

Jonathan Newell's



a Lost Pages book



issue ten - volume 2

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Table of Contents

Lost in the Depths	2	Random Encounters	10
Entrails	4	Lost Artifacts	13
Adventure Hooks	5	The Small Intestine	18
Entrails Shopping	6	Herniaheim	30
The Gutgardeners	8	The Large Intestine	39
Intestinal Perils	9	Colonic Creatures	54

Lost in the Depths

(Thank you to my playtesters!)

Wanderers in the Entrails may encounter others of their mercenary ilk in the dripping darkness, seeking a way back to Jackburg through the many endless, twisting tunnels.

Some such lost souls include...



Alabastor

gnome rogue-turned-warlock
and failed circus ringmaster
played by Robert McLelland



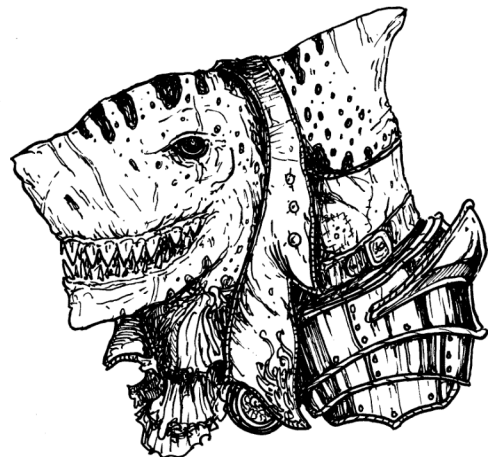
Caulis

a homunculus warlock
liberated from its master
played by Bronwyn McIvor



Comet

a waspkin ranger
dreamer and idealist
played by Bill Radford



Finn

a selachian paladin
devout to the Sharkfather
played by Llum



Rhiskiboutis

a mischievous siren bard
and pirate
played by sparkletwist



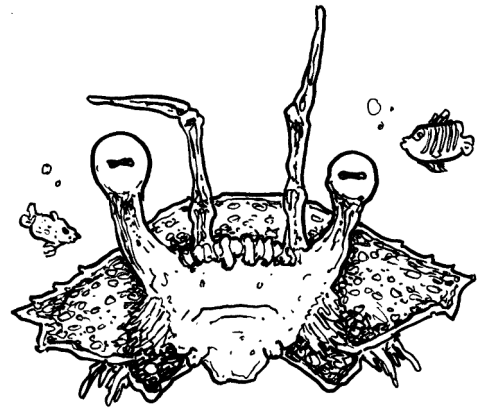
Sfyrnard

a selachian cleric
dedicated to spreading the wordless psychophony
playing in his head, the song of the Sharkfather
played by Ghostman



Sister

an ancient and enigmatic Lengian cleric
devout to the Mother of Spiders
played by Samantha Mills



Skramp

a karkinoi monk
serene of temperament but sharp of claw
played by Senor Leetz



Titus

a werewolf sailor and rogue
once of the Crimson Armada of Erubescence
played by Nomad



Vokko

a human barbarian
from the cold and distant wastes of Blodvinter
played by Yotta Goblin

Entrails

While Jackburg is a teeming testament to the beneficence of Genial Jack, beyond its wooden streets and swaying bridges and swallowed towers lie the Entrails – a living maze of darkness and fear, but also of ancient wonders. Deep in the brachiating intestines of Jack lie the half-digested ruins of previous Jackburgs from centuries long past. Adventurers delve into the fetid gloom to plunder these ruins for treasures; Jackburg University scholars pay handsomely for artefacts taken from these ancient ruins, and many of the technological and magical marvels in Jackburg are modeled on strange machines extracted from its depths. The main source of wealth, though, is ambergris – the puissant “grey amber” of the Godwhale, valued as alchemical catalyst, transmutation reagent, and for its exquisite scent (almost sufficient to mask the Stink of the Inner Town).

Unlike the intestines of other creatures, the Godwhale’s guts branch out, forming a labyrinthine tangle of impossible complexity. Indeed, scholars have speculated that reality itself may grow somewhat unstable within the depths of Jack’s bowels, possibly as a result of eldritch radiation exuded by some of the ruins deep in the Entrails; his intestines may be literally longer than physically possible, even given Jack’s prodigious proportions. Consequently, finding one’s way out of the Entrails is difficult if one strays from the areas under control of the Ambergris Consortia in the Small Intestine.

Using this Issue

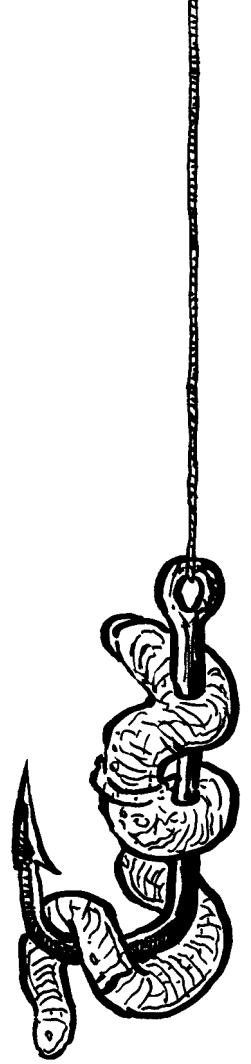
This issue of *Genial Jack* provides a full dungeon environment – Jack’s Entrails – for your players to explore. While written for the 5th edition of the world’s most popular roleplaying game, it is very easily adaptable to other systems, and in particular would be appropriate for “old school” styles of play emphasizing exploration and creative dungeoneering. In addition to the adventure itself, this volume also includes a collection of magic items, a druid circle, and a catalogue of the horrors and creatures found in the depths.

The adventure assumes low-level player characters (including 1st level). There are also areas and threats for stronger characters, such as the Swallowed Sea-Devil and the Greater Tapeworms in the Nest; indeed, you could run the Entrails as a “bug hunt” mission for stronger parties. Although Volume 2 of *Genial Jack* is set specifically within the Godwhale, whose symbiotic city of Jackburg is detailed in Volume 1 of this series, many elements of this issue could be used in any “living dungeon” set within the intestines of a similarly enormous creature. What is presented here should be seen as a small portion of the Entrails, not an exhaustive description of them – they shift and rearrange periodically, and some believe they are literally infinite, a strange, recursive universe within the Godwhale. Entire sub-dungeons could easily be embedded in the Entrails should you wish; in any case, add onto and expand the Entrails as you see fit!

Adventure Hooks

There a number of reasons the party might venture into the Entrails, including:

- The **Ambergris Consortia** are losing workers in the Entrails – whole mining operations have been found deserted. The party is hired to investigate the cause of such disappearances.
- It is said the **Hagfish Hermit**, who dwells deep in the Large Intestine, can answer any question pertaining to the seas where Jack has swum. A group of pilgrims want to seek his wisdom and need an escort into the depths.
- An octopoid collector, **Prince Moak**, is seeking ancient octopoid artefacts – the yellow eye-jewels of the idol of the Thousand-Suckered-One, said to be found in the deity's temple somewhere in the Entrails. He will pay 1000 doubloons for each returned.
- The urchin assassin known as **Ericius** was nearly apprehended in Finfoлка-heim but slew six Whaleguard and escaped into the Entrails. Now bounty hunters are competing to catch the infamous killer for a 2000-doubloon reward.
- During a raid **Gutreavers** kidnapped a dozen Jackburghers, and the Whaleguard have thus far been unable to recover them. They're hiring mercenaries to travel to Herniaheim to free the enslaved citizens.
- Jack has been having strange nightmares which the Navigators are unable to soothe, causing violent Jackquakes that are imperiling Jackburg and the fleet, creating tsunamis. Some have suggested the nightmares might be related to digestive issues, and the **Navigators** are willing to fund an expedition to investigate.
- A freelance ratfolk prospector, **Jeremiah Fastpaw**, was lost in the Lower Intestine when he discovered a gigantic ambergris deposit – before a group of barking cultists found him, chasing him off the find. Jeremiah wants to return to the deposit to stake his claim, but he needs protection against the fanatics, and some means of conveying the deposit up through Herniaheim...
- The **Gutgardeners** are concerned about Jack's digestion – there may be something wrong with the Entrails. They will supply an adventuring party with syringes of powerful healing potion to administer to any wounds they might find in the bowels and will pay if they fix the problem.
- **Joseph Flay** owes over 10,000 doubloons to the Loan Shark. Rather than risk losing his limbs to the selachian mob boss, he's fled into the Entrails. The Loan Shark doesn't want to endanger his Bloodskulls in retrieving the man, but he'll pay 1000 doubloons for Flay's return.
- The adventurous ex-pirate **Tiresias Quibble** seeks a buried treasure, said to be found in an island Jack swallowed. He has a key to the chest, and believes the map to be somewhere in Herniaheim, while what remains of the isle with the treasure lies somewhere in the Large Intestine.
- Scholars from the city of Hex seek the **Tridecahedron Ruby**, said to be lost on the wreck of the *Quiddity*, swallowed by Jack several centuries ago. They will pay 5000 gp for the gem.



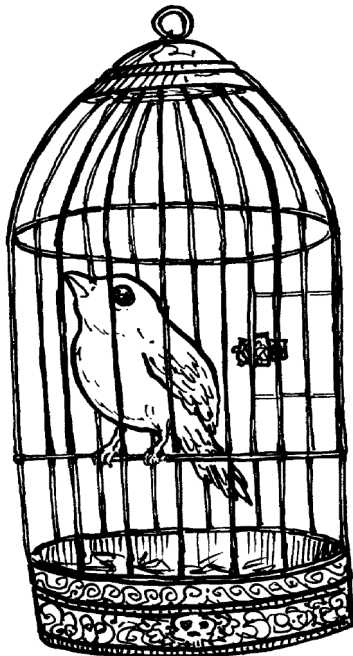
Entrails Shopping



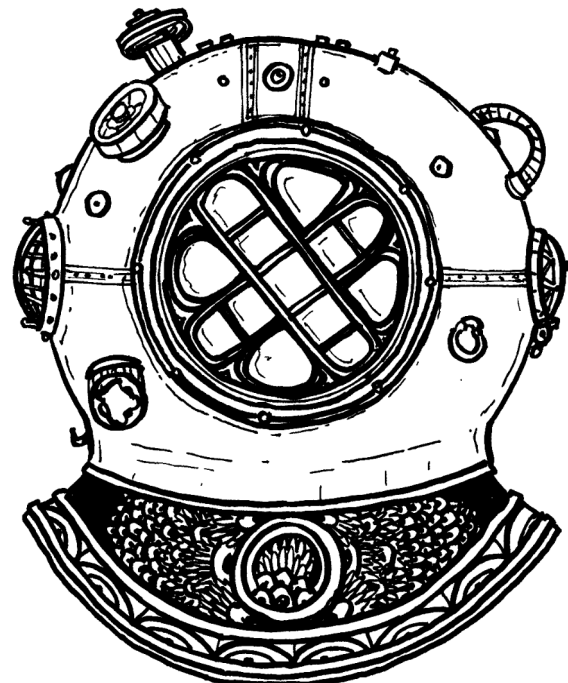
Anglerfish Lanterns: Special lanterns consisting of a small glass orb filled with water and specially bred anglerfish can be purchased in the Borborygmus Bazaar for 2 gold doubloons. These lanterns create dim light in a 30-foot radius so long as the anglerfish is kept fed.



Jellyfish Lanterns: These lanterns contain phosphorescent jellyfish and can be purchased in the Bazaar for 5 doubloons. They create bright light in a 30-foot radius so long as the jellyfish are kept alive.



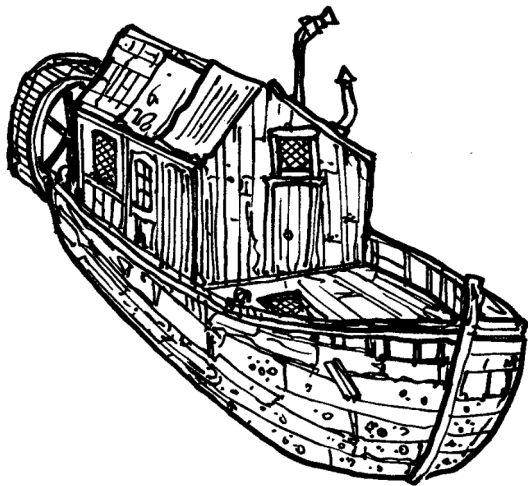
Canaries: Costermongers in Ambergris End advertise caged canaries to help detect gas. These birds have rhp and automatically fail Constitution saving throws. Whenever a pocket of poisonous gas is approached, the canary dies, giving adventurers a chance to take another route. Canaries cost 5 doubloons each.



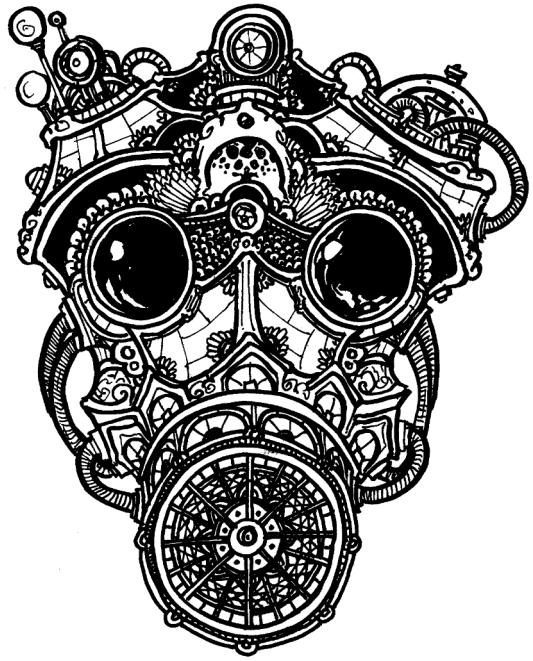
Diving Suits: A clanking, custom diving suit equipped with a helmet and crude air-tanks can be purchased for 1000 doubloons from craftsmen in Bellyborough. Such a suit provides up to 1 hour of air due to some ingenious gnomish mechanisms involving pressurized gas.



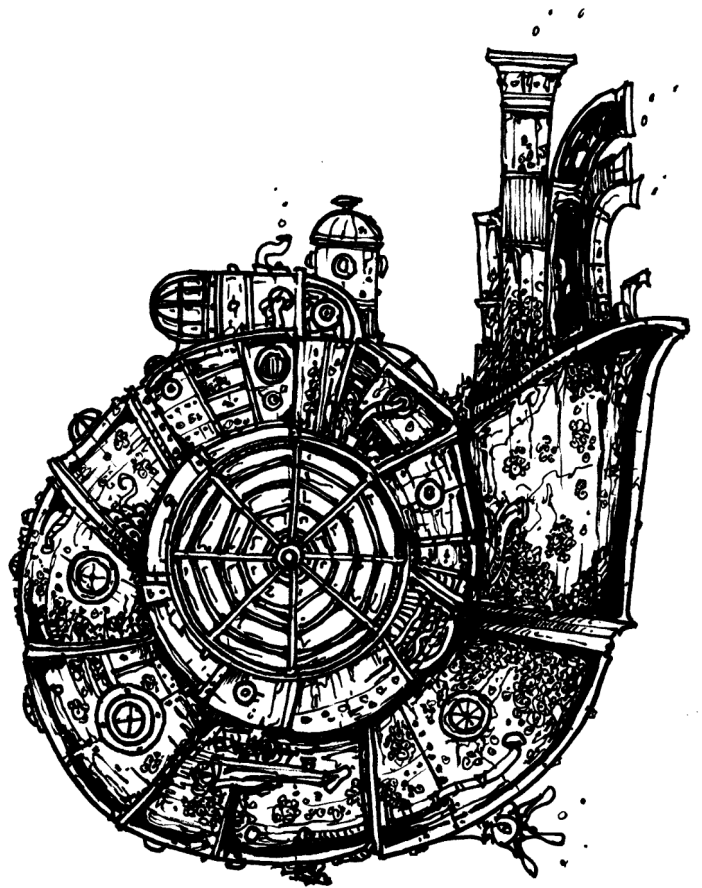
Fumehound: These small dogs have a pronounced sense of smell, acutely useful for locating ambergris. One of them grants a party advantage on Random Encounter rolls, doubling their chances of rolling a 20 for a chunk of ambergris – they will begin barking, indicating the presence of the unctuous stuff. If ambergris is in an adjacent area, the dog likewise alerts the party. These dogs are also useful for detecting poisonous gases, whining when such are near, and growl if they smell foes. They cost 75 doubloons from the sinister finfolk breeders who sell them in Finfolkaheem.



Boats: The Consortia can rent the party a small boat, to be poled along the tunnels, for 5 doubloons a day. Such vessels have 10 AC and 50 hit points and can fit up to 12 Medium creatures.



Gasmasks: Costing 20 doubloons apiece, these ratfolk-fashioned gasmasks grant advantage on any saving throw related to inhaling or ingesting poisonous substances.



Submersibles: Renting a small submersible in Ambergris End costs 50 doubloons a day. Such contraptions have 20 AC and 200 Hit Points and can fit up to 6 Medium creatures. One can be found docked just inside the Small Intestine in area 2.

The Gutgardeners



Gutgardeners use a form of druidic magic – blended with ancient technoscience dredged from the ruinous libraries of Jackburgs-past – to keep Genial Jack’s digestive microbiome as healthy as possible. They have unparalleled command over the invisible world of “animalcules”, the peculiar homunculi and micro-organisms that their art tells them are responsible for the health or sickness of living creatures.

Circle of the Gutgarden Spells

<i>Level</i>	<i>Circle Spells</i>
<i>3rd</i>	<i>Acid Arrow, Protection from Poison</i>
<i>5th</i>	<i>Stinking Cloud, Gaseous Form</i>
<i>7th</i>	<i>Black Tentacles, Blight</i>
<i>9th</i>	<i>Cloudkill, Contagion</i>

Miasma: Starting at 2nd level, you gain the ability to channel magic into a miasma that cloys about you. When a creature you can see moves into a space within 10 feet of you or starts its turn there, you can use your reaction to cause it to become poisoned while it remains in the miasma unless it succeeds on a Constitution saving throw against your spell save DC. In addition, they take 1d4 poison damage at 6th level, 1d6 at 10th level, and 1d8 at 14th level.

Healing Mist: Starting at 2nd level, you gain the ability to channel vital energy into your miasma. As an action, you can expend a use of your Wild Shape feature to temporarily transmute your miasma into a healing mist rather than a toxic one. Allies within your miasma regain 1d4 hit points per your druid level. Once you have used this feature, you can’t use it again until you finish a long rest.

Speak with Animalcules: At 6th level, you can attune yourself to the whispers of animalcules, the tiny organisms that dwell upon and within us all. Using this feature, you can communicate with the microbiome of any creature, including any organisms attached to a corpse, for ten minutes. Until this ability ends you can ask up to five question; answers are usually alien and curiously phrased, given the drastically different perspective of the organisms in question. Once you use this feature, you can’t use it again until you finish a short or long rest.

Immunized: At 10th level, you gain resistance to acid and poison damage, and you can’t be poisoned or diseased.

Rapid Healing: At 14th level, you are so attuned to your own body’s microbiome that you are incredibly hard to kill. You regain 1d6 hit points every 10 minutes, provided that you have at least 1 hit point. If you lose a body part, the missing part regrows and returns to full functionality after 1d6 + 1 days if you have at least 1 hit point the whole time.

Intestinal Perils

Fire Hazard: Any sort of open flame within the Entrails is extremely dangerous. If a character foolishly casts a fire spell or lights a torch, everyone within 30 feet must pass an immediate DC 20 Dexterity saving throw to avoid 6d6 fire damage. The resulting disturbance to Jack's bowels will also trigger a Surge (see Random Encounters) within 1d6 turns.

Living Walls: If more than 10 damage is inflicted on the walls, floor, or ceiling of a living tunnel in the Entrails, an immediate DC 10 Dexterity saving throw is needed to avoid being knocked prone, and a Surge is triggered in 1d6 turns (see Random Encounters). Harming Jack directly is sacrilege to Jackburghers.

Miasmas: The thick vapours in the Entrails heavily obscure everything beyond 30 feet unless dispersed by magical wind or similar effects.

Navigation: Within the guts, compasses can be deceptive unless Jack is stationary or headed on a relatively straightforward course. Wisdom (Survival) checks to navigate have disadvantage. Mapping the Entrails permanently is impossible as they bizarrely shift from week to week.

Sickness: Anyone who drinks or is immersed within the muck of the Entrails must pass a DC 10 Constitution saving throw or contract Jackfever, an illness which manifests after 1 day, inflicting a level of Exhaustion and preventing the infected from regaining any hit points on a Long Rest. At the end of each Long Rest, the creature can attempt a new save; three successes cure the illness.

Slipperiness: Every surface inside the Entrails is slick and slippery. Anyone attempting to Dash in the Entrails must pass a DC 10 Dexterity saving throw or fall prone.

Stench: The stench within the Entrails is so vile it can be debilitating. Upon entering the Entrails for the first time, an adventurer must pass a DC 10 Constitution saving throw or become poisoned for 1 hour – they may retake the saving throw after an hour to remove this condition. If they fail by 5 or more, they take a level of Exhaustion purely from the reek.



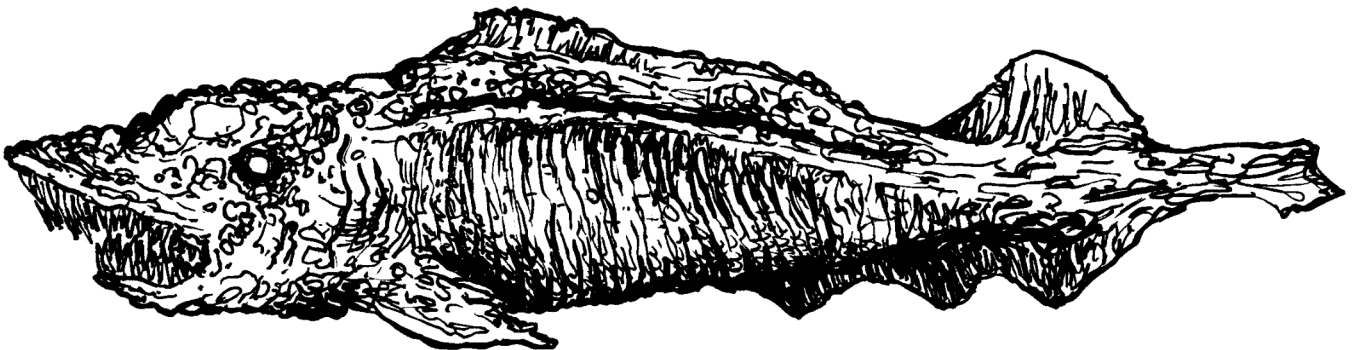
Random Encounters

Within the Entrails, once every half hour (or whenever the pace of the adventure requires), roll on the following Random Encounter Table, rolling 1d12 in the Small Intestine and 1d20 in the Large Intestine.

1. **Sniffers:** A band of ratfolk in the livery of one of the Ambergris Consortia sniff their way down a tunnel aboard a raft; armed with crossbows and long poles and bearing neon or jellyfish lamps, they are looking for more ambergris, following their noses to the treasured stuff. They can tell the party of any nearby locations and offer directions to get back home.
2. **Ambergris Barge:** A creaky wooden barge laden with ambergris floats through the intestines, protected by 2d6 mercenaries in the employ of a Consortium. It glows with anglerfish lamps. Unless the party swiftly identifies their purpose in the Entrails, the guards – armed with heavy crossbows and pikes – will mistake them for outlaws coveting their precious cargo and attack.
3. **Surge:** Call for a Wisdom (Survival) check of DC 15 to discern a disturbance in the sewage-flow. 1d6 turns later, a huge surge of seawater, sewage, and partially digested fish churns through the tunnel, filling it entirely. A Strength saving throw of DC 10 is required to avoid being thrown overboard. Any creatures or vessels sustain 1d6 bludgeoning damage during a Surge.
4. **Debris Clog:** A clotted mass of filth, debris, garbage, fishbones, and other detritus blocks the way, requiring a Strength check of DC 20 to clear or a Dexterity check of DC 20 to squeeze through.
5. **Poison Gas:** Call for a Wisdom (Survival) check of DC 15 to sniff a pocket of poisonous gas. Anyone proceeding must pass a DC 10 Constitution saving throw or take 1d6 poison damage and be poisoned for 1 hour.
6. **Valve:** One of the many valves in the Entrails is temporarily closed here. The party must wait for 1d100 minutes for the sphincter to dilate open, or else open it by force; the valve can be held open for one turn with a DC 20 Strength check.
7. **Tapeworms:** Something slithers ahead – long, segmented shapes, pallid and drugging. They flicker, oddly graceful until they move to attack, mouth-parts glistening. 1d6 adult tapeworms attack the party.
8. **Mucilaginous Plug:** Intestinal mucus has hardened into a disgusting plug here, allowing only a thin trickle of fluid. Squeezing through requires a DC 20 Dexterity check; on a failure, you are stuck in the plug, easy prey for anything which may be lumbering on the other side. You can only be freed with a successful DC 20 Strength check, either from you or a companion pulling you out.

9. **Rat Swarm:** A swarm of vicious, diseased, mangy, yellow-toothed rodents seethes through the tunnel, paddling and scrambling, eating anyone and anything they find. Their atrophied eyes are hurt by any bright light, deterring them.
10. **Septic Sharks:** A hungry pack of 1d4+1 blind, albino sharks adapted to life in the Entrails swims through the sewage, smelling for blood. These stunted, bone-white horrors are descended from sharks swallowed alive by Jack in distant ages who managed to survive digestion. For unknown reasons, they never harm Jack himself.
11. **Outlaws:** Not all of the criminals in the Entrails are cannibalistic Gutreavers, the crazed, filth-spattered madmen of Herniaheim. This group of 1d6 bandits, armed with crossbows, short swords, cutlasses, or clubs, are on the run from the Whaleguard. If badly outnumbered, they warily pole their crude raft of dead bodies and flotsam on past but may track the party for later ambush. If they outnumber the party, they demand food and clean water.
12. **Thrushspawn Zombies:** Reeking of spoiled beer and mycelial fecundity, 2d6 shambolic things lurch through the suddenly dusty, orange darkness. Swollen, twitching tongues burst from their rotten mouths, thick with infectious fungi; the scabrous affliction spreads from their ever-licking tongues across their faces and bodies, riddling them with sallow growths.
13. **Gutreavers:** Afloat on the river of filth, poled along like a rickety gondola, comes a vessel bristling with mounted crossbows and teeming with Gutreavers: gangly, big-eyed raiders with matted braids and sharpened teeth, their pallid bodies smeared with pitch, their stomachs growling, nostrils flaring. 3d4 Gutreavers armed with mounted heavy crossbows, hand crossbows, spears, and cutlasses menace the party, demanding their valuables and any food they carry. If they more than double the party's numbers, they will simply attack, enslaving any they capture and eating any they kill.
14. **Tapeworm Young:** A swarm of remora-like tapeworm young slither beneath the filth. 2d6 of these creatures attack anyone in the muck, adhering leech-like to flesh, swimming up any loose garments and getting inside armour; they can also attach to a vessel and begin chewing through the hull.
15. **Barking Cultists:** Howling like dogs, their bodies ritually scarred, the Swallowed seek sacrifices for their deity, the Swallowed Sea-Devil, Mother of Lampreys, the Dog-Nymph Skulla. 2d6 of these crazed fanatics approach with serrated bone knives on a raft made from the lashed-together spines of their previous victims.
16. **Mutant Gutreavers:** Figures slosh through the rancid gloom – at first, they could be mistaken for Gutreavers, but as they near, one can see they are hideously mutated, their bodies swollen under the weight of massive growths of tissue. Some have extra arms or mouths, masses of teeth sprouting from joints, gibbering second heads, mouths that wail like babies hungry for milk. 2d6 Mutant Gutreavers wade through the darkness with groping fingers and hungry, drooling mouths.

17. **Amoeboids:** Nourished on the eldritch blood of the Godwhale, a group of 3d6 protoplasmic amoeboids squelches through the Entrails – cells bloated with numinous energy, iridescent, hungry, shaping themselves into quasi-humanoid forms out of some mimetic impulse. They seem friendly, even beneficent, as if Jack's holy ichor imparted a measure of his kindness, but their gelatinous embraces are corrosive. These deadly hug-monsters can't understand language, but long for affection, even if it kills those they encounter.
18. **Goblin-Selachian Hunters:** 3d6 pointy-snouted, deep-dwelling selachians – a misshapen subspecies of the nomadic shark-folk – swim through the sewage, on the prowl for prey. If the adventurers are wounded (one or more party members below 50% hit points) and the hunters' numbers are reasonably strong, the hunters attack; otherwise they offer to trade, particularly for weapons and food. They can be useful guides and allies if befriended.
19. **Jacksblood-Addicts:** Misshapen forms row a small boat down the tunnel, comically overlarge syringes clutched in their bony, many-jointed fingers. Deformed by blasphemous hematophagy, they cackle and cavort through as they row through the depths, euphoric, their veins glowing, their brains slowly liquefying with each dose. 1d8 Jacksblood-addicts may attack, rob, or flee from the party depending on numbers, or they may begin chanting weird, prophetic hymns, or telling nonsensical jokes – their behaviour is highly unpredictable.
20. **Dislodged Ambergris:** A blob of foul-smelling, unspeakably precious ambergris floats on the surface of the filthy water. This chunk alone is worth 2d100 doubloons, if the party can bring it back to Jackburg. The smell, however, will attract septic sharks and Gutreavers, with a 50% chance of encountering 2d6 of either every half hour, in addition to any other random encounters.



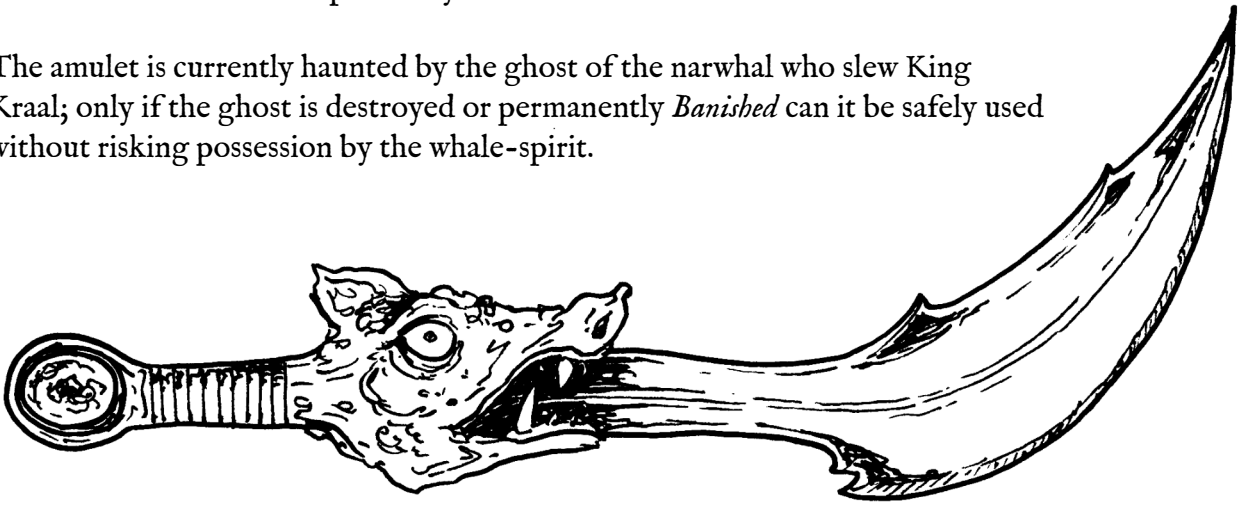
Lost Artifacts

The Amulet of King Kraal

Wondrous item, legendary (requires attunement)

A small obsidian shark-head on a simple chain, the Amulet of King Kraal is a relic of the Bottommost Realm, a lightless kingdom on the ocean floor. When a hit point of blood is placed in its fanged mouth, the Amulet “awakens” and dispenses sage political advice in Sharktongue, communicating telepathically with its wearer. Those who heed its words (and can understand them) gain +2 on Persuasion and Deception checks when performing oratory. The amulet’s wearer can also communicate telepathically with sharks within 120 feet.

The amulet is currently haunted by the ghost of the narwhal who slew King Kraal; only if the ghost is destroyed or permanently *Banished* can it be safely used without risking possession by the whale-spirit.



The Bristling Blade

Weapon (scimitar), rare (requires attunement)

Its pommel set with a trichobezoar encased in amber, its jagged blade thrusting forth from the sculpted maw of a boar, the bizarre Bristling Blade was once wielded by the great hero Horkus the Hirsute, who used its magic to subdue and slay many a monster, till he fell afoul the vicious Sea-Devil centuries past.

The sword grants a +1 bonus to attack and damage rolls. Anyone wounded by the sword discovers that a vast quantity of greasy, matted hair begins growing wherever the wound was inflicted and must pass a Strength saving throw with a DC equal to 5 + the amount of damage dealt or become Restrained by the entangling hair. A creature so Restrained can use its action to make a Strength check against the same DC to escape the hair for one turn but must make a fresh save every turn to avoid being entangled once more. A freed creature can use a slashing weapon to remove the hair, though any new wounds from the Bristling Blade will sprout afresh.

The Crown of Ys

Wondrous item, legendary (requires attunement)

Inset with many emeralds, the Crown of Ys is the royal symbol of a defunct house. Any who wears it adopts something of the mien of that long-lost royalty, whose veins brimmed with fey blood. Your Charisma score increases by 2 to a maximum of 20 while the crown is on your head, your features becoming more refined and elfin, your eyes adopting a Faerie lustre.

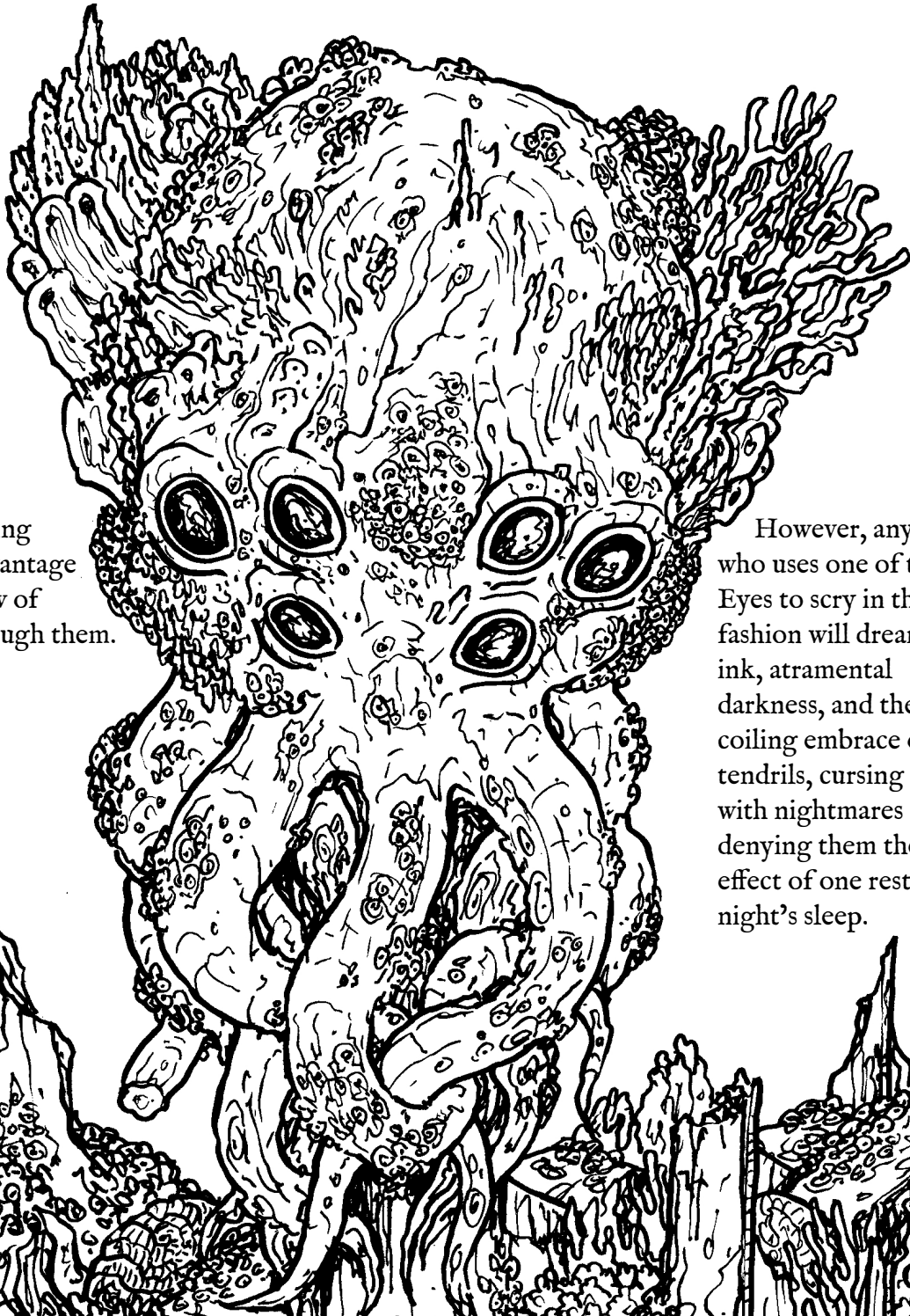
Fey creatures will be deferential before you, granting you advantage on any Charisma checks to influence them, and they will not willingly attack you unless directly provoked. Finally, the wearer can call upon the spirits of nature to cast the spell *Conjure Fey*. This ability cannot be used again until after a long rest.

The Eyes of the Octopus-Idol

Wondrous item, uncommon

This set of six scrying stones grant disadvantage on the saving throw of anyone scryed through them.

However, anyone who uses one of the Eyes to scry in this fashion will dream of ink, atramental darkness, and the cold, coiling embrace of tendrils, cursing them with nightmares and denying them the effect of one restful night's sleep.



The Gloomknife

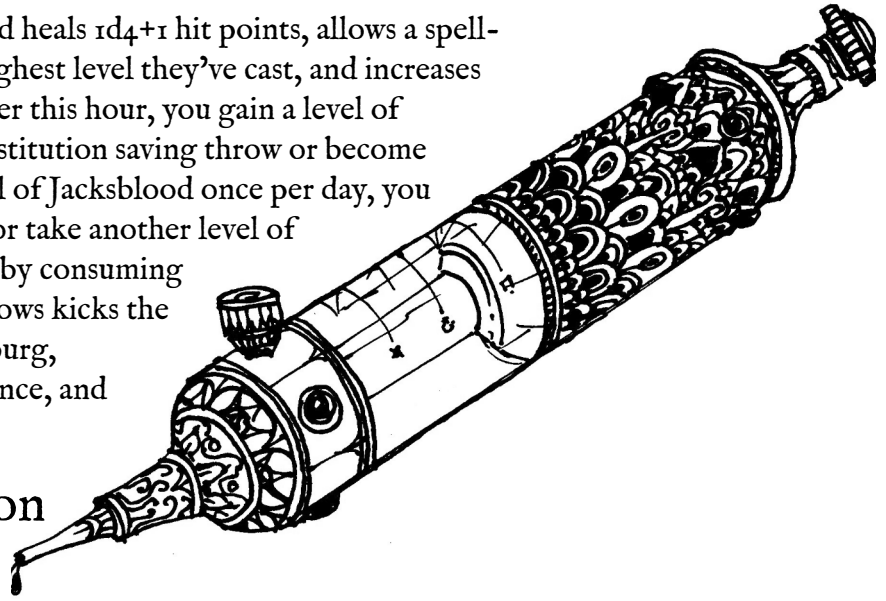
Weapon (dagger), rare

This cruel little dagger has a rune-etched blade that flickers and shifts like a shadow when wielded. The Gloomknife does not deal physical damage; on a successful hit it drains 1d4 Strength. A target dies if this reduces its Strength to 0; a short or long rest recovers the reduction. If killed from this attack, a shadow of the creature rises from the corpse 1d4 turns later (not under control of the Gloomknife's wielder).

Jacksblood

Potion, uncommon

A highly addictive substance, Jacksblood heals 1d4+1 hit points, allows a spellcaster to recover one spell slot of the highest level they've cast, and increases your Strength score by 2 for 1 hour. After this hour, you gain a level of Exhaustion and must pass a DC 20 Constitution saving throw or become addicted – if you fail to consume a phial of Jacksblood once per day, you must pass another DC 20 saving throw or take another level of Exhaustion which can only be removed by consuming Jacksblood. Three successful saving throws kicks the habit. Although easily available in Jackburg, Jacksblood is a highly controlled substance, and selling it is illegal in most cities.



Necklace of Decapitation

Wondrous item, very rare

If placed around someone's neck, this beautiful silver necklace set with a dazzling diamond (worth 500 gp) tightens and becomes razor sharp, constricting rapidly. It immediately provokes a death save for every turn it is worn; after three failed saves, the wearer is decapitated, killing them instantly. The wearer can use an action to attempt to remove the necklace with a Strength check of DC 20. On a failure, they take slashing damage equal to the amount they failed by as their fingers are cut by the deadly metal.

The Rod of the Doldrums

Rod, very rare (requires attunement)

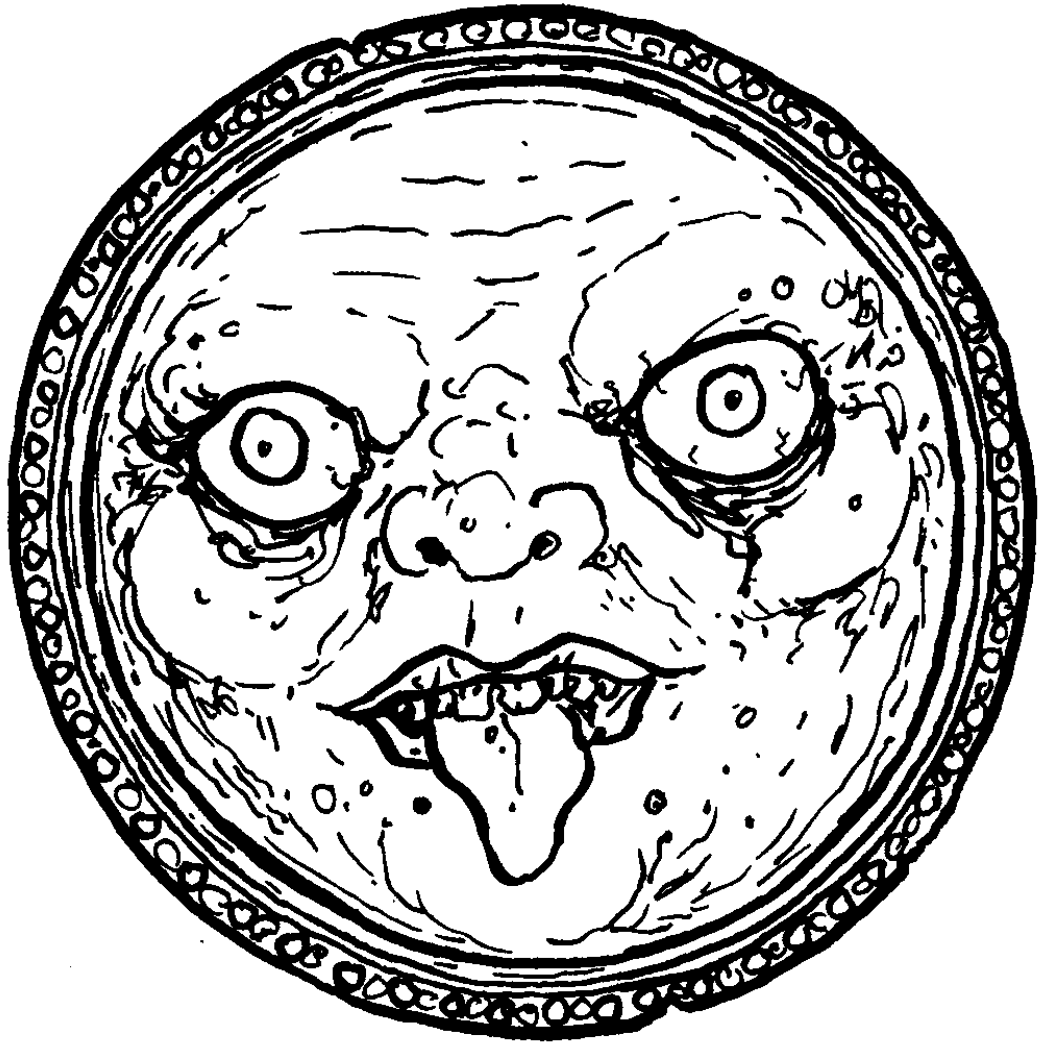
A rod of bluish-grey metal, this item is set with large, lustrous pearls that can be depressed like buttons. The buttons perform the following functions:

- **Button 1:** All wind within 100 feet ceases immediately and remains becalmed while the button is depressed. If depressed in an area with strong wind, Button 2 begins glowing.
- **Button 2:** This button does nothing unless glowing after a strong wind has been absorbed by the rod. If pressed at this point, the rod summons an Air Elemental under the control of the rod's wielder.
- **Button 3:** You can cast *Slow* (DC 15); the button remains depressed for 24 hours.
- **Button 4:** The rod transforms into a trident granting a +1 bonus on attack and damage rolls while the button is depressed; the other functions of the rod cannot be used until it reverts to its rod form.

The Rude Shield

Armour (shield), rare

This shield bears a grotesque face upon it, leering and hideous, with bulbous eyes and an oft-protruding tongue. The face is intelligent and highly observant and utters incredibly insulting commentary on anyone and everyone it sees. While the shield grants a +1 bonus to AC in addition to its mundane bonus (+2), it grants disadvantage on any Dexterity (Stealth) checks relying on sound. However, in combat the wielder of the Rude Shield can use an action to cast the cantrip *Vicious Mockery* (DC 12), prompting the shield to utter a particularly scathing series of insults.



Scavenger's Compass

Wondrous item, common

These ornate little compasses have a skull-symbol at their centres. Also known as Thanatometers, they detect the location of the nearest dead humanoid body, no matter the distance.

The Squallspear

Weapon (spear), rare (requires attunement)

Fashioned from a slender piece of driftwood carved with ancient runes, the Squallspear grants a +1 bonus to attack and damage rolls made with it. When it deals damage, the Squallspear conjures a raincloud over the target, imposing disadvantage on any Wisdom (Perception) checks or ranged attack rolls they make, extinguishing open flames, and requiring a DC 10 Dexterity saving throw on the part of the target to avoid slipping and falling prone. The rain lasts for 1 hour unless dispelled.

The Swansword

Weapon (longsword), very rare (requires attunement)

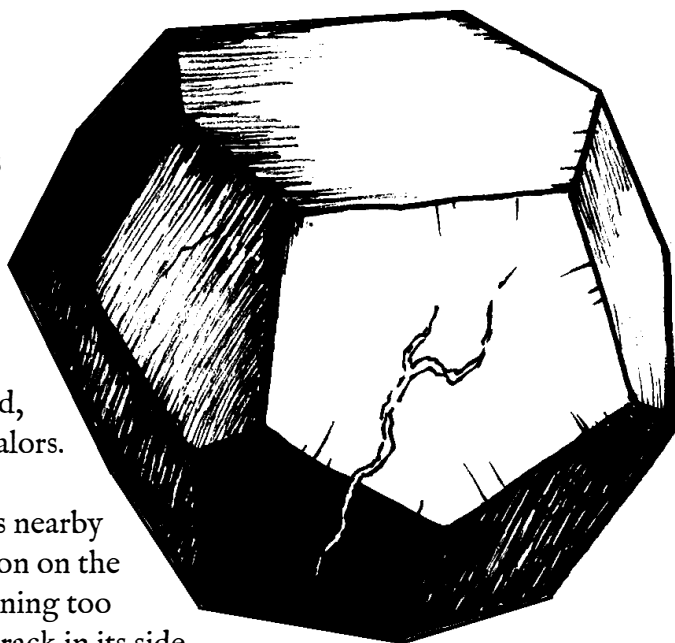
This delicate blade of Faerie is marked with the swan sigil of Ys. It refuses to be wielded by clumsy mortals, imposing disadvantage on the attack rolls of anyone who wields it who lacks fey ancestry of some sort. In the hands of anyone with Elfin blood, it grants a +2 bonus to attack and damage rolls; anyone it damages also suffers from a *Hex* as per the spell, with disadvantage on Dexterity checks, which lasts as long as the wound remains unhealed.

The Tridecahedron Ruby

Wondrous item, legendary

A many-faceted gemstone is bound with the spirits of thirteen powerful archdemons – Andromalius, Avnas, Volac, Sabbnoc, Ronwus, Oray, Seir, Samigina, Usagoo, Eligor, Zaleos, Agreas, and Furcalor – the tridecahedron ruby was created in the city of Hex after the Membrane War between that wizardly city and the Netherworld. If shattered, the hostage lords of Hell manifest; treat them as Balors.

They are not under any command and will likely interrogate and then enslave or kill all living beings nearby before beginning a campaign to establish a dominion on the mortal plane. Anyone picking up the ruby and listening too closely to the fell whispers that emanate from the crack in its side must pass a DC 15 Charisma saving throw or become possessed by one of the demons still trapped in the stone, acting as their vessel; the demon-lord will direct the possessed creature to shatter the jewel when the opportunity is right.



The Twinning Rings

Ring, rare (requires attunement)

These two rings – one set with turquoise, one amber – are bound together. Two creatures wearing the rings, when attuned, become linked. Firstly, they become telepathically linked together while on the same plane, capable of communicating in words or images over any distance. Secondly, linked individuals can “transfer” wounds to one another, effectively exchanging hit points; this requires a bonus action, and both creatures must be conscious.

The Small Intestine

There is little light here, but the Ambergris Consortia do occasionally affix lanterns to the “roof” of the tunnels, providing occasional patches of dim light. An unmarked tunnel has a 25% chance of being lit this way, but light sources will be vital otherwise. Most tunnels are between one- and two-thirds flooded, needing a boat or submersible save for very strong swimmers. Tunnels are generally between 30 and 40 feet in diameter, occasionally expanding to closer to 50 feet.

I. INTO THE ENTRAILS

Sound: Steady dripping, the churn of machines deeper in the guts, a distant miner’s pick, the slosh of water.

Smell: Almost beyond description – a mixture of sewage, dead fish, and festering garbage.

Sight: Nearly pitch-black, lit only by the very occasional lamp hung from the organic ceiling, furred with undulating villi. Pipes from the Gutgardens pump a steady stream of food into the guts along with sewage from Jackburg itself, which flows along the middle of the cavernous tunnel like a canal. Near the entrance to the Entrails, catwalks have been embedded in the walls of the vast whale, allowing industrial workers to navigate without slopping about in the feculent flow. These extend to area 2.

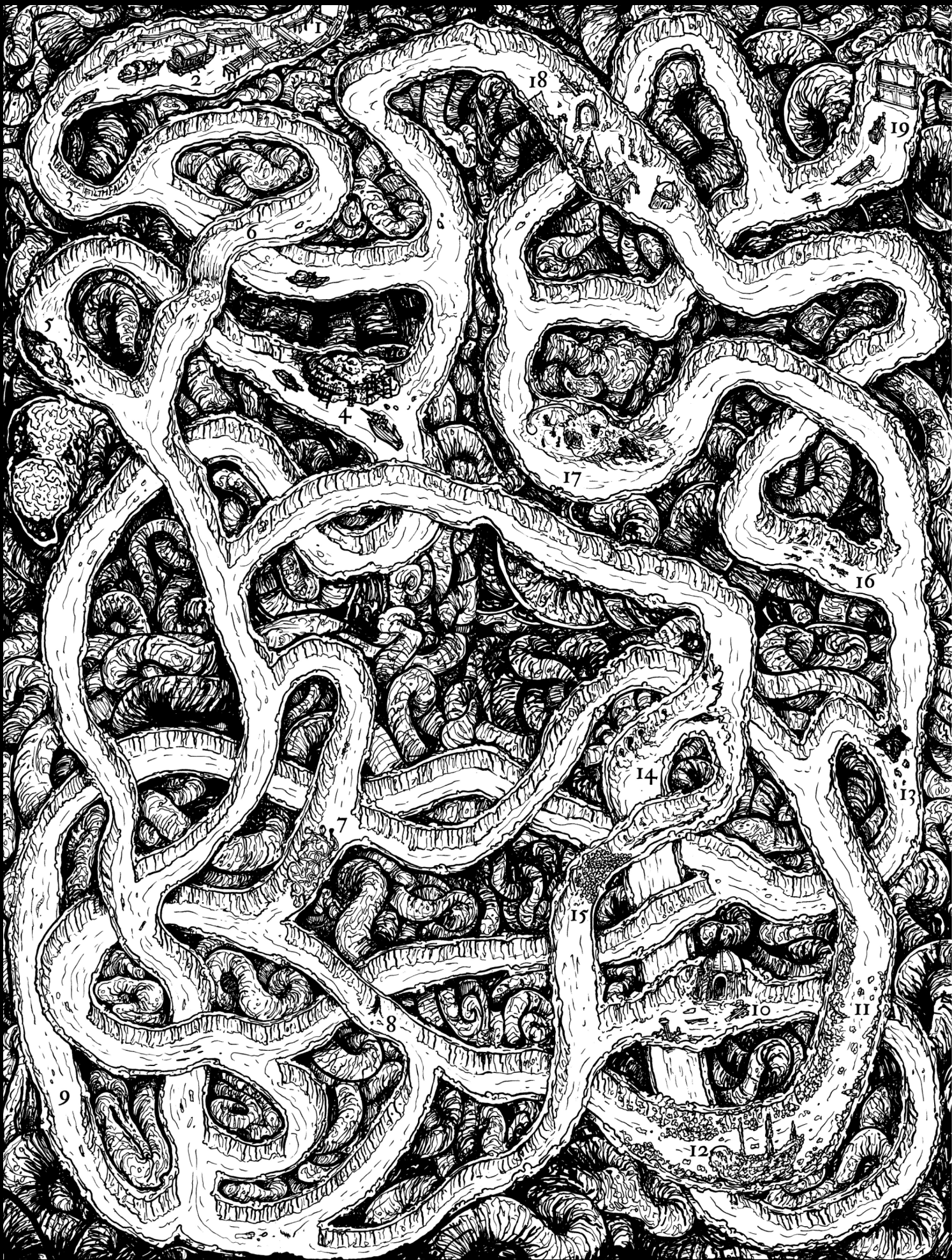
2. DUODENUM DOCKS

Sound: Creaking wooden beams, the viscous roiling of murky water, the tautening of rope, occasionally punctuated by the groan of oars or the thump of a boat docking; sea-shanties.

Smell: Tar, rusted metal, seawater, rotting wood.

Sight: Lamps filled with glowing jellyfish illuminate the docks dappled pink and green. Half a dozen small craft are tied up in the pestiferous docks at any given time. Crates of supplies are piled to either side of the tunnel. Scurrying ratfolk, humans with gasmasks, and a hulking Fomorian tend to vessels as they come into port, laden with ambergris or scavenged treasures from deeper in the Entrails. A one-eared ratfolk barks orders. The Whaleguard keeps watch, crossbows loaded.

People: The stevedore foreman is of the ratfolk people, a brawny, one-eared fellow named **Cobb Slickstone**. A mean-looking, foul-mouthed rodent, Cobb’s bark is worse than his bite, and his scarred, mangy face has been a sight for many sore eyes after a voyage into the maze-like depths of Jack’s bowels. He will rent the party a boat if they want it for 5 doubloons a day.



3. WARNING SCAR

Sound: A distant roar is audible with a Wisdom (Perception) check of DC 20.

Smell: Old blood, the faint hint of infection.

Sight: An ugly scar, pale and knotted, mars the fluttering side of Jack's intestines, forming the words BEWARE FILTHFALLS ON THE... The words trail off as the next letter was being cut – presumably the writer was interrupted.

4. AMBERGRIS DEPOSIT

Sound: Grinding, swinging picks, sloshing boats, cries and chattering, straining mechanisms.

Smell: A musky mixture of manure and putrefying cephalopods, alcohol, rusting metal, sweat.

Sight: A dozen miners in gasmasks are attacking a pungent ambergris deposit with picks and an elaborate drill mounted on a metal barge. They hack off unctuous chunks of the splotchy yellow-white conglomeration, a waxy, fatty amalgam of bilious ooze and squid-bones, with a faint hardened crust on the outside, streaked with black. A handful of armed guards stand about, on watch for any other denizens of the Entrails, crossbows and harpoon-guns at the ready.

People: The miners are hard at work, but on a brief break they will disclose a recent encounter with a small band of Gutreavers who ventured out from the Large Intestine – the guards drove them off, but they may still be skulking about.

Peril: The six mercenary guards will greet anyone who approaches with suspicion. The reek of ambergris can also attract septic sharks – there is a 10% chance of encountering some if lingering.

Plunder: This ambergris deposit will be worth at least 30,000 doubloons.

5. ABANDONED MINING EQUIPMENT

Sound: The buzz and stutter of neon lamps, like dying insects.

Smell: The musky, feculent, alcoholic scent of ambergris.

Sight: Faltering neon lamps intermittently colour the tunnel a ghastly green. A partially extracted ambergris deposit is visible up ahead, glistening white and pungent in the whale's intestines. The whole area is spattered with blood, blackish in the failing green light; pails and pickaxes are strewn everywhere, mining equipment abandoned. The corpse of a ratfolk miner bobs in the sewage, snagged on a pickaxe embedded in the wall. Their barge must have drifted downstream. An Intelligence (Nature) check of DC 10 identifies the wounds on the ratfolk's body as sucker-marks.



6. FILTHFALLS

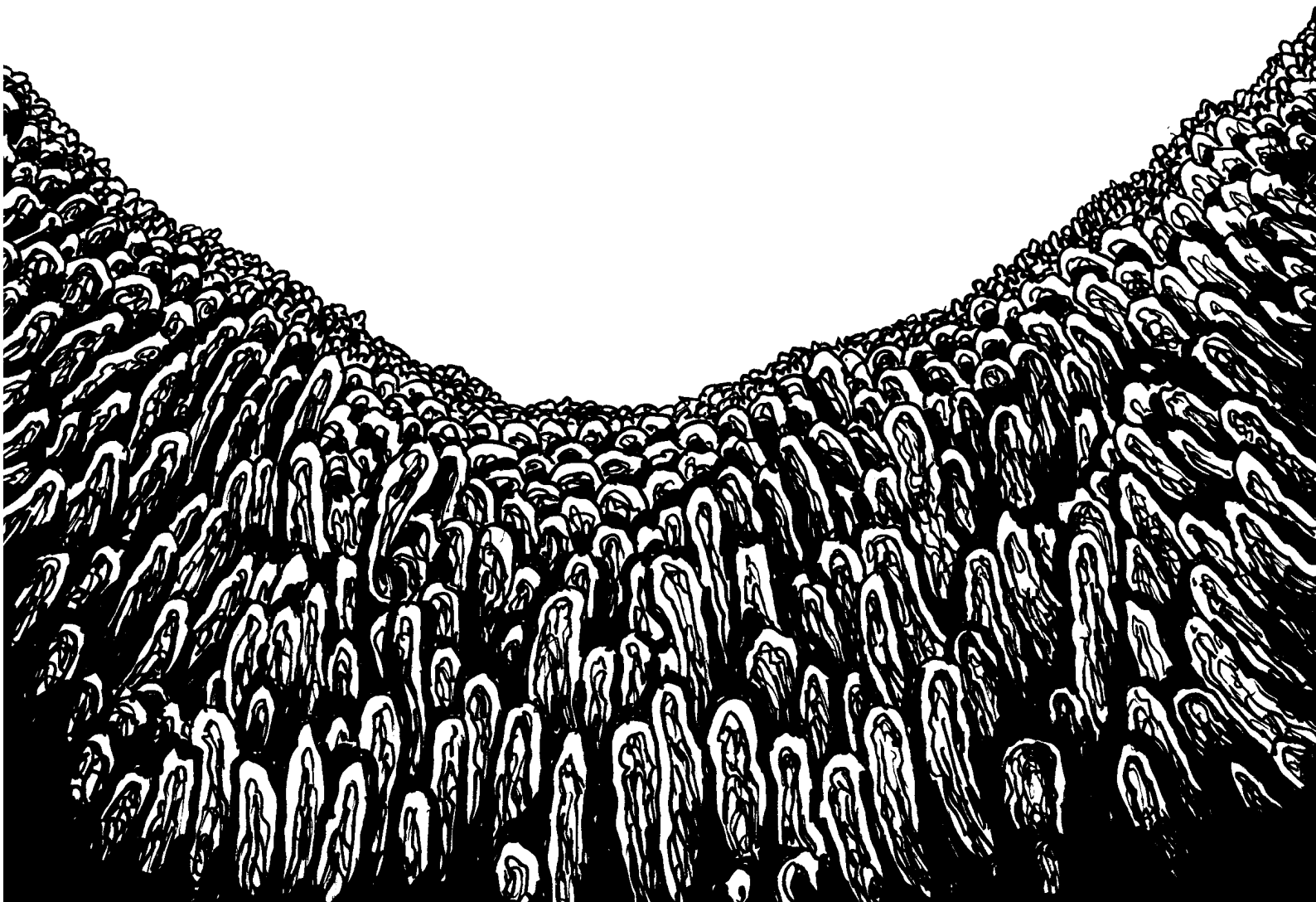
Sound: Rushing liquid, a frothing roar, the splashing of debris. This can be heard well in advance with a DC 15 Wisdom (Perception) check as the tunnel containing the filthfalls is entered.

Smell: Raw sewage, dead fish, a whiff of rotten flesh.

Sight: The current picks up here as the flow of sewage flooding through the intestines plunges downwards. At the bottom of the swirling filthfalls lie the remains of many small boats, and the sailors who crewed them. A successful Wisdom (Survival) check of DC 10 alerts the adventurers to the increased current.

Peril: If neither the Perception nor Survival checks were passed, a boat or swimming characters will become caught in the current and swept towards the filthfalls. A Strength saving throw of DC 20 is necessary to pole or row a vessel backwards, while a DC 20 Strength (Athletics) check is needed to swim against the current. Failure deals 4d6 bludgeoning damage to any who go over the falls, with double damage to a boat.

Plunder: A smashed barge containing 300 gp worth of **ambergris** can be found at the bottom of the filthfalls, snared on debris.





7. MOULTED WORM-SKINS

Sound: Deeper into the Entrails, something hisses and chitters.

Sight: Bobbing atop the sewage are a series of moulted skins – long, yellowish, and torn. Something is shedding its skin. An Intelligence (Nature) check of DC 15 confirms a similarity between these skins and those of intestinal parasites in other animals – the only major difference being size.

8. ROTTING GUTREAVER

Sound: Queasy sucking and biting sounds.

Smell: Carrion, blood, a curdled amniotic pungency.

Sight: The exsanguinated corpse of a Gutreaver lies sprawled against one wall, bobbing in the slowly-flowing sewage but snared in the villi. The dead man's upper body is badly chewed, and mass of small, newly-hatched tapeworms are savaging his flesh, attached to his chest and arms like leeches.

Peril: The swarm of young tapeworms will not attack unless the corpse is disturbed.

Plunder: The Gutreaver has a cutlass and a hand crossbow with 12 bolts, plus a phial with one dose of poison made from some of the toxic growths found deep in the Lower Intestine; this injury poison requires a DC 14 Constitution saving throw to avoid being poisoned and paralyzed for 1 minute. He also has 88 gp, the Scavenger's Compass, and a Gutreaver's Totem – a rat skull on a string.

9. SUBMERGED TUNNEL

Sound: Gurgling, sucking, squelching noises.

Smell: An acrid, bilious reek, stinging the eyes and nostrils.

Sight: Jack's intestines plunge downwards, totally filled with digestive juices and sewage. In the depths, virtually nothing can be seen, even with Darkvision.

Peril: Swimming through the submerged tunnel is grueling, requiring 3 minutes of swimming. Without water-breathing or some device to assist them, most creatures will begin to drown. The tunnel is host to a single tapeworm, latched onto Jack's flesh. It dislodges to attack fresh prey.

Plunder: One of the tapeworm's previous victims lies at the bottom of the tunnel – these remains can be found with a DC 20 Wisdom (Perception) check or a thorough investigation of the tunnel's bottom. Around the swimmer's bloated throat can be found a mysterious Silver Key with an eyeball design in the bow.

10. PRIMEVAL OCTOPOID RUINS

Sound: Dry, rasping echoes rebound through the stone columns, emanating from the eroded beak of the idol within.

Smell: Damp stone, rotten seaweed, the inscrutable must of forgotten aeons.

Sight: A series of bizarre structures are embedded in Jack's guts: shattered columns of stone, partially eaten-away by acid, covered in barnacles and seaweed. Coiled columns flank a stair leading up into the remnants of some broken temple, a ruin from one of the Ancient Jackburgs of the past, lodged here half-digested. Inside the ruins, bas-reliefs on the walls indicate the temple was built by an octopoid civilization, depicting many of that tentacular people offering sacrifices to the Thousand-Suckered-One. An idol of the many-tendrilled deity looms; its eyes are huge, yellow jewels. An Intelligence (Religion) check of DC 10 identifies the Thousand-Suckered-One as a deity said to hail from a different universe, having squirmed its way into this one for reasons unknown. It is devoted to change and mutation, delighting in metamorphoses of all kinds.

Peril: Anyone removing one of the jewels by hand suffers a curse and must make a DC 20 Wisdom saving throw to avoid one of the following effects (roll 1d6); using a tool or Mage Hand grants advantage on this save. The only way to avoid the curse entirely is to somehow dislodge the jewels without touching them directly. Remove Curse or its equivalent removes any permanent effects.

1. **A swarm of crabs hatches in your stomach.** They claw their way out, dealing 4d6 piercing damage as they rip through your belly and gush out in a chitinous torrent.
2. **Lose first your fingernails**, and then your finger-bones and cartilage as your hands gradually transform into starfish-like tube-feet, permanently decreasing your Dexterity by 2.
3. **Your tongue swells and sprouts suckers** as it becomes a massive tentacle. It is highly prehensile and can be used to manipulate objects up to 10' away. It is so big, however, that you can no longer speak and must use writing or hand-signals to communicate.
4. **You are wracked with excruciating pain** dealing 6d6 necrotic damage as your bones metamorphose, pushing their way to the surface of your skin to become a chitin exoskeleton. If you survive your AC is increased by 2.
5. **A bioluminescent bulb sprouts** from a stalk on your forehead, glowing with the intensity of a torch. Stealth becomes impossible unless you are fully covered or totally unseen. Cutting off the stalk deals 1d6 damage and leaves you badly scarred.
6. **Your legs meld together** and swell, bones dissolving, as your lower body becomes that of a giant slug-like creature. You can now climb on vertical surfaces with your normal movement speed, but jumping is impossible and boots unwearable.

Plunder: The Eyes of the Octopus-Idol are worth 1000 gp each to a collector; there are six in total. Once removed, the jewels themselves are not cursed.

II. FUNGAL INFECTION

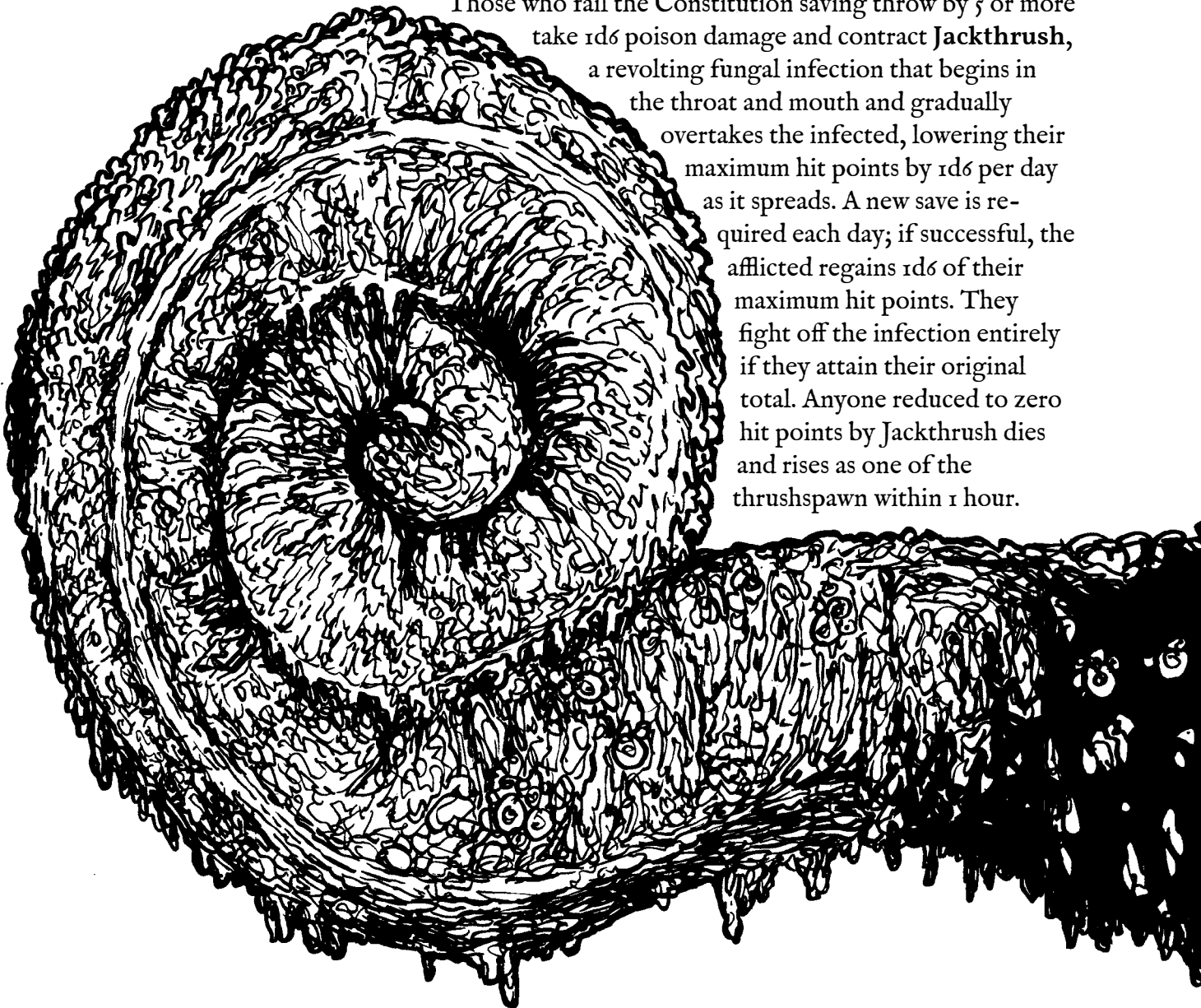
Sound: The soft whisper of weirdly rustling fungal growths; all sounds are muted by the dusty haze of spores.

Smell: A yeasty, halitotic rankness like sour beer and a drunkard's breath.

Sight: Drifts of yellow-orange spores cover everything like a toxic snow. The walls are coated in scab-like patches of vibrant mutant candida, overgrown masses of intestinal thrush.

Peril: Anyone breathing in the spores must pass a DC 15 Constitution saving throw or be poisoned for 1 hour and begin coughing violently, granting the **thrushspawn zombies** in area 12 a Wisdom (Perception) check of DC 10 to hear them and come investigate. The creatures drag their decomposing bodies through the muck, their pestiferous viscera trailing behind them, their tongues obscenely protuberant, licking and probing.

Those who fail the Constitution saving throw by 5 or more take 1d6 poison damage and contract **Jackthrush**, a revolting fungal infection that begins in the throat and mouth and gradually overtakes the infected, lowering their maximum hit points by 1d6 per day as it spreads. A new save is required each day; if successful, the afflicted regains 1d6 of their maximum hit points. They fight off the infection entirely if they attain their original total. Anyone reduced to zero hit points by Jackthrush dies and rises as one of the thrushspawn within 1 hour.



12. WRECK OF THE *FENGBAO*

Sound: Hoarse whispers, guttural chuckling, and half-formed words faintly echo through the muffled, spore-carpeted darkness. Sounds of licking, licking, licking.

Smell: Beer gone wrong, gone wretched – the morning breath of a demon asleep for centuries – an olfactory nightmare, so pungent it hurts the sinuses.

Sight: The wreck of the good ship *Fengbao*, a military junk, festers amidst a vivid sulphurous bloom of fungus that covers every surface, from the decks to the rusted cannons to the stubby remnants of the masts, protruding like the eyestalks of some monstrous slug. A hole in the hull exhales spores softly.

Peril: Lurking in the hold are 8 **thrushspawn zombies**; if the *Fengbao* is approached noisily or intruded upon, they half-slither, half-scuttle out from the hold, tasting the air with their oversized, almost comically swollen tongues, riddled with fruiting bodies. Most have no eyes anymore – the fungus has long ago eaten them away – but they can still hear and smell, closing in on potential vectors for the fungus; they aim to spread as much of it as they can.

Merely breathing in the air here requires a Constitution saving throw of DC 15 or risk contracting Jackthrush (see above in area 11 for details).

Plunder: Within the hold, covered in fungus, are twelve barrels of explosive blackpowder. Each of these – if detonated – produces 7d6 fire damage to all creatures within 10 feet, DC 12 Dexterity saving throw to halve damage.

Also found in the hold is a massive treasure chest which can be opened with the **Silver Key** found in area 9, or with a DC 20 Dexterity check with thieves' tools. Inside is a hoard of **ancient coins** worth 2000 gp plus the cursed **Necklace of Decapitation**.

13. ACID POOL

Sound: Bubbling, sizzling, hissing.

Smell: Burning flesh and the stinging acidic fumes that waft from the pool, caustic and painful to inhale – breathe in too deep and you will taste blood.

Sight: A pool of gastrointestinal acid has collected in this part of the Entrails and has started eating through some of the mucous lining.

Peril: Anyone even partially immersed in the acid immediately suffers 4d6 acid damage. Vehicles suffer double damage to the surface area being exposed, and if they suffer more than 10 damage they begin to leak, taking on acid. The acid pool is roughly 30 feet across.

14. LESIONS

Smell: The ferrous tang of blood.

Sight: A series of angry red wounds — circular and marked by dozens of tiny teeth — mottle the sides of the tunnel, seeping slowly. They look fairly fresh, but behind them stretch older wounds that are beginning to scab. An Intelligence (Nature) check of DC 20 identifies the marks as resembling those of parasitic worms, while a Wisdom (Survival) check of DC 10 allows the party to follow the wounds through to area 15.

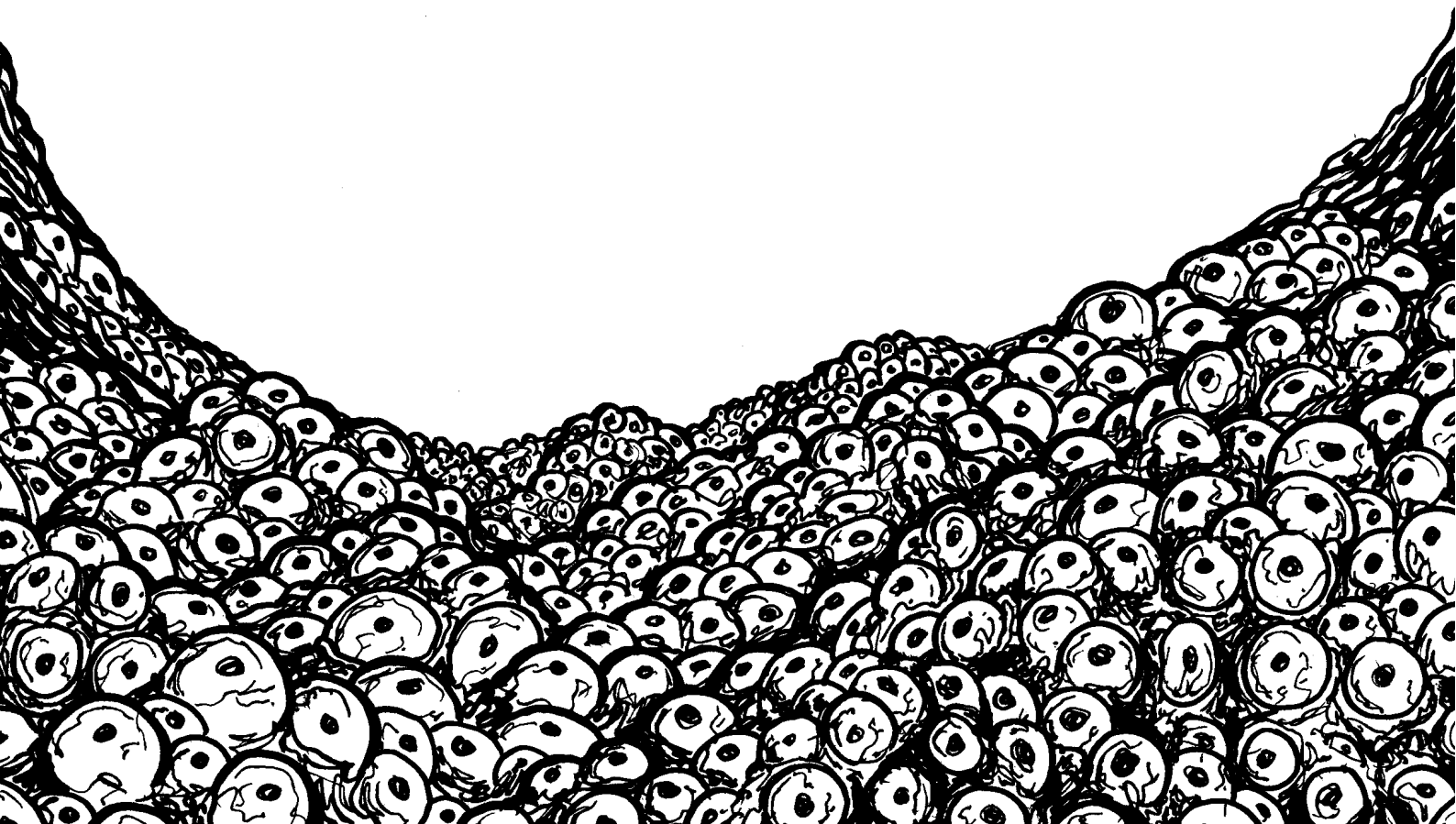
15. EGG CLUTCH

Smell: Insectile musk and a sickly-sweet smell like raw yolks.

Sight: Several thousand glossy white eggs adhere to the walls and floor of the intestines via mucilaginous glue. Many are submerged; heaps of them emerge from the slowly trickling water. They twitch and shiver as things inside stir.

Peril: If any significant number of eggs are broken, the young will slither out to form a **swarm of young tapeworms**. These voracious spawn attack anyone they encounter. The eggs each have 1 hit point, but merely moving through them destroys 1d6 as they are crushed underfoot unless a DC 15 Dexterity (Acrobatics) check is passed. At any given time, there is a 50% chance that a tapeworm is laying eggs here. It will be distracted and have disadvantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks; however, if any eggs are crushed or if they are disturbed, a laying tapeworm will attack intruders.

Plunder: Buried among the eggs is a skeleton with a **Gutreaver's Totem**, a purse containing 12 gold doubloons, a hand crossbow, and 20 bolts.





16. SLAUGHTERED GUTREAVERS

Sound: Hideous sounds of mastication.

Smell: A reek of blood and a metallic insectile musk.

Sight: Three flickering **tapeworms** feast upon the remains of a group of ragged **Gutreavers**, blood and body-parts spattering the walls of Jack's intestines. One of them is truly massive in size — perhaps twenty feet in length. The shattered remains of a Gutreaver boat can be found nearby, torn apart by the tapeworms.

Peril: The two **tapeworms** and single **greater tapeworm** are distracted and have disadvantage on any **Wisdom (Perception)** checks but will defend their kill if any draw close. Any combat in this area that takes more than three turns has a 50% chance of attracting an additional 1d6 tapeworms.

Plunder: The Gutreavers have 150 gp in gold and silver, a 10-lb ambergris nugget worth 500 gp, hand crossbows, 200 bolts, and three grappling hook guns, each with 100 feet of rope. They each have a **Gutreaver's Totem** — in this case, shark's teeth carved with runes for "Brave" and "Keen-Nosed."

17. OUTLAW CAMP

Sound: Muttering voices, curses, the clink of cups.

Smell: Unwashed skin, wet clothes, rust, fish guts, the raw stink of moonshine.

Sight: A handful of figures are hunched around the dwindling bioluminescent lure of an anglerfish the size of a small elephant, chewing on its guts. Ragged, wild-eyed, and sickly, they include a crimson jellyfolk, several scabrous humans (one in the tattered remnants of a Whaleguard's uniform), a ratfolk who fidgets with a rusty knife, and a ragged-feathered siren.

People: The band is heading to Herniaheim. If paid in food, drugs, or valuables, they might be hired temporarily as guides or warriors. The outlaws are:

- **Henrietta Jilt**, a human stowaway from the city of Hex who, facing deportation, slew two Whaleguard and fled into the Entrails. She feels terrible for her actions, staring darkly into the dying light. She has acquired Jackfever and is growing delirious.
- **Emmanuel Porter**, a vicious philosopher who believes all creatures are absolutely bound to pursue only their own interests, even when those interests directly harm others – a position which led him to poison a rival professor at Jackburg University. He was caught, so now he's here, lecturing a pack of outlaws about the merits of deontological hyper-egoism.
- **Mangy Frans**, ratfolk, a common cutthroat and shadowmilk addict, jonesing for a sight of the void, twirling a rune-etched dagger endlessly, and occasionally stabbing at the fish.
- **Marie Mothsblade**, a siren whose affairs led to a series of horrific murders of passion amongst several harem-mates. She sleeps with her wings drawn up about herself, dreaming of happier times. She has been contaminated with Jackthrush, unbeknownst to the others.
- **Septima of the Sanguineous Bloom**, jellyfolk, a multiple murderer who slaughtered the rest of her Bloom, an artist's colony, when they tried to remove her from it. She is trying to revert to a polyp stage so she can be "reborn" into a new identity.
- **Uther Shepherd**, a disgraced Whaleguard, human, who was discovered taking bribes from the Pincers. He drinks from the moonshine heavily, telling unpleasant jokes.

Peril: The band is desperate, hungry, and largely without scruple, though Henrietta has some remorse for her actions. If given a chance, several of them will exchange surreptitious signs—a Wisdom (Insight) check of DC 15 detects this—and attack when the time seems right in hopes of stealing the party's treasure, clothes, and flesh, bodies being valuable to the Gutreavers. However, they will only act if it looks likely they can win. If a fight breaks out, treat them as Gutreavers.

Plunder: The group has little of value – 32 gold doubloons between them, 3 days damp rations, and a small cask of grog. The exception is Frans's knife, the **Gloomknife**.

18. FRAGMENT OF YS

Sound: Tranquil silence, punctuated only by the sound of a harp being plucked mournfully at the very edge of hearing.

Smell: A smell of roses and apples and wine perfumes the air, a temporary reprieve from the overpowering fecal stench.

Sight: A fragment of bygone Ys, a sunken city from distant legend, is lodged in the organic walls – a stone structure, impossibly old, carved by ancient hands with runes now indecipherable to all but a handful of obscure sages. Broken statues loom like eerie sentinels, covered in barnacles and fungal growths. This is, in fact, the remains of the Royal Castle of Ys, though only an Intelligence (History) check of DC 20 would suggest this; to most, the shattered towers and overgrown courtyard are mysterious but unplaceable.

Peril: The song that haunts bygone Ys has a subtle supernatural effect, requiring a Wisdom saving throw of DC 10 to resist. On a failure, the affected creatures are drawn towards a stone archway that somehow managed to remain intact amidst the ruin. The keystone of the arch bears a symbol of the moon, showing its current phase – it changes with the moon's phases. This arch is in fact a mysterious gateway to otherworldly realms; follow the chart below, and feel free to include any other planes specific to your milieu.

Phase	Destination
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New Moon	The Dreamlands: The mysterious plane of dreams and nightmares, thought by some to be produced and populated by sentient minds; specifically, the Plateau of Leng, realm of the Mother of Spiders.
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Waxing	Carcosa: World of the Queen in Yellow, a bizarre reality where twin suns rise in a pallid sky speckled with black stars; a strange city hunches over a vast, eerie lake. Inhabited by beings with an alien morality, devoted entirely to art and aesthetics.
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Full	Faerie: The twisted, thorn-clotted realm of Queen Mab, a region of Elfhame full of mischievous sprites and cruel Fair Folk – black woods and weird castles, cursed rivers and enchanted groves.
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Waning	The Netherworld: Specifically, the domain of Arawn, one of the four Faerie Lords – a lesser Hell that borders on Elfhame, a place of funeral mounds, shadows, and the endless hunt, echoing with horns and howls and the moans of the damned.
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Plunder: Amidst the rubble and broken columns can be found several valuable objects, most notably the emerald-laden **Crown of Ys** and the heirloom blade known as the **Swansword**, marked with the swan sigil of the Royal Family of Ys.

19. SLUICE-GATES OF HERNIAHEIM

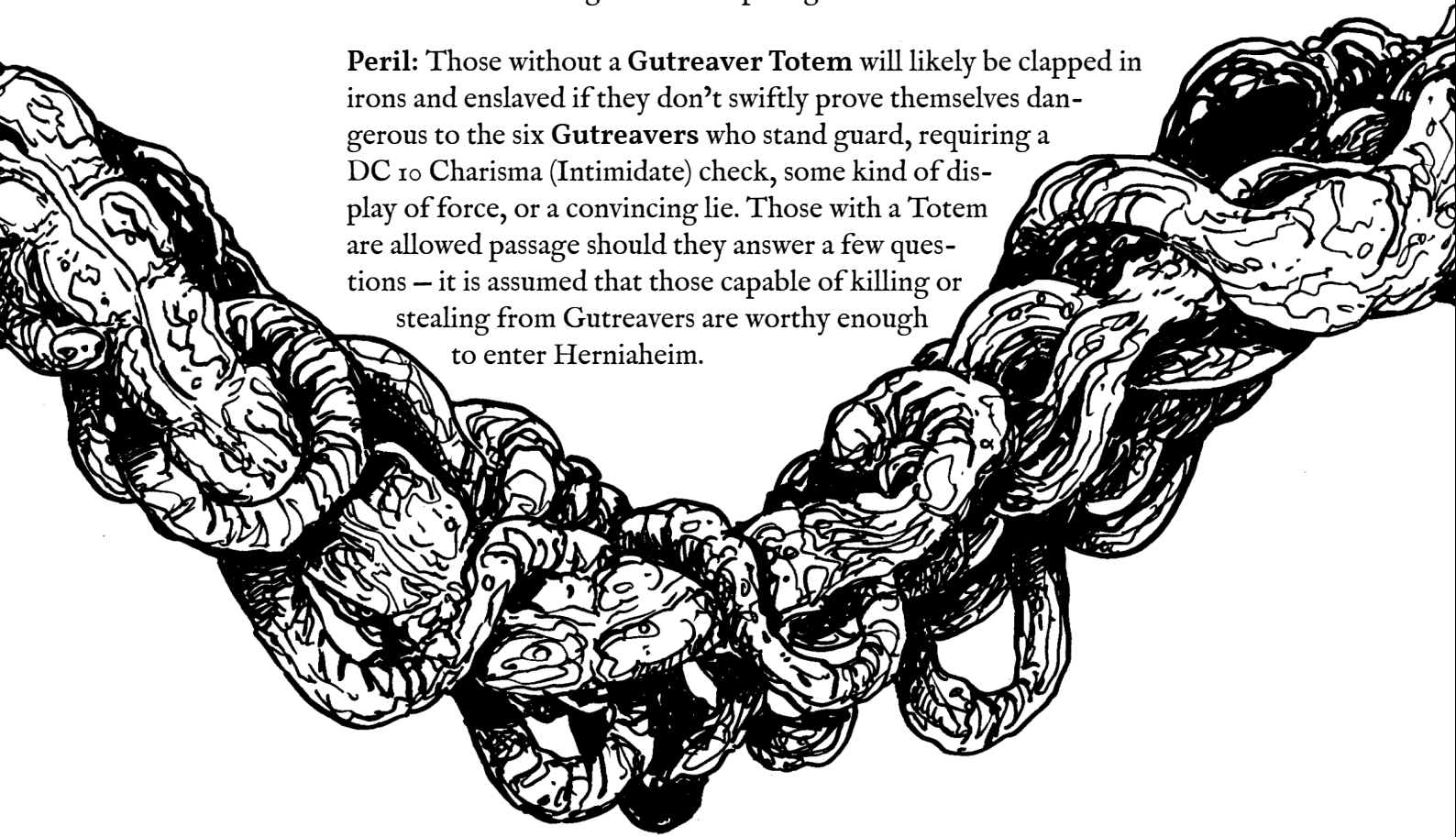
Sound: Seething sewage, voices, screams, hammers, turning waterwheels.

Smell: Waste, both whale and human in origin; wet wood, corroded metal, sweat, blood, alcohol, fur, and fungus.

Sight: Those approaching Herniaheim can see a series of elaborate scars on the walls of the intestines, a kind of wound-mural depicting the history of the town of outcasts – the discovery of the Large Intestine entrance, the construction of the settlement, and its many battles with thrushspawn hordes, Whaleguard, and even a gigantic squid.

An elaborate mechanical lock consisting of a pair of rusted metal sluice-gates allows water through but block the passage of boats or submersibles unless the scabrous Gutreaver guards allow passage into Herniaheim below.

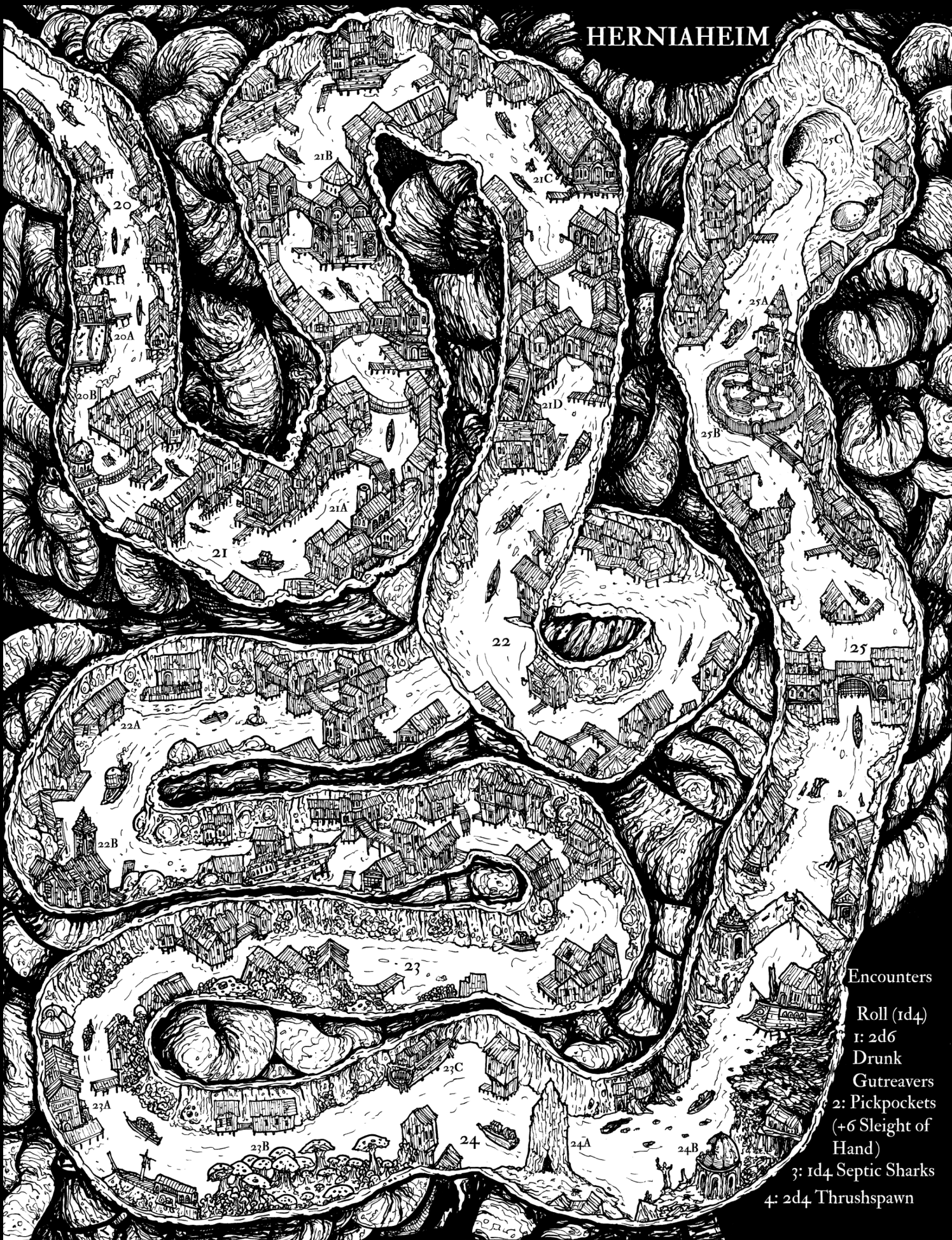
Peril: Those without a **Gutreaver Totem** will likely be clapped in irons and enslaved if they don't swiftly prove themselves dangerous to the six **Gutreavers** who stand guard, requiring a DC 10 Charisma (Intimidate) check, some kind of display of force, or a convincing lie. Those with a Totem are allowed passage should they answer a few questions – it is assumed that those capable of killing or stealing from Gutreavers are worthy enough to enter Herniaheim.



Herniaheim

A bulging protrusion of the Entrails near where the small intestine becomes the large, Herniaheim is a teeming cannibal fortress-town, a place that parents in Jackburg use to frighten their kids. Most of Herniaheim's populace are cast-offs and runaways of Jackburg who fled into the Entrails to save themselves from the lash, the noose, or some other fate, while others are the descendants of explorers and ambergris-prospectors who lost themselves in the darkness of Jack's bowels.

HERNIAHEIM



Encounters

Roll (1d4)

1: 2d6

Drunk

GutreaVERS

2: Pickpockets
(+6 Sleight of
Hand)

3: 1d4 Septic Sharks

4: 2d4 Thrushspawn



20. WASTEWHEEL

What little industry takes place in Herniaheim is confined largely to Wastewheel, a roiling, creaking, steaming, groaning collection of factories, mills, and workshops, all driven by the churn of sewage through Jack's Entrails, harnessing the effluent flow for power. This waterpower is supplemented with slave labour — captive thralls, largely ambergris miners.

Encounters

- **Thrall Revolt:** A cannery is being overwhelmed by its own workers, rioting thralls wielding their own tools or stolen weapons against their masters. Machines are smashed, foremen hurled from catwalks into the meatgrinder, windows shattered, and revolutionary slogans fill the air. Anyone who gets too close risks being embroiled in the battle soon to come, when Gutreavers and Royal Guards show up to put down the revolt without mercy.

Locations

- **20A. The Sawtail Sisterhood Shark Farm:** Septic sharks are raised in the Shark Farm of Wastewheel, fattened on corpses and trash till they are fit to be slaughtered for the tables of Herniaheim. The operation is overseen by a heretical selachian priestess of the Sharkfather, **Canoness Sharpnose**, and the **Sawtail Sisters**, an order of selachian nuns. The Sisters cleave to the blasphemous creed that the Sharkfather is in fact a hermaphroditic figure capable of shifting into female form and bearing young, beliefs that earned them scorn and exile after religious disagreements in Melonward resulted in a full-blown battle leaving several bystanders dead.
- **20B. The Shitworks:** The most important part of Wastewheel by far is the sewage treatment plant, colloquially known as the Shitworks, where renegade Gutgardeners fled from Jackburg have perfected a form of wastewater reclamation using algae and alchemical formulae, one capable of transforming even the filthiest sewage into clean drinking water. Without this process, Herniaheim would sicken and die in a matter of days or weeks.

21. SLIMESIDE

Herniaheim's pleasure district is the oozing neighbourhood of Slimeside, a ramshackle collection of taverns, brothels, breweries, bordellos, and eateries. Docks throughout the tunnel are often crowded with rafts, barges, and other small watercraft, the ragtag pirate armada of Herniaheim.

Encounters

- **Pirate Brawl:** A full-blown brawl has spilled from an alehouse, as three rival Gutreaver crews – of the *Wanton Witch*, the *Doom Parrot*, and the *Blind Emperor* – scrap over some ill-defined conflict involving certain insults levied by the loudmouthed **Captain Cordelia Crux** of the *Wanton Witch* at the pox-ridden **Vernon Snub** of the *Blind Emperor*. Punches fly, broken bottles swing, and eventually cutlasses and hand crossbows come out. Anyone nearby is swept up in the fray.

Locations

- **21A. The Brown Pearl:** Named after the famous pirate galleon from whose bones it is built, the infamous Brown Pearl is a revolting den of vice and violence. The place is owned by the peg-legged **Horace "Ratsbeard" Eames**, cursed with a bizarre mutation courtesy of arcane radiation from the Elder Ruins deep in the Lower Intestine that caused a mass of writhing rats' tails to sprout from his chin. The tavern sells fungal ale, moonshine whiskey, and a plethora of other raw spirits brewed and distilled in Yeastward, stolen in raids, or smuggled in from Jackburg.
- **21B. The Slippery Sea Slug:** Herniaheim's finest bordello, the *Slippery Sea Slug* is a raucous establishment owned by the wingless siren **Vivienne Squall**, a tough, hard-eyed woman who treats the girls, boys, epicenes, and others under her employ considerably better than most of the brothels in Slimeside. Its floor sticky with spilled wine (and worse), the common room features a dancefloor and a prominent stage, with numerous rooms in the back for private rendezvous. The *Sea Slug* has a long list of banned patrons, their visages papering the vestibule where a hulking Fomorian, **Connug**, glowers. On the wall of the tavern is a map of an island, showing the location of the hoard in area 41.
- **21C. Nægl's Mead-Hall:** This establishment is owned by the draugr **Nægl "The Neck"**, who was hung at sea for mutiny, breaking his neck; his corpse was discarded in the Grim Sea, only to rise as a crooked-necked revenant. He and his clan of undead Gutreavers, the Spinerippers, carouse in his mead-hall and casino perched up on one wall of the town. The urchin assassin Ericius is known to gamble here oftentimes, along with other thugs for rent.
- **21D. The Plague-Rat Rookery:** The band of cutthroats and pickpockets known as the Plague-Rats infest a tumbledown morass of buildings slowly sinking into the sludge in a shadowy corner of Slimeside. The ratfolk thieves ruthlessly defend their hideout against rivals, keeping sharpshooters posted on the roof. Their den is filled with treasures, many of them all-but-useless in Herniaheim but highly valuable elsewhere, such as ancient coins or jewels panned from the muck and then stolen by the thieves.

22. CYSTSIDE

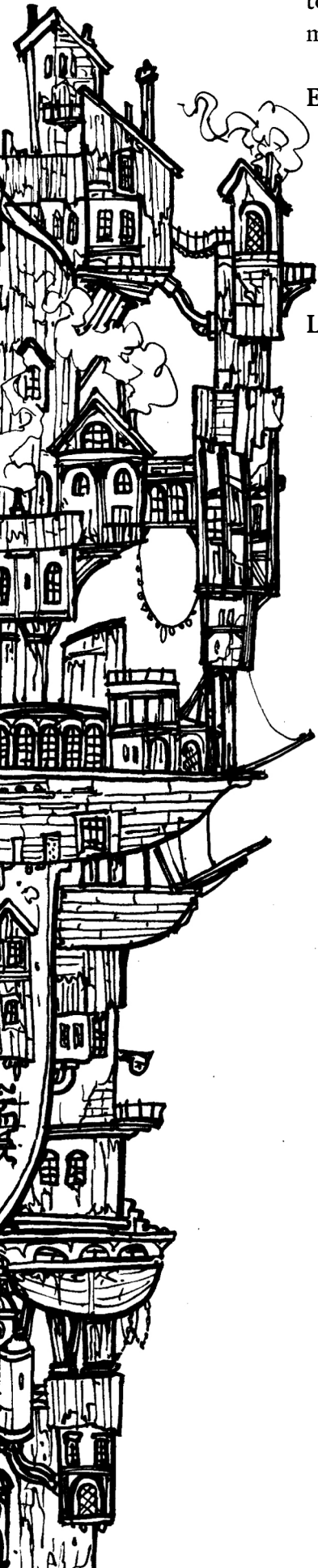
Clustered in a filthy sprawl about the swollen sacs that give the district its name, Cystside is the marketplace of Herniaheim, where scavengers swap weapons, tools, and machine parts for slaves, food, medicine, and the handful of goods manufactured in Wastewheel.

Encounters

- **The Plague-Rats:** A diseased band of a ratfolk thieves, the Plague-Rats, prey on the markets of Cystside. They have +6 to Dexterity (Sleight of Hand) checks and will take ill-gotten gains to their rookery in Slimeside. Victims must also pass a DC 10 Constitution saving throw or catch Jackfever.

Locations

- **22A. The Thrall Market:** Slavery may be illegal in Jackburg, but Herniaheim is another matter. Captives acquired in raids – mostly ambergris miners and prospectors – are auctioned off at the Thrall Market to the highest bidder. Many labour in the factories of Wastewheel or the homes of the “wealthy” in Herniaheim – a relative term in the noisome gloom of the Entrails. By decree of the Corsair Queen, thralls who survive for thirteen years are granted a chance at freedom: they must participate in a raid and take a captive to replace them. If they do so, and swear fealty to Her Pestiferous Majesty, they are granted freedom and citizenship in Herniaheim, having effectively guaranteed themselves a death sentence if they attempt to return to Jackburg. The debt-dodging **Joseph Flay** can be spotted by the sharp-eyed, being sold in the Thrall Market.
- **22B. Cathedral of the Church Pustulant:** Amidst some of the largest swellings looms the grotesque Cathedral of the Church Pustulant – a religious order founded by **High Navigator Elias Catswood**, who fled to the Entrails after it was discovered he was misusing his hereditary telepathic powers to abuse neophyte Navigators and wipe their memories. Excommunicated, Elias found his way to Herniaheim and created a new temple, discovering that the holy pus of Jack could produce sacred visions and mutations. Those who worship at the Abscess Altar and take the Unclean Communion are a sickly, boil-ridden lot, their bodies wracked with weeping sores and other afflictions, but they acquire a whole range of bizarre blessings – some have clairvoyant dreams, some acquire the ability smell magic, some see lies curdle the air like black breath on the lips of those that speak them.



23. THE YEASTWARD

Apart from eating one another, Herniaheimers have only a handful of food sources: septic sharks farmed in Wastewheel, monsters slain in the Entrails, and the fungi of Yeastward (Jackmeat is inadvisable to consume, ravaging bodies and minds even more violently than the Godwhale's blood). A pulsating garden of deliberately cultivated infection, the sickly fungus-groves of Yeastward are tended by hundreds of thralls, transforming fungus into gruel, beer, and a kind of gooey loaf – all staples of the Herniaheim diet.

Encounters

- **Thrushspawn:** The depths of the Yeastward are the lair of a number of thrushspawn zombies, lurking in the spore-laden darkness. 2d6 of them emerge, tongues protruding, hoping to spread their infection to passersby.

Locations

- **23A. The Scummery:** The huge brewery known affectionately as the Scummery transmutes the fungal growths of the Yeastward into a variety of ales, pilsners, and other beers. The place is run by an ancient treant druid, **Mouldering Merrick**, who once dwelt in ancient Ys. Starved of sunlight in the dark, he began to wither and rot, until he was infected with a fungal growth deep in the Entrails – a growth which brought him back from the brink of death, and which now riddles his twisted limbs and trunk, sustaining him with its unwholesome symbiotic vitality.
- **23B. The Shroomgrove:** A cluster of hallucinogenic puffballs, some ten-foot tall and spewing phosphorescent clouds of spores, sprouts from one bank of the Yeastward. Nurtured on the corpses of Jacksblood-drinkers, the puffballs are a favoured haunt of rogue druids and those Gutreavers hoping for an escape from the endless black bowels of Genial Jack. Anyone within the Shroomgrove must pass a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw or begin experiencing surreal hallucinations, sometimes said to contain cryptic prophecies, shared among all those who inhale the spores. To produce a vision, each player and the DM should contribute an image, sketching on a piece of paper in turn to produce a quickly rendered “exquisite corpse” drawing to represent a given hallucination. The DM should retain the drawing and incorporate some aspect of the imagery into a future session.
- **23C. The *Purpureus*:** The louche assassin-aesthetes known as the **Puffball Boys** lair in the wreck of the *Purpureus*, a gilded pleasure-craft of Teratopolis. Two-bit cutthroats with pretensions of class, they flaunt the wealth they accrue from their bloody trade with finery and decadent celebrations aboard their derelict shipwreck-hideout. Their leader is **Orchidaceous XII**, the infamous polypoid who long served as a hired killer for the elites of Jackburg until their capture and arrest; they managed to escape execution at the last moment and fled into the Entrails. Currently the Puffball Boys are targeting the urchin assassin Ericius, recently arrived in Herniaheim, and serious competition.

24. OLD JACKBURG

The ancient ruins of Old Jackburg form the heart of Herniaheim – the corroded wreckage of a past Jackburg, built many centuries ago and now partially digested by the Godwhale. Over time, the district has become the haunt of Jacksblood addicts, made unrecognizable from the horrific effects of long-term Jacksblood use. Jacksblood-drinkers are shunned even by the other Gutreavers of Herniaheim and so have been forced into the ruins – those who emerge are often killed on sight if they stray into Sphinctergate or the Yeastward. As a result, extensive cutting of Jack’s flesh in Old Jackburg has left the “ground” a knotted mass of scar tissue; the blood-drinkers have dug “wells” in the flesh, cutting through layers of callus and granulation tissue to the veins beneath. These wells are inevitably controlled by vicious gangs, who jealously guard them and extract tolls for their use.

Encounters

- **The Anopheles:** Most feared of the gangs of Old Jackburg, the Anopheles prowl the canal, armed with syringes long as javelins – gigantic needles they can plunge through the layers of scab and scar-tissue to drain Jacksblood. These weapons can just as easily be turned on rivals or intruders. 2d6 Anopheles menaces the party, jumping from their rickety raft to assail interlopers if they outnumber the adventurers and demanding food, water, and any trade goods of value in Herniaheim. Treat them as Jacksblood-addicts but armed with spears; anyone hit with a syringe must also pass a DC 10 Constitution saving throw or take a level of Exhaustion as their blood is rapidly drained.
- **Open Wound:** As the party passes by decaying ruins and crumbling statuary, they hear a tremendous scrambling – parched shouts of desperation and delight as a huge crust of scab-matter is torn up, exposing the raw, quivering, bloody flesh beneath. A gaggle of Jacksblood addicts rush for the precious liquid, tripping over one another to tear at the open wound with their hands, cupping mouthfuls of Jacksblood to their cracked and swollen lips. Those who linger too long at the spurting hole have their throats cut or their heads clubbed in by those awaiting their turn at the awful sanguinary spring.

Locations

- **24A. The Crimson Menhir:** Besmeared with bloodstains, the Crimson Menhir is a mysterious remnant of Old Jackburg, a primordial obelisk from a forgotten age. At its base gapes a black, cavernous entrance; those who enter the strange structure rarely return, but the few who do describe an impossible, seemingly endless labyrinth of stone, haunted by clicking, hissing things that may be the descendants of previous explorers. Occasionally a dread voice issues from within, speaking in a long-forgotten tongue – whether prayer, prophecy, invitation, or lamentation, none can say.
- **24B. The Scab:** Once a resplendent plaza, the Scab is now a fissured mass of broken masonry and hardened blood. Thick slabs of Jacksblood have congealed over the square, and now Jacksblood-drinkers too poor to afford the well-rates satisfy their cravings by chipping away at the Scab incessantly, hewing off layer after layer till they find wet blood beneath.

25. SPHINCTERGATE

Exit to the Lower Intestine, Sphinctergate marks the second entrance of Herniaheim, a fortified sprawl overshadowed by the imposing Royal Keep of the Corsair Queen. Though the Gutreavers are hostile to the folk of Jackburg, they are not hostile to Jack himself, in many ways considering themselves his truer subjects – the misbegotten, the exiled, the castaway, the sort of folk who founded Jackburg in the first place. As such, they take their duties to the Godwhale seriously, ensuring that food flows from the Small Intestine to the Large through Sphinctergate. Few Gutreavers actually descend into the cavernous bowels below, however – the Sphinctergate is designed to keep the things which dwell in the depths out.

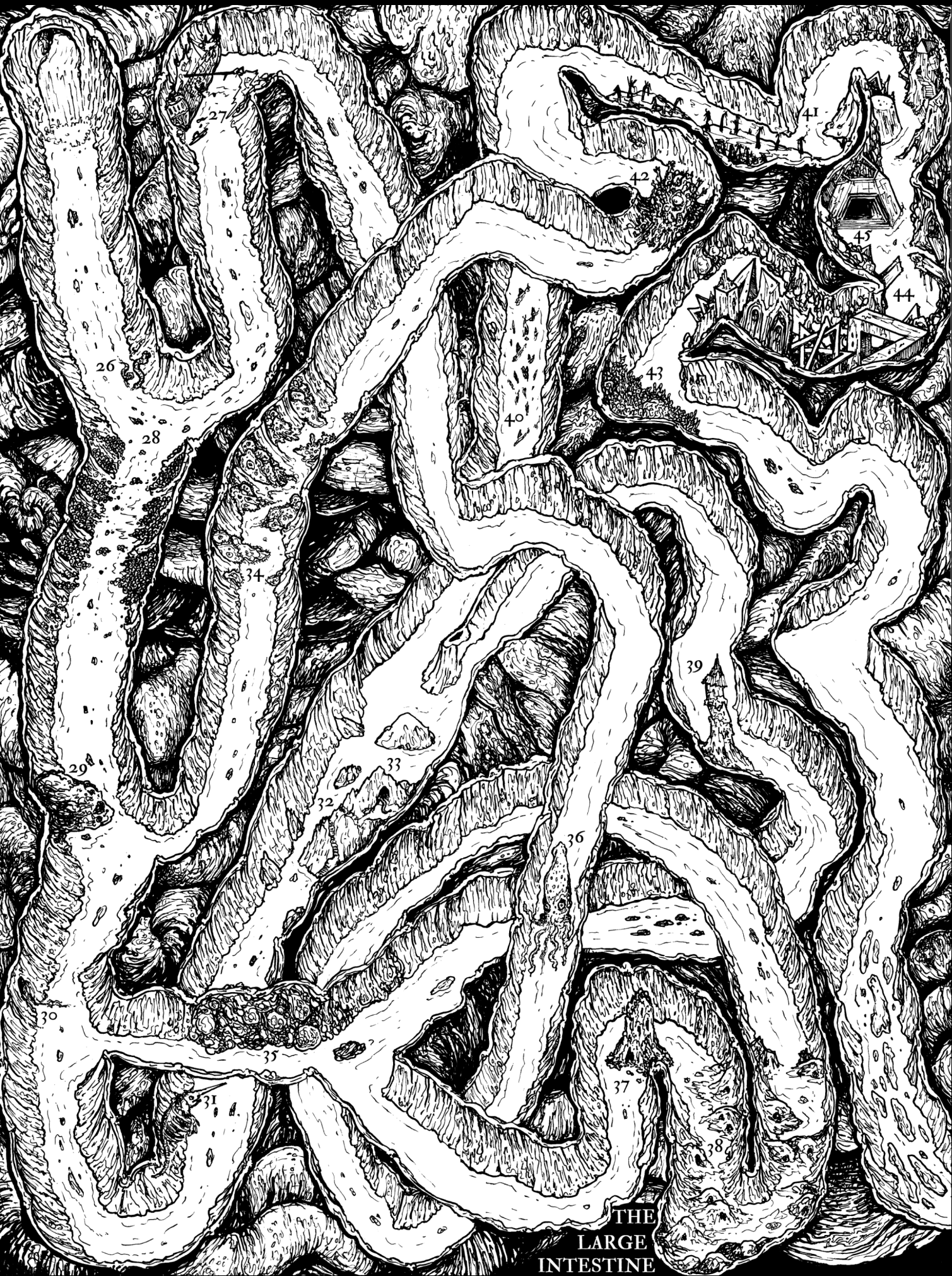
Encounters

- **Royal Guards:** A patrol of a dozen **Royal Guards** – servants of the Corsair Queen – harangue passersby for irregularly-collected “taxes” to the tune of 1d100 gp or whatever the party has in their purses. Those who refuse will be arrested and thrown into the fighting pits of the Orifice unless they can fight off the guards or escape their clutches.
- **Cultist Attack:** A fight breaks out at the sphincter as a warband of barking cultists – followers of the Sea-Devil in the Lower Intestine – assault Herniaheim, having clambered up from below using crude grappling hooks. There are 10+1d20 of them in total, facing off against a group of 2d6 Royal Guards.

Locations

- **25A. The Royal Keep of the Corsair Queen:** For the most part, Herniaheim is a lawless den of iniquity, anarchic and violent, without police or magistrates, without order. However, the town does have a ruler – the most brutal, ruthless, cunning pirate in a town of pirates, the Corsair Queen. The title is not hereditary but is passed down to anyone who can kill the Queen (or King) in an annual battle to the death in the Orifice. The current Queen is **Amaranth “Falsebeard” Leech**, who, in her younger days, impersonated a man to rise in the patriarchal ranks of a pirate armada; commanding, sensual, ambitious, and brutal to her foes, she is still renowned for her fair judgment and calculating mind. All Corsair Kings and Queens rule from the Royal Keep, a tottering tower pieced together from shipwrecks and detritus.
- **25B. The Orifice:** The courtyard of the Royal Keep is the fighting pit known as the Orifice, a sprawling arena where Gutreavers scrap against one another and captive beasts before cheering crowds. The arena has a central pool that can be filled with septic sharks and other intestinal fauna, with flimsy walkways over the sludge.
- **25C. The Sphincter:** The entrance to the Lower Intestine gives Sphinctergate its name – a huge opening, with cunning water-driven lifts allowing vessels access to the caverns below. In emergencies – such as attacks from monsters in the deeper bowels – a gigantic seal, the Bung, can plug the Sphincter.





THE
LARGE
INTESTINE

The Large Intestine

There is virtually no light in the Large Intestine outside of Herniaheim, so to see anything without Darkvision, the party must have a light source. The only good news is that this part of the Entrails is considerably drier than the Small Intestine, being highly absorbent; in some places the sewage is only neck- or waist-high, and towards the end of the bowels, almost wholly absent. Beyond Herniaheim, larger boats and submersibles will swiftly run aground, though small rafts and rowboats are generally viable. The Entrails are much more cavernous here, with most tunnels yawning a vast 50 to 70 feet in diameter, sometimes even larger.

26. FEEDING TAPEWORM

Sound: Stomach-churningly horrible sucking sounds.

Smell: The metallic smell of Jacksblood, insectile musk, infection prodromes.

Sight: Partially submerged, a gigantic tapeworm is attached to the intestinal wall via the cruel hooks and suckers of its scolex.

Peril: If the **greater tapeworm** is disturbed in any way, it detaches and attacks, but it is somewhat preoccupied with feeding and has disadvantage on any Wisdom (Perception) checks to detect stealthy adventurers.

27. WRECK OF THE *QUIDDITY*

Sound: A soft hiss, the creak of wood.

Smell: Softly rotting wood and rusting metal – and a faint whiff of brimstone.

Sight: The wreck of the *Quiddity*, a vessel from the wizardly city of Hex, moulders in the Large Intestine, half-flooded, a hole rent in its sigil-etched hull. Its sails lie in tatters, the glyphs that once would have conjured air elementals inactive.

Peril: Deep in the *Quiddity* amidst a morass of bones, broken crates, and other detritus, a gigantic ruby glimmers, a crack in its side whispering an obscene demoniac incantation audible with a DC 15 Wisdom (Perception) check. Anyone who listens to this many-throated chorus of the damned must pass a DC 15 Charisma saving throw or be possessed by one of the thirteen archdemons imprisoned within (see the **Tridecahedron Ruby** in the Lost Artefacts section for details).

Plunder: *Mending* or a similar spell – or a good old-fashioned needle and thread – can repair the three scroll-sails, which function as enormous spell scrolls of *Conjure Elemental* for air elementals only. In addition, a thorough search turns up the sinister thirteen-sided **Tridecahedron Ruby**.

28. LARGE EGG CLUTCH

Sound: Thousands of tiny forms rustling.

Smell: Rotting eggs, chitin, phlegm.

Sight: Countless thousands of glossy white eggs cover the living walls, stuck to them with some sticky secretion.

Peril: Unless the eggs are destroyed utterly – via explosion, poisoning, or something similar – they will hatch to produce on **swarm of young tapeworms** every hour. There is a 50% chance that a **greater tapeworm** is present, laying more eggs.

29. UNDISCOVERED AMBERGRIS MOTHERLODE

Sound: A slow, soft, strangely soothing sloshing. (Say that six times fast!)

Smell: A violent stench of dead squid and pungent excrement, a bouquet of brine and barnyard.

Sight: A vast, gleaming mass of yellow-ochre ambergris speckled with black, lodged in the side of Jack's guts.

Plunder: The **ambergris** is extraordinarily valuable – this entire chunk would be worth 50,000 gp if entirely removed, but doing so would be extremely onerous, as it weighs roughly 1000 pounds. Breaking off a random piece produces a fragment worth 50 gp per pound. The smell of ambergris attracts monsters, particularly septic sharks.

30. BLEEDING ULCER

Sound: Gleefully cackling, slurping, sucking.

Smell: The harsh, iron odour of Jacksblood.

Sight: A coagulating mass of blood slowly seeps from an ugly wound. Clustered about it like a faithful congregation awaiting benediction are half a dozen twisted Jacksblood-addicts, cupping their hands to scoop mouthfuls of puissant blood to their cracked, scab-flaked lips. A rickety raft floats nearby.

People: If peaceful contact is established, the Jacksblood-drinkers can provide directions throughout the nearby tunnels in exchange for food or weapons.

Peril: The Jacksblood-drinkers ruthlessly defend the ulcer if they are threatened, but if it's made clear no harm is meant to them, they warily stand their ground without attacking.

31. NARWHAL SKELETON

Sound: Weird, high-pitched whining and chittering on the edge of hearing, like some ethereal kazoo.

Smell: Brine and bone.

Sight: The skeleton of a narwhal, partially embedded in the intestine wall.

Peril: The narwhal's ghost lingers here, prevented from passing on by the amulet that lies in the ribcage. The ghost possesses the first person to fail a DC 13 Charisma saving throw, making narwhal noises; if *Speak with Animals* is used to communicate, it conveys that its soul is in torment and asks that the amulet be destroyed. The spirit follows the possessor of the idol wherever they go.

Plunder: In the ribcage of the narwhal lies a roughly carved obsidian amulet resembling a fearsome head – the stylized visage of a goblin-selachian. The **Amulet of King Kraal** will earn the party allies in the Entrails if gifted to the goblin-selachians in area 38.

32. SWALLOWED SEA-DEVIL SHRINE

Sound: Wild chanting, barking, ripping flesh, desperate screams.

Smell: Sweat, blood, and rotting corpses.

Sight: A rocky fragment, once the crag upon which the Sea-Devil Skulla perched, waiting for hapless sailors. A black cavern, gaping in the shattered remnant of the crag, exuding a faint yellowish miasma. Clustered before it: a ragged, writhing mass of cultists, their flesh ritually scarified, mouths crowded with prosthetic teeth pulled from the heads of past victims, eyes wild with fanatic devotion, fingers tipped with knife-like nails. They rut, they howl, they tear at one another with their teeth. Occasionally they pull a captive from a cage of bones upon which to feast, hurling the scraps into the open maw of the cavern as a sacrifice to their patron.

People: The head of the cult is Father Snout, a howling maniac whose total devotion to the Sea-Devil is matched only by his hunger for flesh.

Peril: The cultists of the Swallowed Sea-Devil are crazed, bloodthirsty killers, lured to the shrine by the Sea-Devil herself, who can reach out through dreams and unhinge mortal minds. An order of cannibal cynics who revere Skulla as a symbol of primal violence and the elemental dog-eat-dog meaninglessness of the universe, these barking cannibal killers believe that one day the Sea-Devil, strengthened by their sacrifices, will rise from her long torpor and burrow deep into Jack's body where she will devour his heart, ushering in an apocalyptic end to his long voyage. The cultists will rise up alongside their monster-goddess, gorging themselves on the folk of Jackburg in a reckoning of blood and death. Anyone who approaches the shrine will be attacked by the 30 cultists gathered here; if subdued, they are thrown into cages to be consumed or sacrificed.

33. THE SWALLOWED SEA-DEVIL

Sound: Growling, gnashing, licking, snapping, whining; the moist flapping of tentacles on stone, the scrape of claws. A deep, female voice intones: “Come!”

Smell: Wet dog-fur, halitosis, dead fish, carnage.

Sight: A thing that crawled forth from the muck of an elder world – a nightmarish amalgam of teeth, fur, sharkskin, and cephalopodic flesh. The heads of a dozen drooling dogs sprout forth like rabid, bristling buboes from her waist. Suckered tentacles like those of an enormous squid coil beneath her body, competing with a skittering array of clawed legs to support her chimeric bulk. From the waist up she takes the shape of a statuesque woman, her too-wide mouth crowded with sharp teeth; instead of arms, tendrils writhe from her shoulders, each tipped with the head of a small shark.

Strewn about Skulla are the half-eaten corpses of dozens of sacrifices, deposited in her lair by the cult. Steeped in gore, her cavernous lair is befouled with blood and half-chewed offal, floor clattering with thousands of bones.

People: The Sea-Devil is intrigued by anyone who can fight past her cultists. She may offer adventurers the chance to serve her, for she desires freedom from the fleshly prison of Jack’s bowels – every effort she or her cult have made has failed, such as Jack’s regenerative abilities, and his labyrinthine intestines shift and change so that she cannot escape the “natural” way, seemingly altering purely to foil her escape attempts. Although a multiplicity of solutions may be possible, she suggests finding a wreck with large enough weapons to blow through Jack’s tissues. In exchange for their help, the Sea-Devil offers the party some of the treasures she’s collected over the years – relics of heroes who tried and failed to kill her.

Peril: If attacked – or if the adventurers are hurled into her lair – the Sea-Devil is a cunning and intelligent opponent, softening up her opponents with her breath and then using her tentacles to attack archers and spellcasters and her dog-heads to snap at frontline fighters.

Plunder: Amidst the bones of the dead are several treasures – once the arms and armour of heroes who strove to slay the Sea-Devil. These include the **Squall-spear**, the **Bristling Blade**, and the **Rude Shield**. The Sea-Devil’s trove also includes:

- 5,000 gp worth of ancient coins
- A belt of woven mithril set with emeralds worth 2,000 gp
- Rings and bracelets of gold and silver worth 1,000 gp

34. AMOEBOID INFESTATION

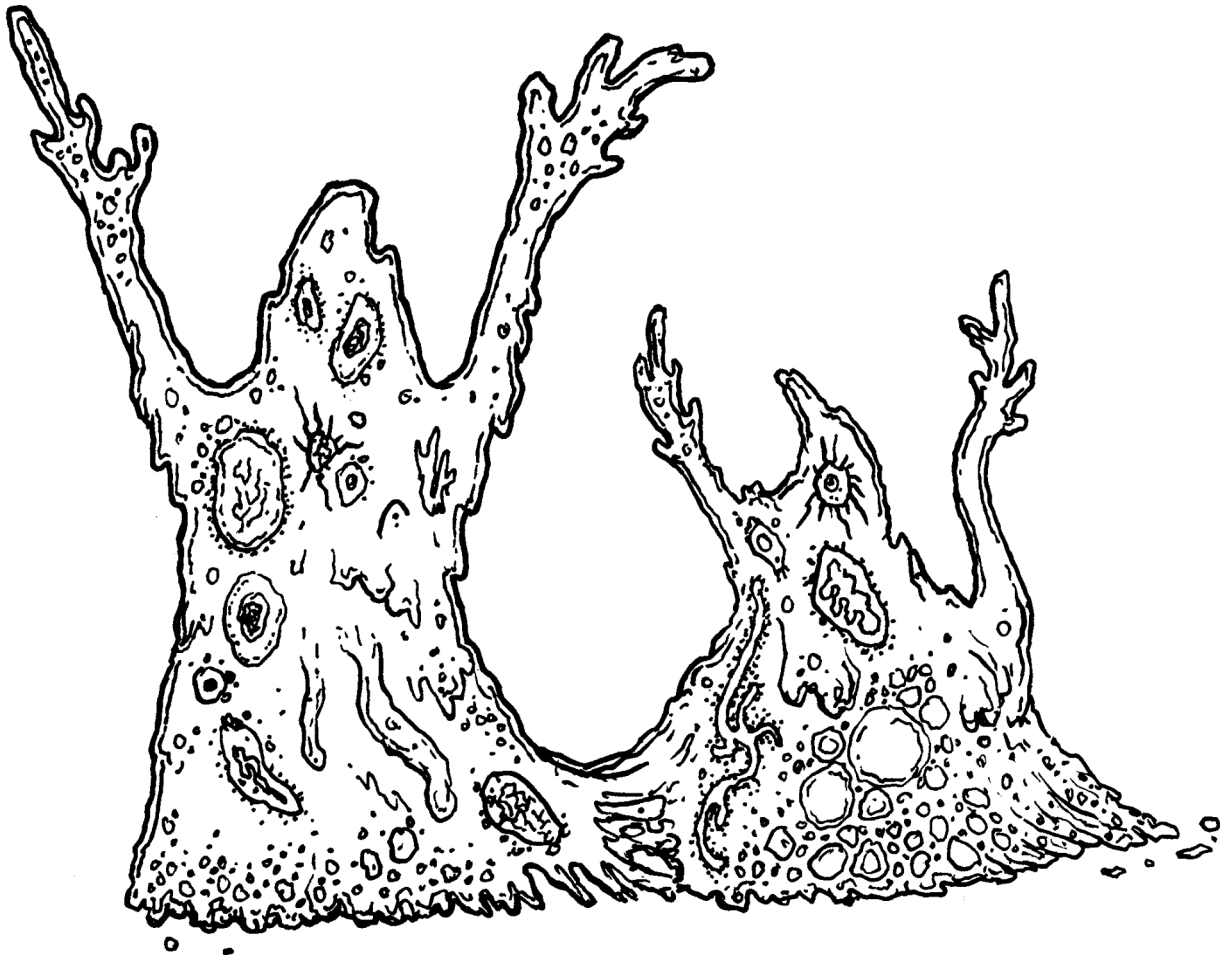
Sound: Viscous squelching sounds, disturbing semi-liquescient giggles, obscene burbling.

Smell: The fetor of mould, a rancid-death stench of wet putridity, methane, acid, burnt meat.

Sight: Slithering apart from an orgiastic coagulation of slime, amoeboids attempt to mimic the forms of those they encounter, awkwardly moulding themselves into temporary humanoid shapes to stumble with dripping arms outstretched. Floating throughout their bodies are the decomposing remains of Gutreavers and intestinal fauna.

Peril: Possessed of a kind of idiot beneficence, these 20 amoeboids attempt to embrace anyone who nears them. They cannot communicate through language, through spells or other forms of communication may be more successful. They seem to misinterpret screams and sounds of sizzling flesh as they engulf their victims; they coo with unsettling delight, slowly absorbing the objects of their affection into their cytoplasm. Though not easily deterred or persuaded, they are easily led – they will mindlessly follow the targets of their lethal hugs, even into dangerous situations.

Plunder: Within the body of one of the amoeboids is the turquoise **Twinning Ring** (the amber Twinning Ring is found in area 37).



35. TUMOURS

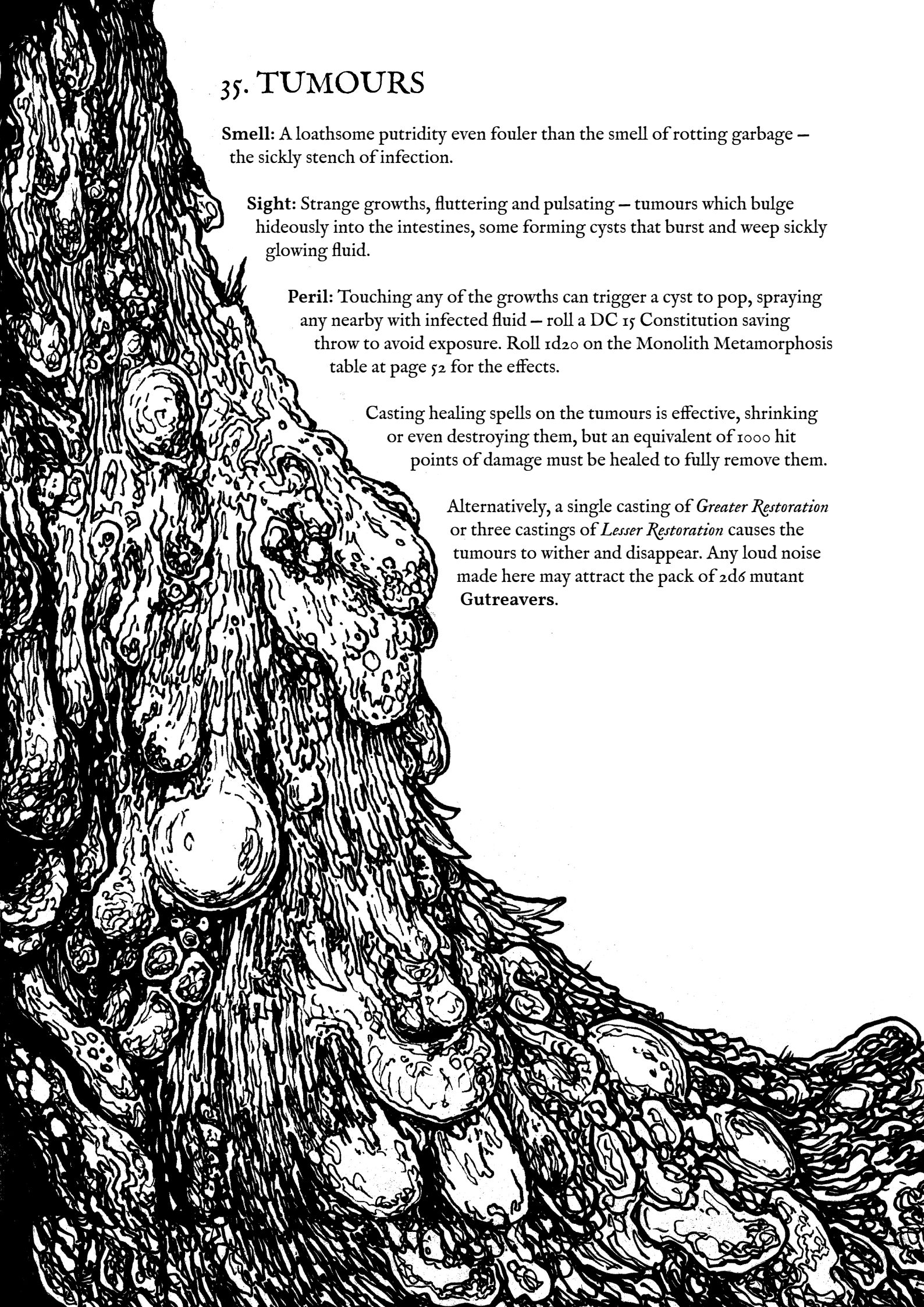
Smell: A loathsome putridity even fouler than the smell of rotting garbage – the sickly stench of infection.

Sight: Strange growths, fluttering and pulsating – tumours which bulge hideously into the intestines, some forming cysts that burst and weep sickly glowing fluid.

Peril: Touching any of the growths can trigger a cyst to pop, spraying any nearby with infected fluid – roll a DC 15 Constitution saving throw to avoid exposure. Roll 1d20 on the *Monolith Metamorphosis* table at page 52 for the effects.

Casting healing spells on the tumours is effective, shrinking or even destroying them, but an equivalent of 1000 hit points of damage must be healed to fully remove them.

Alternatively, a single casting of *Greater Restoration* or three castings of *Lesser Restoration* causes the tumours to wither and disappear. Any loud noise made here may attract the pack of 2d6 mutant *Gutrevivers*.



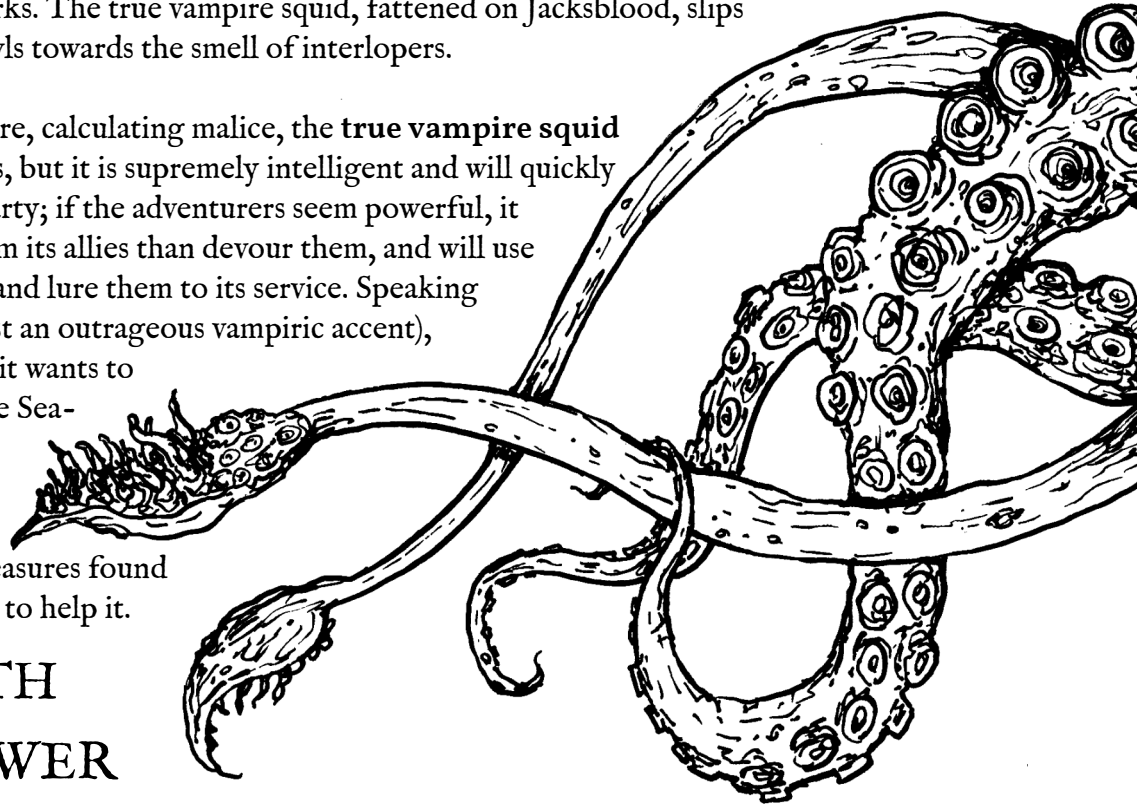
36. LAIR OF THE TRUE VAMPIRE SQUID

Sound: Nauseating sucking sounds.

Smell: Squid ink and blood.

Sight: Something pallid and amorphous stirs in the darkness. Red eyes glow; a beak clicks. Suckered tentacles flicker, detaching from the intestinal walls where they leave ugly red marks. The true vampire squid, fattened on Jacksblood, slips into the water and crawls towards the smell of interlopers.

Peril: A creature of pure, calculating malice, the **true vampire squid** kills most it encounters, but it is supremely intelligent and will quickly size up a formidable party; if the adventurers seem powerful, it would rather make them its allies than devour them, and will use its *Charm* ability to try and lure them to its service. Speaking telepathically (I suggest an outrageous vampiric accent), it conveys its desires – it wants to exanguinate Skulla the Sea-Devil and make her worshippers its own, and promises the party the legendary treasures found in her lair if they agree to help it.



37. FECALITH WATCHTOWER

Sound: Occasional guttural voices muttering in a dialect of Sharktongue.

Smell: Ancient, hardened excrement.

Sight: A coagulation of whale-shit, sewage, fishbones, and random detritus, petrified over decades or centuries into a grotesque, glistening monolith, hard as stone, thrusts up from the intestinal floor, embedded in Jack's bowels. Goblin-selachians have tunneled into the fecalith, transforming it into a kind of watchtower. Phosphorescent algae shed a dappled, queasy light.

Peril: Four **goblin-selachians** watch from the tower, hurling poisonous javelins at any intruders. Stealth is difficult without magical aid or some sort of distraction – the fecalith offers a good view of the tunnel.

Plunder: One of the goblin-selachians possesses the amber **Twinning Ring** (the turquoise Twinning Ring is found in area 34).

38. GOBLIN-SELACHIAN VILLAGE

Sound: The din of a hundred quasi-humanoid sharks talking, eating, and working.

Smell: Fish-stink, freshly butchered meat, the musk of ambergris.

Sight: A cluster of crude huts fashioned from mucus, dung, and bits of wood, partially submerged in the shallow water. Hunched, deep-dwelling goblin-selachians swim and scuttle about the tiny village, their only permanent settlement in the Entrails. The village is centred around an ambergris deposit of considerable size.

People: The leader of the goblin-selachians is the wizened patriarch King Kraal VI, known as Kraal the Cautious (descendant of the legendary King Kraal I, whose amulet can be found in area 31), a venerable if eccentric ruler with ambitions of expansion. He wants to seize the town of Herniaheim for his tribe — much more food will be available to them if they can take it — but the Corsair Queen keeps Sphinctergate too well-defended. He will suggest that the party might aid him by creating a distraction inside Herniaheim and ensuring that the guards ready to plug the Sphincter are dead or incapacitated.



Should this gambit succeed, Kraal the Cautious and his warriors will seize control of portions of Herniaheim, storming the Royal Keep and beginning a vicious conflict with the Gutreavers that will leave Genial Jack with serious indigestion. In exchange for their aid, Kraal offers the party the ambergris at the centre of the village, and the goblin-selachians' assistance in returning it to Jackburg.

Peril: The goblin-selachians defend themselves if attacked, and any well-armed, potentially hostile force will be met with 20 armed guards who attempt to repel intruders. However, peaceable adventurers who make their intentions clear may be able to approach the settlement safely, particularly if they have goods or items for trade.

Plunder: The ambergris deposit at the heart of the village is worth 30,000 gp and weighs 500 lbs.

39. THE HAGFISH HERMIT

Sound: An ancient tune, hummed contemplatively.

Smell: Mucilaginous slime.

Sight: Something coiled and slick moves within the depths of a curious structure made from the ruinous remnants of a wizard's tower, glued back together with mucus and filth.

People: Within the ruin dwells the creature known only as the Hagfish Hermit, an eel-like naga. The Hermit finds in the depths of Jack's bowels a deep, violent beauty, perceiving in the rhythms of digestion a kind of sublimity. The Hermit is a wise sage and diviner, attuned to the mysteries of the Entrails; it is capable of scrying any section of the Entrails by touching the living walls. It knows the history of the myriad seas through which Jack has swum, by psychically connecting not to Jack's mind, as the Navigators do, but to the pestilent swarm-consciousness that courses through Jack's gut, a semi-sentient microbiome the Hermit calls the Flow. The Hermit can also reveal the secret route out of the Entrails via Jack's anus, something Skulla the Sea-Devil has long coveted.

40. SEPTIC SHARK SPAWNING GROUND

Sound: Slippery shapes sloshing through the sewage.

Sight: Dozens of malformed septic sharks writhe in the muck, performing elaborate mating rituals. Dimly visible through clouds of filthy liquid are numerous leathery eggs.

Peril: Anyone who disturbs the mating sharks or the eggs will quickly attract the attention of 2d6 of the some 100 **sharks**, as will any adventurers with open wounds. They ram boats en masse and attack anyone who falls overboard — a Strength saving throw of DC 10 avoids being dunked.

41. BURIED TREASURE

Smell: Sand, wet stone, decomposing trees.

Sight: The dead and shattered remnants of a tropical island, the husks of dead palm trees crowning a jumbled morass of boulders and a mound of muddy sand.

Peril: 4 tapeworms are buried in the damp sand; notice with a DC 20 Wisdom (Perception) check. Disturbing the sand — say, by digging for the treasure — will perturb them.

Plunder: Pirate treasure is buried amidst the detritus. The Polypoid cluster (areas 43) and Hagfish Hermit (area 39) can reveal its approximate location, as does a map in the *Slippery Sea Slug* (21C). The treasure — kept in a stout wooden chest — consists of 8,000 gold doubloons, 2,000 gp worth of gems, and the **Rod of the Doldrums**.

42. THE TERATOMENTAL

Sound: Whining, babbling, wailing, gnashing teeth; numerous malformed hearts beating to a bewildering array of inconstant rhythms.

Smell: Something much worse than sewage or even the natural stink of decomposition – a sickly smell of living wrongness, the smell of something which ought-not-to-be.

Sight: It seethes along the living walls, leaving a trail of pus and puckered tissue – a mass of clutching feelers, shards of bone, blubber, veins, and twitching viscera. The hungry Teratomental chases after any living creatures it finds, hoping to add to its bulk. Victims are embedded within it – Gutreavers, outlaws, goblin-selachians, sharks, rats, and other creatures absorbed into its malignant body. A handful of mutant Gutreavers (ιδό) feed upon its body, corrupting their own flesh as they consume the malignant tissues of the cancerous horror.

Peril: Once the Teratomental has spotted or scented the party, it follows them until it is destroyed, they are consumed, or they somehow manage to elude it. It cannot be reasoned with or deterred. Along with the Nest (area 45), the Teratomental is the cause of Jack's digestive issues, which are thus partially remedied if it is killed.



43. POLYPOID CLUSTER

Sound: Sleepy murmuring in Aquan.

Sight: A huge morass of coral humanoids fused together into a reef, partially protruding from the dirty water. They glisten entrancingly in the gloom.

People: This ancient collective of sedentary polypoids – one hundred or so in all – were swallowed by Jack many centuries ago. They have lapsed into the torpor of extreme old age but can be awoken from their strange dreams with a suitably loud sound. If awakened the polypoids are initially grumpy, but somewhat intrigued by the adventurers and willing to offer what aid they can, specifically by casting beneficial spells such as *Mass Cure Wounds* (3d8+4) in exchange for news of the outside world. The polypoids are occasionally attacked by the Teratomental that prowls nearby. If this creature is destroyed, the polypoids will reveal the location of the buried treasure in area 41.

44. ELDER RUINS

Sound: An eerie hum masks stomach-turning chewing sounds.

Smell: Ozone, scorched flesh, the must of uncountable aeons.

Sight: Embedded amidst a mass of infected tissue and seething tumours is a ruin, unfathomably old, covered in ancient dust. Tangles of strange iridescent metal and stone that looks eerily organic, polyhedral openings, and twisted skeins of some strange machine have become lodged deep in the Entrails. A vast, trapezohedral opening gapes like a gigantic black mouth in the central structure. An Intelligence (History) check of DC 20 will reveal these as the ruins of the creatures some call the Librarians, whose subterranean cities riddle the planet, occasionally protruding from the earth or the seafloor; the infamous city of Hex is built atop one such city.

Peril: A dozen mutant Gutreavers stagger about the periphery of the Elder Ruins. They feed on the tumours in Jack's guts, tearing off chunks of quivering flesh and stuffing it into their malformed mouths. Anyone who disturbs their carcinogenic feast will attract their wrath – once one attacks, they all will.



45. THE NEST AND THE MONOLITH

Sound: Rustling, chitinous bodies rubbing against one another; a susurrus of chittering.

Smell: Mucus, must, amniotic fluid, pheromones.

Sight: Through the black door of the Elder Ruins opens an enormous hall, impossibly gigantic – larger than the exterior ruins. Glowing crystalline growths on the ceiling shed a dappled greenish light.

In the middle of the chamber is a cyclopean monolith, perhaps fifty feet high, maniacally adorned with shifting glyphs and covering in constantly forming and diminishing quasi-organic growths.

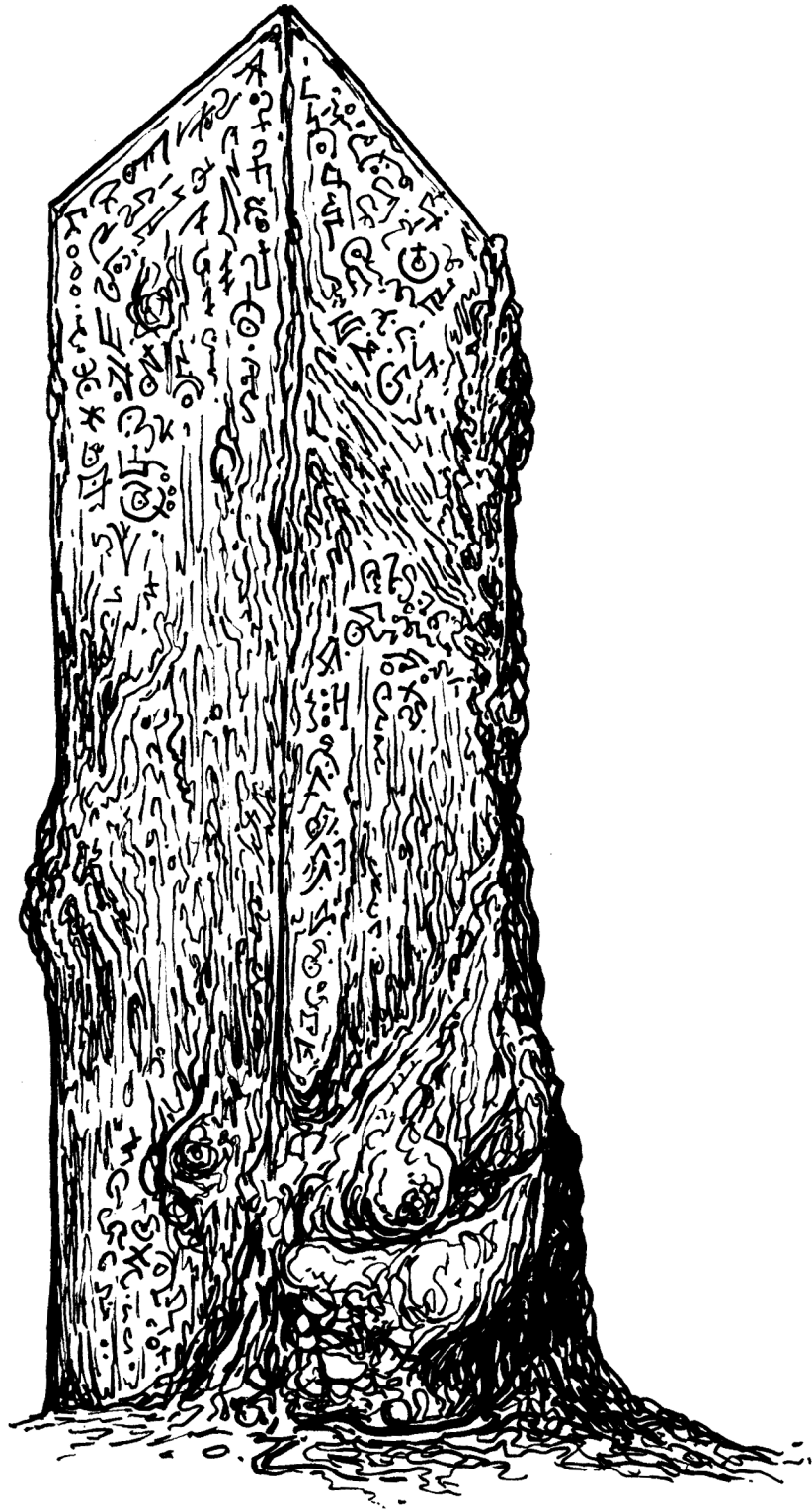
The walls are adorned with iridescent images that shift subtly, a mural depicting what looks like the cultivation of behemothic creatures; the shimmering murals are interrupted by clutches of eggs, hundreds in all, secured with sticky mucus.

Peril: **1d100 tapeworms** and **1d4 greater tapeworms** writhe through the cavernous heart of the ruins, their bodies intertwining in a strange, sickening dance about the monolith at the chamber's centre. These horrors attack any intruders, protecting their eggs.

Anyone who touches the monolith at the centre of the being will be exposed to the metamorphic energies that super-charged the growth of the tapeworms and produced the cancerous Teratomental. They must pass a DC 20 Constitution saving throw or suffer one of the effects on the Monolith Metamorphosis table on the following spread.

If this nest is destroyed, the tapeworm population in the Entrails will be considerably reduced, assisting Jack's digestion greatly.

Plunder: The crystals on the ceiling – some 100 feet up – are worth approximately 100 gp per 1 lb cluster; there's a total of 100 lbs of them growing from the stone. If broken open and shattered, one of these crystals produces a Wild Magic surge as per the Sorcerer ability, affecting the nearest living creature.



MONOLITH METAMORPHOSIS

Roll 1d20 when a character succumbs to the Monolith's metamorphic influence.

1. Suffer a primordial vision, a glimpse of strange Elder beings performing experiments on early life-forms. Suffer 1d4 Wisdom drain but gain 100 XP.
2. Your teeth fall out rapidly and begin re-growing as fangs in several shark-like rows. The process is painful and bloody, dealing 1d6 damage, but you end up with a bite attack dealing 1d6 damage. You become carnivorous, however, and can now only subsist on meat; vegetables, grains, and other foods hold no nourishment for you.
3. A perfect obsidian orb the size of a fist begins growing beneath your skin. It speaks to you in an ancient tongue, in your mind.
4. You begin growing slender, tendril-like papules all over your body. The tentacles grow continuously and will completely cover you after one day, granting you +1 AC but increasing your encumbrance by one step. The tentacles can be very painfully removed but will always regrow.
5. The plates of your skull separate and dissolve while your brain swells massively. Gain 1d6 Intelligence and lose the same amount of Constitution. Your Intelligence decreases by one each day and your Constitution increases by one each day as your skull regenerates until the two have returned to their previous amounts.
6. Your body rapidly develops a series of redundant organs – two hearts, two livers, two sets of lungs, two additional kidneys, etc. Gain +1d4 Constitution and lose the same amount of Dexterity, permanently. You must now eat and drink twice the normal amount to sustain your new organs.
7. Your nails grow to an extraordinary length and harden, becoming claws that deal 1d4 damage. They grow so long, however, that handling objects becomes difficult, decreasing your Dexterity by 1. The claws can be pared to remove both effects but regrow after one day.
8. Tiny arms bud from your body, 1d6 per hour for 1d6 hours, each with a tiny, muttering mouth in the palm. After this time, they pull themselves painfully free, dealing 1 damage each, and squirm off on purposes of their own.
9. You vomit forth a random aberration, determined by the DM, the entire creature sliding impossibly from your stomach and dealing 1d6 slashing damage as it rips itself loose from your insides, growing as it does so. It has a 50% chance of being hostile; otherwise it sees you as its parent.

10. Your eyes, nose, and mouth disappear from your face and reappear on the back of your head for the next 1d6 days, imposing disadvantage on all attack rolls, Dexterity checks, and Wisdom (Perception) checks.
11. Your bones slowly dissolve until you become a liquescent blob; you lose 1 Dexterity and 1 Constitution each hour until both reach 2. At this point your skin and muscles become translucent and you sprout a clutch of groping filaments.
12. You develop a curious bladder-like sac on your back that fills with strange fluid. You now float very easily unless this bladder is punctured.
13. Become petrified and one with the monolith. *Stone to Flesh* will reverse the petrification.
14. Begin budding. A small, cyst-like growth gradually enlarges till it bursts, dealing 2d6 damage and birthing a perfect infant clone of yourself. Congratulations, you're a parent! The child matures rapidly in the cyst but grows at a normal rate once born.
15. Split slowly in two via fission, your features multiplying, flesh rapidly regenerating, till two perfect, identical copies of you stand next to one another, a few gooey strands deliquescing between them. Equipment does not multiply; clothes and armour will be destroyed unless removed. Neither of you is the "original."
16. A huge, bloodshot, pulsating eye with an iridescent iris, black sclera, and a glowing white pupil bursts from your forehead. Using it you can *Detect Chaos* as the spell at will.
17. Become 1d20 years younger in the same number of hours – scars heal, tattoos disappear, lost limbs regrow.
18. Age 1d20 years in the same number of seconds, hair and nails rapidly growing.
19. Permanent second head.
20. Suffer an apocalyptic vision of a future in which tumorous growths and mutant horrors have overrun the planet. Suffer 2d6 Wisdom drain but gain 1000 XP.

Colonic Creatures

AMOEBOID

Medium-sized ooze, neutral good, AC 9, HP 25 (3d10+9), Speed 20 ft., swim 10 ft., Str 12 (+1), Dex 8 (-1), Con 16 (+3), Int 4 (-3), Wis 8 (-1), Cha 6 (-2), Condition Immunities Blinded, Charmed, Deafened, Exhaustion, Frightened, Prone Damage Immunities Acid Senses Blindsight 60 ft., passive Perception 9 Challenge 1 (200 XP)

Pseudopod: Melee Weapon Attack: +3 to hit, reach 5 ft., one creature. Hit: 7 (2d6) acid damage.

Engulf: The amoeboid moves up to its speed and enters a Medium or smaller creature's space, provoking a DC 11 Dexterity saving throw. On a successful save, the creature can dodge aside and be pushed 5 feet back; on a failed save it is engulfed, restrained, and unable to breathe, sustaining 7 (2d6) acid damage initially and 15 (4d6) acid damage at the start of the amoeboid's subsequent turns. The amoeboid heals hit points equal to the damage dealt with its engulf attack. An engulfed creature can escape by taking an action to make a DC 11 Strength check to enter a space of its choice within 5 feet of the amoeboid. Other creatures can make a DC 11 Strength check to pull the creature out but take 7 (2d6) acid damage in the process. An amoeboid can hold only single Medium creature or up to four smaller creatures inside its body.

Combine: Two amoeboids adjacent to one another can combine to form a single Large amoeboid. They add their hit points together, can now engulf up to one Large, two Medium, or eight or more smaller creatures, and add 1d6 to the acid damage dealt by their pseudopod and engulf attacks and 2d6 to the acid damage dealt to already-engulfed creatures.

BARKING CULTIST

Medium humanoid, chaotic evil, AC 12 (hide armour), HP 9 (2d8), Speed 30 ft., Str 12 (+1) Dex 12 (+1), Con 10 (+0), Int 8 (-1), Wis 11 (+0), Cha 10 (+0), Skills Stealth +2, Religion +2 Senses passive Perception 10 Challenge 1/8 (25 XP)

Rampage: When the barking cultist reduces a creature to 0 hit points with a melee attack on its turn, the cultist can take a bonus action to move up to half its speed and make a bite attack.

Dagger: Melee or Ranged Weapon Attack: +3 to hit, range 20/60 ft., one creature. Hit: 4 (1d4+1) piercing damage.

Bite: Melee Weapon Attack: +3 to hit, reach 5 ft., one creature. Hit: 4 (1d6+1) piercing damage.



THE CORSAIR QUEEN

Medium humanoid, chaotic neutral, AC 16 (studded leather armour), HP 130 (20d8+40), Speed 30 ft., Str 16 (+3) Dex 18 (+4), Con 14 (+2), Int 10 (+0), Wis 11 (+0), Cha 16 (+3), Skills Stealth +7 Senses Darkvision 30 ft., passive Perception 14 Challenge 5 (1,800 XP)

Multiattack: The Corsair Queen makes two attacks with her cutlass.

Cutlass: Melee Weapon Attack: +7 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 7 (1d8+4) slashing damage.

Dagger: Melee or Ranged Weapon Attack: +7 to hit, reach 5 ft. or range 20/60 ft., one target. Hit: 5 (1d4+4) piercing damage.

Hand Crossbow: Ranged Weapon Attack: +7 to hit, reach 5 ft. or range 30/120 ft., one target. Hit: 7 (1d6+4) piercing damage and pass a DC 14 Constitution saving throw to avoid being poisoned and paralyzed for 1 minute.

Parry: The Corsair Queen adds 2 to its AC against one melee attack that would hit her. To do so she must see the attacker and be wielding a weapon.

Sneak Attack: Once per turn, the Corsair Queen deals an extra 14 (4d6) damage when she hits a target with a weapon attack and has advantage on the attack roll, or when the target is within 5 feet of an ally of the Corsair Queen that isn't incapacitated and the Queen doesn't have disadvantage on the attack roll.



ERICIUS

Medium humanoid, neutral evil, AC 16 (studded leather armour), HP 78 (12d8+24), Speed 30 ft., Str 12 (+1) Dex 20 (+5), Con 14 (+2), Int 12 (+1), Wis 14 (+2), Cha 8 (-1), Skills Stealth +10 Senses Darkvision 30 ft., passive Perception 14 Challenge 8 (3,900 XP)

Assassinate: During their first turn, Eriucus has advantage on attack rolls against any creature that hasn't taken a turn. Any hit Eriucus scores against a surprised creature is a critical hit.

Evasion: If Eriucus is subjected to an effect that allows them to make a Dexterity saving throw to take only half damage, Eriucus instead takes no damage if they succeed on the saving throw, and only half damage if they fail.

Limited Amphibiousness: Eriucus can breathe both water and air but need to be submerged at least once every 24 hours to avoid dehydration, suffering one level of exhaustion.

Lucky: When Eriucus rolls a 1 on an attack roll, ability check, or saving throw, they can reroll the die. They must use the new result, even if it is a 1.

Poisoned Barbs: A creature that grapples with Eriucus takes 1d4 piercing damage at the end of its turn so long as the grapple is maintained and must make a Constitution saving throw of DC 11 or gain the poisoned condition for 1 minute.

Sneak Attack: Once per turn, Eriucus deals an extra 14 (4d6) damage when they hits a target with a weapon attack and has advantage on the attack roll, or when the target is within 5 feet of an ally of Eriucus that isn't incapacitated and Eriucus doesn't have disadvantage on the attack roll.

Multiattack: Eriucus makes two stiletto attacks.

Stiletto: Melee Weapon Attack: +7 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 7 (1d6+4) piercing damage, and the target must make a DC 14 Constitution saving throw, taking taking 24 (7d6) poison damage on a failed save, or half as much damage on a successful one.

GOBLIN-SELACHIAN

Small humanoid, chaotic neutral, AC 13 (Natural Armour), HP 18 (4d8), Speed 30 ft., swim 30 ft., Str 12 (+1) Dex 12 (+1), Con 10 (+0), Int 10 (+0), Wis 13 (+1), Cha 10 (+0), Senses Darkvision 120 ft. passive Perception 11 Challenge ½ (100 XP)

Bloodsense: The goblin-selachian is aware of any creatures within 100 feet who have less than full hit points.

Limited Amphibiousness: The goblin-selachian can breathe both water and air, but it needs to be submerged at least once every 24 hours to avoid suffocating.

Multiattack: The goblin-selachian can make two attacks: one with its bite and one with its spear.

Bite: Melee Weapon Attack: +3 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit (1d4+1) piercing damage.

Spear: Melee or Ranged Weapon Attack: +3 to hit, reach 5 ft. or range 20/60 ft., one target. Hit: 4 (1d6 + 1) piercing damage, or 5 (1d8 + 1) piercing damage if used with two hands to make a melee Attack, and the target must make a DC 13 Constitution saving throw or be poisoned for 1 hour and take an additional 4 (1d6) poison damage.

GUTREAVER

Medium humanoid, chaotic neutral, AC 12 (leather armour), HP 13 (2d8+4), Speed 30 ft., Str 10 (+0) Dex 12 (+1), Con 14 (+2), Int 10 (+0), Wis 11 (+0), Cha 8 (-1), Skills Stealth +3 Senses Darkvision 30 ft., passive Perception 10 Challenge 1/4 (50 XP)

Sneak Attack: Once per turn, the Gutreaver deals an extra 7 (2d6) damage when he hits a target with a weapon attack and has advantage on the attack roll, or when the target is within 5 feet of an ally of the Gutreaver that isn't incapacitated and the Gutreaver doesn't have disadvantage on the attack roll.

Cutlass: Melee Weapon Attack: +3 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 4 (1d6 + 1) slashing damage.

Hand Crossbow: Ranged Weapon Attack: +3 to hit, range 30 ft./120 ft., one target. Hit: 4 (1d6 + 1) piercing damage.



GUTREAYER, MUTANT

Medium humanoid, chaotic evil, AC 13 (natural armour), HP 15 (2d8+6), Speed 30 ft., Str 18 (+4) Dex 14 (+2), Con 16 (+3), Int 10 (+0), Wis 11 (+0), Cha 8 (-1), Skills Stealth +4 Senses Darkvision 30 ft., passive Perception 10 Challenge 1/2 (100 XP)

Aggressive: As a bonus action, a mutant Gutreaver can move up to its speed toward a hostile creature that it can see.

Multiattack: The mutant Gutreaver attacks with its Bite and Claws.

Bite: Melee Weapon Attack: +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 7 (1d6 + 4) piercing damage, and a bitten creature must pass a DC 10 Constitution saving throw or contract Jackfever. They gain a level of Exhaustion; each day, the illness inflicts another level of Exhaustion and prevents the infected from regaining any hit points on a Long Rest. At the end of each Long Rest, the creature can attempt a new save; three successes cure the illness.

Claws: Melee Weapon Attack: +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 11 (2d6 + 4) piercing damage.

JACKSBLOOD-ADDICT

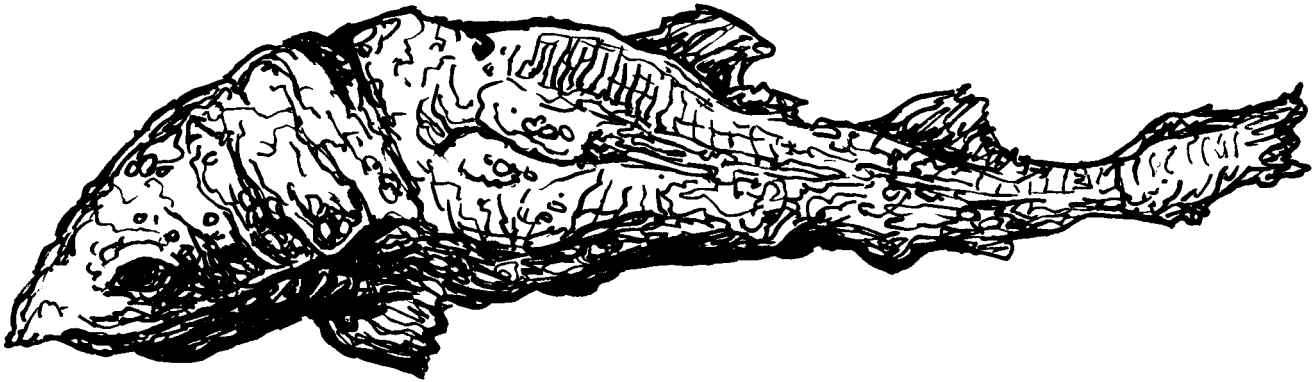
Medium humanoid, any alignment, AC 13 (natural armour), HP 76 (9d8+36), Speed 30 ft., Str 18 (+4) Dex 12 (+1), Con 18 (+4), Int 10 (+1), Wis 14 (+2), Cha 8 (-1), Senses Darkvision 30 ft., passive Perception 12 Challenge 3 (700 XP)

Regeneration: A Jacksblood-addict regains 5 hit points at the start of its turn if it has at least 1 hit point. If the Jacksblood-addict takes radiant damage, this trait doesn't function at the start of its next turn.

Spellcasting: The Jacksblood-addict is a 4th-level spellcaster, brimming with puissance from Jack's blood. Their spellcasting ability is Wisdom (spell save DC 12, +4 to hit with spell attacks). They have the following spells prepared:

- **Cantrips (at will):** *Acid Splash, Light, Poison Spray, Ray of Frost*
- **1st level (4 slots):** *Magic Missile, Sleep, Thunderwave*
- **2nd level (3 slots):** *Blur, Gust of Wind*

Claws: Melee Weapon Attack: +7 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 11 (2d6 + 4) piercing damage.



SEPTIC SHARK

Large beast, unaligned, AC 13 (natural armour), HP 51 (6d10+18), Speed swim 40 ft., Str 18 (+3) Dex 12 (+1), Con 16 (+3), Int 1 (-5), Wis 8 (-1), Cha 4(-3), Skills Perception +1 Damage Resistances Acid Senses Blindsight 60 ft., passive Perception 9 Challenge 2 (450 XP)

Blood Frenzy: The septic shark has advantage on melee attacks against injured opponents.

Water Breathing: The septic shark can only breathe underwater.

Bite: Melee Weapon Attack: +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 13 (2d8+4) piercing damage, and a bitten creature must pass a DC 10 Constitution saving throw or contract Jack fever. They gain a level of Exhaustion; each day, the illness inflicts another level of Exhaustion and prevents the infected from regaining any hit points on a Long Rest. At the end of each Long Rest, the creature can attempt a new save; three successes cure the illness.

SKULLA, THE SWALLOWED SEA-DEVIL

Huge aberration, chaotic evil, AC 17 (natural armour), HP 153 (18d10+54), Speed 30 ft., swim 40 ft., Str 20 (+5) Dex 10 (+0), Con 18 (+4), Int 14 (+2), Wis 20 (+5), Cha 18 (+4), Damage Immunities Slashing, Piercing, and Bludgeoning damage from non-magical weapons Senses Darkvision 120 ft., passive Perception 22 Challenge 10 (5,900)

Amphibious: The swallowed sea-devil can breathe air and water.

Control Water: Skulla can cast Control Water at will with no material components. Her spell save DC is 17.

Multiattack: The swallowed sea-devil can make three Tentacle attacks and three Bite attacks.

Tentacle: Melee Weapon Attack: +9 to hit, reach 20 ft., one target. Hit: 12 (2d6+5) bludgeoning damage and the target must succeed on a DC 15 Constitution saving throw or become poisoned and take an additional 4 (1d6) poison damage.

Bite: Melee Weapon Attack: +9 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 15 (3d6+5) piercing damage.

Legendary Actions: The swallowed sea-devil can take three legendary actions, choosing from the options below. Only one legendary action option can be used at a time and only at the end of another creature's turn. Skulla regains spent legendary actions at the start of her turn.

- **Detect:** Skulla makes a Wisdom (Perception) check.
- **Grab:** Melee Weapon Attack: +9 to hit, reach 20 ft., one target. Hit: the target is grappled (escape DC 15).
- **Miasmatic Breath:** Skulla's dog-heads exhale a rank breath in a 20 ft. cone. All creatures within the cone must pass a DC 15 Constitution saving throw. On a failed save, the creature takes 5d8 poison damage and becomes poisoned, or half as much damage on a successful save.

Swallow: Skulla swallows one creature she has grappled. The creature takes 26 (3d12 + 7) bludgeoning damage immediately plus 13 (2d12) acid damage at the start of each of Skulla's turns. A swallowed creature is no longer grappled but is blinded and restrained, and has total cover against attacks and other effects from outside the sea-devil. If Skulla takes 75 points of damage in a single turn, the swallowed creature is expelled and falls prone next to her. When she dies, a swallowed creature can crawl from her corpse by using 10 feet of movement.



TAPEWORM

Large monstrosity, unaligned, AC 14 (natural armour), HP 43 (6d8+16), Speed 10 ft., swim 40 ft., Str 16 (+3), Dex 12 (+1), Con 14 (+2), Int 1 (-5), Wis 14 (+2), Cha 5 (-3), Damage Immunities Acid Senses Darkvision 120 ft., passive Perception 12 Challenge 2 (450 XP)

Camouflage: The tapeworm has advantage on Dexterity (Stealth) checks to hide while at least partially submerged.

Multiattack: The tapeworm makes one attack with its Barbs. If that attack hits, the tapeworm can make one Bite attack against the same target.

Barbs: Melee Weapon Attack: +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one creature. Hit: 10 (2d6+3) piercing damage.

Bite: Melee Weapon Attack: +5 to hit, reach 5 ft., one creature. Hit: 10 (2d6+3) piercing damage. The tapeworm attaches to the target; while attached, it does not attack, but automatically drains 10 (2d6+3) hit points due to blood loss from its target at the start of each turn. The tapeworm can detach itself by spending 5 feet of its movement. To detach the tapeworm, a creature must use an action and succeed on a DC 12 Strength check.

TAPEWORM, GREATER

Huge monstrosity, unaligned, AC 17 (natural armour), HP 95 (10d10+40), Speed 20 ft., swim 50 ft., Str 18 (+4) Dex 12 (+1), Con 18 (+4), Int 1 (-5), Wis 14 (+2), Cha 6 (-2), Damage Immunities Acid Senses Darkvision 120 ft., passive Perception 12 Challenge 7 (2,900 XP)

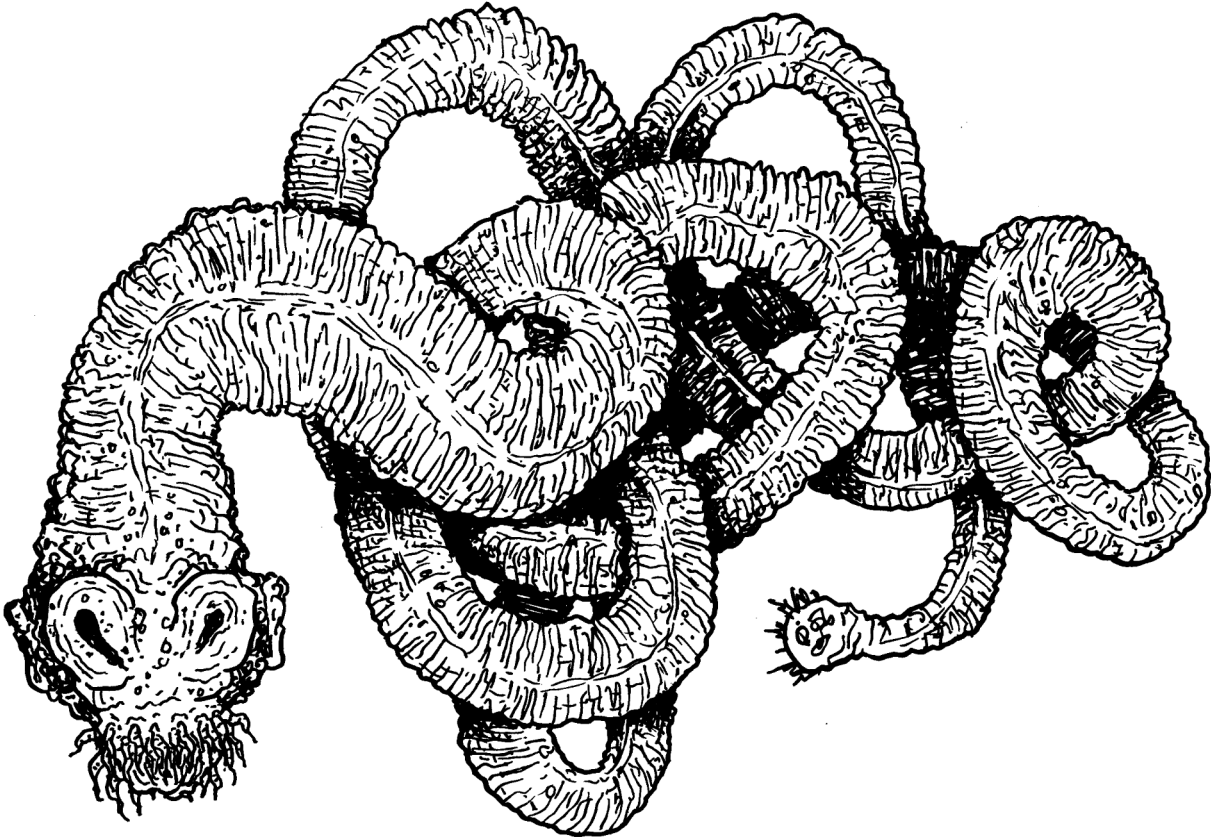
Camouflage: The greater tapeworm has advantage on Dexterity (Stealth) checks to hide while at least partially submerged.

Multiattack: The greater tapeworm makes two attacks with its Barbs and one with its Tail. If its Barbs hit, the greater tapeworm can make one Bite attack against the same target.

Barbs: Melee Weapon Attack: +7 to hit, reach 10 ft., one creature. Hit: 11 (2d6+4) piercing damage.

Tail: Melee Weapon Attack: +7 to hit, reach 10 ft., one creature. Hit: 22 (4d8+4) bludgeoning damage.

Bite: Melee Weapon Attack: +7 to hit, reach 10 ft., one creature. Hit: 13 (2d8+4) piercing damage. The tapeworm attaches to the target; while attached, it does not attack, but automatically drains 13 (2d8+4) hit points due to blood loss from its target at the start of each turn. The tapeworm can detach itself by spending 5 feet of its movement. To detach the tapeworm, a creature must use an action and succeed on a DC 12 Strength check.



TAPEWORM, SWARM OF YOUNG

Medium swarm of tiny beasts, unaligned AC 12, HP 36 (8d8), Speed 10 ft., swim 30 ft., Str 12 (+1) Dex 16 (+3), Con 11 (+1), Int 1 (-5), Wis 12 (+1), Cha 2 (-4), Damage Resistances Bludgeoning, Piercing, Slashing Condition Immunities Charmed, Frightened, Grappled, Paralyzed, Petrified, Prone, Restrained, Stunned Senses Darkvision 120 ft., passive Perception 10 Challenge 1 (200 XP)

Camouflage: The swarm has advantage on Dexterity (Stealth) checks to hide while at least partially submerged.

Swarm: The swarm can occupy another creature's space and vice versa, and the swarm can move through any opening large enough for a Tiny tapeworm. The swarm can't regain hit points or gain temporary hit points.

Bites: Melee Weapon Attack: +5 to hit, reach 0 ft., one creature in the swarm's space. Hit: 14 (4d6) piercing damage, or 7 (2d6) piercing damage if the swarm has half of its hit points or fewer. The tapeworms attach to their target; while attached, they do not attack, but automatically drain 14 (4d6) hit points due to blood loss from their target at the start of each turn, or 7 (2d6) when at half or fewer hit points. The swarm can detach itself by spending 5 feet of its movement. To detach the tapeworms, a creature must use an action and succeed on a DC 11 Strength check.

TERATOMENTAL

Huge aberration, unaligned, AC 15 (natural armour), HP 150 (12d12+72), Speed 20 ft., Str 18 (+4) Dex 8 (-3), Con 20 (+5), Int 2 (-5), Wis 12 (+1), Cha 2 (-5), Condition Immunities charmed, poisoned Damage Immunities necrotic, poison Damage Immunities all nonmagical damage Senses Blindsight 30 ft., passive Perception 11 Challenge 9 (5,000 XP)

Creeping Corruption: Any time the teratomental hits a target, that target must make a DC 15 Constitution saving throw or become afflicted with Creeping Corruption, a disease which immediately deals 21 (6d6) necrotic damage and continues to deal 4 (1d7) necrotic damage per turn until the target receives some form of magical healing. A creature killed by Creeping Corruption can be absorbed into the teratomental as a bonus action. It regains hit points equal to the hit point maximum of the slain creature.

Healing Vulnerability: Healing spells harm the teratomental.

Necrotic Healing: Necrotic damage heals the teratomental.

Regeneration: The teratomental regains 10 hit points at the start of its turn provided it hasn't been subjected to magical healing in the last turn.

Multiattack: The teratomental makes two Pseudopod pod attacks and one Slam attack.

Pseudopod: Melee Weapon Attack: +8 to hit, reach 15 ft., one target. Hit: 15 (3d6 + 5) necrotic damage. If two Pseudopod attacks hit the same target in one turn, the target is also grappled (escape DC 15).

Slam: Melee Weapon Attack: +11 to hit, reach 10 ft, one target. Hit: 12 (1d10 + 7) slashing damage.

Engulf: The teratomental moves up to its speed. While doing so, it can enter Large or smaller creatures' spaces; the creature must make a DC 12 Dexterity saving throw. On a successful save, the creature can choose to be pushed 5 feet back or to the side. On a failed save, the teratomental enters the creature's space, dealing 10 (3d6) necrotic damage and engulfing the creature, which can't breathe, is restrained, and takes 21 (6d6) necrotic damage at the start of each of the teratomental's turns. When the teratomental moves, the engulfed creature moves with it. An engulfed creature can try to escape by taking an action to make a DC 12 Strength check. On a success, the creature escapes and enters a space of its choice within 5 feet of the teratomental.



TRUE VAMPIRE SQUID

Huge undead, neutral evil, AC 16 (natural armour), HP 150 (12d12+72), Speed swim 60 ft., Str 24 (+7), Dex 12 (+1), Con 22 (+6), Int 20 (+5), Wis 15 (+2), Cha 12 (+1), Damager Resistances necrotic; bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical attacks Condition Immunities charmed, poison Senses Darkvision 120 ft. passive Perception 20 Challenge 10 (5,900)

Ink Form: When it drops to 0 hit points outside its resting place, the true vampire squid transforms into a cloud of ink – weightless, with a swim speed of 80 ft., which can enter a hostile creature’s space and stop there, but can’t take actions, speak, or manipulate objects – instead of falling unconscious, provided that it isn’t in sunlight or on dry land. If it can’t transform, it is destroyed. While it has 0 hit points in ink form, it can’t revert to its squid form, but heads to the nearest shipwreck, where its regeneration can resume.

Jet: While underwater, the true vampire squid can take the withdraw action to jet backward in a straight line at a speed of 140 feet.

Legendary Resistance (3/day): If the true vampire squid fails a saving throw, it can choose to succeed instead.

Regeneration: The true vampire squid regains 20 hit points at the start of its turn if it has at least 1 hit point and isn’t in sunlight or on dry land. If the true vampire squid takes radiant damage or damage from holy water, this trait doesn’t function at the start of the true vampire squid’s next turn.

Vampiric Weaknesses: The true vampire squid has the following flaws:

Harmed by Dry Land: The true vampire squid takes 20 acid damage if it ends its turn entirely on dry land.

Stake to the Hearts: If a piercing weapon made of wood is driven into the true vampire squid’s three hearts while the vampire is incapacitated or resting inside a shipwreck, it is paralyzed until the stake is removed.

Sunlight Hypersensitivity: The true vampire squid takes 20 radiant damage when it starts its turn in sunlight. While in sunlight, it has disadvantage on attack rolls and ability checks.

Multiattack: The true vampire squid makes eight Tentacle attacks and one Bite attack. It can substitute one Constrict attack for two tentacle attacks if it has a creature grappled at the start of its turn.

Tentacles: Melee Weapon Attack: +11 to hit, reach 15 ft., one target. Hit: 10 (1d6 + 7) bludgeoning damage. If two tentacle attacks hit the same target in one turn, the target is also grappled (escape DC 17).

Bite: Melee Weapon Attack: +11 to hit, reach 10 ft, one target. Hit: 12 (1d10 + 7) slashing damage.

Blood Drain: Melee Weapon Attack: +11 to hit, reach 10 ft, one willing creature or a creature that is grappled by the true vampire squid, incapacitated, or restrained. Hit: 10 (3d6) necrotic damage. The target's hit point maximum is reduced by an amount equal to the necrotic damage taken, and the true vampire squid regains hit points equal to that amount. The reduction lasts until the target finishes a long rest. The target dies if this effect reduces its hit point maximum to 0. A humanoid slain in this way and then buried at sea rises the following night as a vampire spawn under the true vampire squid's control.

Constrict: The constricted creature takes 26 (3d12 + 7) bludgeoning damage and is grappled (escape DC 17) and restrained.

Charm: The true vampire squid targets one humanoid it can see within 30 feet of it. If the target can see the vampire, the target must succeed on a DC 17 Wisdom saving throw against this magic or be charmed by the creature. The charmed target regards the true vampire squid as a trusted friend to be heeded and protected. Although the target isn't under the true vampire squid's control, it takes the creature's requests or actions in the most favorable way it can, and it is a willing target for the true vampire squid's Blood Drain attack. Each time the true vampire squid or its companions do anything harmful to the target, it can repeat the saving throw, ending the effect on itself on a success. Otherwise, the effect lasts 24 hours or until the true vampire squid is destroyed, is on a different plane of existence than the target, or takes a bonus action to end the effect.

Ink Cloud (Recharge 5-6): The true vampire squid emits black, venomous ink in a 30-foot cloud as a bonus action while underwater. The cloud affects vision as the darkness spell, and any creature that starts its turn inside the cloud takes 10 (3d6) poison damage, or half damage with a successful DC 18 Constitution saving throw. The true vampire squid's darkvision is not impaired by this cloud. The cloud persists for 1 minute, then disperses.

Legendary Actions: The true vampire squid can take 3 legendary actions, choosing from the options below. Only one legendary action option can be used at a time and only at the end of another creature's turn. The true vampire squid regains spent legendary actions at the start of its turn.

- **Move:** The true vampire squid moves up to its speed without provoking opportunity attacks.
- **Tentacle:** The true vampire squid makes one Tentacle attack.
- **Blood Drain (Costs 2 Actions):** The true vampire squid makes one Blood Drain attack.

ZOMBIE, THRUSHSPAWN

Medium undead, unaligned, AC 10 (natural armour), HP 25 (3d8+12), Speed 20 ft., Str 13 (+1) Dex 6 (-2), Con 18 (+4), Int 3 (-4), Wis 6 (-2), Cha 5 (-3), Condition Immunities poisoned Damage Immunities poison Senses passive Perception 8 Challenge 1/2 (100XP)

Undead Fortitude: If damage reduces the thrushspawn to 0 hit points, it must make a Constitution saving throw with a DC of 5 + the damage taken, unless the damage is radiant or from a critical hit. On a success, the thrushspawn drops to 1 hit point instead.

Multiattack: The thrushspawn makes one attack with its Slam. If it hits, the thrushspawn can make an immediate Lick attack.

Lick: Melee Weapon Attack: +3 to hit, reach 5 ft., one creature. Hit: 3 (1d6) poison damage. On a hit, the target must pass a DC 15 Constitution saving throw or contract Jackthrush, lowering their maximum hit points by 1d6 per day. A new save is required each day; if successful, the afflicted regains 1d6 of their maximum hit points. They fight off the infection entirely if they attain their original total. Anyone reduced to 0 hit points by Jackthrush dies and rises as one of the thrushspawn within 1 hour.

Slam: Melee Weapon Attack: +3 to hit, reach 5 ft., one creature. Hit: 4 (1d6+1) bludgeoning damage. On a hit, the target must pass a DC 10 Constitution saving throw take an additional 3 (1d6) poison damage and contract Jackthrush.



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