

THE PHYLACTERY



PHYLACTERY

ISSUE #1

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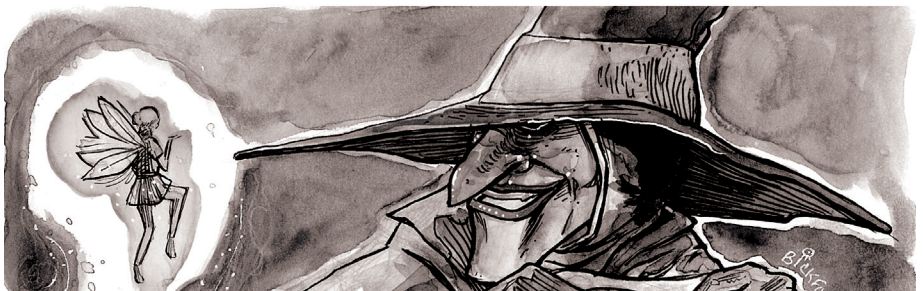
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WELCOME

Welcome to THE PHYLACTERY, a Kickstarted zine funded solely by the OSR community! This lil' Judy is jam-packed with all sorts of ideas, plot hooks and interesting, crunchy bits that you can use to jumpstart your heroic fantasy RPGs. We've tried to give it the heart and feel of the old school RPGs we grew up playing ourselves back in the day but with our own Grindhouse aesthetic. We go in assuming you already have the core books to play your favorite games and instead jump right into as much OSR-inspired material as we could pack in here. Within these pages you'll find new adventures, quirky NPCs, wondrous magical items, all new monsters, fell locations, relics from beyond the mists of time and all sorts of resources for your tabletop games.

I am deeply indebted to many good folks over the years, without whom many of these ideas never would have seen the light of day. This zine is dedicated to them, with heartfelt gratitude for all those hours sitting around the table tossing dice and pursuing grand adventures. To these brave and foolhardy adventurers, my true dedication goes!



To! Lazarus Rozmere, thief and plunderer of ill repute, who rose to control the most powerful thieves guild in five kingdoms; To! Hali Oakenspear, cleric of Tyche and steadfast companion; To! Selwin of the eighty eight thunders; To! Borogar Twohammer, defender of Garum's Gorge and breaker of dragon-orbs; To! Joril Twosteps, destroyer of the Hill of Fangs; To! Cydave of Larsen, who dared to reach into the jaws of the tarrasque to snatch an ancient artifact; To! Arisilon Sablevarg, whirling cyclone of death; To! The Knights of the Unicorn and their forty seven quests; To! Sir Ithwaine Uthgardt and his infamous rust monster woes; To! Brascon of Anhur, who trashed an entire party's magical arsenal over a case of mistaken identity; To! Dave, who rassled a vampire.... and won!; To! Nick Dandy, conjurer at large; To! Rail the Fire-Mage, who fireballed the members of his own party almost as much as he did monsters; To! Slayle the elf, last defender at the siege of Thalia; To! Krimshaw Silverbeard, who bitch-slapped a frost giant and lived to tell the tale! May your deeds, heroic and otherwise, echo across eternity!

THE CHAOS THRONE

"Chaos is the law of nature; order is the dream of man."

– Henry Adams



Put into the world to sow the seeds of randomness, chance and chaos amongst those mighty enough to find it, the *Chaos Throne* is a legend amongst veteran adventurers and explorers who haunt the far reaches of the world.

Inlaid with rare metals and decorated with engraved mosaics, this ornate stone chair is large enough for an ogre to rest comfortably on, making human-sized beings look smaller than they should when they sit upon it. The arm rests of the throne feature twenty large, sparkling gems – ten to each side – and they can be pressed down like buttons if pushed, with each gem causing a random magical effect. Once a gem is pressed down, it stays that way and cannot be pushed again. The throne can be used this way 3d4 times before resetting and disappearing forever.

THE GEMS AND EFFECTS ARE AS FOLLOWS:

Left Side

- **Amethyst** – Gain a level.
- **Ruby** – Your primary attribute is raised by +2.
- **Beryl** – Your soul is marked for annihilation; dice with the forces of death or suffer eternal obliteration – mind, body and soul. Roll off against the Game Master, each using 3d6. If you have the higher score, you narrowly escape destruction! If not... you are erased from existence!
- **Moonstone** – A monster of the Game Master's choice immediately appears... and attacks!
- **Obsidian** – Fate smiles upon you! All wealth and magic you carry on your person increases – copper becomes silver, silver becomes gold, gems double in value; magical weapons and armor have a 50% chance to add a +1 to their value and wands, while staves and rods all gain 2d4 charges; potions gain 1d3 extra uses.
- **Blue Sapphire** – Lose a level.
- **Chrysoberyl** – Blessed by the gods! You gain a permanent +1 to all of your saving throws.
- **Topaz** – Cursed! You gain the attention of a night hag, ghost or other being who haunts you until it is destroyed.
- **Star Sapphire** – Your primary attribute is lowered by -2.
- **Diamond** – The gods speak! You may have the answer to any one question you choose, under the limits of a *legend lore* spell.

Right Side

- **Jacinth** – Fate's a cruel bitch. You permanently lose all wealth and magical items, even those that are not carried on your person.
- **Fire Opal** – Over the next few months, 1d4 henchmen (each is half your level of experience) seek you out and pledge themselves to your service.
- **Emerald** – Your alignment immediately changes to the opposite of whatever it currently is. If you are neutral, the Game Master chooses an alignment for you.
- **Red Jade** – You become a favored son of chaos. During one encounter anytime in the future, you may gain a +2 to all saving throws, initiative, to hit and damage rolls foe the duration of the encounter. Once the encounter is over, this boon passes from the world.
- **Onyx** – Shunned by the gods! You gain a permanent -2 to all saving throws.
- **Peridot** – You and all your friends are instantly whisked away to a random plane chosen by the Game Master. Good luck!
- **Yellow Sapphire** – Your lowest ability score immediately becomes 18.
- **Pink Agate** – The next time you would die... you don't!
- **Smoky Quartz** – You gain 1d3 *wishes* but do not immediately realize that you have them.
- **Garnet** – You permanently lose points from your Intelligence, Wisdom and Charisma scores. Roll 1d4 for each.

THE GIBBERING THING IN THE CELLAR AND OTHER SLOBBERING, GELATINOUS HORRORS

"Someone's in my fruit cellar... someone with a fresh soul!" – Henrietta, Evil Dead 2

In places haunted and perilous, evil things stir in the darkness, waiting for tasty, armored morsels of flesh from the surface world to go looking for treasure in places they shouldn't be. What lurks beneath?!

1. A bent, crooked beast composed of warped, flowing flesh and bones that crack when it moves. It gibbers madly at the sight of the living and anyone who looks at it for too long gets a headache.
2. A stillborn demi-god, tossed aside in a murderous rage, skipping across dimensions until it unceremoniously landed here. Everything around it either goes mad, physically mutates or is otherwise warped by its presence.
3. A massive hive of scuttling, carnivorous beetles that only feed on the flesh of the dead. They have devoured all the bodies in this old crypt and now exist as a chittering hive-mind that knows it is no longer human... but something more!
4. A horrible, noxious patch of glistening fungus and fruiting bodies that occasionally sprout massive, bruised polyps that will split open if disturbed, giving birth to awful, gelatinous horrors. Roll 1d4:

- 1 – Ochre Jelly
- 2 – Gray Ooze
- 3 – Gibbering Moulder
- 4 – Black Pudding

5. A massive, flabby-lipped mouth, full of rows of teeth that has mysteriously manifested on the floor, wall or ceiling here, gobbling up anything that comes close. People who are unfortunate enough to get eaten take 3d6 points of damage and are sent to a random lower plane – the digestive tract of the universe!



6. A crimson-colored mist that rises from the floor or ground after dark, lingering in a state of hushed whispers and shifting shadows. It "drinks" the vitality of anyone inside of it and if not "fed" regularly, rises to the surface world to hunt and feed.
7. A humongous, amorphous blob made up of protoplasmic slime, covered in staring eyes and slobbering mouths full of gnashing teeth. Just looking upon its terrible countenance can drive lesser beings to madness!

THE FURIOUS FAITHFUL - PRIESTS AND HOLY MEN OF RENOWN

"I kick ass for the looooooord!" – Father McGruder, Dead Alive

Many are the saints and holy men of the world, and not all of them are created equal. Here's a sampling of legendary clerics and priests from across the ages.

LATHIDUS "THE LORD OF SECRETS"

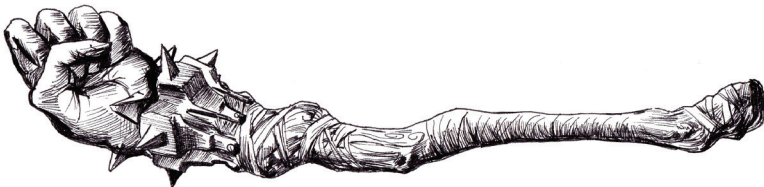
A formidable priest of chaos, famed throughout the faith for bringing down a temple of the god of justice by corruption from the inside, Lathidus was known to have a web of spies, informants and blackmailed lackeys spread across the southern lands. He is said to have blackmailed government officials, famed adventurers, nobles... and even a king! He met his end at the hands of assassins serving an encroaching temple of the god of thieves.



Sliver of Secrets - A shard of the shinbone of Lathidus serves as a minor relic of the church. When a believer of the faith carries it on their person, they may lie with impunity, gaining a +2 bonus to any check made to falsify the truth. Any divination-type spell of 4th level or lower will fail to reveal the lie for what it is.

THORVUR "HELL-EYE"

A man of large size, awesome prowess and legendary strength, Thorvur was a powerful cleric of the god of war who was well known for his slaying of a huge yeti, which he killed with his bare hands. He gained the epithet "Hell-Eye" for the color of his eyes, which burned a fiery blood red when he cast spells. It took no fewer than 46 poisoned arrows to finally topple Thorvur, who was left where he fell – amongst the corpses of the five-score goblins, hobgoblins and bugbears that he slew before he died.



A Red Right Hand! - The mace that Thorvur carried in life is sacred to the faith and is often given to those on important missions for the church. It is a *footman's mace* +2, the head of which is fashioned to resemble a gauntlet, clenched into a fist. If it were to be lost or stolen, there is no length they wouldn't go to in order to recover it.

HELMDOR "THE JUST"

Serving the god of justice, this large, black-bearded man turned his back on serving at temples, only to wander the lands of men serving what he felt was his god's will. Helmdor wandered the land dispensing even-handed justice, even in the face of scheming nobles and unjust rulers. He eventually met his end at more than a hundred years old, working to destroy a fledgling cult of the demon dragon. He was granted sainthood after his death.

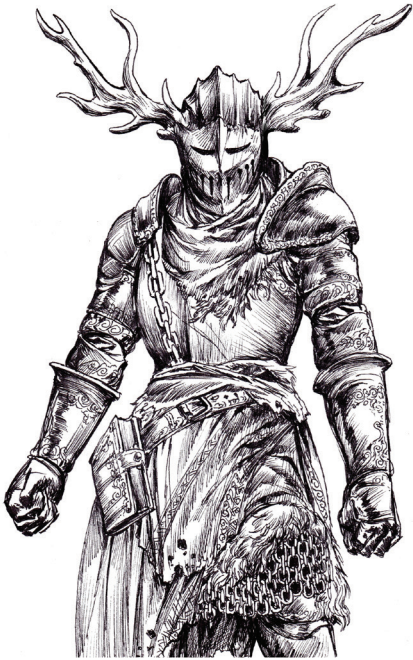
Tatters of the Fallen One - The tabard worn by Helmdor upon his death is now shredded and stained with his blood, though in the years since his death it has become a religious relic of small power. Once each day, the tatters of the tabard can be wrapped about the shoulders of the wounded to act like a *cure light wounds* spell. If the person being healed is a follower of the god of justice, the spell heals the maximum number of hit points allowed.

ORDEN "OAKHEART"

A former soldier who threw down his sword to worship the gods of the forest, Orden was said to have living oak sap in his veins, rather than blood, and to be able to freely command plants to do his bidding by will alone. Orden was well known for obliterating reckless wizards who defiled the wilderness and to hold councils with tree-folk. It is said that Orden finally took to growing roots of his own and still exists somewhere, as an oak tree of impressive size.

A Tangled Blessing - While Orden's final fate is unknown, he left behind a few things when he disappeared. One of those objects appears as nothing more than a small, simple-looking tangle of withered-looking briars, but if it is exposed to the light of the moon (in any of its phases), it sprouts 1d4+1 delicious, blue-colored berries up to once a week. Eating one of these berries restores 1d3 hit points. The berries are good for 1d4 days before losing their magical potency.





GORAG "THE HORNED RANGER"

Serving the goddess of the forest, Gorag was not a ranger at all but rather a priest who roamed the northern wilds for more than a third of a century. He was recognized by his great, green, stag-horned helm and immense stature. A warrior of awesome prowess, Gorag also commanded potent spells that gave him the attributes of the animals of the forest. He eventually met his end routing a small orc horde bent on plundering the countryside. It is said that elves bore his fallen body away to a secret, sacred place.

The Stag Lord's Grace - After his death, one of the antler-like horns from Gorag's shattered helm was collected by his elvish allies and borne away to a secluded grove where the sylvan priests of the forest resided. The horn retains some small shred of magic, blessing those who carry it with minor abilities. If it is dipped into polluted water, that water instantly becomes drinkable. Furthermore, the horn will always point true north if so commanded.

MALTHUS "OF THE MANY SPELLS"

A quiet, scholarly priest of the god of magic who became a fury of thundering spells and fiery magic after his temple was torn asunder by devil-bolstered priests of Hell. Malthus carried on a one-man war of bloody vengeance against the cults of Hell for more than ten winters, until he was eventually slain. His epithet – "of the Many Spells" – comes from his habit of using numerous personal defensive spells on himself, which turned his enemies' predictable magical attacks back upon them or used them to fuel his own destructive spells.

A Spark of Magic - A number of spellbooks, treatises and scrolls remained behind among his personal effects after his demise, but it is a well-worn, hand-worked cord of leather that has become synonymous with him in the afterlife. This leather thong – of the type warriors commonly wrap around their sword hilts – was often wrapped around the handles of magical wands that Malthus used. After his untimely demise, the thong retained some of his magic and if attached to a magical wand, it instantly increases that wand's charges by 1d3+1 for as long as it stays wrapped around the handle of the wand.



MAGIC WEAPONS AND SORCEROUS BLADES!

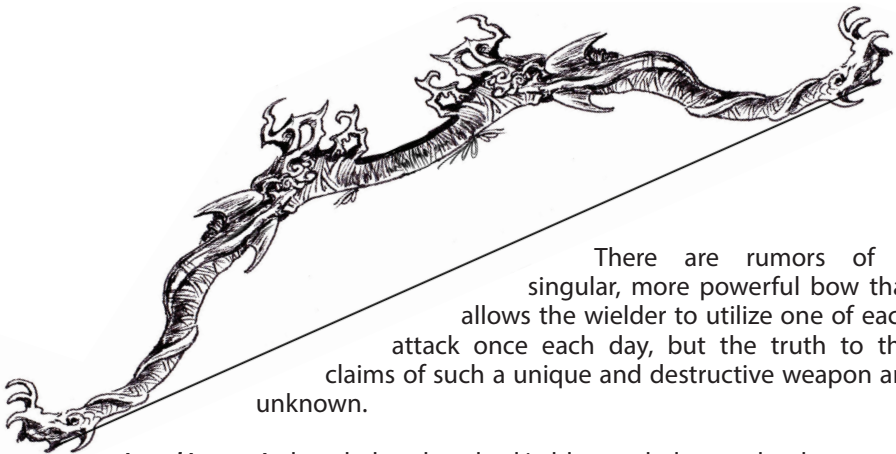
"Say hello to my little friend!" – Scarface

DRAGONSBREATH BOW

The Cult of the Demon Dragon casts a long shadow over the lands of men and they go to great lengths to enforce their dreaded will. They often send the bloody right hand of their cult – The Sons of the Crimson Scale – into the world to assassinate enemies and dispatch troublesome adventurers. Sometimes these fell agents are armed with a *dragonsbreath bow*, which is never a good sign for those who would stand against them.

A *dragonsbreath bow* is a *longbow* +1 that can be called upon to fire a special attack once a day, which is keyed directly to what kind of evil dragon the bow is attuned to. Roll 1d6 and consult the following chart for effect and damage.

- 1 - Black; a stream of acid that inflicts 5d6 damage
- 2 - Blue; a *lightning bolt* that inflicts 6d6 damage
- 3 - Green; bursts into a *cloudkill* spell in a 30' radius
- 4 - Red; a gout of flame that deals 6d6 damage
- 5 - White; a cone of frost that deals 5d6 damage
- 6 - Choose any one effect and increase the damage by +1d6.



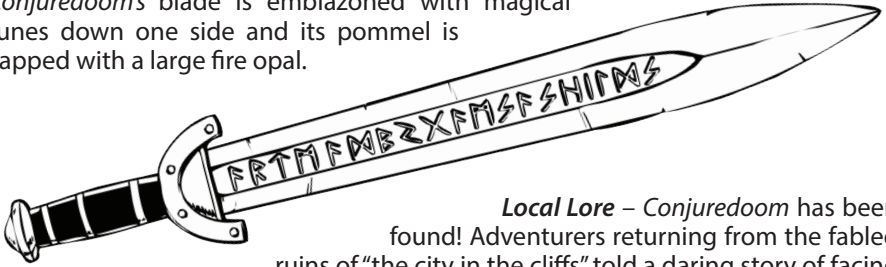
There are rumors of a singular, more powerful bow that allows the wielder to utilize one of each attack once each day, but the truth to the claims of such a unique and destructive weapon are unknown.

Local Lore – A close-helmed warlord in blue-scaled armor has been seen on horseback on the outskirts of the hinterlands, searching for something or someone. Witnesses claim he incinerated a half dozen of the king's men who dared set upon him, using only a single arrow from his bow that miraculously transformed into a deadly gout of flame!

CONJUREDOOM

Originally crafted by a circle of goodly wizards for the legendary warrior Olbedan Whiteshield to combat the witch-king Varakkis, this extremely sharp, cold-forged blade acts as a *longsword +1*, but its bonus increases to +3 when attacking wizards, magic-using and enchanted creatures. Furthermore, it adds a +2 bonus to the wielder's saving throws against any sort of spell or magical effect.

Conjuredoom's blade is emblazoned with magical runes down one side and its pommel is capped with a large fire opal.



Local Lore – *Conjuredoom* has been found! Adventurers returning from the fabled ruins of “the city in the cliffs” told a daring story of facing down a gigantic, serpentine beast within those labyrinthine halls, claiming to have struck the head from the creature’s neck and looted its hoard. Amongst the ancient treasures scattered amongst the moldering bones was *Conjuredoom*, now on the hip of Dolnor, a warrior-bard from the west.

DOOMGIVER

Sacred to the faith of the dread goddess of the sea, this *footman's mace +2* was last seen in the hands of the faith's high priest Nulgar “of the Twelve Dooms”. The mace's head is fashioned to resemble two crashing waves, opposite each other, cradling a grim-looking skull.

Peculiar legends surround the mace and those who carry it. Non-believers who fall under the baleful glare of the sea-goddess do not seem to live long. *Doomgiver* has been found washed ashore more than once, its former owner having disappeared into the waves or been aboard an ill-fated ship that met its end on some lonesome, unseen reef.



Local Lore – Magical auguries have divined that *Doomgiver* lies amongst the ruin of a half-sunken shipwreck of the coast. Those who retrieve it can expect a handsome reward from the doomslayers of the sea-goddess, though the death tortles

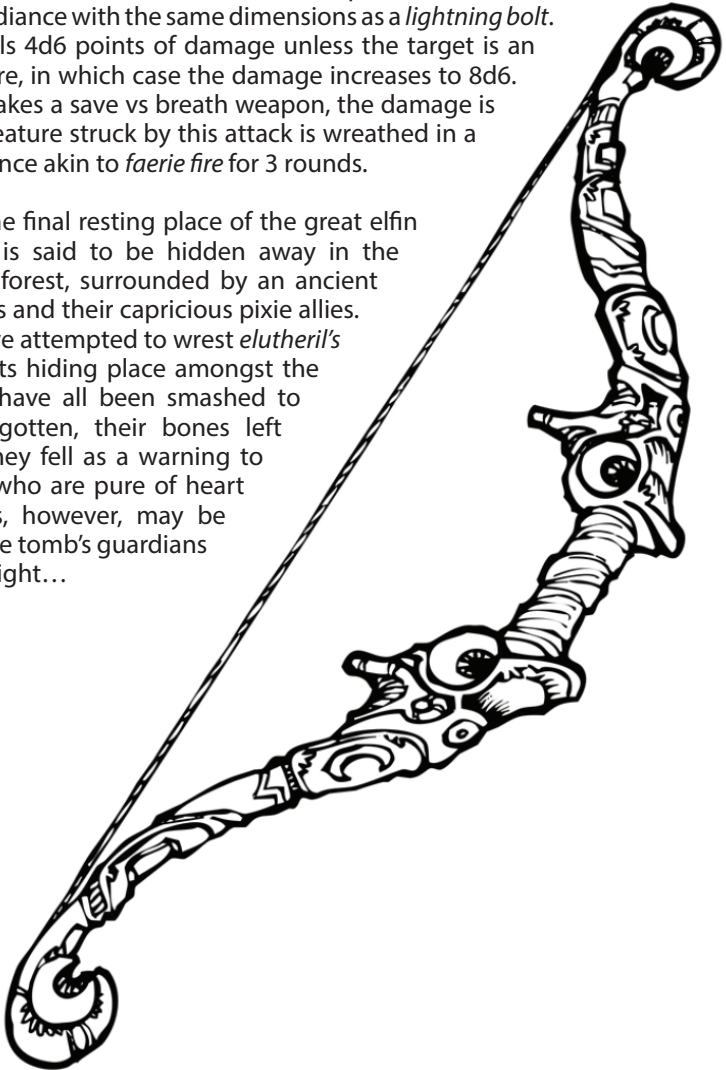
(described on page 42) that have recently made their lair inside the wreckage may have something to say about that...

ELUTHERIL'S STARBOW

Favored by elves and the worshipers of the forest goddess alike, the simple wooden limbs of this *longbow* +1 appear smooth and unadorned unless viewed in the light of the full moon, under which it can be seen to be deeply etched with shooting stars, comets and crescent moons.

Any arrow fired from this bow leaves a long streak of glimmering light behind it. It can also be commanded to shed radiance like a *light* spell. Once each day, the wielder of *elutheril's starbow* can use the weapon to fire a bolt of shimmering radiance with the same dimensions as a *lightning bolt*. This effect deals 4d6 points of damage unless the target is an undead creature, in which case the damage increases to 8d6. If the target makes a save vs breath weapon, the damage is halved. Any creature struck by this attack is wreathed in a flickering radiance akin to *faerie fire* for 3 rounds.

Local Lore – The final resting place of the great elfin hero Elutheril is said to be hidden away in the depths of the forest, surrounded by an ancient moot of treants and their capricious pixie allies. Those who have attempted to wrest *elutheril's starbow* from its hiding place amongst the deep hallows have all been smashed to paste and forgotten, their bones left to lie where they fell as a warning to others. Those who are pure of heart and intentions, however, may be able to sway the tomb's guardians if the cause is right...



MAGIC GEE-GAWS, SORGEROUS JIM-JAMS AND WHAT-NOT

"Be wary of this devil-blade, Moonglum. It kills the foe - but savours the blood of friends and kinfolk most."

– Michael Moorcock, *Elric: The Stealer of Souls*

UL-DIS DEATH SCEPTER

Known by sages and men of magic to date back to the dark days of Ul-Dis (the infamous "City of Witches") these crystal-tipped wands of bone are a rarity amongst the treasure troves of the modern age.

The wielder of an *ul-dis death scepter* may call upon the scepter's powers to do a variety of functions, but only one of these functions is usable each day. Once a single power is used for the day, the wand becomes inert and may not be used again until the following dawn.

The powers of the scepter are as follows, as if by a 12th level caster:

- *Animate dead*, but any undead created only persist for 24 hours
- *Cause disease*, with a range of 30'
- *Speak with dead*

Whispers of the Weird – Local builders recently uncovered a horrible mass grave of uncertain age while digging, filled with the bones of more than a dozen armored men. Amongst the grisly remains was a brittle, mummified hand clutching a crystal-tipped wand that was immediately remanded into the custody of the local magistrate. The following morning, the hand had disappeared but the wand remained behind. Rumors of fell sorcery, bad omens and witchery have begun to circulate amongst the townsfolk.

WEIRD SEEDS

Thought to have come from some twisted dimension from beyond the stars, these strangely-shaped seeds are

encased in a keratin-like armored pod that gives off an unusual hue when shown underneath a strong light. If one of these seeds is planted into the ground, it immediately bursts through the soil, growing and then blooming into a medium-sized plant in a single round. The plant is covered in bizarre-looking flowers that give off the same unearthly color as mentioned above.

The plant that sprouts from *weird seeds* is different every time and no two occurrences seem to be the same. The one quality they all seem to share is their ability to warp and transform magic, as each of these plants causes a 60' area around them to become a wild magic zone. The plant withers and dies after 24 hours (taking its magic warping properties with it), but its effects persist for the full duration even if it is cut down.

Whispers of the Weird – Supposed agents of the fabled Grandfather of Assassins are said to be scouring underground black markets and unusual botanical collections for as many *weird seeds* as they can lay their hands on. The truth as to why such an enigmatic and fearsome individual desires them in such quantities is unknown, though at least one rumor indicates that an incredibly powerful and famous wizard has become his next target.

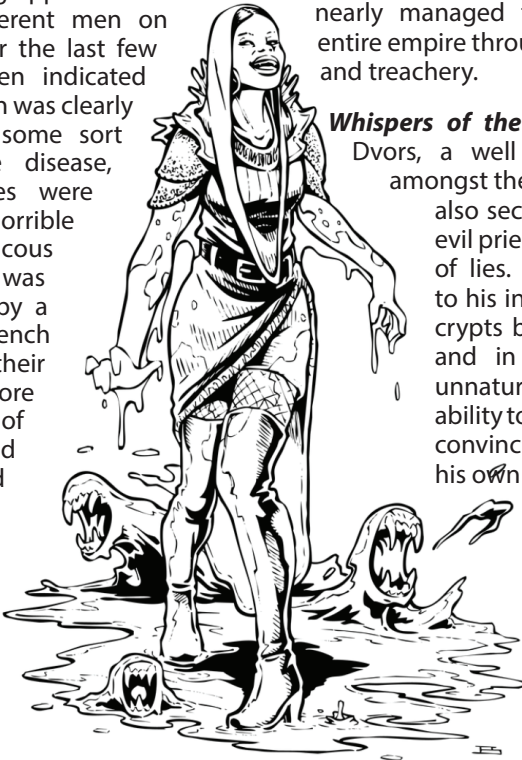
CHAUSIBLE OF THE SLIME LORD

This tattered and stained vestment once belonged to the defrocked priest Murnog, who was seduced by the demon prince of slimes and oozes as he lay on his death bed, only to arise as a massive slime demon and lay waste to

his entire temple. The *chausible of the slime lord* is soiled with the filth and decay of ages, more at home on the back of a leper than worn by a man of prayer. Its defining feature is that it always seems to be wet, with a thick, mucous-like slime clinging to it in places.

When worn by an evil priest, this vile vestment confers a +1 bonus to armor class. That bonus increases to +2 if the wearer is a priest of the demon prince of slime and oozes. Once each day, the wearer can summon forth 1d2 ochre jellies, which will obey his commands and persist for 10 minutes. When they manifest, any summoned ochre jellies will seem to drip and flow directly from the slimy patches on the *chausible* itself. Most normal, sane creatures will not have a positive reaction to anyone wearing the *chausible of the slime lord*.

Whispers of the Weird – A half-mad leper has been seen wandering the hills south of town, having approached at least two different men on horseback over the last few days. Both men indicated that the woman was clearly stricken with some sort of debilitating disease, as her clothes were caked in horrible green mucous and she was accompanied by a malodorous stench that panicked their horses. She wore an odd symbol of pitted iron and bone around her neck that no one has been able to identify as of yet. Her true purpose out in those hills is unknown.



HELGOK'S JAR OF LIES

Often called the *jar of flies* for the many bloated, buzzing black flies that cling to its smooth earthen clay sides and seem to buzz about incessantly, this repulsive magical item has a palatable aura of unease and menace about it. If the cork of the jar is un-stoppered, the possessor will find that it is filled with many bloated, slowly-moving plague flies. If one of these disgusting insects is consumed, it will deal 1d3 points of damage to the possessor but also allow him to benefit from the effects of *undetected lie* (the reverse of *detect lie*) for up to 12 rounds.

Each jar contains 2d8 such flies and if the jar is prematurely broken, the flies inside animate and attack the one who broke it, acting as a *summon insects* spell cast by a 12th level druid.

Helgok's jar of lies is so named after the infamous devil-priest Helgok, who nearly managed to bring down an entire empire through his cunning, lies and treachery.

Whispers of the Weird – Ser Elan Dvors, a well known nobleman amongst the city's aristocracy, is also secretly a cunning and evil priest of the devil prince of lies. He holds foul rites to his infernal patron in the crypts beneath his chateau and in return is granted unnatural charm and the ability to spin supernaturally convincing falsehoods to his own benefit. He uses the *helgok's jar of lies* in all his rituals and before addressing those in power through which he wishes to gain leverage to further his insidious plans.

THEY LOOK GOOD, BUT...GAAAAAAAHH! IDIO FIENDISH POTIONS YOU'LL WISH YOU HADN'T DRANK!

Ah, it sure did taste good going down... but unfortunately there's a side effect.

Roll 1d10 or simply choose the result you like the best:

1. Smells of medicinal herbs, with a slight aroma of mint; acts as a *potion of extra healing* but has an insidious effect on the imbiber. This potion also increases the chance for random monster encounters by TRIPLE for the next 4 hours.
2. Tastes like beef broth, with a salty aftertaste; acts as a *potion of super heroism* but all saving throws vs magic are at -4 for the next 1d3 days.
3. Reeks of copper and gristle, with a slight metallic aftertaste; functions as a *potion of stone giant strength* but any dwarves that you come within 60' of will immediately attack you unless they make a saving throw vs magic. This includes any companions that are dwarves or those who are already friendly to you. The effects last 1d2 days.
4. Flat and tasteless, with a slight odor of charged ozone; functions as a *potion of treasure finding* with 100% accuracy with 10% added to the value of any treasure found. Unfortunately, a curse renders any and all carried material wealth worthless.
5. Watery and diluted, with a taste like standing rainwater; acts as a *potion of animal control* that is 100% effective, but forever after normal animals will have enmity towards you.
6. Bitter, with an unpleasant aftertaste that reminds the drinker of their least favorite food or drink; acts as a *potion of longevity*, but for every year of age that it restores, it also robs you of that many years worth of memory!
7. Slippery with an oily sheen, never quite seems to wash off; acts as an *oil of etherealness*, but once its primary effects have worn off, the user will still attract encounters as if they were wandering



the ethereal plane. Creatures on the ethereal plane can see and attack the imbiber normally... but he can't see them coming!

8. Initially quite sweet with fruity undertones, but quickly leaves the imbiber's mouth feeling dry; functions as a *potion of speed* but once its effects wear off the user suffers from temporal uncertainty, resulting in being thrown off balance and having a -1 penalty to his dexterity for 1d6 days.
9. Pungent, syrupy and slightly sweet, with a sharp aftertaste; acts as a *sweetwater potion*, but it will transform any other magical *potion* that is consumed within the next 1d4 days into a deadly poison. Save vs poison at -2 or die!
10. A slightly smoky scent, with the initial taste mirroring that of the last thing the imbiber ate or drank; acts as a *philter of glibness*, but once the effects wear off it renders the imbiber incapable of lying for 2d4 day.

FORBIDDEN DEMON CULTS FROM THE OUTER VOID

"They worshiped, so they said, the great old ones who lived ages before there were any men, and who came to the young world out of the sky..."

– H.P. Lovecraft, *The Call of Cthulhu*

YUGG

Terrible to behold and covered in scales that glisten the color of freshly-spilled blood, this massive god-beast of dinosaurs and great lizard-beasts is known as Zuktıl-Ye amongst the primitive demon cults of the south. Yugg is a monstrous titan who eats whatever is in its path, caring nothing for the lives it might destroy. The demon-lizard's most defining feature is its huge, scabrous mouth, which almost seems too large for its head to even contain. Yugg despises weakness and anything smaller than itself. The best its worshipers can expect is to be ignored or pass beneath its notice.

Fun Demon Cult Fact!

Yugg's cultists are decadent cannibals and ritualistically devour the weakest among their numbers once a year, be they men, women or children.



IXTAR-SHEX, THE ONE WHO DWELLS BEYOND THE STARLESS VOID

An incomprehensible being worshiped primarily by the insane, Ixtar-Shex is nothing less than a raw force of entropy and madness. It appears as a large, glimmering *sphere of annihilation* that crackles and hisses as it slowly eats through creation. Never satisfied and always hungry, Ixtar-Shex's motivations are unknown and completely inscrutable. It might spend years in one place, seemingly immobile and unresponsive before flying into a gibbering frenzy and devouring everything around it.

Fun Demon Cult Fact!

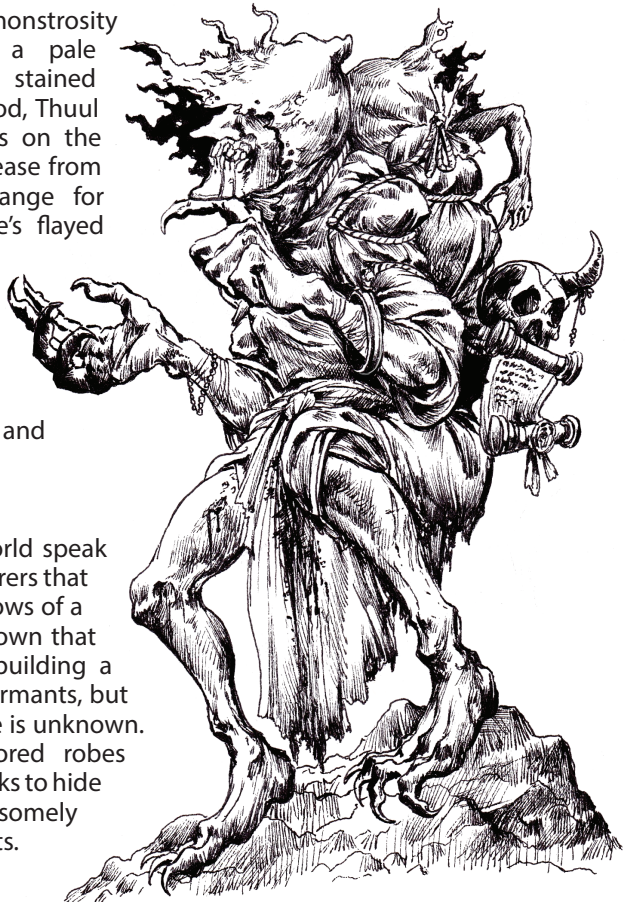
At least one famous seer has been driven completely insane after attempting to observe Ixtar-Shex with powerful magical divination spells. The prophet Ubar-Suul tore his eyes from his own face before throwing himself from the uppermost floor of his alabaster-tiled tower, leaving behind a blood-smeared journal detailing his ill-fated studies into the demon-god.

THUUL, THE RACKED ONE

A tall, gaunt, skinless monstrosity that glistens beneath a pale yellow robe constantly stained with its ever-flowing blood, Thuul is known to visit victims on the rack, promising them release from their torments in exchange for their fealty. The creature's flayed limbs are twisted but its whispers are sibilant and pleasing to hear, so that it often makes its offers from the shadows before revealing itself. Holy water is said to foul and blacken in its presence.

Fun Demon Cult Fact!

Whispers in the underworld speak of a secret society of torturers that has arisen from the shadows of a nearby large city. It is known that they are systematically building a network of spies and informants, but to what eventual purpose is unknown. They wear mustard-colored robes and use strange ivory masks to hide their faces, but pay handsomely for information and secrets.



FORBIDDEN SPELLBOOKS AND FELL PRAYERS OF THE ANCIENTS

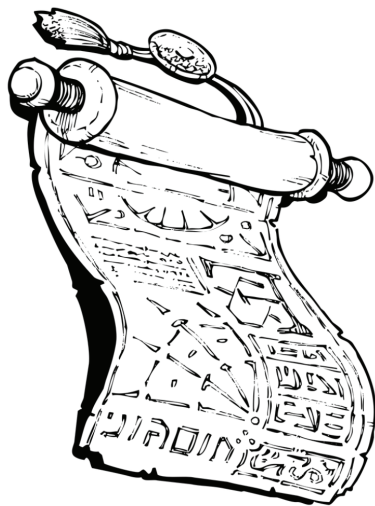
"Wisely did Ibn Schacaabao say, that happy is the tomb where no wizard hath lain, and happy the town at night whose wizards were all ashes."

– H.P. Lovecraft, *The Festival*

SEVEN VEILS, SEVEN VOIDS

Recently unearthed by the Coffin-Breakers of Il-Mu, this treatise on the nature of undeath was penned by Huldath "the Black Vizier" and is a studious but incomplete guide to the mysteries and creatures from beyond the pale of death. Within its passages are several secrets that can help the reader with their discoveries on the road to lichdom, but also the following spells – *animate dead*, *fear*, *feign death*, *geas*, *magic jar*, *trap the soul* and *wizard eye*. An eighth spell, *extension III*, magically reveals itself only after all of the other spells have been learned by the wizard using it.

Seven veils, seven voids is large and unwieldy, having been engraved onto the inside of a large marble sarcophagus lid. It is etched from top to bottom in a flowing, steady hand in the secret tongue of necromancers.



THE TESTAMENT OF NAMMUL

This priestly screed of evil is an ancient and ghastly collection of *scrolls* collected from the tomb of the lich-priest Nammul, who was said to have ruled over a subterranean kingdom of ghouls twice the size of any modern kingdom of man. Over the centuries, many of these *scrolls* have been used, leaving only the fervent prayers and dark teachings of Nammul's dreaded god behind. Still, some of the magical *scrolls* remain and are as follows – *bestow curse*, *commune*, *dispel good*, *find traps*, *glyph of warding*, *insect plague*, *lower water* and *unholy word*.

The Testament of Nammul is composed of thin sheets of bone, with every page containing an intricately scrimshawed version of the scroll. When one of the *scrolls* is used, it simply crumbles into a fine, powdery dust.

THE THREE FACES OF YRGAATH

Penned by the hand of the hag-sorceress Beltrugald for her seven horrible daughters, this terrible old tome is a bleak look into the darker mysteries of demon summoning and consorting with devils. In addition to containing recipes for such brews as *potions of gaseous form* and *potions of flying*, it also contains the following spells, one to a page



- *cacodaemon*, *contact other plane*, *dispel magic*, *hold monster*, *hold person*, *mind blank*, *ravenous wound*, *repulsion* and *spiritwrack*.

The cover on this book is made from the overlapping scales of some unknown serpentine beast and bears a single eye, yellow and devoid of pupil, which stares about wickedly when left unattended.

RAVENOUS WOUND

Level: 2

Range: Touch

Duration: Special

Area of Effect: One target

Components: V, S, M

Casting Time: 4 segments

Saving Throw: Special

Explanation/Description:

When you cast this spell and touch the target creature, you cause a festering, cannibalistic wound to open up on their flesh, which immediately causes 2d4 points of damage. The wound persists for an additional round causing another 2d4 damage as the wounds eats away at its host.



The material component for this spell is a single drop of acid, green slime or monstrous ooze.

BLACK BESS, SCOURGE OF THE HIGH SEAS!

"... she stood there, drenched and slick with blood, surrounded by a dozen dead fighting men... no fog-shrouded sea in all the world could fill me with dread more than she did at that very moment."

Lithe, slender and fit, this woman is nevertheless clearly someone to be reckoned with. Her black hair is cropped short and she wears an ornate eyepatch over her right eye, while a slight scar marks her right cheek. She carries dual rapiers at her belt and her countenance is one of appraisal, as if she is figuring out if you would be worth more to her alive or dead.

Black Bess is the captain of the dread ship *The Sea Wyvern's Kiss*, which she has used to plunder her way across the high seas for more than eight

seasons. Though she is thoroughly evil and quite the heartless killer when she needs to be, Bess still observes all of the superstitious, unspoken laws of the sea, along with parley and the "pirate's code". Like most others of her ilk, coin and treasure can sway her decisions and she is not always adverse to letting those she captures work their way to land. There have been those who have taken this small kindness as a weakness... and all have paid the corsair's price, with their sunken bones forgotten at the bottom of Davey Jones Locker.

BLACK BESS

Human Female
7th level Fighter
Neutral Evil

Armor Class: 3

Hit Dice: 7 Hit Points: 48

St 10, I 13, Ws 9, Dx 17, Co 11, Ch 14;

+1 studded leather, +1 rapier,
bloody bess' eyepatch.

Black Bess' Eyepatch – Worn by her predecessor, this magical eyepatch has changed hands many times over the last few decades, changing names whenever it falls into the hands of a new bandit lord, highwayman or pirate-queen. The last person to wear it was Bloody Jack Hartlet, the former captain of the *The Sea Wyvern's Kiss*.

This fine quality black leather eyepatch is adorned with a skull and crossbones, the eyes of which are two milky-white pearls. The patch bestows a +1 to any saving throw that relies on the quickness and nimble nature of its wearer, as well as negating any penalties for moving or fighting onboard a ship as it is being tossed and turned about in the waves.



ONCE UPON A TIME IN THE GRIM HINTERLANDS: 3 ANTAGONISTS TO SET YOUR PLAYERS ON THE ROAD TO ADVENTURE

*"Do you know what the word "nemesis" means? A righteous infliction of retribution manifested by an appropriate agent. Personified in this case by an 'orrible c**t. Me."*
– Bricktop, *Snatch*

ORLOC, THE BLACK FRIAR

Human Male
7th level Cleric, Chaotic Evil
HD 7, HP 31, AC 5 (chainmail);

STR	INT	WIS	DEX	CON	CHA
9	12	16	10	11	15

Carries a *staff of the serpent*;

Spells – 5,5,2,1; *cause fear, cause light wounds, command, curse, protection from good; augury, chant, hold person, silence 15' radius, snake charm; animate dead, cause blindness; cause serious wounds.*

From the wild borderlands he comes! Defrocked and cast out, branded with runes of shame, Orloc comes riding at the head of a savage horde! He worships foul, depraved powers, his followers are fanatics and he wants nothing less than the total subjugation of the civilized lands that cast him out. He locks eyes with your characters, sneers a curse and... roll 1d3!

- 1 Orloc mutters a prayer to his dark god - 2d6 zombies burst from the ground and attack! They have full hit points and if a cleric attempts to turn them, his holy symbol bursts into flames and the zombies all gain a +1 to hit!
- 2 The Black Friar cackles madly, casting his most powerful offensive spell at any cleric or paladin character. Determine randomly

otherwise. This is a sacred day for his unholy god, so all saves are made at a -2.

- 3 The signs are dark and full of ill-omen! Some malevolent warning from beyond the pale causes Orloc and any allies he might have with him to flee immediately.

MORGUN BLACKFEATHER

Human Male
4th level Fighter, Chaotic Neutral
AC 5 (studded leather, dexterity), HD 4, HP 28

STR	INT	WIS	DEX	CON	CHA
14	11	14	16	15	9

Wields a longsword, carries a longbow and a full quiver that also contains 7 +1 arrows.

Once a respected ranger and long-range hunter for the aristocracy, Morgun betrayed his allegiances, kidnapped the local overlord's youngest son and plans to deliver him into the hands of a rival nation. In hot pursuit, your party has tracked him to the edge of a dark and foreboding wood, which he has disappeared inside of... roll 1d3!

- 1 Morgun has made a pact with a local tribe of 2d6 satyr for safe passage. They block your way, but will let you pass and even set you on the right path if you can best their strongest member in a "rasslin' contest".

2. Ambush! Morgun ambushes the party from atop a high wooded pass! He waits until they pass below and then triggers a rockfall in an attempt to bury the characters. He follows up by attempting to pick them off with ranged attacks. If the party possesses the means to get to him quickly (like a *fly* or *levitate* spell), he flees with his young captive immediately.
3. Both Morgun and the overlord's son have fallen afoul of a large nest of giant spiders... now you have bigger problems. There are 3d6 giant spiders here and they all hunger for the soft flesh of wayward intruders into their nest! The disgraced ranger and his captive are both still alive, though immobilized in fresh cocoons and poisoned.

is clearly not himself. When approached, he can be seen muttering out loud and tearing at his long, unkempt beard. What happened to him... and can he be helped? Roll 1d3!

- 1 Driven insane by horrible eldritch entities from beyond the known universe, he no longer knows what is real and what's not. If approached, he lashes out with his most powerful spell as his eyes roll wildly and he froths uncontrollably at the mouth.
- 2 Velikas is possessed! If he can be physically subdued, an *exorcism* spell will force out the parasitic demon (a full strength night hag!) that has taken control of him, compelling it to manifest in the flesh. A *dispel magic* or *remove curse* drives the night hag away for 10 minutes, but then it regains control. If the characters can free him from this curse, they will make a steadfast ally for the rest of their lives.
- 3 The mad mage's eyes widen when he sees the characters and he screams aloud: "*You....who have been chosen!!*" Velikas then whisks the party away to a random outer plane and then promptly disappears!

VELIKAS "THE HOWLING MAGE"

Human Male

10th level Magic-User, Neutral (but insane)

AC 5, HD 10, HP 25

STR	INT	WIS	DEX	CON	CHA
8	17	11	11	10	13

Wears *bracers of defense AC 6* and a *ring of protection +1*, has a *wand of lightning bolt* (3 charges)

Spells – 4,4,3,2,2; *detect magic*, *magic missile*, *shield*, *sleep*; *levitate*, *mirror image*, *shatter*, *web*; *fireball*, *fly*, *phantasmal force*; *dimension door*, *wall of fire*; *cone of cold*, *plane shift* (magic user variant).

What would the wild borderlands be without a crazy ass old wizard? A formidable magic-user of note who disappeared while exploring the outer planes has returned... but something is amiss. Agrarian and disheveled-looking, clad in little more than tattered robes, he



1D10 TOUGH SOBS, ROADHOUSE HOODLUMS, BORED ADVENTURERS AND MEAN OLE BASTARDS YOU MIGHT MEET IN A TAVERN

"That's the problem with drinking, I thought, as I poured myself a drink..."

– Charles Bukowski

Inns and taverns are full of all kinds of interesting people and unsavory types. These popular roadhouses are places for wayward, adventurous folk of all kinds to rest their heads, grab a quick mug of ale or punch you out because they don't like the way you looked at their favorite horse. Some of them could become loyal adventuring companions while others might try and ambush you on your way back out of the dungeon. Who can tell with shady, foolhardy folks like those damn adventurers?!

Roll 1d10 or just choose one you like:

1 **Naga Bob**

A skilled thief, notorious gambler and feckless rogue who wears naga-skin boots and a jeweled eyepatch that often switches from eye to eye. Most recently returned from an ill-fated exploration (plundering) of a notorious tomb amongst the jungles to the south. Rumor has it that he cannot die!

2 **Magwah Grimgere**

An aged, grizzled ranger and frontiersman, just arrived in town after a long overland trek. He brings ill tidings of massing goblin hordes to the south led by a great red-skinned demon-goblin. Brave heroes are needed but first.... mead!

3 **Ole' Madjaw**

Loyal, strong and suspicious of anyone "who wears robes and a funny hat", he is famed in taverns and roadhouses across the kingdom for having once punched out an owlbear with his bare fists. A large man with a roadhouse attitude and an alley-fight face, he is growing impatient and restless as he waits for his next adventure.

4 **Selgath**

An opulent and sneering warlock known just as much for his well-trimmed, perfumed beard as he is for his adventurous deeds. He is secretly possessed by a vain,



scheming devil of no small power who has been walking around in Selgath's skin for more than a year. This parasitic creature has been operating him like a puppet and causing ruin wherever he goes. He will gladly join any adventuring expedition if it will give him a chance to sow discord and doom amongst those who champion weal!

5 Wigswaite

Looking for someone to drag your corpse back from that ogre lair? Need someone to help you haul out all that gold? Wigswaite can help! A porter and adventuring companion from a long, well-known line of heroic henchmen whose loyalty is unquestionable once service is guaranteed. Though he often refers to his occupation as "the family business", Wigswaite genuinely loves the open road and the thrill of the unknown.

6 Junn Sunkeneye

A cowed and quiet warrior renowned for both his prowess in battle and his unfortunate visage. Called "Sunkeneye" in only whispers (since saying it any other way is almost certainly a death sentence), the left side of his upper body appears withered and wrinkled - an unfortunate side-effect from surviving a *horrid wilting* spell. He hates necromancers and death-priests with a passion, gladly joining any expedition that guarantees him a chance to see their heads roll after a swing from his axe.

7 Grimwand

Battle-scarred and one-eyed, this rugged, daaska-chewing wizard has ranged far and wide, becoming a curious fixture in the border kingdoms of the north these last few years. Quiet and sullen, he can become a flurry of eldritch lightning and raging spell-flame should he

see the innocent or powerless threatened.

8 Wyvernjack

A free-wheeling adventurer and former freebooter who sailed the high seas from Orlantias to Parley Pass for more than eight winters in open defiance of the king's navy. While he's still technically a wanted man, he sticks more to the border kingdoms these days than civilized lands, joining expeditions into the wilder, lost places of the world and eschewing his days of light-hearted banditry in favor of plundering the tombs of old. He is not an evil man, but he is an opportunist with a weakness for gems and exotic beauty.

9 Fiesty Nurmo

A glib and opinionated gnome adventurer with an affinity for both lightening tall folk's pockets and mocking them afterwards, Nurmo uses his quickness and minor mastery of illusionary magic to avoid almost all consequences for his often-reckless actions. He will join an adventuring party should he take a shine to them, but could be a serious, recurring thorn in their side should they treat him unfairly or mock his rather large and bulbous hook nose.

10 Agna Wintersblood

A large albino warrioreess hailing from the savage lands of the north who is known best for her battle-frenzy and ability to drink all of her companions under the table simultaneously. Her past is rumored to be steeped in horror and tragedy but she lives every day as if it were her last, fighting, loving and drinking in equally fierce measures. She spends her gold until there is nothing left, then joins with the nearest able-bodied adventuring group to find more.

CORPSE GARDEN OF THE MYCONID KING

Things have gotten real weird out in the country. Some of the people in the small hamlet of Hog's Chapel have begun to act strangely. Farmers have dropped their plows and are standing in their fields staring blankly at the trees. Women have left their babies crying in cribs, unfed, as they wander outside to look listlessly at the ground. Some folk have just laid down in the middle of the street and gone to sleep, unable to be awakened. Others have fallen ill and refuse to leave their homes. All of them seem to be listening to something, hearing a voice no one else can hear.

Two days ago, Mossbeard - a local druid so named for his peculiar green beard and considered crazy by most - wandered into town and said that the "ground was sick" and "the King Beneath the Roots has awoken and is calling for his due". He mentioned that he would go down to Gilly's Gap and descend into the old sinkhole there to "make peace with the King" but he hasn't been seen or heard from since.

People continue to wander off and fall ill and no one knows why. Can you uncover the true secret that lies at the bottom of the old sinkhole or will Hog's Chapel just quietly become another forgotten ghost town along the old trade road south?



1 - GOIN' DOWN THE OLE SINKHOLE

The only way in... is down!

The old sinkhole down at Gilly's Gap is well known to the local folk of Hog's Chapel. Shaded by old pines and a massive oak, the sinkhole is roughly 25' in diameter and goes down almost 40'. Numerous roots and vines have taken hold over the years and anyone taking their time can climb down into the sinkhole without incident. The floor is littered with loose rocks and old, fallen branches.

At the bottom, a single cavern leads off to the south – in the direction of Hog's

Chapel. This tunnel is roughly 8' high, twisting and turning as it goes. The smell of compost and freshly tilled earth lingers as characters make their way deeper into the ground. Occasionally, a shaft of light will peek through the ceiling, indicating that the tunnel remains within 50' of the surface.

Any character adept at tracking can clearly see that a humanoid creature passed this way not too long ago.

After about a quarter of a mile in, the tunnel makes a slight elevation change that brings it closer to the surface before opening up into a large cavern.

2 - SPORE SHOWER

This cavern's gonna grow on you. Maybe IN you. Literally.

As the tunnel ends and begins to open up into a series of larger underground caverns, characters can make out a definitive haze in the chamber – hundreds of millions of tiny spores floating through the air. These spores are brought on by scattered clusters of giant, white mushrooms that can be seen to occasionally belch forth tiny clouds of microscopic fecundity.

These fungal colonies are fairly benign. Other than being over-sized and bizarre in appearance, the only function they have that is relatable to the characters is that once a creature is exposed to the spores they produce – either by breathing them in or passing through the haze – they are forever after able to communicate with myconids through telepathic means. Within minutes of exposure, characters will

begin to hear a quiet murmuring that they can quickly deduce is only in their heads. As time passes, it is revealed that this is the din of conversation being passed back and forth between hundreds of mushroom folk and the Myconid King. The conversation seems to be largely insane, angry gibberish. After a short period of adjustment, they will be able to quiet this whispering in their heads and be undistracted by it if they so choose.

The rest of this portion of the cavern is fairly unremarkable. Any character adept at tracking can easily see that the humanoid tracks from the entrance of the tunnel also continue on through here.

3 - SHRIEKER CAVERN

Full shriek ahead.

At the northern end of the cave, a large crop of towering subterranean fungus has taken hold, completely covering the walls, floor and ceiling. Amongst these normal strains of fungi are 4d10 **shriekers**, which will activate should any creatures approach them. If the shriekers are disturbed and their fungal cries cut loose, every creature within miles – including the Myconid King and his mushroom folk – will know that something is moving through the area.

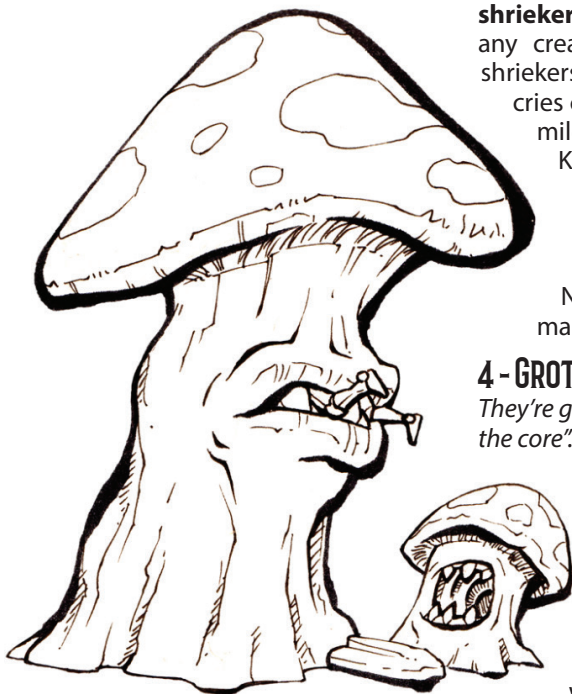
Shriekers

Neutral, AC 7, MV 1", HD 3; they make noise!

4 - GROTTO OF THE MUSHROOM MEN

They're giving new meaning to "rotten to the core".

This series of underground chambers are filled with hundreds of mushrooms of all shapes and colors. Amongst the wonders of these fungal grottos are 2d8 **myconids**. If the shriekers were triggered in the cavern



earlier, they will be standing about the garden, interspersed amongst the fungal blooms, seemingly waiting on something. When the characters enter the chamber, they will communicate telepathically with them, asking them what their purpose is in coming here. Anything less than an attack is met with a seeming indifference and no answers, as the myconids move to one side and allow the characters to pass deeper into the cavern. If pressed, they will only point deeper into the cavern and utter "Yav'Mya" repeatedly. If attacked, the myconids attack in unison, murmuring "All life feeds the spore" over and over again while another 3d8 myconids are revealed to be hiding amongst the fungal growths surrounding the characters! They fight until destroyed.

Myconids

Lawful Neutral , AC 10, MV 9"; ATKS 1, DMG 2-8, HD 2; SA/SD spore clouds, poisonous skin

5 - CORPSE GARDEN OF YAV'MYA

The fruit must rot 'fore the seed gets got!

This cavern opens up into a sprawling, subterranean garden of luminous fungi, giant mushrooms and fruiting bodies of all shapes and sizes. Amongst these fungal growths, another 3d8 myconids can be seen slowly shuffling amongst the towering toadstools, cultivating the great underground fungal orchard with care. Here, the mushroom men tend a grisly crop – hundreds of dead bodies in various states of decay. The ceiling and high walls of this large cavern feature more than two dozen small tunnels – most no more than 3' in diameter – that snake off in various directions. Around the entrance of each tunnel, an assortment of fungal growths can be seen creeping up and inside, creeping their way down each corridor towards the surface.

The corpses in the garden come from all manner of creatures but are mostly

beings from the forest and livestock, interspersed with the remains of humans. Several fresh-looking human corpses can be seen on top of this parasitic fungal hothouse. The rotting bodies are covered in light purplish, fuzzy growths from which melon-sized, cancerous-looking polyps hang. From this ghastly alliance, the mushrooms feed and grow strong! If any of the characters are local they will recognize the corpse of Mossbeard amongst the dead, given away by his distinctive green beard. Mossbeard's corpse is covered in dozens of tiny fungal growths and his body seems to be being slowly absorbed by the corpse garden.

At the center of this terrible corpse garden lies the Myconid King himself - Yav'mya. This bizarre being of unknown motive and inscrutable desires is a towering, fungal bulk – vaguely man-shaped – with a large, mushroom-capped head, two thick arms and massive tree-trunk like legs. It has milky-white eyes that echo no emotion and a faint, jagged gouge underneath that suggests a wide, toothless mouth. The Myconid King is easily 12' tall with mottled green and gray skin covered in small fungal growths, almost as if it is entirely made up of various independent colonies of fungus that are somehow working in unison. The telepathic whispering intensifies as characters approach it.

The truth of the strange happenings in Hog's Chapel is this – an infestation of deadly "necropolyps" has taken root in the fungus in and around this subterranean corpse garden and is slowly driving the Myconid King insane. This has made the once benign Yav'Mya quite erratic and murderous. To this end, he has infested even the smallest tunnels leading to the surface in and around Hog's Chapel with a variety of fungal parasites that release harmful spores onto the unsuspecting folk of the

town. This is what has caused all of the erratic behavior and sickness as of late. The characters really have two choices at this point. If they have the means to cure Yav'Mya and eradicate the parasites that infest him, they can free the Myconid King from the grip of the necropolyps, allowing his kingdom to heal and undo the damage to the surface folk of Hog's Chapel. This can be done in a variety of ways:

- *Pluckin' 'em free and squashin' 'em*
The necropolyps are everywhere and could be easily grasped, but try convincing an insane mushroom king to let you start cutting pieces off of him. If a mushroom man is rendered motionless, they can simply be pulled off and stomped.
- *Begone ye foul curse!*
A *remove disease spell* can affect the Myconid King or up to 6 HD of myconids. The spell causes the necropolyps to instantly wither away and fall off.
- *Burn it with fire!*
A single magical attack that deals 5 points of damage or more and that affects the target's entire body (rather than targeting a specific source) destroys the necropolyps on that particular target. Of course, the target has to survive the effect in order to be able to be freed from the influence of the necropolyps.

If freed, the Myconid King will forever be grateful to the characters. If they are not able to do so, then they will have a fight on their hands, as Yav'Mya

will bring the full fury of his fungal fiefdom firmly down upon them!

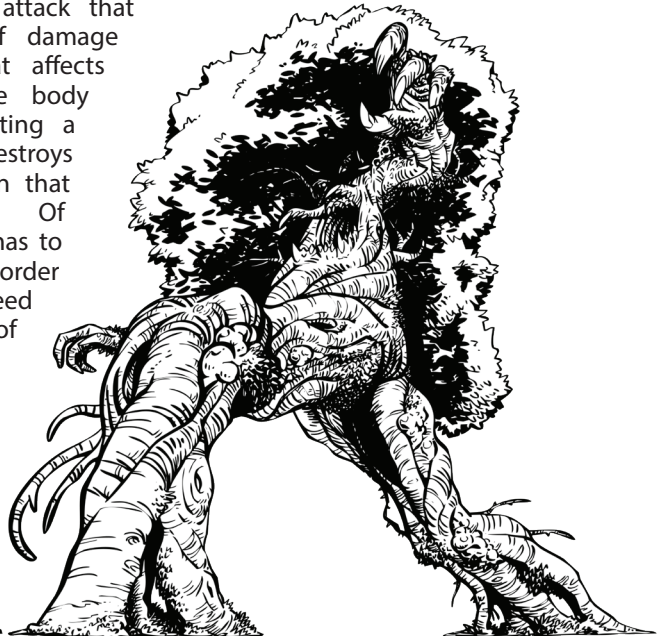
The characters will be confronted by all of the myconids present, as well as the **fungal zombies** that will rise from the garden at a wave of the hand from Yav'Mya. All will fight until completely destroyed. If all the myconids are destroyed, the entire corpse garden will still have to be scoured with fire or likewise destroyed in a very thorough manner. A couple of *fireballs* or similar sorts of destructive, large-scale spells are capable of doing the job, though it will be 1d3 days before the fungal growths stop dispersing the spores towards the surface and the town of Hog's Chapel returns to normal.

Yav'mya, King of the Myconids

Lawful Neutral (but absolutely insane!), AC 6, MV 12", ATKS 2, DMG 6-24, HD 6; SA/SD animate fungal zombies, spore clouds, poisonous skin

Fungal Zombies

Neutral, AC 8, MV 6", ATKS 1, DMG 1-8, HD 2; SA/SD as zombies, they attack last.



FUNGAL GROTTTO



UTOS, THE ISLE OF THE SHATTERED MOON

"... the headwaters of shit creek are a cruel and treacherous expanse."

– Roger Zelazny

Regarded by sea captains and explorers alike as a cursed place best left avoided, Utos gets its moniker from its distinct crescent moon-shape and dangerous waters, most of which hide perilous reefs that can quickly run a ship aground even under normal conditions. The island is completely abandoned by any kind of organized civilization and is now a haunted place of old ruins, un-plundered treasures and ancient terrors lurking in the dark.



1. BREGO'S LANDING

Crumbling and treacherous, the old structures at Brego's Landing mark the spot where the pirate captain Brego "the Bitter-Heart" of the dread ship One-Eyed Abby once docked while in hiding from the king's fleet. At one time, the appointments were quite lavish, decorated with the stolen plunder from dozens of high seas escapades, but now everything has fallen into ruin. Only the old dock leading up to the decayed shacks still holds strong, but the waters beneath it are the hunting grounds of a morkoth, who comes here from deeper waters to snatch the unwary from the dock or lures them into the shallower waters below to be eaten.

The ruins have mostly been plundered and anything that wasn't carried away has been torn to shreds by the howling winds coming off the sea. Still, treasure can be found if one knows where to look, as Brego buried a large sea chest full of valuables behind his villa. A *potion of treasure finding*, *stone tell* or some sort of divination spell may reveal it to characters with the means to do so, yielding a stout and un-trapped wooden chest containing 3565 gp, 1070 sp, 997 cp, a set of gilded golden cups encrusted with precious gems worth 2300 gp and a *wand of enemy detection*.

Morkoth

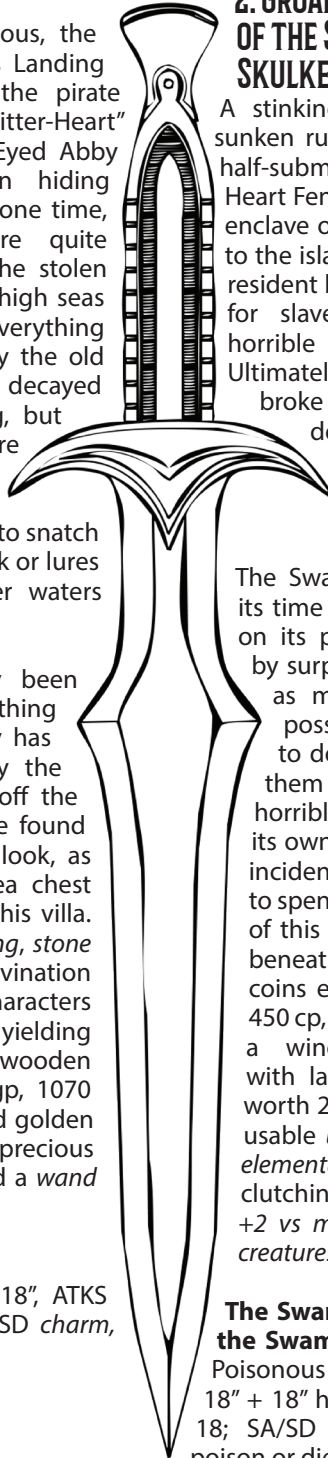
Chaotic Evil, AC 3, MV 18", ATKS 1, DMG 1-10, HD 7; SA/SD *charm, hypnosis, spell reflection*

2. GROANING HEART FEN, HOME OF THE SWAMP SKULK THAT SKULKED IN THE SWAMP!

A stinking, perilous marsh full of sunken ruins and a few handfuls of half-submerged columns, Groaning Heart Fen was once home to a small enclave of necromancers who came to the island and enslaved the bog's resident bullywugs, exploiting them for slave labor and conducting horrible experiments on them. Ultimately, one of their experiments broke free from their control, devoured the entire cabal and disappeared beneath the fen's murky waters... where it still lurks today!

The Swamp Skulk prefers to bide its time beneath the water, spying on its prey before bursting forth by surprise. It will attempt to bite as many of its opponents as possible, counting on its poison to do them in so it can devour them at its leisure later on. The horrible beast has no treasure of its own, but there is quite a bit of incidental loot for anyone willing to spend time dragging the waters of this sulfurous bog. Submerged beneath the waters are scattered coins equaling 2980 gp, 2113 sp, 450 cp, a large stone idol depicting a winged, stag-headed beast with large rubies for eyes (each worth 2000 gp), a chipped but still usable *bowl of commanding water elementals* and a skeletal arm still clutching the hilt of a *longsword +1, +2 vs magic using and enchanted creatures*.

The Swamp Skulk that Skulked in the Swamp (a massive 18 HD Giant Poisonous Toad) – Neutral, AC 5, MV 18" + 18" hop, ATKS 1, DMG 6-15, HD 18; SA/SD poisonous bite (save vs poison or die!)



3. THE REMAINS OF SHALRAXROHAAZ, THE 2-HEADED SPACE WORM

Twin craters dot this unnamed, barren expanse of blasted hills, the remnants of an ages-old meteor shower that struck the island a millennia ago. Rising up from the edges of Groaning Heart Fen, the scrub hills here are dotted with sickly-looking bushes and unstable slopes and are home to all sorts of malnourished-looking critters.

Jutting from the two craters are the massive skeletal remains of Shalraxrohaaz, the 2-Headed Space Wurm, picked clean by scavengers and the elements over the years. This great beast hatched from a meteorite that fell from the sky more than a century ago, lairing here for years before it was felled by adventurers. Shalraxrohaaz was essentially just a massive purple worm-like creature, but with a set of snapping, undead jaws on each end of its long body.

While Shalraxrohaaz is long-dead, its ribcage is the home to a nest of 4d4 giant wasps, which will swarm over anyone who approaches too close to the crater in search of loot!

Giant Wasps

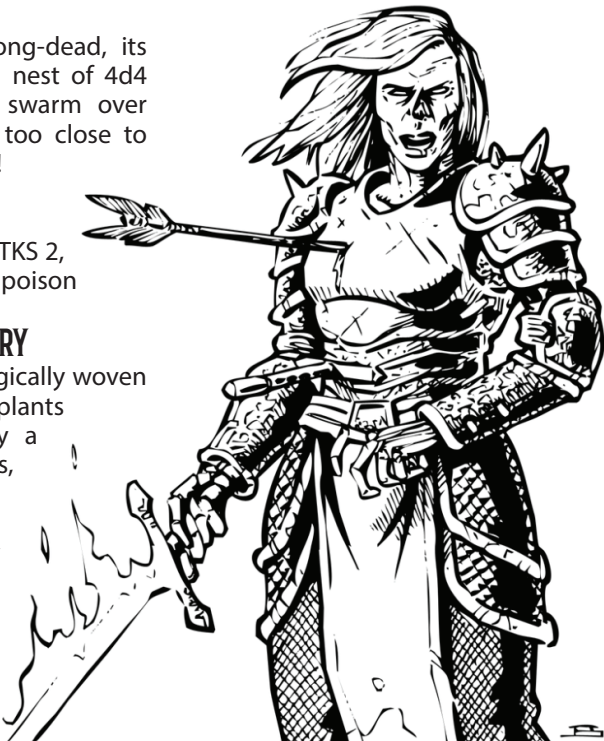
Neutral, AC 4, MV 6"/21", ATKS 2, DMG 2-8/1-4, HD 4; SA/SD poison

4. MOSSGRIM OBSERVATORY

Once a fortified tower magically woven from the trees and plants of the island's jungle by a sacred covenant of druids, benign wizards and their henchmen who came together long ago to study and oversee the island, the observatory now lies abandoned. Creeping vines and vegetation run rampant through the entire structure and all

five stories of the overgrown citadel are plagued with predatory monsters.

- **Ground Floor** – 3d10 stirges swarm the players in search of fresh blood!
- **Second Floor** – 2d6 su-monsters inhabit this level, ready to unleash their psionic blasts on unsuspecting characters. They can be paid off with shiny baubles and food.
- **Third Floor** – A lone ghost – the last of the tower's caretakers - manifests here. He appears as a luminescent, long haired warrior wearing heavy armor, wielding a flaming sword and an arrow in his chest. He stalks the characters and will attempt to *magic jar* a powerful-looking fighter-type in the group to run off or outright kill those trespassing in the tower. The ghost's mortal remains are shriveled and brittle, but bear a *sword +1, flame tongue*.



- **Fourth Floor** – Oblivix blooms wild here, overrunning most of the level in rampant fashion. Wizards beware!
- **Fifth Floor** – The topmost level of the tower is open to the sky and inhabited by 2-8 anzu (see page 41). The entire floor is a literal boneyard and these evil creatures delight in tormenting the lesser creatures of the island. Scattered among the grisly trophies they've collected in their makeshift nest are an ivory scroll tube (worth 20 gp) containing a magical *scroll of infravision* and *massmorph*, and a *phylactery of faithfulness*.

Stirges

Neutral, AC 8, MV 3"/18", ATKS 1, DMG 1-3, HD 1+1; SA/SD drain blood

Su-Monsters

Chaotic Neutral, AC 6, MV 9", ATKS 5, DMG 1-4 (X4)/2-8, HD 5+5; SA/SD psionics

Ghost

Lawful Evil, AC 0 (or 8), MV 9", ATKS 1, DMG Age 10-40 years, HD 10; SA/SD aging, *magic jar*

Oblivix (Memory Moss)

Neutral Evil, AC 10, MV Nil, ATKS Nil, DMG Nil, HD 1-2 hp; SA/SD steal memories/spells

5. THE LONELY SPIRE

This is the highest point on the island but also home to an invisible stalker that was magically bound here ages ago for a now-unknown purpose that probably has to do with the collapsed and plundered ruin at the top of the mountain. It has been driven completely insane by its solitude and enslavement, but delights in surprising unwary travelers and pitching them off the side of the mountain. If somehow freed, he

departs for the elemental plane of air immediately.

The ruin at the top of the Lonely Spire is not much to talk about, though it does hold one interesting detail. A shattered obelisk at the center of the ruin bears a curiously hideous inscription that when deciphered with a *read magic* spell or it's equal reveals the means to summon Ixtar-Shex, the One Who Dwells Beyond the Starless Void (see page 17) through a *gate* spell, assuming the caster has the spellcasting chops to do so.

WANDERING MONSTERS ON UTOS, THE ISLE OF THE SHATTERED MOON

- 1 – Flightless Bird (2d10)
- 2 – Giant Toad (2d4)
- 3 – Axe Beak (1d6)
- 4 – Constrictor Snake (1d2)
- 5 – Choke Creeper (1)
- 6 – Giant Spider (1d8)
- 7 – Giant Boring Beetle (1d3)
- 8 – Carnivorous Ape (2d8)

6. DRETCH ISLE - FOR WANT OF DEMONS AND LOOT!

Dretch Isle is actually the first place on the island that was inhabited by intelligent, civilized creatures, but also the first to be cast down into ruin. A rocky coastline and a lush jungle interior hide the island's only structure – an ages-old temple to some long-forgotten dark god that has been conquered by the passage of time. The temple itself is fairly simple and utilitarian in nature, bearing a stained altar and a massive stone statue of a seated humanoid figure bearing six fingers on each hand. The head of the statue (long ago liberated of its jeweled eyes) has been shorn from its shoulders by some great force and lies on its side next to it. A secret door beneath the altar reveals a

rich treasury, including assorted coins and currency equaling 3208 gp, 785 sp, 600 cp, 6 gold trade bars stamped with the sigil of an ancient empire (worth 50 gp each), a *scroll of protection from devils* in a bone scroll tube, a *helm of opposite alignment* and the skeletal remains of an armored warrior *wearing gauntlets of dexterity* and *platemail +2*, half-buried haphazardly amongst the loot.

Dretch Isle didn't earn its name for nothing though, as the island is absolutely rife with them. Summoned here long ago for some unknown

purpose, the dretch seem to be unable to leave the confines of the island or utilize their *gate* ability for some reason. These horrible, slobbering creatures roam the jungle in and around the temple, moaning and mewling ceaselessly. The dretch are encountered in waves of 2d4 every 10 turns and their wailing tends to attract more of their kind.

Dretch

Chaotic Evil, AC 2, MV 9", ATKS 3, DMG 1-4/1-4/2-5, HD 4, MR 30%; SA/SD spell-like powers



GRINDHOUSE HEXCRAWL #1

SEE! A dancing race of primitive bearded woodsmen, drunk on the wine of the gods!

SEE! The devil's tree and it's inhuman desires!

SEE! The accursed windmill that hungers from beyond the grave!

This overland map holds all kinds of wondrous locales and deadly encounters for adventurous characters to explore. It can be placed adjacent to any sort of wilderlands or border kingdom-type area. These descriptions are quick and dirty, with many details left for the Game Master to fill in.

1. THE SHATTERED SHACK

Once home to Ole' Jode, a frontiersman, trapper and giant-killer of no small renown, this stout log-cabin was nearly destroyed after he fell in combat with a massive, feral ettin known as Kurr "the Dwarf Eater". The ettin is known to still roam these parts, so most folk these days give the Shattered Shack a wide berth.

In recent months, someone has made an effort to rebuild the cabin, replacing the smashed timbers and re-thatching the roof. The domicile is habitable again and is currently occupied by a mercenary group known as The Stoneswords - 3d4 dwarven warriors who have come here to lure the ettin out of the wilderness and onto open ground. It turns out that dwarves don't like it when giants eat them and since one of them was an old friend of Ole' Jode, the thirst for revenge runs high. They've holed up in the Shattered Shack waiting for Kurr to return, setting traps and deadfalls all around the area, with high hopes of luring the terrible old creature into one of them.

When encountered, the Stoneswords are cautious and a bit unfriendly, but not outwardly hostile. They just want to put an end to the ettin and gain some measure of revenge for Ole' Jode. They welcome non-evil characters, if they're willing to help slay Kurr. Any open hostility or attack is met with an expected measure of old fashioned dwarven violence.

If the characters decide to stick around, Kurr "the Dwarf Eater" does indeed show up within 1d3 days of their arrival. The creature is a hulking, grimy giant with two heads, each with a protruding lower jaw and yellowing canines. It knows no other way but cruelty and bloodshed, attacking until slain.

The Stoneswords, Dwarven Mercenaries

Lawful Good, AC 4, MV 6", ATKS 1, DMG 1-8, HD 1; SA/SD dwarf traits

Kurr "the Dwarf Eater" (Ettin)

Chaotic Evil, AC 3, MV 12", ATKS 2, DMG 2-16/3-18, HD 10; SA/SD surprised only on a 1

2. THE CRADLE OF JOLD

A deep and overgrown woodland, full of towering, ancient oaks and streams that have never felt the touch of sunlight, this forest is said to contain the oldest ruin of druidic standing stones in existence. In truth, the druids and elves that once lived here fled long ago when the forest began to grow dark and vengeful, leaving only a tribe of 2d3 capricious korred and their folk-king Jold behind.

The korred don't much care for outsiders, especially humans or dwarves. In fact, they delight in ensnaring such creatures with their spells and entangling hair, forcing them to dance and frolic until they fall unconscious from exhaustion. There is a 20% chance that, if encountered, characters are interrupting a dancing festival in Jold's honor at the center of the standing stones, in which case those that interrupt the dance must save vs spells or dance themselves, losing 1-4 hit points per round until they are dead, restrained or the korreds flee!

Korred

Chaotic Neutral, AC 5, MV 9"; ATKS 1, DMG 1-2+4, HD 6+1, MR 25%; SA/SD hurl rocks (2d8), *laugh*

Jold, Folk-King of the Korred

Chaotic Neutral, AC 4, MV 9", ATKS 1, DMG 1-4+4, HD 8, MR 25%; SA/SD hurl rocks (2d8), *laugh*; carries a *net of snaring*.

3. THE WOOD OF HUNGRY ROOTS – A PLACE OF GRIEVOUS PAIN!

Known far and wide as a rather bleak place to be all but avoided, overland travelers sometimes find themselves diverted here during flooding or when the nearby gorge becomes impassable due to rockslides or monstrous incursion. No matter how explorers find their way to the Wood of Hungry Roots, one thing is for certain – the forest does not like trespassers!

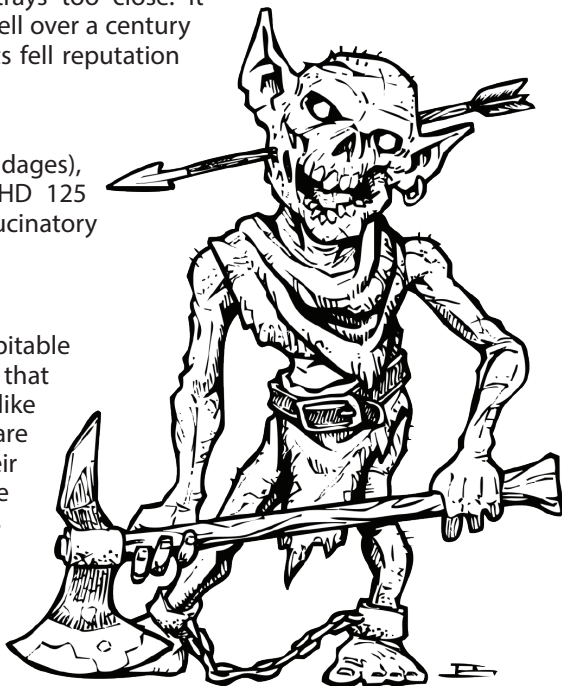
In truth, a great deal of the forest is quiet, easily traversable and those making their way through the forest will suffer no uneasiness while there. With that said, there is one particularly lonely stretch of the Wood of Hungry Roots that all but earns it its name. A very old hangman tree of the largest size sits at the center of the wood, devouring anything that strays too close. It has been feeding here for well over a century and the wood has gained its fell reputation entirely from its presence.

Hangman Tree

Neutral (Evil), AC 3/5 (appendages), MV 0", ATKS 3, DMG 1-3, HD 125 hp, MR 100%; SA/SD hallucinatory perfume, acidic digestion

4. THE BLEAKCRAGS

A treacherous and inhospitable range of jagged mountains that cuts its way across the land like an old scar, the Bleakcraggs are so named because of their uninviting nature, being the home to endless warrens of goblins, marauding peryton, ravenous flocks of harpies and all sorts of predatory monsters.



Inexplicably, a ruined and landlocked pirate ship – *The Crimson Wind* – sits landlocked and spiked upon and jagged peak in the mountain range's northern reaches, placed there long ago by mysterious hands in an unsure manner. Far from any sea or body of water sufficient enough to hold it, the curious circumstances upon which this ship ended up here are completely unknown. What is known is that the belly of the old ship still has a cargo hold full of plundered riches and that anyone brave enough to make their way through the inhospitable terrain and its monstrous inhabitants could seize a king's ransom in plundered riches!

5. MAG-NACHTUR, THE SCREAMING TOWER

An old wizard's tower that lay abandoned for many years, the ruins of Mag-Nachtur have most recently been infested with a splinter faith of torturers and demon worshipers of Thuul the Racked One (see page 17). 4d6 hooded and yellow-robed cultists of the demonic entity now call the old ruin home and have begun to rebuild it in earnest, enslaving anyone and everyone they come across to aid them in their task. They are led by 1d4 evil priests.

The Screaming Tower is a grim place. Behind the great tower doors of Mag-Nachtur, passerby will hear only the quiet sound of swaying chains, suddenly broken by horrible screams of pain and labored breathing. Rumors of summoned monsters, terrible magical rituals and demonic possession are a thing of regularity.

If the Cult of Thuul is encountered, they attack immediately, using spells and nets to enslave their foes. Captives are put to work rebuilding the tower, while those who attempt to escape or are disruptive find themselves inside the crumbling fortress at the whim of its torturers.

Priests of Thuul (1st level Evil Clerics)- Chaotic Evil, AC 7, MV 12", ATKS 1, DMG 2-8, HD 1-8 hit points; SA/SD 1st level cleric spells; armed with morningstars and nets.

Torturers of Thuul - Chaotic Evil, AC 10, MV 12", ATKS 1, DMG 1-6, HD 1-4 hit points; armed with wickedly-curving shortswords and nets.

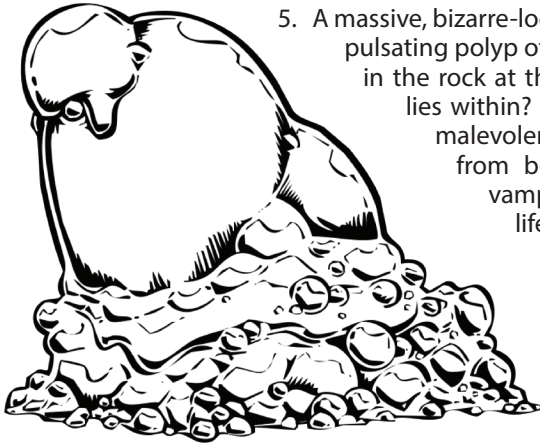


6. WHAT LURKS WITHIN UL-BARAAK, THE SMOLDERING CRATER?

Roll 1d6 and find out!

1. A great metal colossus fell from the sky, embedding itself here ages ago. If anyone pokes around on the bottom of the crater for too long, it bursts from the ground and attacks. It is identical in its statistics to an iron golem.
2. A terrible, chittering red mist rises up from the crater at night, driving anyone inside insane unless they make a successful save vs spell.
3. 1d3 purple worms make their homes here, feeding on anything that ventures too close.

4. For years, a deranged alchemist dumped all the chemicals and magical fallout from his experiments in the crater. Over time, a pool of thick, greasy sludge formed until one day it lashed out and dissolved him into a bloody slurry of bones and unwholesome bits. It persists here as a disgusting ooze with all the qualities of a mustard jelly.



5. A massive, bizarre-looking egg (50%) or disgusting, pulsating polyp of large size (50%) is half buried in the rock at the bottom of the crater. What lies within? Is it the demon-seed of some malevolent force? An alien lifeform from beyond the stars? A swirling, vampiric mist that feeds on the life force of the living? A benign but telepathic mold seeking to spread its spores throughout the universe? The living tumor of a god which has somehow gained sentience?

6. A portal to another plane of existence! The magical portal is stable but unfortunately one way. The Game Master can either choose the portal's destination outright or determine the plane randomly. A nexus lurker (see page 43) bides its time here, waiting patiently for a fresh, tender morsel to come close enough to devour.

The Thing That Fell from the Sky (Iron Golem)

Neutral, AC 3, MV 6", ATKS 1, DMG 4-40, HD 80 hit points; SA/SD poison breath, +3 or better weapon to hit

Purple Worm

Neutral, AC 6, MV 9", ATKS 1 and 1, DMG 2-24/2-8, HD 15; SA/SD poison, swallow whole

Disgusting Ooze (Mustard Jelly)

Neutral, AC 4, MV 9", ATKS 1 or 2, DMG 5-20 or 2-8/2-8, HD 7+14, MR 10%; SA/SD +1 or better weapon to hit, lethargic vapor, divide

7. THE HAUNTED WINDMILL OF BIMINY CURTIS

Rapidly falling into ruin, this old, classic-style windmill has been abandoned for more than 30 winters, its reputation never quite recovering from the horrific events that transpired in and around it. Biminy Curtis was a veteran soldier who survived the horrors of war to retire and live out his twilight years on the frontier with his family. Unfortunately, some sort of madness or demonic force overtook him just a few years into his retirement, resulting in the slaughter of his family, a murder spree across the countryside and his eventual hanging by a local mob for his crimes. Biminy Curtis was strung up in the windmill and his homestead burned to the ground. While his body is long gone, his spirit lingers on in the form of a wraith.

The wraith only attacks at night and cannot bear the light of the sun. As dusk eases into darkness, this unwholesome evil spirit descends from the rafters of the old

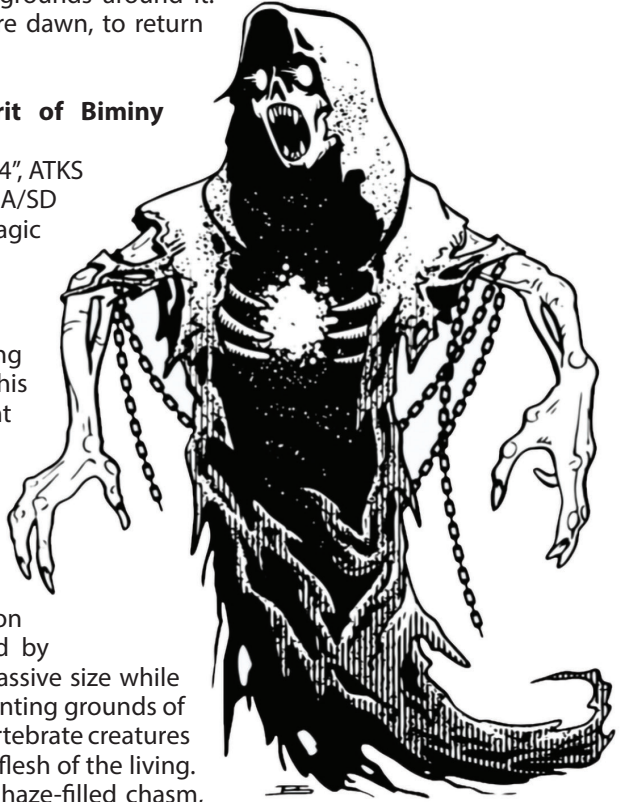
windmill and haunts the grounds around it. It disappears shortly before dawn, to return again the next night.

The Lone Unquiet Spirit of Biminy Curtis (Wraith)

Lawful Evil, AC 4, MV 12"/24", ATKS 1, DMG 1-6, HD 5+3; SA/SD *energy drain*, silver or magic weapons to hit.

8. UNDERMAW

Also known as the "Chittering Chasm" or "Bleakdelve", this ragged fissure leads straight down almost a quarter of a mile - directly into the underdark - with dozens of large, cavernous tunnels running off in all directions at the bottom. The upper section of the fissure is inhabited by predatory giant bats of massive size while the lower portion is the hunting grounds of numerous monstrous invertebrate creatures who hunger for the warm flesh of the living. The entire pit is a humid, haze-filled chasm, rife with insects of all shapes and sizes who thrive in the dark, moist environment. The floor of the chasm is equivalent to a shallow, rocky marsh and massive roots and vines slither down from above, lining the walls of the fissure. No check is needed to make the climb down into the fissure, unless a character is attacked.



For every 5 minutes spent climbing down into the chasm, roll 1d100.

01-50 - The gods turn a blind eye - nothing shows up to devour the characters!

51-60 - 1d8 giant bats attempt to pick you off the side of the fissure.

61-70 - Loose vines or unsteady footing. Save vs death with a +2 bonus or fall 1D100 feet!

71-80 - 1d4+1 giant wasps show up to ruin your day

81-90 - 2d4+2 giant centipedes scurry out of the foliage and attack.

91-95 - 2d6 giant spiders scuttle out from below.

96-97 - 1d3 slicer beetles scramble up from the depths and try to take off one of your limbs.

98-99 - A giant delector (use the statistics for a giant crab) wants a piece of you!

00 - SWARM! Roll 5 times and apply all results.

Giant Bats – Neutral, AC 7 (2 when mobile), MV 3"/15", ATKS 1, DMG 2-8, HD 4; SA/SD screech

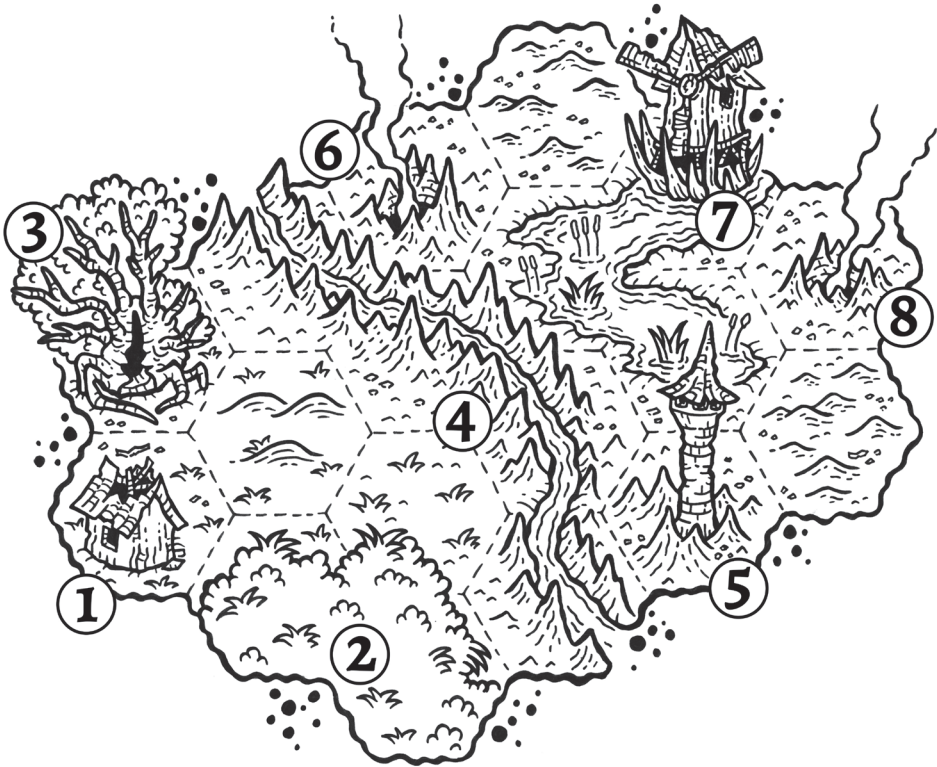
Giant Wasps
Neutral, AC 4, MV 6"/21", ATKS 2, DMG 2-8/1-4, HD 4; SA/SD poison

Giant Centipedes
Neutral, AC 9, MV 15", ATKS 1, DMG Nil, HD 1/4; SA/SD poison

Giant Spiders – Chaotic Evil, AC 4, MV 3"/12", ATKS 1, DMG 2-8, HD 4+4; SA/SD poison

Slicer Beetles – Neutral, AC 3, MV 6", ATKS 1, DMG 2-16, HD 6; SA/SD sever limbs

Giant Delector - Neutral, AC 3, MV 9", ATKS 2, DMG 2-8/2-8, HD 3; SA/SD Nil



HERE THERE BE MONSTERS!

"What would an ocean be without monsters lurking in the dark? It would be like sleep without dreams." – Werner Herzog

ANZU

Frequency: Very Rare

No. Appearing: 2-8

Armor Class: 6

Move: 6"/12"

Hit Dice: 5

% In Lair: 10%

Treasure Type: B

No. Of Attacks: 1

Damage/Attacks: 4-16

Special Attacks: *Wounding*

Special Defenses: +1 or better weapon to hit

Magic Resistance: Standard

Intelligence: Average

Alignment: Neutral Evil

Size: Medium

Servants of the goddess of bad fortune and ill-luck, these terrible creatures are a sinister evolution of the dreaded peryton. Dwelling in caves high upon remote cliffs or desolate mountain peaks, they are omnivorous creatures but delight in the soft flesh of humans and their ilk.

Anzu typically attack with their sharp horns, but they will also wield melee or ranged weapons if the situation demands. Any wound caused by their antlers acts as a *sword of wounding*, so that it continues to bleed on successive rounds and only rest and time will heal it. They are fond of singling out their opponents and once that creature has been rendered dead or unconscious, the anzu will tear out the creature's heart and devour it whole. Sages have debated for centuries if this horrible



custom is necessary for the anzu to perpetuate the species or if they simply delight in the grisly torment of their prey.

Normal weapons are unable to harm these foul creatures.

Anzu never take prisoners, preferring to visit the doom of their dread goddess directly. They have been known to circle overhead before a city or settlement is about to suffer some sort of terrible calamity, drawn to the event like winged harbingers of some mysterious dark fate.

Anzu speak the same singular language as perytons.

Description: The upper body and head of an anzu is a sleek black, with the monster's horns being a pale, almost sickly yellow. The wings and tail feathers of the creature are a dirty white and their arms are muscled and powerful-looking. Occasionally the chest feathers bear a singular or identifying pattern and it is these "chosen" creatures who are often the largest and most aggressive of their flock.

DEATH TURTLE

Frequency: Very Rare

No. Appearing: 4-16

Armor Class: 4

Move: 6"/12"

Hit Dice: 4

% In Lair: 40%

Treasure Type: D

No. Of Attacks: 3

Damage/Attacks: 1-4/1-4/2-8

Special Attacks: See Below

Special Defenses: Nil

Magic Resistance: Standard

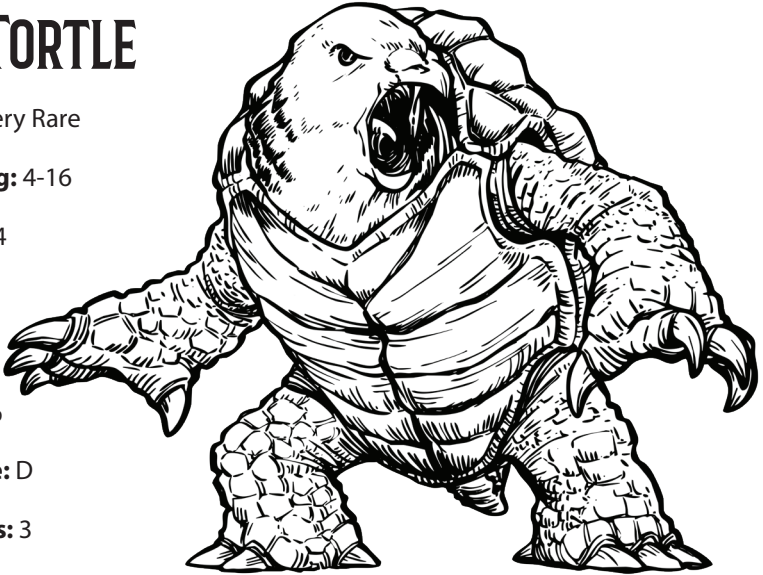
Intelligence: Average

Alignment: Chaotic Evil

Size: Medium

Death Turtles are the result of magical tampering by a coven of despicable sea hag witches, who infused a benevolent race of shoreline turtles with evil lower planar energies. They roam lonely coastlines, venturing out to hunt in deeper, more bountiful waters when prey becomes scarce.

The lair of these terrible creatures is typically some cavernous system of tunnels by way of a sandy sea-side cave. It will be guarded by deep pools of brine



that bar the way for any non-aquatic explorer, as well as lesser aquatic monsters that the death turtles have subjugated or outright enslaved.

Death turtles attack in packs, starting out combat with their *dread keening*. Any living creature within 60' who hears this mournful sound must make a save vs fear or immediately flee in panic. They attack with either melee weapons or their claws. The head and limbs of a death turtle are armor class 4 but can be withdrawn to offer armor class 2.

Description: Death Turtles appear much the same as their reptilian kin, although their leathery skin is a sickly gray-green hue, often shot through with pale white or yellow markings. Their thick shells completely cover their backs and bellies. They wear no clothing but sometimes adorn themselves with crude jewelry fashioned from bones and coral.

NEXUS LURKER

Frequency: Very Rare

No. Appearing: 1-2

Armor Class: 5

Move: 6"/15"

Hit Dice: 5+5

% In Lair: 40%

Treasure Type: E

No. Of Attacks: 1

Damage/Attacks: 2-12

Special Attacks: See Below

Special Defenses: See Below

Magic Resistance: Standard

Intelligence: Low

Alignment: Neutral

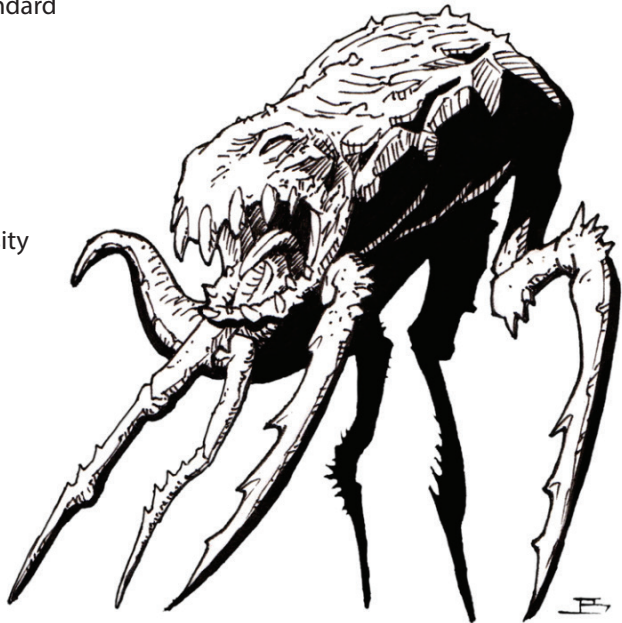
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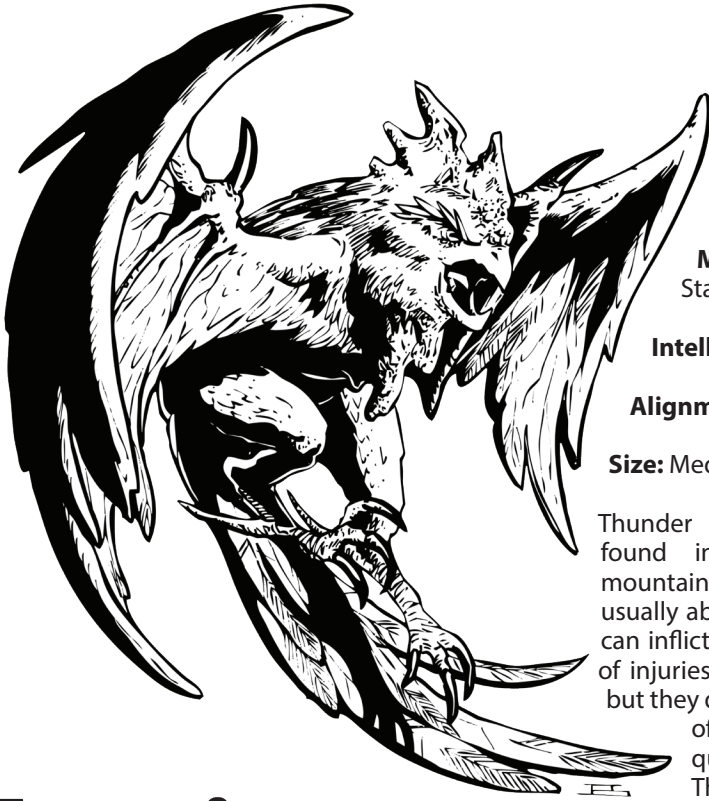
A horrible monstrosity seemingly cobbled together from nightmares, the nexus lurker is attracted to the use of *teleport* and *gate* spells, and can most often be found lurking around dimensional portals waiting for some

sort of tasty morsel to come through. They attempt to attack by surprise and devour their opponents before they even realize what is happening to them.

As a creature native to the ethereal plane, the nexus lurker is able to materialize in and out of the material plane, rendering them impervious to almost all forms of normal attack unless their foe is prepared or has the means to interact with such creatures. A *phase door* spell will cause the nexus lurker to be unable to shift back to the ethereal plane for a full 10 rounds. Anyone wearing *armor of etherealness* or using *oil of etherealness* can interact with the nexus lurker as normal.

At their heart, nexus lurkers are cowards. If they are unable to immediately gain the upper hand on their victims, they will often skitter away to the ethereal plane to lick their wounds or await a weaker meal.





Special Defenses: Nil

Magic Resistance: Standard

Intelligence: Animal

Alignment: Neutral

Size: Medium

Thunder chickens are found in temperate to mountainous regions, usually above ground. They can inflict only the smallest of injuries with their beaks, but they do have two forms of attack that are quite dangerous. These creatures are capable of

unleashing a thunderous squawk that is capable of stunning opponents for a single round unless they make a save vs paralyzation. A thunder chicken is also capable of discharging a bolt of lightning in a straight line that is 5' wide and 30' long, dealing 5d6 damage.

Description: Thunder chickens are the size of a small pony. The tail of the thunder chicken acts as a conduit for the electricity inherent in the beast, so it can often be seen to crackle with ambient electrical energy. Its feet and beak are yellow, while its feathers can range a variety of hues including red, shades of orange and a deep golden brown. A thunder chicken's wattle, comb and eyes are all red.

THUNDER CHICKEN

Frequency: Rare

No. Appearing: 1-6

Armor Class: 6

Move: 6"/12"

Hit Dice: 5

% In Lair: 30%

Treasure Type: D

No. Of Attacks: 1

Damage/Attacks: 1-3

Special Attacks: *Thunder squawk*, breath weapon

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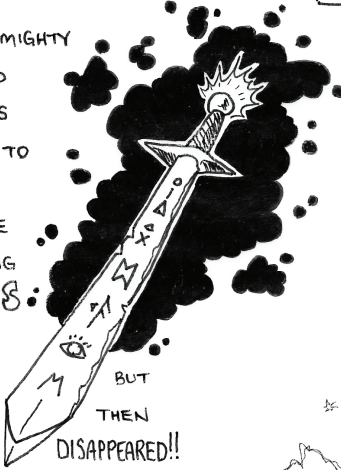
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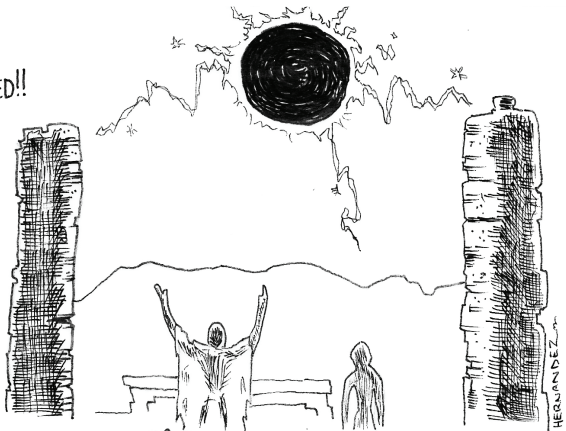
THE GREAT ADVENTURER AND EXPLORER
FLIN FARWANDERER, WAS SO UNKEMPT
THAT HE WAS ONCE MISTAKEN FOR A TRAMP
AND ARRESTED WHEN RETURNING TO THE KING'S COURT

CONJUREDOOM!!!

THIS MIGHTY
SWORD
WAS
FORGED TO
SLAY
THE
WITCH-KING
VARAKNIS:



BUT
THEN
DISAPPEARED!!



THE DOOMSAYERS OF **KRAAK-TNUUL** ARE RUMORED
TO PRAY TO A GIGANTIC, CRACKLING, SPHERE OF ENTROPY THAT DESTROYS
ANYTHING IT TOUCHES.

THE PHYLACTERY



BECAUSE NO ONE DEMANDED IT!

**THE PULSE-POUNDING, CRITICAL-HIT-DEALING SECOND
ISSUE OF THE PHYLACTERY IS COMING SOON FROM**

PLANET X GAMES!