand, with varying success. The doll will not permit itself to be removed from its owner's presence, and will employ every means available to return to its master's side.
15	True Blue Dye	Garments dyed with this cause everyone within 30' of the wearer to become serene, calm, and passive. This effect also slows bleeding and causes all affected to trust the wearer implicitly. These effects, however, are not extended to the wearer, who must struggle to not be overcome with depression and become unable to act.
16	Transient Curse	This crumbly, dry ointment, when applied to the skin, allows the wearer to interact with insubstantial or ethereal objects as though they were solid. This application also carries with it a minor random cursing and a measure of unluckiness. Both effects last for 3d4 minutes, or until the ointment is scrubbed off.
17	Strong Stomach Capsule	This small pill containing a swirling, silvery liquid imbues its consumer with the inability to become nauseated or sickened in any manner, and all other items consumed during this time cannot poison or pass disease to the user for the rest of the day. For the duration, the user's stomach also otherwise acts like iron.
18	Jackmann's Coin	This copper coin, pocked with verdigris, grants luck on "heads" flips and unluck on "tails" flips. Each time the coin is flipped, this bonus/malus is increased, and the duration is increased by 1d4 minutes. If this luck penalty reduces the user to the point of having effectively 0 luck, then they find they cannot grasp the coin effectively enough to flip it until its effects expire.
19	Bodywrap of Manual Labor	Upon donning this bodywrap, an extra set of arms painfully erupts from the user's sides. These arms can be controlled the same as the user's original set of limbs. These extra limbs grant an additional attack each round, and increase the character's Strength for purposes of skill and ability checks. If the bodywrap is removed, the arms refuse to obey commands given to them and attack the origin body. These arms may be removed, but at the expense of the character's health.
20	Brainjack Jar	This thick glass jar contains a thick, transparent, yellowing liquid. If the jar is uncapped and its opening placed on the head of any creature with a brain, the jar will extract the brain from that creature, instantly killing it, while preserving the brain indefinitely. If the jar is placed on a golem, machine, or other animated construct, the brain inside may overpower the magics controlling the construct and gain full control of it while in contact with the construct. If the attempt is resisted, the brain cannot try to control that construct again for 24 hours.

BEYOND THE POISONED FRONTIER

BY GUS L.

"I need an ecosystem of alien flora (and possibly fauna too, if you can be arsed) to drop to that unexplored new fantasy continent, invading through that transdimensional rift, on an alien planet to be explored, or whatever. Maybe as a handful of cross-column tables to get more use out of it? Illustrations would be a sweet bonus, but can totally do without."

—Perttu Vedenoja

The coffeehouse philosophers and salon dandies of the Imperial center frequently hold forth on the inevitability or the impossibility of another arcane conflict of the magnitude of the Great War. At some point their monologues and arguments will lead to the wreck that the last war left behind—blasted lands, uninhabitable and devoid of life—wastelands of hot sorcery where boiling pools of magical esters belch corrosive and mutagenic gasses, while purple lightning crackles along the horizon. This inhospitable, deadly landscape is used to illustrate the inevitable consequences of an inevitable war or to depict the mutual assured destruction that it would bring, mand proving war so illogical as to be impossible.

The reality is different, while the heart provinces of the old Empire are a demon haunted, ghost wracked land of nightmare, they are not without life. An exuberant, fecund excess of life even—the wastes of arcane war teem with the strange the uncanny and the unnatural—thriving among the ruins of war. Likewise the magical sinks left behind as the sorcery of the ancient world decays: corrupted farms, villages, and factors are places transformed by potent magics. Magical pollution often creates excessive life, even in inhospitable environments, filled with sports and horrors, wonders and sublime beauty.

In a magical Sink or Zone the normal laws of nature, instinct and biology are in abeyance. They range in size from a few yards in diameter to hundreds of miles and vary wildly in both their distance from the natural world and dangerousness. Nor are sinks limited to the blasted lands beyond the old battle-lines; they are found scattered everywhere magic has curdled, broken down and leached into the soil.

NOTABLE SINKS (AND TABLES TO MAKE MORE)

Bruised Mangrove

Vast and stinking, a marsh of murky water clouded with grey silt and broken by the gnarled limbs and twisting roots of cold blue thorn trees. Cerulean crabs nip in the shallows, mocking monkeys with the cyan faces of cruel old men hang in the branches among the fat teal flowers. All life in the mangrove—from tree, flower and crabs to monkey and the great mud-caked hogs is bloodthirsty, vampire. At the center of this inhospitable thirsting morass are the festering ruins of the Imperial High Seas Fleet—arcane ships of gleaming white stone, surrendered, scuttled and sinking into the bubbling grey mud—the evil sorcery of their drowned hulls leaks poison and transforms the mangrove into an ever more corrupt and sanguine form.

Crystal Wells

In the wrecked wastes of the ancient battlefields beauty grows beneath the earth. A network of chasms and caverns thrive under the blasted ruins of fortress and trenchline. Cut through the dust are gulches and crevasses filled with luminescent strange life. The Crystal Wells teem with mineral intervention - trees, grasses and flowers of gleaming crystalline perfection where the earth below emulates the meadow lands that once grew above. Within these glowing fantasies of razor edged and brittle beauty stalk predators and guardians. Crystal jaguars and basilisks of all sizes—from finger length skitterlings to solitary earth titans that use their shovel jaws to carve new caverns.

Grey Preserve

A mannered hunting park, gone feral and dangerous with rotten necromancy. The oaks are withered, stunted, covered in vibrant molds or growing in messy disorder with spongy wood and twisted clumped leaves. The park is teeming with corrupted fauna: skeletal birds that climb

trees slowly using their fragile wing bones, small red fungal clusters with a single yellow eye that scurry on hundreds of knobby legs, squirrels that chatter in the voices of the long dead and packs of clattering bone deer. Most of this life is relatively harmless (unless eaten), but a few notable dangers lurk among the thickets and copses of warped trees in the form of ghostly hunters and great foul owlbeats that hunt the dead trophy bucks to crack the magic from their cursed bones.

Gore Hell

Spreading jungle where the essential nature of animal and plant have been reversed. 'Trees' made of hide and white bone are surrounded by fleshy and furred 'brush' with eyes in place of berries. Amongst the strange plants small animals consisting of overly mobile creeper vine 'monkeys' and floating gas filled succulent 'birds'. A herd of dangerous flesh eating 'deer' lurk within the copse and are likely to use their thorny teeth to 'graze' on any animal that moves through the unnatural place.

d8 Sink Form	Sink Oddities
1 Lake—water conceals most of the sink, but here and there islands rise up.	Entirely Silent—eerie, melancholy, the sink is muted and silent.
2 Marsh—life thrives among pools carpeted with weed.	Tumultuous—above a tornng lingers, lashing the land with unnatural force.
3 Field—grasses, vast as the steppe or as small as a meadow.	Whispers—voices mumble and hiss into the ears of all who trespass here.
4 Crater—form the site of destruction of collusion the odd now grows.	Misty—fogs and mists shroud the sink in gloom and make it hard to navigate.
5 Plain—desolation pocked by only the occasional outpost of life	Vibrant—a little brighter, a little louder and a little more alive.
6 Mound/Hill/Eruption—slopes the teem with strange life.	Time Lost—time doesn't change here, it is always noon or perhaps midnight.
7 Cavern/Rift—the surface is bare and uninteresting, beneath corruption stirs.	Irradiated—glowing with painful emissions, the sink saps strength.
8 Structure—The works of man or the ordered creations of the sink itself.	Soporific—a gas or smoke seeps out to bring dreams, hallucination and death.
d12 Flora Description	Flora Oddities
1 Ferns—A primordial forest, softs and full of life.	Burning—the color of flame or crackling galvanism—everything burns—forever.
2 Fungus—mushroom forests, or a carpet of soft formless sludge.	Monochromatic—red, blue, black or white an unnatural sameness pervades.
3 Succulents/Cactus—spines or heavy wet pods instead of leaves.	Gigantic—swollen to enormous size the small plants have come to dominate here.
4 Trees—the canopy teams with life, while the floor is a wasteland.	Illuminated/Glowing—soft light shines and pulses from within the plants here.
5 Vines—tangles and twists of heavy fibrous growth create a maze.	Miniature—nothing grows above the knee, a perfect world in miniature.
6 Flowers—small, large and in between. Cloying perfume and petals abound.	Entirely Poisonous—it's all death, even the pollen in the air can kill.
7 Varied/Naturalistic—everything is normal, everything is fine.	Metallic/Mechanical—a toymaker's dream or forge of the gods.
8 Mosses/Lichens—simple life spread as a blanket over the tormented earth.	Crystalline—what should be vegital is mineral—glass roses and jagged shards.
9 Brambles/Briars—tangles and spines, sometimes these are also vampires.	Fleshy—Animal is plant. Bones are trunks, flesh is leaves, and sap is blood.
10 Slime-molds—ooze, slime, crud and grout—life here is simple and viscous.	Phantasmic/Spectral—all that's solid melts into air. Ghostly or otherwise.
11 Carnivorous Plants—pitchers of sweet nectar and strangling sundews.	Necrotic—everything is dead, but it still moves. Everything hungers.
12 Topiary—the plants all look like beasts and men—often they act like them to.	Mobile—plant life here is never still—it hunts.

Steel Pampas

An ancient battlefield, where the only thing that grows is blades—swords, spearheads, axes and knives form a dense and dangerous grassland, sprouting up from the soil to rust back with the seasons. Some of the blades are of high quality, most are poor. Among the razors wander bleeding ghouls—men pierced with blades, lacerated, disemboweled and suffering all manner of violent wounds.

d12	Fauna Description	Fauna Oddities
1	Varied and Naturalistic—birds chirp, moles burrow, deer bolt and it hunts.	Burrowing - life here hides below the ground, most is eyeless
2	Singular—one species with different adaptations fills all niches.	Monochromatic - animals and plants share a single bold color.
3	None—nothing moves here, nothing lives.	Gigantic - small beasts have grown large and the large beast enormous.
4	Insectile—scuttling, many legged, buzzing, mandibled chitinous filth.	Herbivores Only—the animals are placid and unworried.
5	Avian—winged and feathered creatures, not all of them aerial.	Chimeras—no creature is sound, all are amalgams, combinations and fusion.
6	Rodents—swarms or herds of the most resilient of mammals.	Predators Only—all is red of tooth and claw, a furious war for survival.
7	Single Celled Organisms—swollen in size—an ecosystem of the slimes.	Humanoid—warped with sorcery all the animals here share human ancestry.
8	Vermiform—crawling legless beasts, the wyrms of this place hate strongly.	Vegetal—the creatures here are plants, cunningly imitating animal life.
9	Reptiles/Amphibians—scaled serpents and bloated toads hiss and croak.	Anthropomorphic—beasts here walk and speak like men.
10	Livestock—the beasts of farm and field grown feral and strange.	Phantasmic/Spectral—faded and often transparent everything here is a ghost.
11	Crustaceans/Mollusks—mountains of brightly shelled snails and crabs.	Hive Mind—all living things here share a single mind and have a strong opinion.
12	Automata—puppets, mannequins and golems, false life aping the real.	Imbued—the creatures of this place are rich with power and crackling magic.

WHAT'S IN THE BACK OF THE OLD WEST GENERAL STORE?

BY TOM RYLEY

WWW.INSTAGRAM.COM/TOMRYLEY

"What's in the back room of the General Store in the Old West ghost town?"

—Tony Hogard

RUMOURS

1. I heard there's still loot to be found out in Noose County's ghost towns.
2. Noose County's helluva close to the Mexican border. They was buildin' that wall fer a while, don't know if it was finished or not.
3. You superstitious? Well, never go into the back room of a ghost town general store, if you want to live, hyuuuhk hyuuuhk.
4. They say the sun shines hottest in the world over in Noose County. No wonder the towns packed up soon as the gold ran dry.
5. They say Explodey Dan got tired of overbetting good for nothings when playing Liar's Dice, so he rigged their towns with TNT.
6. They say most rainbows end at the back room of ghost town general stores. It is known.

GENERAL RULES OF NOOSE COUNTY

- Unnatural heat. Sunlight for more than an hour or so exhausts/encumbers/damages, so you'd better get some shade. Hats negate this effect by half. Healing magic can only be used in the shade.
- Necromantic magic works as one level higher in the sun.
- Sometimes there are sandstorms.
- Corpses can be looted for sombreros/musical instruments/rations.

FIRST, ROLL FOR SIZE OF YONDER GHOST TOWN (D8)

1. Mirage! +1 to insanity/exhaustion unless you have water.
2. Old train track, leads to ghost town d20 miles away.
3. Lone building.
4. Ghost thorp, d6 buildings.
5. Ghost hamlet, d8 buildings.
6. Ghost town, d10 buildings +general store +1 special building.
7. Ghost boom town, d12 buildings +general store +2 special buildings.
8. Las Ghost, d20 buildings + general store + 3 special buildings.

For each standard building, roll a d6. 1=burnt ruin.

6=**special building (d10)**:

1. Saloon—If the town is occupied, this building is almost certainly filled with occupants, one who is bartending and another who is playing the piano. The piano is worth 500 dollars/silver and is the only thing of real value in this miserable hell hole. Stools and tables can form improvised weapons or cover. There is a chandelier to swing from. If fire touches anywhere on the alcohol-soaked bar it will spread along the whole thing instantly. Behind the bar are d8 bottles of whiskey; if the player physically takes a shot of whiskey they get +1/-1 toward their next roll (they decide). This is stackable with more shots drank.
2. Sheriff—if the town is occupied, there'll be a sheriff here with a pistol, stetson hat and a badge that makes anyone view the wearer as a member of law enforcement. He will also have a deputy with the exact personality of Lenny from Of Mice and Men (+6 strength, -3 intelligence, wisdom, charisma). If the town is unoccupied, the unlooted corpses of both will be sitting at their desks as if they had died suddenly and painlessly.
3. Gunsmith—the ground floor has been thoroughly looted, but hidden beneath a smashed up desk in the back room is a locked trapdoor leading to a basement containing d10 rifles, shotguns, or pistols (players decide) and one machine gun or mortar. There is more than enough ammo for them to carry.
4. Doctor's Office—enough bandages and medicine has survived to form a couple of healing kits. A number of opium vials are stored in a locked cupboard in the back.
5. Corral—filled with either d12 cows or d6 horses chewing on what grass remains. If you roll zombies or vampires on the table below, you get zombie or vampire cows/horses.
6. Bank—a significant amount of gold/dollars/insert your currency here is piled up in a safe in the back, behind several locked doors. There's also a loaded double barrel shotgun in an office. And a plentiful supply of pens.
7. General Store—thoroughly looted, except for a locked back room. Roll on the **What's In The Back Room of the General Store** table below.
8. Mine—a maze of tunnels filled with pickaxes, mine carts and in one locked area, d20 sticks of unreliable TNT that will explode if the carrier is lit on fire, will be rendered unusable if soaked in water, and 50% will explode if the carrier is shot/hit. Each stick deals 2d10 damage in a 5 ft radius.
9. Church—2d10 rabid evangelists live here. They attack with bibles and briefcases and may strangle you with their ties if they can get close enough. Utterly fearless and persistent, they can be placated if you let them tell you about their lord and saviour Jesus Christ (lose one sanity per hour of preaching unless a cleric). If there are vampires in the town the evangelists will have boarded up the church with garlic and crosses.
10. Fort—50% chance it's still occupied by the army, and besieged by occupants (if any), in which case it'll be decked out with cannons, ammunition etc. Otherwise, it's probably little more than a ruin, though a US Army outfit might be salvageable.

WHAT OCCUPIES THE GHOST TOWN? (D20)

1. Vampire Cowboys.
2. Ghosts.
3. Zombies.
4. US Army deserters.
5. Normal, ordinary androids.
6. Mexican bandit gang.
7. Gunslingers engaged in a standoff.
8. Feral dogs.
9. Tumbleweed.
10. Feral tumbleweed.
11. Feral cacti.
12. Sandstorm (stuck inside; hope you have food supplies).
13. Opposing groups of bandits occupy buildings at either end of the town, a coffin maker lives in the middle.
14. Blistering hot sun (double effect of weather).
15. A battle between Union and Confederate forces, 1-in-6 chance of artillery strike (save vs stun to avoid 3d10 damage+on fire).
16. Highwayman with a coffin (containing belt-feed machine gun).
17. Hillbillies.
18. Town on fire, loot before it burns to the ground!
19. Amidst an abduction, a Barrier Peaks spaceship/ Traveller battle cruiser floats above, abducting species for biological tests.
20. Still occupied, non-ghost town! Carousing, shopping, etc. is still possible.

SEARCHING NORMAL BUILDINGS (D30)

1. Tumbleweed.
2. Cigar stub.
3. Bullet holed hat.
4. Moose, cut.
5. Bullet (dud).
6. A spurred boot.
7. Snake Oil with faded label.
8. Two spurred boots that smell of piss.
9. Rusty metal machine part.
10. Half a dollar bill.
11. Lacquered wooden box.
12. Holster.
13. A surprisingly rare flower though you probably won't know it's rare unless you're a ranger or similar.
14. Manacles, rusted.
15. Bent iron horse shoe.
16. Leather pouch containing jerky.
17. Giant slab of mouldy cheese.
18. Coyote carcass.
19. Pram.
20. Battered armchair.
21. d6 bandits lying in wait beneath the floorboards.
22. Hungry cougar.
23. Lots of blood.
24. Charred furniture.
25. Grandfather clock, elaborately carved.
26. Skeletal hand with wedding ring attached.
27. Old covered wagon out back.
28. Dust.
29. Bear trap, discovered as you step in it.
30. 10 cans of lead-poisoned food, -d6 hp when you eat a can.

WHAT'S IN THE BACK ROOM OF THE GENERAL STORE?

As they approach the door, the players smell gunpowder.

Take, without showing the players, 1 to 6 d6s and roll them Liar's Dice style using a cup. The players guess how many dice there are. If they are over, the number of dice they missed by is the amount of d10s you roll for damage as they walk into a room rigged top to bottom with TNT. The whole building goes up. Great job if the pc has some sort of natural explosion resistance.

If they are equal to or under their guess, that's how many dice they get to roll on the following table. If an answer seems vague and the players guess correctly, they get to decide exactly what it means, otherwise the DM decides.

1. Even here, tumbleweed.
2. A harmonica that is definitely dubbed over when you blow through it.
3. A surprised and angry rattlesnake.
4. Native American headdress.
5. A lasso.
6. 100 dollars/silver coins.
7. Angry, burnt boot.
8. Field gun and 10 rounds of ammunition.
9. John Wayne's hat.
10. Early car with full tank of fuel.
11. Poncho of coolness, can never overheat or appear uncool.
12. Book containing the Sandstorm curse. The reader will always cause vicious sandstorms when inside buildings.
13. Special rifle that allows you to teleport to a random nearby roof, if no one else within eyeshot is currently on a nearby roof.
14. Map of nearby gold prospects, d6 locations and each has 1 in 6 chance of actually containing gold.
15. Talking rat, will not stop following you around.
16. Not much but now all tumbleweed is highly radioactive in your campaign.
17. Quick draw pistol, once per session can fire 6 shots in one turn, but must spend preceding turn squinting ominously at target .
18. All the drugs.
19. A unicorn.
20. The ghost town in miniature, as if someone had made a wargames table of the town then magically animated it. All inhabitants possible to be seen, acts like a voodoo on anyone/thing in the town.
21. Nothing, the door simply leads to the desert. Turns out the entire town is just a set, every building in your campaign is just a facade and all NPCs are either actors with high charisma but no skills, or stunt doubles with high skills but no charisma. Once per session the director can call cut on something that's gone wrong and make you re-do the scene (players' choice when cut is called).
22. 3 baby dragon eggs that will hatch in a fire.
23. The son of a gun.
24. Giuliano the talking skull, Italian-American, immortal, can see despite having no eyes.
25. Door to basement containing a fully functional Mad Max rig.
26. Rift gate leading to Carcosa.
27. 10,000 bees.
28. Looking glass leading to Voivodja.
29. Clint Eastwood from the Dollars trilogy, will probably follow you around if you pay him enough / don't piss him off.
30. Tunnel leading into the Veins of the Earth.
31. Players vote which of them (not their characters) would survive the longest in the Wild West, winner's character is ripped out of space and time and replaced with the winner who has to play themselves.
32. Hot air balloon, dismantled, with blueprints.
33. Hydrogen bomb.
34. Deck of many things.
35. Map to El Dorado.
36. Demogorgon.

TABLE OF GIANT WEAPONS

BY TRENT B.
NEWFEIERLAND.BLOGSPOT.COM

“O mighty Santicore, could you deliver a table of giant-sized weapons and/or magic items that giants or other big creatures might use?”

—Steve Sigety

Roll	Weapon
1	A mud-caked ox-plough
2	A sharpened windmill
3	A sturdy chimney
4	A large moose
5	A wrecked sailboat
6	An un-rigged warship's mast
7	A huge church door, wrenched from its frame
8	A watchtower or lighthouse, full of decaying cadavers
9	A grandfather clock
10	A huge bronze cross (or other icon) from a temple
11	A roofless, boarded-up cottage (for capturing)
12	A rusted portcullis
13	A giant, patchwork sack filled with peasants and sheep
14	A huge anchor on a barnacled chain
15	A millstone on a shaft
16	A child-stuffed gibbet (for clubbing and capturing)
17	A gargantuan, defaced statue of a queen or god
18	A tree wrapped in chains and beartraps
19	A cauldron of boiling oil chained to a roofing beam
20	The beam, sling, and counterweight of a trebuchet

THE JUNGLE OF FILMY GREEN

BY ANONYMOUS

"I gaze upon your visage with reverence and wish that you wouldst grant this lowly mortals request. I request with such respect as to make other respectful people look as though they aren't, that could you please make me a jungle based encounter. I lay myself at your feet as your lowly humble servant."

—Reece

The Heart of O'tanund was hidden in the jungle as a precaution against raiders two generations ago. Belief is that the Heart is a powerful icon that will reanimate the sleeping folk hero, O'tanund, from his resting place to come to the rescue of the People. The local bishop has tasked the party to retrieve the item in exchange for a boon. Its precise location was lost, but belief is that the Heart is within an abandoned pyramid deep in the jungle. A prior expedition to retrieve the icon disappeared, except for a lone survivor who crawled out, poisoned and in shock, ranting about spiders before she passed on...

The party may start anywhere along the west origin. 0,2 may be a good start, with notes that elevated land (abandoned causeway) may be found to the southwest. They may also start on the river, but will likely not encounter many challenges or allies if they simply raft (or the objective, either)...

As the party descends into the jungle, they will find the way challenging, as they cross through heavy and lighter jungle forest and canopy. Areas near water bodies tend to be more inundated, with wetland, marsh and swamp terrains. The area is bisected by the sluggish Ockovo River and its unnamed tributaries. There are no fixed crossing points, necessitating building rafts or swimming. Tributaries may be rafted or waded, and occasional decrepit rope bridges may be found, especially near old causeways. The abandoned causeway sections (major sections shown in brown) rise above swampy areas. They are intermittent and were built during a prior attempt to access and cross the region before the effort was abandoned as too costly.

Old Deathlog: An ancient crocodile, his hide an almost stony appearance, lurks along the river (HD Many, AC as plate, atks: Bite, Tail smash, Critical hits will sever limbs or drown foes). The creature is well over century old, and through some magics or mutations has evolved a non-human intelligence. The croc is a neutral observer of the jungle goings-on. His reptilian eyes are not confounded by illusion, and he sees the spiders for what they are. If approached with quiet and patience, and offered some large game as part of parlay, the beast will communicate by images and sensations. Beings of higher wisdom will generally be more receptive to these images, garnering more detailed information. Travelers along water bodies have a 1d6 chance per day of encountering the old reptile.

3,4: 'Flying' monkeys: A colony (35) of arboreal gliding monkeys is based here. These intelligent creatures can be helpful guides or belligerent foes. The monkeys are familiar with the jungle, at least via the canopy, so occasionally are not the best judges of ground terrain. They are willing to trade (fabric, gems) and may provide guides and a few soldiers against the spiders. They have a general area of where the spiders are but are cautious due to loss of a number of their tribe to what they call the 'blinkybugs'. Communication with the tribe is limited to broken Common speech (known by the two colony shamen) and simple sign language.

7,5: Nymph Spring: The hex is occupied by a trio of nymphs. The nymphs inhabit an area around a spring and will attempt to charm and/or blind trespassers. They are unconcerned with goings-on outside of their immediate area and generally very insular and defensive, not open to parlay or information gathering.

7,9: Beaverfolk colony: Behind a dammed tributary, the beaverfolks' semi-submerged colony (20) is dug into the riverbank. Beaver-folk are stocky, semi-aquatic humanoids, covered in short, dense fur. Sporting a wide, fleshy tail, their webbed hands and feet allow them to move at the same pace whether on land or in the water. The beaver-folk are generally peaceful. They are happy to trade fish or finely-crafted wooden utensils and art objects for copper or bronze tools and utensils. The friendly but simple-minded critters chitter on about their 'icon,' a heart-shaped chunk of meteoric iron. However, the 'icon' is mundane, other than its extraterrestrial origin, and not the Heart of O'tanund.

8,5: Arboreal Sylph: A sylph lives high in a Methuselah-tree, one of the oldest in the region. She is generally curious about anyone passing by and will observe parties discreetly, approaching if they appear to be generally peaceable. The sylph (named Keesa) particularly finds halflings cute and irresistible. Others she will misdirect and torment by raising whirlwinds and causing the trees to make haunted noises. She has a sense that odd spiders are in the area, not of the normal jungle fare, and can point out the general direction they seem to inhabit. They make her feel very uneasy and she avoids them. The relationship between her and the nymphs (above) is antagonistic, as she is bitter about how the nymphs lured away and blinded a handsome adventurer, leaving him to die in the jungle.

12,6: Heart Shrine: What appears to be a somewhat decayed village surrounding an overgrown pyramid is a nest-creche of hyper-intelligent spiders (6). The spiders have cast illusions over their mound-nests to create the appearance of the village, although the pyramid's appearance is generally untrammelled. The spiders themselves appear as slightly grey-skinned humans who move in a somewhat jerky manner and have disconcerting unblinking eyes. While they communicate in rough Common, their voices have a piping undertone that may set off dogs and sensitive people as unnatural. If the illusion is broken, the spiders appear as large harvestmen (3HD, non-venomous, treat as illusionists). Their 'soldiers' are phase spiders (2-5), blinking in and out of dimension. The power of the illusion fades away with distance from the 'village' and the spiders will appear as they are outside of the hex. The spider's eggs (1d8) may be of value to certain vivimancers and alienists.

The icon is found within the pyramid, in a sarcophagus in an otherwise empty burial chamber. The 'Heart' is a carved alabaster heart that feels warm to the touch and even seems to pulse. Its relic-aura drew the spiders to this place and amplifies their illusory powers.

RANDOM TABLES

Rumors (roll or distribute):

1. Treants have moved into the area, and driven out intruders (F)
2. An abandoned gold mine is located near the heart of the region (F)
3. A wise old crocodile may be found along the river (T)
4. Pixies are helpful and good guides (F)
5. A tribe of degraded elves has found the 'Heart' and worships it (F)
6. An increasing number of large spiders has been observed in the area (T)
7. Parts of an old causeway allow easy travel in some areas (T)
8. Mud from the southern tributary will heal disease (F)
9. Beware vines that move with no wind (T)
10. Avoid springs where nymphs may dwell (T)
11. The beaverfolk are friendly and hospitable (T)
12. The 'Heart' pyramid is overgrown and obscured (T)

Random terrain that may be found within individual hexes to vary the slog:

1. Pools, to be waded, swam, or bypassed
2. Dry area, raised land, suitable for camping
3. Open area, grassy
4. Thick undergrowth, half-rate movement, increased chance of becoming lost
5. Thorns, half-rate movement, tear clothing
6. Giant trees block the sun such that it is twilight even during the day
7. Swampy, half-rate movement, wading.
8. Rope paths and ladders are strung through the trees. They are rotted and climbing has a chance of failure.
9. Fungus garden (1-3: edible, 4: healing, 5: hallucinogenic, 6: poisonous)
10. Obscured holes—save or trip/lose one item carried
11. Portion of the old causeway (1d10×100 feet long)
12. Stinging plants, painful

Random occurrences and discoveries (roll once-twice/day):

1. Diseased/poisoned food or water
2. Ship suspended in tree as if thrown, miles from navigable water
3. Old sunken stele, runes undiscernible
4. Huge furrow through trees, broken tree trunks, as if some gigantic animal passed by.
5. Bird flock explodes from underbrush (guinea fowl or similar)
6. Bird flock flies overhead, raucous (parrots or similar)
7. Statue, wooden or stone, of a fearsome-appearing deity is half-sunk into the jungle floor
8. Old collapsed building/structure
9. Normal bee colony and hive in hollow tree
10. Flowers, lots of flowers
11. Fog or low-lying mist obscures vision
12. Rare orchid, possibly of value to collectors
13. Fresh fruits in trees or bushes.
14. More fresh fruit, no scurvy here!
15. Rejuvenative plants/fungus (1-4: cure 1d4+1 hp; 5-6: cure disease)
16. Termite mounds made of concrete-hard mud
17. Sulphurous gas in low-lying area (chance of asphyxiation if crossed)
18. Tree falls in forest. PCs hear it.
19. Skeleton of doomed explorer or member of prior party (1d6 chance of useful object or clue)
20. Inundated crater, one hour of searching will find 1d10 pounds of meteoric iron.

Wandering Critters:

1. Bugs (annoying, biting, may be enough for blinding cloud), 5% of disease that manifests in 1d3 days (Save or weakness [-1d3 Str] and fever [-1 all actions] until Cure)
2. More bugs, dammit.
3. Snake (1-4: Constrictor; 5-6: Venomous)
4. Harpy Eagle (massive raptor, preys on monkeys, halfling-sized humanoids best beware)
5. Monkeys (1-2: flying monkey patrol; 3-6: the usual poo-flinging miscreants)
6. More monkeys. Never too much monkey.
7. Pixies (2-5, flying assholes, attempt to steal shit. A magical attack or weapon will destroy them in a burst of hallucinogenic dust)
8. Black leopard, surprise on 5 in 6, +1 HD vs normal leopard (1 only)
9. Spider (1-2: large jumper; 3-4: big orb weaver; 5: trapdoor; 6: intelligent)
10. Spider (1-2: large jumper; 3-4: big orb weaver; 5: phase; 6: intelligent)
11. Herd of elephants led by aged matriarch with scrimshawed tusks (1 only) (otherwise large herbivores)
12. Leeches - 1hp ea., drain 1 pt/round until burned/scraped off, 5% chance blood disease (1d3 Con loss until Cure)
13. Where did all these leeches come from?!?
14. Giant Frog (see Hommlet Moathouse. The bastards...)
15. Crocodile (1-5: mundane; 6: Ancient Croc) –within one hex of open water, otherwise re-roll
16. ‘Strangler Fig’–Drooping vines entangle and strangle passerby (hit as HD3, 1d4 strangulation damage/round unless cut [1HD, AC as leather], unconscious/dead victims are drawn up into tree and exsanguinated)
17. Game animals (dik-dik, tapir, wild boar, capybara, small bovine)
18. Game animals
19. Dinosaur (herbivore, big, curious, harmless) appears and follows party unless chased off. Sticks around for one day, then wanders off, no longer interested. (1 only, reroll)
20. Large river fish (catfish, arowana) (if party at water, otherwise carpet [2d10 feet wide x 5d10 feet long] of army ants moving in random direction)



SCRUFFBERRIES

BY JAMES YOUNG
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“A race or organization which are suitable opponents for low level PCs that are not goblins, orcs, bandits, or similar. Something new and interesting please. Tables optional.”

—Anonymous

STATS

Human scale: Tiny worthless humanoids, easily stomped.
ML 2.

Scruffberry scale: As normal man. ML 8.

Scruffberries are a race of tiny humanoids a couple of inches tall.

They come in a range of colours, from shiny red to dull blue to glossy black.

They live in most climates and temperatures but favour dappled forest glades. They tend to make their homes in the abandoned nests of birds and, especially in times of war, within poisonous toadstools.

The life of a Scruffberry is short, measured in seasons. Those elders who reach upwards of four seasons are said to have Seen Out the Year and are conferred the ancient title of Papa. Most Scruffberries die well before then from predation, natural causes, or war.

Scruffberry lives are short and intense. Feuds and grudges are common, and from the perspective of a longer-lived outside observer are absurdly swift and absurdly violent. Wars erupt, are fought, and are resolved within months. Generational feuds last a couple of years. Empires rise and fall over the course of decades.

Such is life when a Scruffberry can expect to live for only a few months.

They fear wizards, who use them primarily for potion testing. A single drop of potion affects a Scruffberry in the exact same way as the full potion affects a full-size human, making them perfect for testing mysterious magical liquids of all kinds.

They are also hunted for their tart sweet-umami flavour. Purveyors of Scruffberry pie and Scruffberry jam keep the real source of their unique flavour secret.

Other than staying hidden, the primary defence of a Scruffberry community is their powerful Shrink Blast. Harnessed and focused by the community's Papa, the Shrink Blast saturates an area with sparkling explosions of colour, shrinking every creature within it down to Scruffberry scale.

It takes several weeks to prepare a new Shrink Blast, so it is usually only used in times of most dire need. Heavily armed groups of 4-8 individuals tromping through the area are particularly scary, and likely to get blasted by the Shrink Blast. Time for some miniature-scale adventuring!

Only the blessing, or death, of the Papa will unshrink those who have been Shrink Blasted. This is not likely to be obvious to those who have been shrunk. Adventurers may be blackmailed by the Scruffberries into doing some quest or other in exchange for being unshrunk. Protestations that these quests would be far easier if the PCs were unshrunk will fall on deaf ears; full-size humans can't be trusted.

A Remove Curse or similar will also unshrink someone who's been affected by the Shrink Blast, but where's the fun in that?

While they are tiny and practically defenceless against an unshrunk human, at the Scruffberry scale these are regular 1HD humanoids.

Those far from human civilisation wield arms and armour made from twigs and stones, acorn-cap helmets, and other such adorable but surprisingly deadly weaponry. If you can imagine a twee statuette of a fairy on your aunt's mantelpiece having it, you're in the right headspace.

Those closer to humans supplement their arsenals with scavenged glass, metal, and stolen human technology like sewing needles and corks. Aesthetically somewhere between *The Borrowers* and *Mad Max*.

SCRUFFBERRY QUESTS—1D6

1. Kill the monstrous beast that has been preying on the Scruffberry village. It is an ordinary animal like a cat or a crow. Use the stats of a T rex or dragon or something.
2. Rescue the Scruffberries captured by an evil witch for potion testing. She has them in a terrarium in her laboratory. For maximum impact, this “evil witch” is someone the PCs have met before, and she's not that evil.
3. Contacted by seditious Scruffberry about to reach his fourth season. If the reigning Papa is not deposed, this guy will be forced out of the community. Depose the reigning Papa so that he can take over without being suspected of foul play.
4. A young girl has discovered the Scruffberries and believes them to be fairies. She sneaks down to watch the Scruffberries almost every day and thinks that they will be her friends. She must be stopped before she brings destruction down upon the community ... by any means necessary.
5. There is a war with the tree-dwelling Scruffberry community nearby. They are threatening to drop a bee nest they found on this village—equivalent to a nuclear threat. Destroy or disarm the bee nest. Use stats for giant bees for the bees, obviously.

6. There is a Scruffberry celebration coming up, a holiday commemorating the great defeat of the Warren Scruffberries at the Battle of the Molehill. Libations are required! Acquire booze for the party. A bottle of wine will do, but they're especially fond of gin.

SCRUFFBERRY ARMAMENTS (WILD)—1D10 TWICE

1. Twig spear tipped with sharpened stone shard
2. Stretched leaf shield
3. Pine-needle javelins
4. Nut-shell armour
5. Pebble hammer
6. Acorn helmet
7. Cat-claw daggers
8. Shimmering butterfly-wing cloak
9. Thistle mace
10. Berry-juice woad

SCRUFFBERRY ARMAMENTS (ENCROACHED)—1D10 TWICE

1. Macuahuitl made of wood and glass shards.
2. Sewing-needle rapier
3. Jar-lid/button shield
4. Thimble helmet
5. Jagged metal scrap axe
6. Long nail warhammer
7. Shoelace whip
8. Matchstick fire mace
9. Newspaper cape
10. Fishhook dagger



KWALISH

BY ANONYMOUS

“Kwalish is really only well-known for the one extremely famous Apparatus. What’s the deal? Was he/she a one-hit wonder? Are there other apparatuses of Kwalish? If just the one, who are some of Kwalish’s contemporaries, and what did they create to compete with his/her mad genius?”

—Ed Hackett

Scholars generally agree that the Kwalish (a degenerated language portmanteau of “Kiwai Isda” or “Zigzag Fish”) was actually the original name of the Apparatus itself. The Kwalish was a machine originally intended for scientific discovery, developed by the same team of gnome designers who also created the little known artifacts the “Pasalubon,” and the “Kastanyas.” The designers (“Followers Upon the Branch” was their signature name) were lost to the Itaska cataclysm, victims of the magic-caused tsunami that changed the shape of the continent.

Itaska was a city of art and science on the Itas peninsula. The Followers Upon the Branch were one of a group of seven different design teams set to find different methodologies to harness the elements for Itaska’s carefully measured growth. While Itaska’s climate was excellent, its natural resources were somewhat limited to what could be brought in by a mercurial sea. Its chefs (led by The Followers of the Liquid Night) were known to be experts in preparing seafood, but while nearby islands provided some small amounts of edible grasses and fruits there was a great need for vegetable imports. Issues of salinity and the creation of fresh water set significant limits in farming technology.

In order to equalize trade, Itaska focused on the creativity of its people. The Itas Institute drew criticism and commendation for the patronage the city’s ruling elite gave to the various design teams. More so than even the Itas’ boat races, the seasonal competitions between the design teams was a tourist attraction and often drew outside interest, up to and past several controversial calls of interference from foreign powers.

Maintaining its independence, Itaska worked to interest fusions of magical and technological supremacy. Researchers from the Followers Upon the Branch started by trying to measure various magical phenomena. The Kastanyas were a set of attempts to measure and stabilize extra-dimensional containers, such as in the stockpiles of squirrels, several wizard towers, and the infamous purses of hoarding. Kastanyas were built on a concept of maintaining solid

location in a quantum space. They were small, nut-sized objects that each weighed an exact amount for measurement purposes. They held down “corners” of the space, providing small effect on the material plane, but within the extra-dimensional containers one could create borders and separations as they would not shift in place unless deliberately manipulated. Unfortunately, the Kastanyas were considered expensive novelties, and did not gain the kind of reputation a similar device, “the Immovable Rod” did despite having similar methodologies.

The Pasalubon was deliberately developed as a marketing device: a sachet that would bond with its intended recipient and help create a “scent book,” of memories. Psychic impressions of strong scents would be accessible over and over again, but unfortunately the strongest scents were often the most unpleasant, and the memories that were brought up caused much anxiety and stress amongst test subjects. There were explorations of utilizing this for warfare, but the project was transferred to the Followers of the Gold Box, (creators of a kind of adventurer-safe glass for potions) and fell out the sight of this history.

As for the Kwalish itself, it was the winner of the “Winter Waterfest,” under the “explorer vehicle” category, partially because it seized and destroyed the Drebbel, a golem-influenced palanquin (“a terrible mistake, pulled the wrong gear,” pronounced the driver), and outperformed the Nickenoff, powered by elemental fire and considered, “one of the most dangerous toys of the Followers of the Red Veil,” as pronounced by the Itas headmaster. Unlike the others, the Kwalish survived the tsunami and was brought to larger human cities, whereupon it is still known to this day.

If there are other artifacts of drowned Itaska, it could be a lucrative, if dangerous adventure. The creatures roused by the cataclysm are said to be hungry, no longer fed by the bodies and bones of the Institute. Lost islands and mysterious contraptions sound like work for heroes, not this chronicler.

THE TEMPLE OF THE MAW

BY JEREMY MURPHY
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“Module/Adventure Outline/Dungeon Outline based on three themes: Teeth, Hands, and Eyes.”

—Lungfungus

(Map by +Karl Stjernberg - also check out skullfungus on Instagram)

(Monsters from Teratic Tome, by Rafael Chandler)

The Temple of the Maw is a small complex inhabited by the shattered remnants of a group of zealots who worshipped an evil from Beyond: The Great Maw. Their incantations brought forth a small maw to protect their temple, but eventually, madness and cannibalism claimed them all.

The exact entrance to the temple can be dropped anywhere the DM chooses. It can be in a dungeon, sewer, basement or even an isolated cave.

Approaching the Entrance to the Maw, the party will notice a number of strange phenomenon. They will find themselves gnashing their teeth or gnawing at their lips. They will see odd distortions out of the corner of their eye. Reddish eyeballs peeking from rocks, biting jaws appearing on the bark of trees, and odd, twisted hands reaching out from the ground.

The smell also becomes more intense. A mixture of blood and rot seems to wash over them in waves, as if blown by a great exhalation.

1. THE ENTRANCE

Three linked chambers make up the entrance hall of the Temple. All three chambers are coated by viscous, reddish drool—the effluvia of the Maw. The effluvia is slippery (Dex checks to do any fast moving) and caustic (d6 damage if you fail a Dex check and fall into the stuff).

The central chambers are open to the Maw—a vast gaping chasm, lined with obsidian fangs that seems, obscenely, to breathe...

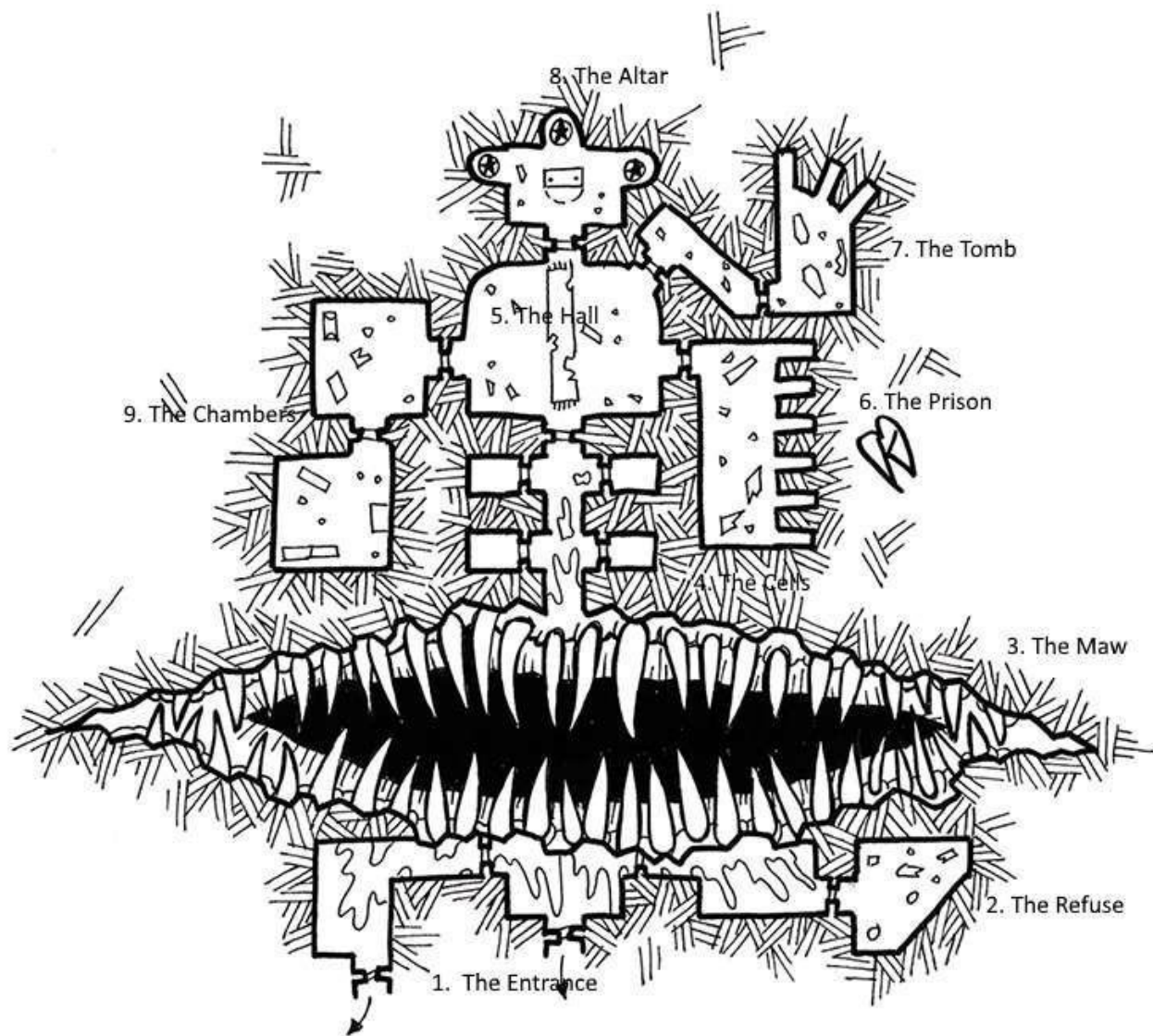
The entrance chamber are haunted by 2 invisible **Ambulators** (See **Appendix 1: Monsters**). The Ambulators were once guardians, intended to warn the cultist of approaching foes. They now watch, invisible, and will attempt to ambush any lone party member.

2. THE REFUSE

The Cultists left the belongings of their victims in this room, returning to gather some of their materials. The vermin in the room have been mutated by the emanations from the Temple, and there are now 2 **Alabaster Scorpions** hidden in the rubble (See **Appendix 1: Monsters**)

Most of the room is full of trash, but some valuable items can be found.

5 sp, 5cp, Bag of Chalk (1 sp, 1/2 lb), 10 lb Bag of Wheat (1 cp, 1 lb), Bedroll (1 sp, 5 lb), Small Cask of Ale (2 sp, 8 lb), Small Cask of Wax (2 sp, 5 lb), Wool Cloak (5 sp, 3 lb)



3. THE MAW

The Maw is a vast and difficult hazard, intended to protect the temple from any intruder. It is a 30-foot wide chasm, edged with 10-foot obsidian fangs. Within is only blackness and stench, and the thunder of horrific breathing.

There are several ways to cross the Maw:

First, the Cultist method. Throw a living creature into the maw, and it will snap shut on the unfortunate, chewing with relish. After the grisly meal is done, the Maw will remain closed for 10 minutes, allowing anyone to walk across the teeth and into the Temple proper.

Second, the Leap. A particularly agile character might edge out on one of the obsidian fangs and leap across to another. A failed Dex check will result in a quick and grisly end—but the rest of the party can then cross in safety!

Careful work with ropes or levitation or flight will allow passage over the Maw, but beware, the Maw has a tendency to snap shut on unfortunate limbs or bodies that stray within its bite. Anyone caught in the snap of the Maw must make a Death Save or suffer 4d10 damage, and possibly lose an extremity.

4. THE CELLS

The 4 chambers adjoining this short passage were once cells where low-ranking members of the cult slept. When the other-worldly energies swept through, the cultists were transformed into **Dreg-Stalkers** (See **Appendix 1: Monsters**).

One of the amorphous monstrosities lurks in each of the cells, and will attack anything passing through the central passage. The chambers themselves contain only the smashed remains of furniture and tattered robes.

The door at the end of the passage is a massive, iron-bound portal. It is locked, but the key can be found in the ruined remains of a chest in one of the cells.

5. THE HALL

The main hall of the Temple was once richly decorated, but the room is now utterly ruined, and the fine furnishings have been smashed and strewn about. Gemstones and inlaid reliefs, glitter among the ruins.

The disturbing distortions are particularly bad here. Spending too much time (2 turns) in this room is a bad idea. Anyone who does so, must Save vs Polymorph or acquire a random mutation (usually a eyeball, toothed maw or hand where they didn't previously have one). Getting 3 of the mutations will result in a Save vs Death. Failing the save means the characters melts into a Gibbering Mouter.

There are a number of gems among the ruins of the fine furniture. Each turn spent searching will uncover d6 gemstones worth 50 gp each (maximum of 20 gemstones).

6. THE PRISON

The cult once held it's prisoners in this dank room. Tiny barred cells line the east wall. Inside each of the 6 cells is a **Qolishuul** (See **Appendix 1: Monsters**). The creatures are hidden inside the bodies of the prisoners. Opening any of the cells will result in the creatures bursting forth from the abdomens of the bodies and scuttling forward to attack.

7. THE TOMB

A short access tunnel leads to a massive, iron-bound door, covered with warding runes and cracks filled in with cold lead. The runes have no effect on the living, and it requires 10 minutes of work to break open the door.

Within is a cold, nearly airless chamber that was once the burial chamber of the cult. When Pearl, the current leader, deposed and murdered her sister Ivory, she interred the body in the crypt. Ivory promptly rose as a powerful undead **Demimondaine** (See **Appendix 1: Monsters**).

The undead horror will attempt to burst past the party and seek her sister, Pearl, who currently lurks in Area 9: The Chambers. Once Pearl has been destroyed, the creature will return for anyone who remains alive in the Temple.

The Tomb contains 3 stone coffins containing past leaders of the Cult. One has been burst open from within. The other two contain:

Coffin 1: The skeleton of a human, clad in a Gold Cloth Tabard (150 gp) and Iron Gauntlets (70 gp), holding a Rosewood Rod inlaid with silver eyes (600 gp). The Rod is engraved with symbols of protection, and anyone holding it will not be attacked by the Onlooker in area 8: The Altar.

Coffin 2: The rotted corpse of a woman with long black hair, wearing an *Ermine Ribbon* (100 gp) and a *Sable Corset* (500 gp).

8. THE ALTAR

The heart of the extra-planar distortions is found here—at the Altar to the Maw. 3 enormous statues of the Aspects of the Maw stand in the alcoves—a Pillar of Eyeballs, a Column of Hands and a Cloud of Teeth. The central altar is carved into the shape of a gaping, fanged mouth. Putting anything living into the teeth will cause the altar to bite down, crushing the unfortunate being for 2d10 damage/round. A successful STR check is required to escape.

The Altar can be destroyed by dealing 100 hp worth of damage. It has AC 18. If the Altar is destroyed, the planar distortions will cease.

Floating over the altar is an **Onlooker** (See **Appendix 1: Monsters**) the guardian of the Temple. It will attack anyone who enters that is not bearing the Rosewood Rod from Area 7.

Inside the Altar Maw is an elaborate steel helmet, which makes the wearer's face appear to be a fanged beast—the Helmet of the Maw.

The Helmet of the Maw allows the wearer to make a bite attack instead of a regular attack. It deals 2d6+STR damage, and can hit immaterial creatures or foes that can only be struck with magic.

The Helmet is also cursed. Wearing it for too long slowly causes a cannibalistic madness to engulf the wearer. Anyone wearing the Helmet of the Maw can force The Maw in Area 3 to close. Pearl wants the Helmet to allow her to escape the Temple.

9. THE CHAMBERS

These opulent chambers are the living quarters of the higher-ranking cult members. The first chamber is a luxurious sitting room. It has been mostly destroyed by Pearl, the leader of the cult. When the extra-planar distortions began, Pearl was transformed into a horrendous creature, an **Eremit** (See **Appendix 1: Monsters**).

Pearl waits in the second room, an opulent bedchamber. Hearing the party approach, she polymorphs herself into her old form, an attractive human woman of early middle age, clad in an ornate suit of chainmail armor. She greets the party warmly, saying that she was kidnapped by the Cult to be ransomed. She wants the party to try and get the *Rosewood Rod* from Area 7 (ideally destroying her undead sister in the process), so that she can get the *Helmet of the Maw* from the Altar and escape. She will use her *Charm Person* ability liberally.

Pearl is very intelligent, utterly amoral and completely mad. If the Demimondaine escapes from Area 6, she will transform to her Eremit form, and the party will likely get to watch two powerful monsters clash. It's about 50/50 each way who will win.

The bedchamber also contains a locked chest with the Cult's treasure:

2068 gp, 10 Deep Green Spinel (80 gp), 5 Onyx (70 gp), 5 Star Rose Quartz (70 gp), Vial of Oil of Magic Weapon (50 gp), Potion of Remove Paralysis (300 gp)

APPENDIX 1: MONSTERS

An Ambulator is a huge disembodied eyeball, which scuttles about on 6 spider-like legs.

At any time, the ambulator can cast invisibility on itself, remaining hidden from view for a period of 24 hours, at which point the spells wears off and the creature blinks into view; eventually, its primitive brain reminds it to cast the spell once again, but by this time, it may have been spotted.

If confronted, the lone ambulator will attack, and will fight to the death. Its body has an armor class of 3, and its eye, which has 15 hit points, has an armor class of 9. If the eye is destroyed, the creature is blind, and can no longer cast invisibility.

A murderous undead entity, the demimondaine appears as the rotting corpse of a woman. Its eyes have been gouged out, and foul black liquid seeps from its mouth and nostrils. The legs have been transformed into huge grey claws. It reeks of sewage.

In combat, it strikes with its claws for for 5-15 points of damage. If the to-hit roll is 5 or more greater than the score needed to hit, the creature drains a point of strength from its victim, and it is able to cast cure serious wounds upon itself (2d8+1). It can only cast this spell upon itself each time that it has drained someone's strength, and it requires an action to do so.

The demimondaine can only be struck by silver or enchanted weapons, and is unaffected by mind-altering spells such as illusions, charms, and holds. It is, however, affected by sleep spells.

An amorphous blob of tissue with sensory organs that are little more than thick pores on its oily skin, the dreg-stalker is a predator that stalks sewers and alleys. It has 6 small legs, and 4 enormous arms, which end in taloned claws.

Eremites look like women with pale white skin, long hair, and bright green or blue eyes. In lieu of arms, they have two segmented golden tentacles attached to their shoulders, and instead of legs, two muscular arms that grip the earth. At the crotch, three glistening black serpents hiss and snap. Eremites smell of cloves.

EREMITE

FREQUENCY: Rare
NO. ENCOUNTERED: 1
SIZE: L (8' tall)
MOVE: 90 ft
ARMOR CLASS: 2
HIT DICE: 5+2
ATTACKS: 2
DAMAGE: 1d6+poison or 2d4+4
TAZ: 14
SPECIAL ATTACKS: Traps, poison
SPECIAL DEFENSES: None
MAGIC RESISTANCE: Standard
LAIR PROBABILITY: 85%
INTELLIGENCE: High
ALIGNMENT: Chaotic evil
TREASURE: Personal, none; in lair, fortune, a few gems, many objects, a few magic items
LEVEL: 6
XP: 300+6/hp

AMBULATOR

FREQUENCY: Uncommon
NO. ENCOUNTERED: 1 / 2-12
SIZE: M (5' tall)
MOVE: 120 ft
ARMOR CLASS: 3/9
HIT DICE: 3+3
ATTACKS: 1
DAMAGE: 1d12
TAZ: 16
SPECIAL ATTACKS: None
SPECIAL DEFENSES: See below
MAGIC RESISTANCE: Standard (see below)
LAIR PROBABILITY: None
INTELLIGENCE: Low
ALIGNMENT: Neutral
TREASURE: None.
LEVEL: 4
XP: 105+3/hp

DEMIMONDAINE

FREQUENCY: Rare
NO. ENCOUNTERED: 1
SIZE: M (6' tall)
MOVE: 100 ft
ARMOR CLASS: 2
HIT DICE: 8+2
ATTACKS: 2
DAMAGE: 2d6+3
TAZ: 11
SPECIAL ATTACKS: See below
SPECIAL DEFENSES: See below
MAGIC RESISTANCE: 45%
LAIR PROBABILITY: None
INTELLIGENCE: Animal
ALIGNMENT: Neutral
TREASURE: Personal, assortment; in lair, none.
LEVEL: 8
XP: 3000+12/hp

DREG-STALKER

FREQUENCY: Uncommon
NO. ENCOUNTERED: 1-3
SIZE: L (6' diameter)
MOVE: 60 ft
ARMOR CLASS: 6
HIT DICE: 2+2
ATTACKS: 2
DAMAGE: 1d8+1
TAZ: 17
SPECIAL ATTACKS: Vermin
SPECIAL DEFENSES: None
MAGIC RESISTANCE: Standard
LAIR PROBABILITY: 55%
INTELLIGENCE: Low
ALIGNMENT: Chaotic evil
TREASURE: Personal, none; in lair, cache
LEVEL: 3
XP: 65+2/hp

Onlooker

FREQUENCY: Rare
NO. ENCOUNTERED: 1-2
SIZE: L (4' diameter)
MOVE: 40 ft
ARMOR CLASS: 1/5
HIT DICE: 12/3
ATTACKS: 11
DAMAGE: 1d8+2 / 2d6
TAZ: 8
SPECIAL ATTACKS: Spells
SPECIAL DEFENSES: See below
MAGIC RESISTANCE: Special
LAIR PROBABILITY: 80%
INTELLIGENCE: Exceptional
ALIGNMENT: Lawful Evil
TREASURE: Personal, none; in lair, fortune, several gems, several objects, a few magic items.
LEVEL: 10
XP: 16,500+20/hp

QOLISHUUL

FREQUENCY: Uncommon
NO. ENCOUNTERED: 1-20
SIZE: M (6' tall)
MOVE: 60 ft
ARMOR CLASS: 10
HIT DICE: 2+1
ATTACKS: 1
DAMAGE: 1d4
TAZ: 18
SPECIAL ATTACKS: None
SPECIAL DEFENSES: None
MAGIC RESISTANCE: Standard
LAIR PROBABILITY: None
INTELLIGENCE: Non-intelligent
ALIGNMENT: Neutral
TREASURE: Personal, assortment
LEVEL: 2
XP: 50+2/hp

SCORPION, ALABASTER

FREQUENCY: Uncommon
NO. ENCOUNTERED: 1
SIZE: M (5' long)
MOVE: 150 ft
ARMOR CLASS: 4
HIT DICE: 4+2
ATTACKS: 2
DAMAGE: 1d6 or 1d4+poison
TAZ: 15
SPECIAL ATTACKS: Paralyzation, blindness
SPECIAL DEFENSES: None
MAGIC RESISTANCE: Standard
LAIR PROBABILITY: 50%
INTELLIGENCE: Animal
ALIGNMENT: Neutral
TREASURE: Personal, none; in lair, coinage, many gems
LEVEL: 5
XP: 270+4/hp

In combat, an eremite strikes with its massive fists, inflicting 6-12 points of damage, or lashes with one of its tentacles, dealing 1-6 (and a successful hit means that the victim is poisoned and loses 1-3 points of dexterity for a period of 1-12 hours; the effect is not cumulative). It can cast charm person and polymorph self at will.

The onlooker appears as a large sphere of greenish-blue tissue, from which dangle 10 tentacles of different lengths. An enormous mouth protrudes from the four-foot-wide central sphere, and each of the tentacles ends in a chattering mouth. The monster sweats a milky substances that reeks of fresh fruit.

If approached, the onlooker will stop chattering long enough to bite with its tentacled mouths (3-10 points of damage) or its central maw (2-12 points); if it feels that the enemy is a dangerous enough foe to warrant it, the central maw can spit forth magic missiles (6d4+6, 180' range, once per day).

The ten other mouths can utter the following spells (once per day each):

1. Dispel magic
2. Fear
3. Fumble
4. Hold person
5. Interposing hand
6. Polymorph other
7. Power word: stun
8. Shield
9. Sleep
10. Web

The qolishuul appears as a mass of writhing tentacles with a long, snakelike tail that ends in a barbed hook. The tentacles are a pale pink, and rubbery to the touch; their tips exude droplets of moisture that smell faintly of Cloves.

Typically, the qolishuul is found inside the body of a host, protruding from the host's body through the abdomen, and walking around on its host's hands and feet like a quadruped.

Found in the white sands of the most arid deserts, the alabaster scorpion is unique for its four large eyes, which it uses to paralyze its prey. The eyes are large, with pale grey irises.

In combat, it attacks with its pincers, which inflict 1-6, or with its tail which deals 1-4 damage (and the victim must save vs. poison or go blind for 1-3 rounds). Twice per day, it can attempt to use its glassy-eyed stare to paralyze a victim; this functions like a hold person spell, and the target must save vs. spells or be affected.

BEER FESTIVAL

BY Z.Y.

“A weird festival that involves beer.”

—Giuliano Roverato

Every town within about 50 miles of Lamperc has heard of the annual beer festival, otherwise known as the Jambereee. Beer flows cheap at the Jambereee thanks to a local monastery that brews a variety of drinks to raise money for their various charitable works in the area. Adventurers anywhere near Lamperc will hear stories at local taverns or inns (d6):

1. “You don’t want to head that way. I’ve heard people go missing when they get too interested in the monastery and that the special ingredient is a drop of human blood in every mug of beer.” (False)
2. “Of course it’s too good to be true! The whole thing’s put on by the local thieves’ guild, who use it as training for new pickpockets. Not a single person leaves there with purse intact.” (False)
3. “I swear, I couldn’t grow more than scruff last year before I went to the Jambereee! Look at me now,” he says, pointing at a six-inch-long beard. (True)
4. “You wouldn’t believe some of the beauties that congregate in Lamperc every year! Couldn’t find better if you’d hired them.” (True)
5. “Last year, there were over three hundred people there! I’ve heard this year will be even bigger. I know I’ll be there; you should go too!” (True)
6. “This brew here’s solid enough, but you haven’t lived until you’ve tried what they serve down in Lamperc. Best I’ve ever had.” (True)

If the party travels to Lamperc, they’ll find a fairly normal town, aside from the Jambereee and its impact on the local economy. A handful of farms (mainly growing grains, vegetables, and fruits, but each has some dedicated space for at least one variety of hops) surround a settlement of about 100 residents. There is a smithy that focuses on farm tools but that could make reasonable quality weapons on request. A glassworks converts imported sand primarily into hundreds of bottles each year but also into windows for local buildings, jars, and baubles. There are a few merchants who supply the needs of both travelers and the monks. Multiple buildings, including the town hall and the local adventurers’ guild, are converted into hostels the week before the Jambereee to house the influx of visitors. Even so, tents of those too poor to afford proper lodgings can be seen in all directions around the town. Most residents of Lamperc have some tie or another to the Jambereee; because of its popularity, the townspeople are doing better financially than the inhabitants of most neighboring towns. Those few who do not have jobs do not go hungry thanks to the generosity of the monks.

Cloistered monks live in a monastery situated on top of a hill overlooking the town. Only during the Jamberece do they emerge from its walls. During the rest of the year, they engage in meditation and contemplation; that, and brewing the beers for the next year's Jamberece, using both locally grown plants and exotic ingredients imported from far away. Clerics are available to provide spiritual guidance and spellcasting to both locals (free of charge, thanks to the proceeds from each Jamberece) and adventurers (for reasonable fees). Religious imagery and services are consistent with those of the region's hedonism/revelry/alcoholism-focused god(s). Even a devout follower of said god(s) would find nothing amiss if they spent time in the monastery's chapel. Children from the village are paid to bring requests for supplies (both everyday and brewing-related) to the relevant people. This system keeps the children out of trouble and keeps the monastery well supplied.

The Jamberece itself is a grand event, taking part in a series of pavilions set up just outside the city. People young and old come from miles to take part on the festivities; anyone who is fifteen years of age or older is served. Barrel upon barrel of ale from the monastery and brews from all around the surrounding countryside are available here for a week-long celebration. Beer of a multitude of varieties (stouts, ambers, lagers, lambics, porters, ales, barley wines, gose, and anything else the players might ask about are available) is the main attraction, but wine, mead, and sake are available as well. No distilled spirits can be found during the Jamberece. Drinks may be purchased for half of their normal cost. While the drinks from outside Lemberc are almost all solidly crafted, those from the monastery live up to their legendary reputation and are unmatched in flavor. Drinks from the monastery also intoxicate twice as quickly as expected, causing the familiar enhancement of enjoyment, loss of inhibitions, and augmented appreciation of puerile humor that any alcohol will cause in great enough quantity. Because of the special properties of drinks from the monastery, however, the imbiber will receive +4 to resist becoming nauseated or sickened by what they have drunk.

For those that do manage to overindulge, the town guard is on hand to escort people back to their places of residence. They also keep an eye on the festivities, deterring pickpockets. In general, there is little actual trouble at the Jamberece. Occasional injuries resulting from alcohol-fueled stunts are fixed by local clerics, and more than one farmer has found himself chasing away a would-be suitor of his daughter, but violent crime is nearly unheard of. Because all the villagers of Lemberc benefit in some way or another from the celebration, they are universally happy to profit fairly from the festivities instead of resorting to pickpocketing and thievery. Only outsiders provide a risk of illegal activities, and the guard pays close attention to anyone who seems shift.

Aside from drinks, a variety of souvenirs are also sold, ranging from plaques proclaiming "I was at the Lemberc Jamberece!" to small carved wooden beer steins that can be pinned to clothing or packs as ornaments. One particularly exotic collectable is the Chinchiller. Each chinchiller, sold for 100 gold, is an enchanted canteen made of a taxidermized chinchilla, sourced from a free-range chinchilla farm in a far-away mountain range. The chinchilla's mouth is the opening through which one drinks. Each eye has been replaced by an icy blue crystal, the source of the Chinchiller's magic. Up to one liter of liquid stored in the Chinchiller is kept chilled indefinitely, a few degrees above the freezing point of said liquid.

Musicians, dancers, performers, prostitutes, and more put on shows throughout the week, entertaining guests. The best of these receive stipends from the monastery; even those who do not are able to make a pretty penny just by putting out a donation bowl, given the surplus of inebriates seeking entertainment.

All of this is put on by the monks as a part of the worship of their true god. This being has many names and titles; Pel'snir the Amber-Blooded, the Supplier of the Sacred Solution, the Manygod, the Source of the Eternal Revel. Pel'snir was once a widely known god of drink and debauchery, but betrayal by a fellow god left it a shadow of its previous self. It currently exists as a hive mind inhabiting the monastery's yeast. Its primary mass is stored in a carefully hidden chamber underneath the monastery. The monks are the only remaining mortals who know of Pel'snir's existence, but knowledge of the god is not necessary to worship it. The presence of the god enhances the yeast, resulting in the exceptional quality of the beers produced at the monastery. These beverages are not fully filtered; some amount of live god-yeast is present in each drink.

Willingly drinking any beer produced at the monastery will cause a yeast colony to develop in a person's gut. Pel'snir's hive mind extends to any yeast colonies that remain on the same plane of existence, and the god is aware of anything that occurs within eyesight of someone who harbors a colony. The colony will process any ingested poisons, rendering them safe. One of the few tenets of Pel'snir worship is that drinks should be pleasurable and delicious. Anything that is more than 25% alcohol by volume (e.g., rum, vodka, tequila, whiskey, or other undiluted spirits) will be revolting to anyone harboring yeast colonies, and they will need to make a concerted effort to not vomit it up.

The god also provides psychic advice to those who are drunk, giving +2 to attempts to persuade or befriend other people, accomplish difficult tasks, or hit enemies in combat (provided that the preferable option of offering the enemy a drink has already been exhausted; why fight when you could just party?). This advice is generally interpreted as the person's own thoughts and is perceived as a good idea in much the same way as any other idea that is born while drinking. Penalties for being drunk still apply to any actions taken while listening to this advice. Advice is particularly well thought out if the relevant actions will lead to more people coming to the Jambeeree in the future or if they will encourage others to drink while at the Jambeeree. In this case, the advice gives +4 to relevant rolls. Any NPCs advising the characters to attend can be assumed to be benefiting from this. NPCs at the Jambeeree will instinctively try to encourage one another and the player characters to drink more, including but not limited to buying drinks for others and being overtly flirtatious, suggesting that they might just be ready to go home with PCs after another few drinks.

In exchange for the benefits of having a colony, Pel'snir extracts 'worship' from every being that has yeast colonies. For each drink that a person has consumed in their lifetime that has yeast that is part of Pel'snir's hive mind, they will age a cumulative 10% faster. One night of having 10 drinks would double a person's aging rate; someone who had 30 drinks over the course of the Jambeeree week would age four times as fast as they naturally would. This explains the sudden maturation of teenagers who take part in the festival, such as the bearded man in the rumors. Locals don't think much of this, as it seems self-evident (reinforced by the voice of the god in anyone with colonies) that drinks as good as those on offer from the monastery would put hair on the chins and chests of young men. This lost youth flows into the god; one day soon, if the Jamberees continue increasing in size each year, Pel'snir will have accumulated enough power to ascend back to proper godhood and leave the physical realm, no longer trapped within the yeast. While it is not a malevolent being, returning to full godhood is its primary goal, and it sees nothing wrong with the trade-off of enhanced partying for life force. If it does accomplish ascension, it will have the same ability to grant spells and recruit paladins and clerics as any other legitimate god. It will look favorably on those who helped it reach that point and antagonize any who tried to stand in its way.

Cure Disease or similar magic will stop both the positive and negative effects, but the consumption of any fermented beverage within half a year will constitute 'worship' and will reinvigorate the colony, allowing it to continue functioning. If a full six months are spent sober after a casting of *Cure Disease*, the yeast colony will completely die off, and all these effects will end.

ESOTERIC PLANES FOR FANTASY

BY LUNGFUNGUS
MELANCHOLIESANDMIRTH.BLOGSPOT.COM

"A table of strange alternate planes that represent abstract ideas or surreal, psychedelic experiences, not physical places or classical conceptions of otherworlds. Something that will make a player think they're having a disassociative episode."

—Red Flanagan

PLANE 1

Description

Frailty and grandeur are exemplified by your surroundings. Things loom far out of sight above the clouds as massive broken anthropomorphic beings shambling and squirming below the earth cast their shadows upwards.

Mechanical Effects

Every character is treated as if they were level 1

Inspirational Media

Art of Zdzislaw Bekinski

PLANE 2

Description

No sky can be seen above the grey and yellow clouds. Massive cyclopean stone effigies of ancient giants dot a landscape of upturned soil as all is warm and smells of rotting fruit.

Mechanical Effects

Each character is limited to speaking a number of words equal to their intelligence score + 5. (Players are only informed of this after they use their words up)

Inspirational Media

Art of David Siqueiros and William Blake

PLANE 3

Description

All color and shade depart, leaving you with only a black outline on white space. All motion is clearly seen, and all detail is visible. Your tongue falls heavy unless you scream out with emotional intensity or make a massive oath.

Mechanical Effects

Every character's shadow departs and turns into either a rival or a nemesis. The shadow either has the same capabilities or complementary capabilities of the character, 50% chance of each.

Inspirational Media

Art of Tsutomu Nihei and Tetsuo Hara

PLANE 4

Description

The sky above is dark save for a single baleful moon. Your skin is taut and bleached by the wailing wind as dark flame bursts and smolders in all of your orifices. There is no sensation save for the cold.

Mechanical Effects

Every Monster has maximum hit points and 2 more HD. Further, all reaction rolls have a -1 penalty.

Inspirational Media

Album art of Darkthrone, Burzum, and Enslaved

PLANE 5

Description

All is a bizarre combination of orange and blue shades and splotches. The blue bleeds heat as the orange breeds cold. There is no light or darkness, merely variation and shading.

Mechanical Effects

Every day characters must save otherwise their most exceptional attribute moves towards the average of their attributes. If characters ask what they see the DM is to continue talking past the horizon until they are told to stop.

Inspirational Media

Art of Serge Poliakoff and Alexandre Istrati

PLANE 6

Description

The monochromatic world before you can barely be seen. Like smeared ash upon poorly made glass, the grime mixes with the dust into a single haze. There is absolutely no sound here.

Mechanical Effects

In addition to the normal effects of taking damage, every point of damage incurs the removal of one word or one number by white-out from the character sheet.

Inspirational Media

Art of Franz Kline

PLANE 7

Description

Everything leaves a thin light trail as if under the effects of a stop-gap light. Everything is seemingly formed of squirming angles which move rapidly.

Mechanical Effects

Upon arriving players have 15 seconds to write their character information onto a notecard before the DM takes away their characters sheets. Whenever the DM asks a player what their course of action is they get 5 seconds to respond before they take 1d6 damage and their turn is skipped.

Inspirational Media

Art of Giacomo Balla and Umberto Boccioni

PLANE 8

Description

Everything is elongated and stretched as if seen through a poorly wrought telescope. Things slowly melt and rip upwards into the sky. Each movement seems to take a great deal of time as limbs stretch outwards at uneven rates.

Mechanical Effects

Rather than rolling a dice, flip a coin, treating heads as a maximum roll of the die and tails as the minimum roll. If a player says an adjective or a noun, it appears somewhere as a pattern or a motif.

Inspirational Media

Art of Yves Tanguy and Salvador Dalí

PLANE 9

Description

Everything is a repetition of multiple chromatic shades that are violently vibrant. Instead of a sky a single bright glow shines. Three copies of you in vibrant chromatic tones mirror each of your actions in unison. Looking around, you find everything appears in such numerous repetitions.

Mechanical Effects

Each action has 4 attempts because of the their extra copies. Characters have 3 clones that may die before they do. If a color copy of a character dies, that character can no longer see that color.

Inspirational Media

Art of Keith Haring and Andy Warhol

PLANE 10

Description

All is made of some brutal unmoving, unfinished, unyielding granite. Aggressive geometries launch themselves outwards into clusters of fortifications caught in conflict. The stone here is unmoving, unchanging and will outlast you.

Mechanical Effects

Nothing on a character sheet changes while a character is in here. Light sources do not dissipate and continue to provide illumination as long as they are in the plane.

Inspirational Media

Brutalist architecture

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