
Just When You Thought Things Couldn't Get Any Darker...
Bob
Lord of Evil™
A Humorous Horror Roleplay Game
May be used as a supplement for
independently, or with any game setting.
by KEVIN DAVIES
with DAVID BROWN
MURPHY'S WORLD
Where Things Can Always Get Worse...


Bob
Lord of Evil™
KEVIN DAVIS 1997 ©
PEREGRINE

Bob, Lord of Evil

Writing, Development, and Editing
Kevin Davies, with David Brown

Additional Writing/Ideas, and Suggestions
Steve Berman, Quentin Blasingame, Tim Inkpen, Chris Kovac, Chris Wolf

Additional Dark Laws, Ideas, and Suggestions
Sue Benger, Doris Bercarich, Bob Hadji, Chris Kovac, Rebecca Senese, Steve Stirling, Janet Stirling

Editing Assistance
Sue Benger, Dan Ksenych

Art Direction, Layout, and Production
Kevin Davies

Cover and Interior Illustrations
Kevin Davies

Additional Illustrations/Assistance and Ideas
Rui Albino, Daniel R. Frazier, Jack Lefcourt

Playtesters and Readers
Many thanks to the following people for their time and honest comments:

Sue Benger, Steve Berman, Jeff Boman, Deb Brown, Niall Christie, Kevin Cozens, Albert Frank, Mark Haskins, Tim Inkpen, Kevin Karg, Chris Kelly, Dan Ksenych, Susan Lee, Eric Pommer, David Roberts, Dave Schmitt, James Quinn, Chris Wolf, Aaron Yorgason.

Dedicated to everyone who has had to struggle to achieve their goals.

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Peregrine
40 Seymour Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, M4J 3T4, Canada
Phone: (416) 461-9884 Fax: (416) 461-4031
Email: peregrine@peregrine-net.com Web: http://www.peregrine-net.com

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Preface

"Things *may* look bad now, but cheer up… they can get a *lot* worse. I know, I've been there."
— Sean Murphy.

From the Journal of Sean Murphy, Independent Space Explorer and Opportunist.

It was with a strange mix of confidence and trepidation that I set off for the Dark Lands, and the Land of Bob....

I'd been warned about the Dark Lands. Everyone I knew advised me to steer clear of this fearful and mysterious place of belching volcanoes and gloomy valleys. During my wanderings I'd met a few folks who had actually entered this land of twilight and returned to tell the tale. What they told was not encouraging. However, stories of psychotic monsters and bizarre diseases didn't frighten me – I had survived 3 years in the dormitory at Space Academy, then 12 years with the Rangers of the Intergalactic Peace Force. If my immune system could put up with the horrors of the putrid air, communal sleep tubes, and the locker room floor, what challenge could a cosmic flu present? Anyway, I've had all my shots.

Sure, it would have been safer not to have entered this shadowy realm, but after all, this is my planet, and I swore I would visit every region – unless I found a working Teleportation Gate that could send me home first. Besides, I optimistically hoped that the tales of madness and grisly doom might be hiding a really swell secret.

All right, I'll admit it. This trip to the Dark Lands was not one of my better ideas. Still, things haven't gone all bad. True, I almost became the husband of a Goblin princess at a slingshot wedding. True, I was nearly transformed into a misshapen and mindless foot soldier for one of the local militias. And true, I nearly achieved orbit when I made an unfortunate crack about the doll collection and miniature village maintained by the region's 'sensitive' overlord. But on the bright side, I've met some fascinating people, made a few bucks, and partaken of many unique vistas and cultures. Finally, I checked out a few more Teleportation Gates (which luckily I refrained from using...).

Though I would hesitate to call the Dark Lands pleasant, or Bob, its neurotic ruler, my pal, I'm glad I made the trip. I'm even happier I got out alive and with the same physical features I had when I arrived.

This book provides a detailed look at the Dark Lands, a region of Murphy's World, and within it, the Land of Bob. It serve as a supplement to Murphy's World, but can also be used as an independent roleplay game setting for *any* Characters. We've tried to make the text as amusing and interesting to read as possible.

Welcome to the Dark Lands. Bob, Lord of Evil, awaits you….

There's a little bit of Bob in everyone — thankfully very little.



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If This Is Your First Roleplay Game, Look Here!

What Is Roleplay Gaming?

ROLEPLAY GAMING is very similar to group storytelling: each player takes on the 'role' of one or more of the Player Characters (PC) in the story, much like an actor in an improvisational play. Unlike reading or watching a film, both passive forms of storytelling, a player in a roleplay game takes an *active* part in the story, participates in events, and influences the progression of the plot.

In a roleplay game (RPG), unlike a novel, there is no fixed plotline, no certain outcome: just as in real life, you are never certain of how things will turn out in the end.

You will experience the excitement of the story through your Character's adventures. When your Character succeeds in some task, or resolves some riddle, it will be your success as well. You will find it a uniquely satisfying form of entertainment.

By keeping two fundamental questions in mind, you will be able to grasp the basics of roleplaying:

- Who is my Character; what are his/her current motivations and goals?
- What would my Character do next based on what he/she knows about the current circumstances?

Roleplaying is a very social form of entertainment. It forces you to interact with your fellow players. Cooperation is often necessary to ensure a successful conclusion to your adventure. At its best, roleplaying stimulates additional reading, research, and interest in other subjects (such as history, science, invention) as you seek to improve your personal background knowledge. This extra knowledge gives your Characters an edge during the game and makes it more enjoyable.

In every roleplay game, one of the players takes on a special function: they act as the Gamemaster (GM). The GM directs the flow of the of the story action by managing the other players' participation in the game. The GM fabricates setting and plot elements as needed along the way. The GM integrates the the actions of the Characters into the game, including their interactions with the environment, informing the player about what their Character hears, sees, smells, tastes, touches (and, if applicable, senses supernaturally); also they provide Gamemaster Characters (GMC; people and creatures created and played by the GM). The GM performs this task by: a) using their imagination to create a plausible dilemma which serves as the catalyst for an adventure to be undertaken by the Characters; and b) asking each Character in turn (and when appropriate providing the answer to) the question: "What does your Character do next?" The players' answers provide the energy to keep the plot moving. The trickiest part for the GM is to mentally stay five minutes ahead of the Characters, keeping track of the potential plot twists, GMCs the Characters might encounter, and things they might see.

> *'When your Character succeeds in some task, or resolves some riddle, it will be **your** success as well.'*

What About Rules?

MOST ROLEPLAY GAMES consist of two parts: a description of a world or setting designed to inspire adventure, and a collection of rules for generating and playing a Character. Through this Character, you may explore and interact with the inhabitants and environment of the roleplay world. In most RPGs, only the GM is required to be familiar with the setting — indeed, it is better if players discover it gradually through successive adventures.

In addition to the rules for Character generation, everyone must be at least somewhat familiar with the rules that limit the ways in which Characters can interact with the lifeforms, objects, and the forces of nature in the roleplay setting. The GM provides the player with the sensory information that their PC gleans from the world around them.

On Murphy's World chaos reigns. There is no need for extensive and complex rules. All decisions about what a Character ultimately can or cannot accomplish under any specific circumstance are left to the discretion of the GM — we have provided *some* rules and suggestions, but they are all optional. It's possible to play Murphy's World without using any rules at all! You can spend your time roleplaying, rather than learning new rules and how to work with —and around—them.

To get started, you need to find others interested in playing. Ideally, you should join a group of people who already have roleplaying experience. Most gaming stores can put you in touch with roleplaying enthusiasts.

A world of adventure awaits!

INTRODUCTION

What This Book is About

THIS BOOK PROVIDES SETTINGS AND INSPIRATIONS for humorous roleplay adventures via a send-up of the gothic horror and dark fantasy genres. You can use this book as a stand alone game or as an extension of an existing setting such as Murphy's World or another place of your choice. We provide suggestions for new and outrageous twists for your adventures, permitting both you and your players to have a great time roleplaying.

Because they're a part of Murphy's World, the Land of Bob and the Dark Lands that surround and encompass it are governed by the Murphy's Law: "If something can go wrong, it will." Always keep this in mind. Provided throughout the book and collected in the back is an assortment of Dark Laws (see page **126**) — Murphy's Laws of the Dark Lands. Use Dark Laws to enhance gameplay, stimulate plot complications, and create humorous situations through unexpected coincidences and foul-ups.

The GM Section

The second half of this book provides material to develop and enhance your adventures in the Dark Lands including optional rules (see page **115**):

- **The Faith Factor:** the greater the number of Characters, the greater their chance of *believing* anything they're told.
- **The Sensibility Syndrome:** The greater number of Characters faced with a 'common sense' choice, the greater their chance of taking the most 'stupid' action possible in any situation.
- **Brain Blight:** the longer a Character stays in the Dark Lands, the greater the chance they will go *insane.*
- **The Bane of Bob:** nasty Characters will undergo *physical and mental transformations* — some desirable, some not so desirable….

We've also included a complete adventure to get things rolling: **Bob's Horizon (or On a Mission From Bob)**, (see page **132**).

Some Roleplay Game Terms

SINCE WE'VE DESIGNED THIS BOOK to be used with existing Roleplay Game (RPG) rules, we've tried to keep our use of terms to a minimum. However, some terms are necessary in the Gamemaster Character descriptions and the Gamemaster's section of the book. If a term is mentioned in this book, and your RPG system does not make use of it, match it with the alternative below which comes closest to the *intent* of the term in your game. The terms in **bold** are used in the text of this book; alternative terms listed after are found in various RPGs and describe essentially the same thing. Abbreviations for specific terms are provided where appropriate.

Gamemaster (GM)
The person who plans and administrates the players' adventures.
ALTERNATIVES: Dungeon Master (DM), Judge, Storyteller, Host.

Player Character (PC)
The character created by the player to use in a roleplay game. The term 'Character' can also be used to describe a PC.

Gamemaster Character/Creature (GMC)
A Character, Creature or Monster roleplayed by the GM. The term 'Character' can also be used to describe a GMC.
ALTERNATIVES: Non-Player Character (NPC).

(Primary) Attributes (PA)
Character's mental and physical qualities expressed as numbers to facilitate Action Resoultion and PC comparisons.
ALTERNATIVES: Characteristics, Statistics (**Stats**), Abilities.

Intelligence (INT)
ALTERNATIVES: Knowledge, Wisdom, Common Sense.

Willpower (WIL)
ALTERNATIVES: Mental Endurance, Mental Strength, Ego, Power.

Charisma (CHA)
ALTERNATIVES: Mental Affinity, Charm, Personality, Presence.

Appearance (APP)
ALTERNATIVES: Physical Beauty, Comeliness, Attractiveness, Charisma (includes mind and body), Fitness, Constitution.

Strength (STR)
ALTERNATIVES: Body, Fitness, Constitution, Willpower.

Dexterity (DEX)
ALTERNATIVES: Physical Prowess, Agility, Fitness, Constitution.

Fitness (FIT)
ALTERNATIVES: Physical Endurance, Health, Constitution, Strength, Body, Willpower.

Health Points (HP)
The amount of potential physical and/or mental fatigue or harm (expressed as a number) that a Character can withstand before passing into unconsciousness and death. A Secondary Attribute.
ALTERNATIVES: Hit Points (HP), Life Points, Body, Resilience, Fortitude, Stamina Points (SP), Endurance, Stun Pips.

Action Initiative (AI)
A numerical value used to determine the relative reaction time and thus the turn order (highest to lowest) for a Character each round of gameplay. A Secondary Attribute established by adding a Character's Willpower + Dexterity values.

Damage Resistance Value (DRV)
A numerical value representing the amount of resistance an inanimate object (Armor or Shield) has to Damage, thus the protection it provides if placed in the way of an attacking blow.
ALTERNATIVES: Armor Class (AC), To-Hit-Armor-Class-Zero (THAC0), Structural Damage Capacity, Structural Rating (SR).

Damage (Points)
A numerical representation of the harm inflicted upon a Character, usually involving a reduction in Health Points, and/or a description of specific damage applied to the target/victim.

Action Roll (Skill, Ability or Attack Roll)
An Action Roll is made whenever a PC wants to attempt an Uncertain Action (Attribute, Skill, Ability, or Attack). To succeed, the player must roll 1d100 ≤ their PC's Action Value (AV), a percentage, established from their Base Action Value (BAV), +/– any Action Modifiers applied at the discretion of the GM.
ALTERNATIVES: Skill Roll, Ability Roll, Proficiency Check, Skill Check.

Creature
Any semi-intelligent or instinct driven natural lifeform. Creatures may be harmful or benevolent towards Characters.

Monster
Any semi-intelligent or instinct driven supernatural or artificial creature deemed threatening by PCs.

Encounter
An unplanned (from the player's perspective) situation or meeting with a Character, Creature or Monster. A 'Wandering Monster' refers to a being met in such a chance encounter.

Adventure
A specific situation or series of events which the GM has prepared to challenge the players and their Characters. Generally, the circumstances that the Characters find themselves in.
ALTERNATIVES: Scenario, Module, Story.

(Adventure) Campaign
A series of sequential adventures in the same gameworld.

Planes or Dimensions
Other universes or areas of existence with their own distinct geography, natural (and supernatural) laws, and possibly lifeforms.

CHAPTER ONE

Murphy's World

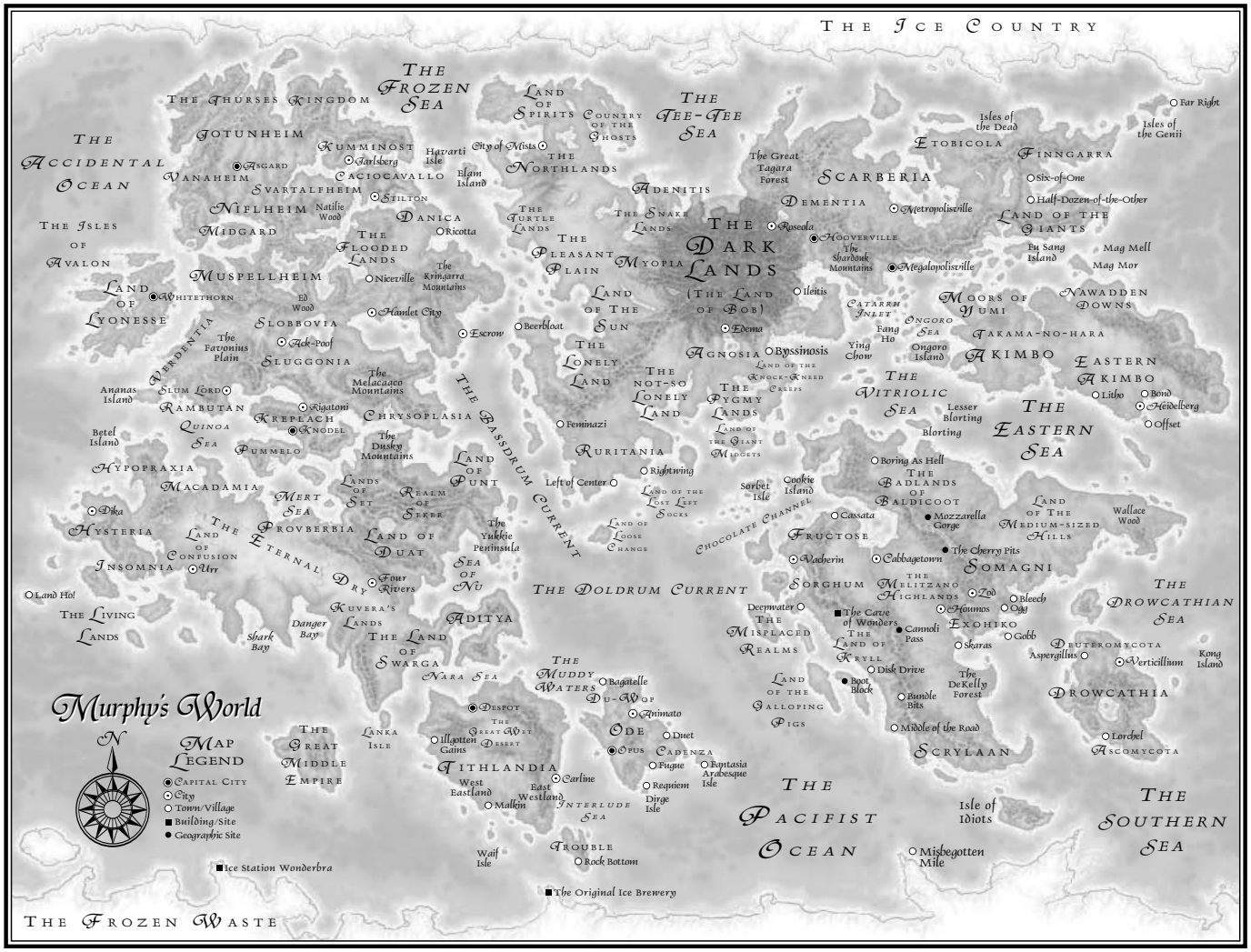
THE MULTIVERSE IS A SOURCE OF VAST OPPORTUNITY and weirdness. Some folks spend all their time in virtual reality cubicles — luxury coffins for the living. They float in an endless stream of simulated experiences, emerging only for a food pill and a trip to the loo. Others pass their days working for huge multi-system conglomerates. Under constant monitoring, they do as they're told, awaiting the weekend, their two-week vacation, or with luck, a not too distant retirement.

A third and more puzzling group is afflicted with a strange behavioral dysfunction dubbed 'personal ambition'. These poor wretches spend their time researching and making plans, negotiating and arranging deals, trying to raise capital, and launching

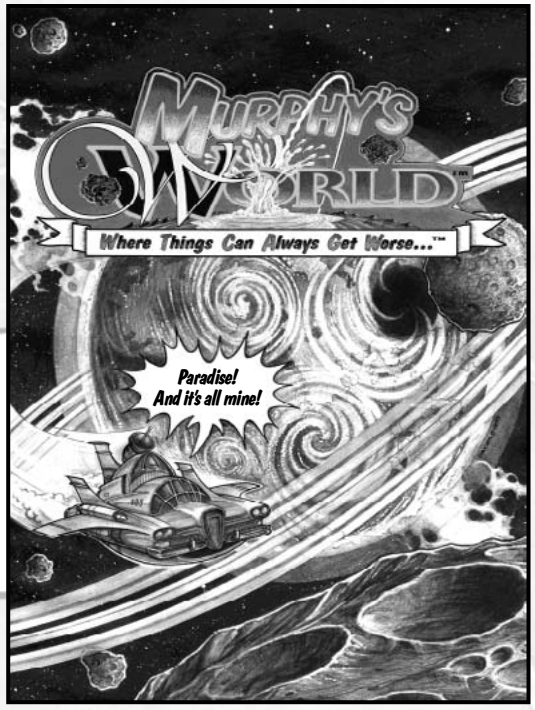


new products that no conglomerate would ever risk bringing to market. Some lose hope and become VR floaters, others are drawn off into the ranks of the employed, still others go insane. But a few make it and laugh at the obstacles they have overcome, laugh at the fools who doubted them, and laugh at the balance in their bank account as it rises ever higher. (At which point their close friends advise them to stop laughing, lest they be carted off to a padded cell.)

Sean Murphy is one of these ambitious risk takers. A retired Captain and scout pilot in the Intergalactic Peace Force, he wandered from one scheme to another until he realized he could pocket a tidy sum brokering planetary real estate. From his military background he



had a fair idea of where the inhabited sectors were and how far people would be willing to travel for vacation and retirement planets. Thus it was that Sean Murphy founded his company: Murphy Property Development, Inc. (MPD). Though he set up a few small deals, enough to keep the operation going, the 'big one' remained elusive. Things continued much the same for about three years. Finally, as he was about to give up on finding the pot of gold, Murphy stumbled upon an unregistered planet while taking a short cut through an unfamiliar sector. After investigating to see if a native technological society existed (he detected no radio or other signals emanating from the surface — though Ludo may have had something to do with that…), he filed a claim with the Planetary Claims Office at Galactic Central. The planet was officially his.



His jubilation lasted about a minute and a half. Suddenly everything that could go wrong with his spacecraft did. Out of control, his ship plunged through the pinkish clouds into the shallow body of water the locals call the Sea of Tranquillity.

Sean Murphy was marooned on his own planet.

IT'S JUST NOT FAIR

Murphy spent the next few years wandering about, taking notes, producing surveys and maps, and learning about the many local cultures, all the while keeping a sharp eye out for a way back home.

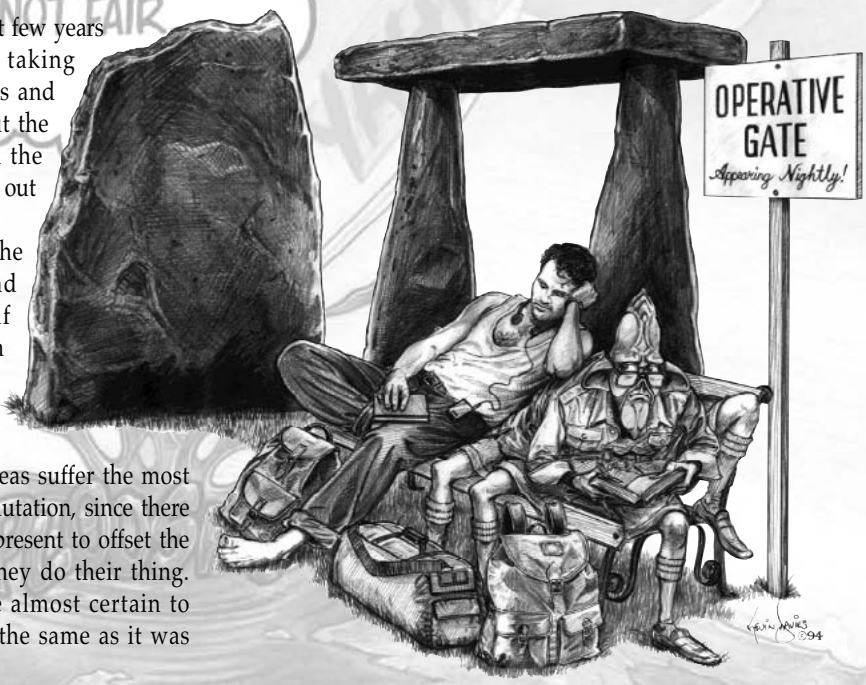
He discovered that the planet was a weird and wonderful place — if you're partial to confusion and random acts of landscaping. The surroundings can literally change overnight. Wilderness areas suffer the most from this random transmutation, since there are no conscious minds present to offset the supernatural forces as they do their thing. In urban areas, you are almost certain to awake with everything the same as it was before you went to sleep; there are usually enough conscious minds that believe it will remain the same to keep it that way.

When traveling through less inhabited regions, Murphy found it a good idea to join up with a large party or caravan of experienced travelers and knowledgeable guides. They informed him of the expected landmarks and stopovers en route to his destination.

The combined expectations of all participants on a journey help ensure that what they expect is what they'll find. High strung paranoids and pessimists are usually not welcome, as their expectations are disconcerting and possibly dangerous to their fellow travelers.

The cause of all this strangeness is the system's amber star, Ludo. It emits a bizarre energy that engulfs the planet and drop-kicks the laws of probability into timid submission. Watch what you wish for — it might come true — but not necessarily as you expect!

Murphy also learned that there is a network of teleportation gateways scattered across the planet. Rumor has it they lead just about anywhere in the Multiverse. The trick is finding one that works and leads where you want to go.



When lost or adrift on an ocean, at the moment of greatest despair, a 'mysterious island' will appear offering a place to land.

Left, Top: Sean Murphy left the Intergalactic Peace Forces with enough money saved to put a down payment on a used scout ship, with which he eventually found Færie or, as it is registered at Galactic Central, 'Murphy's World'.

Gamemaster Tip

Teleportation

Forget walking. Feel free to use Teleportation Gates as a convenient way to transport Characters from one adventure site to another. Teleportation Gates may look like or be triggered by just about anything: invisible; high-tech device; an ancient artifact, a ritual described in old writings; an unfamiliar 'natural' feature which functions in an unexpected manner; a mysterious travel agency, antique shoppe, or laboratory; a strange local weather condition (e.g., fog) which engulfs the Characters; a magical backfire effect or curse; an imaginary vision or psychedelic drug induced 'trip'. By employing such devices you can set your adventures in distant parts of the world and not have to worry about how to get the Characters to the location in a plausible way: a fog rolls in, a wind whips up, and they're there!

Left, Bottom: Waiting for a Gate to become operative offers the perfect time to put one's feet up and relax, catch up on a good mystery novel, or make a new acquaintance.

CHAPTER TWO

Bob, Lord of Evil

Who is Bob?

IN SHORT, BOB IS A NAUGHTY BOY WHO GREW VERY BIG. On any other planet, Bob would have started out as just another delinquent brat spoiled by mummy and daddy. Upon attaining adulthood, he would be let loose on the world and quickly fade into mediocrity with a dead end job, hardening of the arteries, and overdue credit cards. On Murphy's World, however, if you believe something to be true, well, there's a darn good chance that it is true. Such is the case with Bob.

Bob as a Boy

Bob's parents were part of a community of hundreds of Human refugees called **Tir Tairngire**, established on a vast and beautiful plain in the northern hemisphere. It was a place where anything seemed possible. The soil was rich and dark, and the sun, Ludo, blessed the land with a golden glow, abundant harvests, and great tans. The people traded with other communities and prospered. Eventually the village grew into a city, and the city into a suburban sprawl. Bob was born in the suburbs.

It was the Summer of Love (which regretfully was followed by the Winter of Our Discontent). Peace was in the air, optimism was on everybody's lips, and flowers were the hair ornament of choice. Alas, Bob's parents were the conservative type. As far as they knew, flower children were young people who assisted gardeners, and psychedelia was a flavor of ice cream. Thus Bob never heard the music of peace, love, and understanding — instead he was stuck listening to Montovani, Lawrence Welk, and Pat Boone records that his father treasured. With his mother's compulsion for order and cleanliness, and his father's obsession with control and authority, Bob was destined to become seriously screwed-up.

Bob started out just like any other maladjusted child. A brutish looking baby, Bob's parents gave him every opportunity to explore and exert his influence over his environment — within the strict limitations imposed by the adage "A child should be seen and not heard." Bob spent much of his early childhood tied to a concrete block in the back yard on a six-foot length of rope.

Bob's mother **Alice** supported her son with constant suggestions for his hobbies and collections "…Go to your room and organize your bug collection." His father **Ted** thought of himself as a fair-minded disciplinarian, and struck his son "only when necessary." Bob's younger sister **Carol** considered Bob a bully and a jerk.

Bob's loving guardians were oblivious to the dangers heralded when he ordered bugs about and devoured those who disobeyed. (Not surprisingly, Bob ate a lot of bugs). They shrugged off such behavior as "attention getting," or "charming." Bob soon tried the same antics on his playmates; when a parent on the neighborhood 'block watch' committee saw Bob swallow another child in one gulp, it was too much. Bob's parents finally realized that something had to be done.

Bob spent years in counselling, attempting to 'find himself'. Bob knew perfectly well who he was and what he wanted to do — he just couldn't understand why everyone else put up so much resistance. Finally, Bob was sent to a 'special school', Colonel Klink P.S., to learn with other children afflicted with conditions similar to his own. In retrospect, this was the worst thing that could have been done, since it was here that he found his first followers who shared his vision of global domination.

It wasn't long before Bob, along with his classmates, graduated in a glowing ceremony… that had less to do with the modification of his behavior and more with the fact that the institution mysteriously burned to the ground one night. Bob returned home with the other students in tow; he now had a gang, which he dubbed the **Nastybads**.

Bob Gets Big

After a bit of puzzling over just what a gang was supposed to do, and after eating a few members to enforce discipline, Bob decided on a campaign of random acts of vandalism and violence in the neighborhood (they picked their *own* neighborhood as a target because it was within walking distance).

For a while this was great fun, but after a few months they ran out of fresh victims: everyone in the neighborhood had either been murdered or moved away. There was no-one left to pick on. Not even Bob's parents, who, finally clueing in, packed up their RV and hit the road one night.

By now, Bob's home town was converted into a graffiti covered, burned-out wasteland. Cozy bungalows and manicured lawns were reduced to ruins and scorched soil. Still, it was all Bob knew; it was home.

The time seemed right for Bob to reveal his *master plan*. He had been working on it during his stint in 'special school'. Written in crayon on scraps of paper and bound together with chewing gum, this tome, 'Bob's Big Idea', contained the sum of Bob's thoughts and opinions on

just about everything. It also outlined his plans for global domination. Within weeks it became a best seller with the lamppost set, becoming the criminal guidebook for hoodlums, malcontents, and socially challenged individuals everywhere. Its grimy pages contained the vision of a brave new world, where everyone would be free to do as they pleased, to eat whatever and whomever they wanted, and to rob, cheat, steal, or burn anything their hearts desired — so long as they had permission from Bob, of course.

Soon thousands of delinquents were seeking Bob's personal insights and approval on their operations. Bob became their inspirational leader. An asshole among assholes. An example for the multitudes. A media sensation (even more so after he ate a few reporters).

Then something magical happened. Spontaneously, a pilgrimage of evil began. It was as though Bob had become a magnet for every scumbag, psychotic, and bank loan officer on the planet. They came by the thousands, leaving everything they owned behind, stealing what they needed along the way. Most had no idea where they were going, or why they were drawn to Bob. Somewhere in their minuscule minds a voice whispered that Bob held the answer. Bob could provide a meaning to their lives. Bob would make it all right.

Of course, Bob could do nothing of the sort. In fact, Bob almost wet himself when he woke up one morning and found over ten thousand people camped on his front lawn, the neighbors' yards, and down the block as far as he could see. Then a spark fired in his simian brain. He recognized this as a unique opportunity; here were the human (well, humanoid) resources necessary to implement the first stage in his plan of domination.

Bob surrounded himself with the best and the baddest thinkers he could find (after all, he couldn't be expected to think of everything, and besides, being an evil genius gets *lonely* at times…). Then, with renewed effort, he set out to attract every power hungry, untrustworthy, antisocial creep on the planet, and make a home for them.

Once his army had grown to overwhelming numbers, Bob gave the order, and they poured out of the neighborhood to establish his realm, The Land of Bob. They brought a New World Chaos to the masses they subjugated.

Bob's initiative continues. Every day, evil opportunists wander into The Land of Bob in the hope of being inducted into the service of the greater evil. When will Bob launch his great *March of Conquest* to make the whole world the Land of Bob? Soon. Very soon.

What Does Bob Look Like?

Though most people on Murphy's World may make mild alterations to their appearance over time, gaining or losing weight, cutting or growing their hair, or getting a nose or bust job, you expect them to look much the same as they did the last time you they saw them — and so they do. In part, this explains the apparent slowing down or lack of aging experienced by many visitors to Murphy's World.

Bob, however, is a *celebrity* — the *embodiment of evil* on Murphy's World. Many people, even those who have never seen him, have a vision in their mind of what Bob looks like. On any other planet in the multiverse, such impressions don't matter. On Murphy's World, these individual impressions all exert a direct influence on how the real Bob appears. Thus, Bob's physical appearance is a combination of his view of



Bob, Lord of Evil

Quote: "Bob is upset. I will kill something to make me feel better."

Vocation: Warlord and Conqueror, Connoisseur of Pain, Dictator of Doom, Lord of Evil… you get the picture.

Race/Gender: Mutated Human

Intelligence:	5	Thick	**Strength:**	50	Awesome
Willpower:	8	Receptive	**Dexterity:**	15	Dexterous
Charisma:	3	Loathsome	**Fitness:**	90	Exuberant
Mystic:	40	Erudite	**Appearance:**	5	Repulsive
Health Points:	115		**Age:**	11,967	

Height: 18'6" [5.6 m] (And still growing.)

Weight: 5000 lbs [2270 kg] (Varies between dieting and bingeing.)

Powers:

Sorcery: Bob has the supernatural power to do just about whatever he likes — neither he nor his minions know his limitations (other than Bob's lack of imagination and drive). (MYS Roll required to use power, victim can resist with WIL Roll.)

Skills:

Bash, Smash & Skewer Things	90	Paramount
Crush & Squish Thing	80	Masterful
Grab & Hold Things	70	Expert
Intimidate & Command Others	60	Adept
Devour Things	50	Proficient
Consume Lots of Alcohol & Remain Conscious	40	Capable
Inspire Others Through Comments & Speeches	30	Mediocre
Comprehend the Significance of Information	20	Incompetent
Determine Appropriate Course of Action	10	Blundering

Traits:

Conceited, Curious, Immature, Paranoid, Glutton: Insatiable Appetite for Food & Just About Everything Else; Thinks & Lives Life in Extremes; Opinionated: Either Loves or Hates Something; Tyrant: Enjoys Dominating & Lording Over Others; Loves Gadgets & Tech: Video Games, Toys, Labor-Saving Devices; Habitual Collector: Miniature Village & Doll Collection is His Most Prized Possession.

Personality:

What can be said about a Lord of Evil. He's nasty. He's selfish. He hates cats. If you serve him he likes you for as long as his easily distracted brain can remember your name.

Description:

Though continually undergoing Darkling Transformations, Bob is basically a massive bundle of flesh with numerous protrusions which may range from boils to limbs, supported on two thick, muscular legs with clawed reptilian feet. His bluish flesh is scabby, scaly, greasy, and just plain disgusting. Unless it's a special occasion, he'll wear an undershirt, shorts, and perhaps a favorite hat. Bob typically carries no weapons — his massive hands and teeth do well enough.

The more isolated the location, the more likely something terrible will happen (e.g., lakeside camp, woodland cabin, bayou shack).



himself, those of his minions, his enemies, and a substantial portion of the population at large. And it is under a *constant state of mutation and transformation.*

Take, for example, Bob's size. Bob is not just large, Bob is HUGE. Massive. Gigantic. Everyone *knows* that Bob is *big,* and whenever they think about Bob in relation to themselves they think of him as a huge figure, towering over them. Thus, Bob *is* big. On top of that, everyone exaggerates Bob's size, so naturally Bob gradually gets *bigger* to match the tales. Blame it on the sun, *Ludo.*

My first meeting with Bob occurred when I'd stumbled into the Dark Lands by mistake — at least that was the lame excuse I gave my captors as they trussed me up and brought my bruised carcass before the living mass of quivering nastiness.

The Maitre d' proclaimed the charges, and in less than a breath, my sentence was passed. It was long, involved, and disgusting, and ended with "...and after the prisoner is fed his roasted intestines, His Uttermost Vileness, the Lord of Evil Himself, will rip the prisoner's heart out with his bare hands and eat it in front of his dying eyes."

Eyes glazed over, Bob drooled and chortled his approval, "Heh, heh, dat's nice... I like dat."

I stood as straight as my shackles would allow, and played the bluff of my life, "Is that it? I'm not afraid of that!"

Bob was incredulous. "Youse is not frightened? But... dat's no fun."

Having caught him off-guard, I pressed home my advantage. "No, you'll have no fun of that sort from me. There is only one thing that you could do that would frighten me."

Bob pouted and picked at a scab, "No... fun."

My mind raced. Obviously Bob needed a bit of prompting. "Err, well... Oh Large Repulsive One... wouldn't you like to know what DOES frighten me?"

Bob blinked a few times, his eyebrows knit in concentration. Slowly and seriously, he nodded. "Yeah, sure, tell Bob what wud frighten you."

Willing myself to maintain as straight a face as possible, I replied, "Taking off my shackles and throwing me outside the safety of your palace gates would frighten me more than anything!"

Bob's eyes lit up, as he punched a warty hand into the air, "Yeah. Heh, heh. Guards! Unshackle da prisoner and throw him outside th' palace gates!"

I felt very smug as the guards frog-marched me to the front gate, until one of them complained to the other. "Damn! That's the third time this week Bob fell for that line."

Well, I may not have been original, but at least I was still in one piece!

— Sean Murphy.

Bob Facts:

A Song Sung by Bob's Minions

This land is Bob's land —
it isn't your land,
so take a hike man —
or you'll be trash-canned,
If you're not gone soon —
you'll visit the moon,
This land, is Bob's,
you'd better leave.

Bob in the (Sagging) Flesh

Basically, Bob is a disgusting creature.

From a distance, Bob looks like a huge bag of flesh with a few stubby appendages protruding at odd and unexpected angles. Overall, he has a slight bluish tinge — whether due to some vile disease, or the fact he sometimes forgets to breathe is uncertain; it is rumored however, that during a childhood tantrum Bob held his breath until he turned blue — and stayed that way.

Bob typically wears an outfit consisting of a pair of patterned boxer shorts, a white undershirt, and his current favorite hat. Occasionally he wears a bathrobe, plaid shirt, a spiffy cape, and a bow in his beard. To see this much is to be as close as anyone with any modicum of sanity — or regard for self-preservation — wants to be before doing a swift about-face and retreating as fast as possible.

A closer look (for braver souls, or less fortunate captives), reveals that Bob is a gigantic, obese, humanoid with a body not unlike an enormous overripe pear covered with numerous scaly and scabby patches, random tufts of hair, and huge oozing boils and zits. His slightly translucent skin bulges with rolls of fatty tissue and sinew, and appears as if it is about to burst at any moment.

Small horn-like protrusions extend along the crest of his skull, across his shoulders and down his back, along his arms and legs. A small **6" [15 cm]** tail with a tuft of fur on the end wiggles at the base of his spine when he walks. Little is known about Bob's genitalia — however rumor has it that anyone who sees this most sacred spot and giggles is executed *post haste*.

Bob's massive body is propped up on two short, thick, muscular legs sporting reptilian feet with clawed nails.

Bob's shoulders are two hairy mountains rising above his head, followed by two more a little further down his back. A short, massive arm extends from each of these four shoulders. His fingers are stubby, but sport long dagger-like nails that continually break, annoying Bob to no end.

Bob's head emerges from his body like a boulder protruding from a hill. He has no distinct body part that can be interpreted as a neck, though bags of flesh do hang from his jaws and roll over his chest. Antenna-like protrusions, each about **2' [61 cm]** long, extend from the brows of his small beady eyes. They are independently mobile and possess a tongue-like feeler at the end of each stalk and a claw-like appendage, for grasping things and drawing them toward Bob's formidable maw. Bob's mouth extends the width of his face, and is full of sharp, decaying, chipped teeth. Bob drools when excited.

Bob's eyes are yellow and bloodshot, with pupils that contract to vertical slits. Bob has excellent night vision. His nose is like a small elephant trunk that contracts and expands as he breathes (which he *usually* remembers to do… though sometimes Bob has to be reminded). It droops just below his lower lip.

Bob likes to wear outrageous facial and body ornamentation such as ear and nose rings, flesh studs, and plaster casts (to collect signatures). Occasionally Bob will wear a mask or apply fake scars with greasepaint — in an effort to disguise himself and playfully trick his courtesans. Naturally everyone pretends to be fooled.

Bob's Brain

If the rumors *are* true, and Bob does indeed have a brain, it is a dark, foul smelling, twisted clump of gray sludge lodged deep in his skull. Something must be responsible for his mutable and unpredictable personality.

Easily distracted, Bob must be continually reminded of what is happening. Bob forgets peoples' names. Bob is an obsessive compulsive. A control freak. A glutton. A slob. He hasn't the slightest bit of compassion for others. Everything must benefit *him* — and the benefit must be *clearly apparent*. Bob is bad to the bone.

When Bob was younger and on the verge of conquering the Dark Lands, one of his more excitable victims called him "Lord of Evil." Bob liked that. It had a certain ring to it, and it rolled nicely off the tongue. He wasn't *exactly* sure what a Lord of Evil was, but he resolved to do his best to live up to what he thought it meant — he isn't far off the mark. He spared his victim and put him in charge of thinking up spiffy titles for his minions.

On Murphy's World, *belief is everything*. If you believe something firmly enough, it's likely to come true. Bob has an ego the size of a small planet — but the sensibilities of a grain of sand. Thus, upon taking the title Lord of Evil, and with the enthusiastic support of his intellectual equals, the powers of darkness found a warm, cozy spot to manifest in the physical plane. Luckily for everyone Bob *still* hasn't quite figured out the full implications of his menacing moniker.

Bob's Health

Bob is a carrier of most diseases in the known multiverse — he is also immune to most of their symptoms and effects. Bob, however, is a hypochondriac. He is always complaining about one thing or another: a sore thumb, a pimple, a pain in his side, cancer, etc. Typically nothing is the matter with him — he just loves the attention. Naturally, Bob's minions give him the benefit of the doubt and heap dollops of sympathy upon him. If someone else complains about an ailment, Bob one-ups them by pointing out that he has a far worse health problem afflicting him.

Bob employs a team of physicians to continually monitor his health and employ novel treatments to cure his many perceived ailments and justify his complaints. Their cures are often worse than the (usually nonexistent) problem — a dangerous situation for the physician involved as Bob punishes failure with death… or worse. Should a treatment happen to make Bob feel good for a time, he lavishly rewards the responsible physician. The smarter ones use the chance to sneak out of town.

The one thing that *does* afflict Bob and to date has proven incurable is his ***bad breath***. It's strong enough to knock a Bom-Bom Beast (or an unprepared guest) senseless at **10' [3 m]** (A **WIL Roll** is required to resist incapacitation for **1d6 seconds**).

Bob's Likes

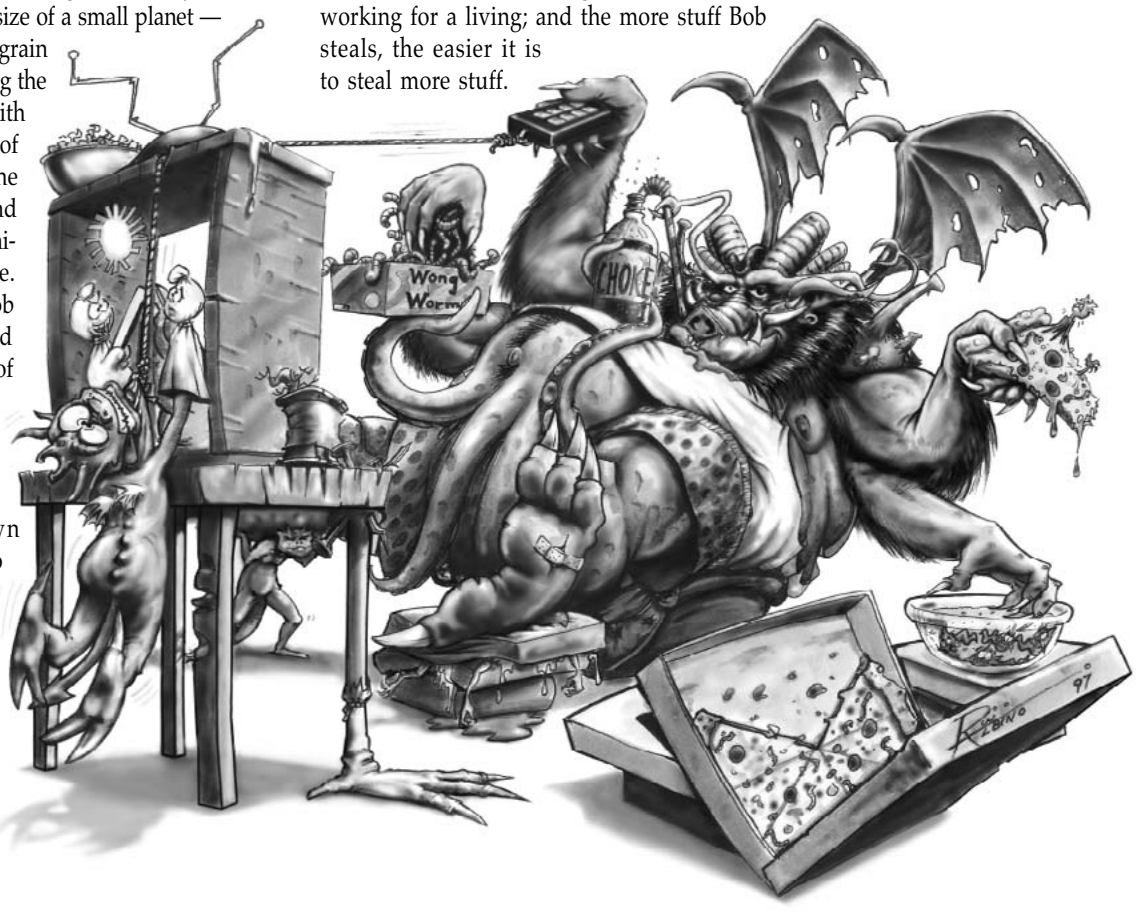
First and foremost, Bob needs to be *in control — of everything*. Some of the counselors, shrinks, and social workers his parents and public school sent him to thought it had something to do with a deep psychological yearning for the security missing in his home environment. Bob's pals think it has to do with greed.

It's simple really: Bob is *lazy*. Bashing someone over the head and stealing their stuff is easier than working for a living; and the more stuff Bob steals, the easier it is to steal more stuff.



"Mental health is overrated."

— Bob, Lord of Evil



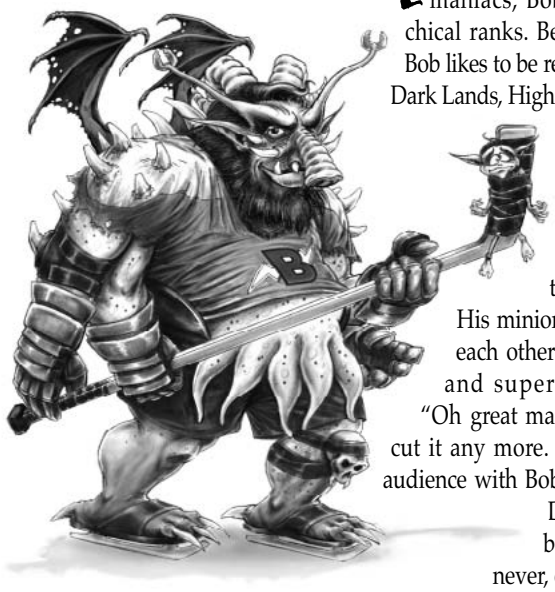
If a location's name blatantly describes an unsettling concept (e.g., Devil Dog Ditch), it is likely to prove an unsettling place.

'Look at it dis way, sooner or later, we all ends up as part o' da food chain. Youse is just gettin' dere a bit sooner than da rest o' us!'

— Bob, Lord of Evil

Bob's minions are lazy too. It's easy to be a low-life criminal scum when you have a friend like Bob. Thus Bob has gathered around him a huge group of like-minded lazy slimeballs eager for easy pickings.

As long as everyone gets their share, nobody really minds if Bob calls the shots and gets the largest piece of the pie — hey, if it keeps him from eating you, more the better!



Like all pseudo-fascist dictatorial megalomaniacs, Bob loves titles and hierarchical ranks. Beyond being Lord of Evil, Bob likes to be referred to as Emperor of the Dark Lands, High Grand Field Marshal of the Dark Host, Restaurateur Extraordinaire, etc. Bob loves praise, flattery, and having his ego stroked. No adulation is too outrageous for Bob. His minions continually try to outdo each other with new terms of praise and superiority for their master. "Oh great magnificent one" just doesn't cut it any more. Should you ever have an audience with Bob, keep a thesaurus handy. Deep down, Bob is nothing but an insecure child — never, ever, say this to his face! — desperate for attention and affection. It is highly doubtful that if he wasn't powerful enough to rip your head off and use it as a paperweight, anyone would pay him the slightest bit of attention.

Bob is especially fond of things with the word 'Bob' in their names. He enjoys bobbing for apples, bob sledding, and bobbing his hair. Bob goes far beyond this — he insists on using the word 'Bob' wherever possible. Thus, Bob eats Bobecue, listens to the Bobbing Stones, and demands pizza with double boberoni. His minions, none too bright in the first place, have a heck of a time interpreting what Bob asks for — and failure to get it right typically means death. Luckily for them, even Bob doesn't always know what he's asking for, and often settles for whatever is plonked down in front of him.

Bob likes to threaten people. It doesn't matter whether they have done anything to deserve the hostility; Bob couldn't care less. What matters is that the victim is transformed into a slab of jello that Bob can lord over and cause to tremble with paranoia at any moment. If Bob can't do the threatening in person, he sends one of his many agents, in the form of an armed maniac, a sorcerous psychotic, or a litigation lawyer, to put an end to any hope of a peaceful life that Bob's target may have had.

Bob likes to talk tough. He gives the impression that he is not phased by pain, personal suffering, emotional concerns, or credit card debt. Except when he's seeking sympathy — then he whines and complains like a four-year-old.

Bob likes to scheme and plan. This is one of the few social activities that his top minions look forward to. As long as they don't contradict or dismiss an idea of their master's, it makes for a great afternoon over beer and pizza. Still, accidents happen….

Bob especially likes to gloat when a plan pays off with booty. Naturally, he takes all the credit for successful operations and none of the responsibility for failures.

Bob likes contests. This poses a special dilemma for his minions, for being asked to compete against Bob is typically a death sentence. To begin with, you don't dare turn Bob down. "You think you're too good for Bob?!!" Next, you can't *beat* Bob — actually you can, at an embarrassingly large number of things — but the point is you don't really *want* to. If you win, you'll probably be killed for insolence. Finally, guess what the punishment is for losing? You got it: death. Painful and slow death. For the audience, it's all great entertainment. Whenever Bob wants to play full-contact chess, or Leather, Scissors, Stone, the locals make themselves scarce, or lure a load of foreigners into a 'friendly game' with Bob.

Technology has always fascinated Bob. He loves mechanical devices and technological gadgets. Bob is always on the lookout for Technocrats — he pays top dollar to slavers for them. If you make a present of a gadget to Bob you got a pal — as long as it doesn't break before you can leave his presence.

Bob loves puppies and small furry animals (especially with garlic).

Bob loves sappy movies, especially animated cartoons and animal films. He sniffled when Bambi's mother died and used up an entire box of tissues watching Old Yeller.

Bob likes covering himself with whipping cream and having his favorite minions… well you can imagine the rest.

Bob's Diet

Bob loves food. It's a permanent fixation. He's always stuffing his face with something. At any given time, somewhere in his reptilian brain, a voice is yelling "FEED ME… FEED ME!… AND IT BETTER NOT BE MEATLOAF, OR BEANS ON TOAST!" Food so preoccupies Bob's mind that when it came time to invent titles for his political hierarchy, he formed a 'Kitchen Cabinet'.

Unfortunately, Bob can't cook worth a damn. His pathetic attempts at cooking have killed, maimed, and driven mad most of his usually involuntary dinner guests. Thus, unless Bob is feeling especially sadistic, he employs a huge staff of caterers and private chefs.

Bob won't settle for just *any* food, mind you. His tastebuds are oriented toward two distinct categories of edibles: *haute cuisine* and *junk food*.

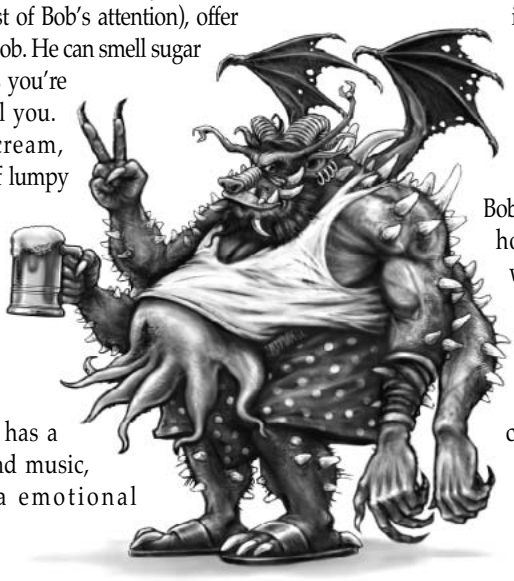
Bob Facts:

Bob's Top 20 Favorite Music Performers

1. Sgt. Bob's Lonely Hearts Club Band
2. The Bobbing Stones
3. The Grateful Bob
4. The Moody Bobs
5. The Beach Bobs
6. Bob & Garfunkel
7. Elton Bob
8. Bob Floyd
9. Bobra Striesand
10. ZZ Bob
11. Bobs & Roses
12. The Artist Formerly Known as Bob
13. The Beastie Bobs
14. The Red Hot Chili Bobs
15. The Tragically Bob
16. Nine Inch Bobs
17. Boyz to Bobs
18. The Notorious B.O.B.
19. The Spice Bobs
20. Bob Dylan

If you are press-ganged into cooking for His Omnipotence and you want to make a really big impression — your future prospects certainly depend upon it — feed Bob a multi-course meal of attractively prepared dishes with exotic foreign names (you may even get away with 'Legumes sur Pain Griller'). And don't hold back on the rich, creamy sauces.

In the junk food category, Bob is especially fond of *pizza* (with truly obnoxious toppings) and *candy* — the condition of his teeth make no secret of this. If you want Bob's attention (or at least most of Bob's attention), offer Bob a treat. Never hold out on Bob. He can smell sugar from a mile away. If he thinks you're holding out on him, he'll kill you. Naturally, Bob loves ice cream, especially the kind with lots of lumpy extra bits. Bob's favorite snack is corn chips. Give a bag of these to Bob and you have a friend for… well, as long as Bob can remember your name.



Bob's Music

Bob likes music. He always has a live band playing background music, softly, to add that extra emotional touch to everyday activities. Bob believes music has supernatural powers, and that the right music played in the background of any situation stimulates a response from those listening to it. He also likes to change the words.

Bob's musical tastes are something special. He has a weakness for music originating from Earth, probably due to his Human background. Only music that is 'Bob Approved' may be played in the Land of Bob. Regretfully, Bob's idea of quality music is polkas, square dancing, sappy ballads from the 1970's, country and western hurtin' songs, and show tunes. Bob also listens to disco. His favorite performers include Lawrence Welk, Conway Twitty, Kenny Rogers, The Carpenters, Perry Como, Doris Day, The Bee Gees, and Elvis (from his Hollywood and Vegas years). Naturally, the 'response' of those exposed to this musical feast is one of intense frustration, mental instability, and irritability to the point of psychosis — just the thing Bob desires in his minions.

Recently Bob joined a music club and discovered 'Heavy Metal' and 'Alternative Rock', opening his eyes to a whole new realm of musical possibilities. His minions are overjoyed — except about the mandatory body piercings.

Bob does enjoy a few native Murphy's World bands, including the Brownie band 'Switchfork', the all Drow 'Jackboot 5', and the Ogre thrash metal group 'Gnaarghh!' whose lead singer bites the head off a fan during each performance.

Exposure to Bob's 'hit list' is guaranteed via compulsory listening and dancing classes, which everyone in the Land of Bob must attend at least once per week. A doctor's note only gets you out of participating — you are still required to show up and *listen.*

Bob's love of music and dance lead naturally to his fondness for large costume parties which he hosts as often as time and resources permit — which is often. Bob especially likes dressing up in cowboy outfits and white rhinestone laden jumpsuits. One of his life's ambitions is to meet (actually possess) his idol, Elvis. He's heard rumors that 'The King' headlines Baldur's Buffet in Asgard and occasionally goes on tour. Bob has agents abroad trying to arrange a concert in the Dark Lands.

Bob's Collections

Bob likes to collect things. This is a hold-over from his childhood when his mother thought collecting would provide a productive outlet for his energies. Bob took up the idea with a vengeance, and began collecting an assortment of heads, unceremoniously removed from various furry animals who roamed the nearby parks and ravines. Needless to say, Bob's mother was distressed, but wasn't quite sure how to explain the problem to Bob without hurting his feelings or confusing him. Gradually, Bob's collections branched out to include more varied items: used gum wrappers, bottle caps, dead milkmen, large balls of lint — the list is endless. Interestingly enough, Bob has never collected Collectible Card Games, probably because he could never figure out the point to it.

The collection most dear to Bob's ash-blackened heart is that of his Miniature Village. This miniature version of Bobston and favorite postcard scenes includes replicas of all major buildings and landmarks populated by dolls of various types collected from near and far. Whenever Bob feels the need to get away from all the pressures of being custodian of evil for a while he retires to this secluded spot, which is surrounded by the graveyard. Nobody alive has made fun of Bob's dolls.

Bob's obsessive-compulsive desire to own the entire multiverse probably stems from his collection fetish. Not that he particularly wants to do anything with the multiverse; he just wants to have it in his collection.

Bob's Dislikes

Bob hates cats. In 'Bob's Big Idea' he blames all the world's social and economic problems on cats. Some analysts have suggested that an unpleasant incident as a child involving a cat might have caused this anti-cat neurosis. Others think that Bob simply hates cats. Any cat caught by Bob's cat nappers is immediately turned into a throw rug.

Bob's Big Idea

'Dis is my Big Idea. It b'longs to ME, and I'll rip da lungs outta anyone who tries to swipe it.'

In da beginning dere was me. And I had thoughts. And folks said dese thoughts was bad. And I did things. And folks said dese things was bad. So they sent me away to a place where I could learn about stuff. Well I learned all about everything. Den I met others who wanted ta know HOW I DID IT. What was my secret. Dis I will tell youse. It ain't no special power…

…It's simply pure hatred. Hatred and rage. Hatred, rage, and totally illogical reasoning. Hatred, rage, illogical reasoning, and an infinite capacity ta misinterpret what others is saying…

…so now here's MY BIG IDEA — it's OK to like beat up on wimps and stuff, an' punks smaller than you is because, hey, they're dere. And if they're bigger than you is, then you jus' gotta get em when they're not lookin — and use something heavy or sharp cuz it works better. Also, hit fast and hit often, cuz if you like get em mad at ya, they mite try ta hurt ya, but if ya gangs up on dem, even da tough ones can be lunch…

…but only attack, an' rob, an' pummel, an' maim when I say it's OK otherwise youse prob'ly will get Bob angry at ya. Nuff said. An' if like people complain you should tell dem Bob said its OK, then rip their heads off, just like I'll do ta you if youse ever disobey Bob, or steal Bob's idea. Got dat?!!

An excerpt from *Bob's Big Idea,* by Bob, Lord of Evil, Bob's Publishing, a division of Bob's MegaBigCorp Unlimited, Year of the Garbonzo Bean. MWSBN 1-00666-666-0. Used with permission (you better believe it!).



'It ain't our fault we grew up delinquents. Blame it on that Dr. Spook guy who told our folks how ta raise us.'

— **Bob, Lord of Evil**

Bob dislikes dirt and hates a mess (if made by someone else). Things not in their 'proper place' make Bob uneasy and anxious.

Bob is terrified of *germs*. The fact that they're invisible only makes it worse. Paranoid about touching unfamiliar objects or individuals, Bob keeps a complement of special 'Touch Guards', who investigate every object or person for potential diseases before they come into contact with their master. Their efforts are wasted however, since new illnesses have little effect because they spend most of their time fighting with the diseases Bob already has. His Touch Guards rarely wait more than a few moments before pronouncing the touched substance or individual 'clean' or 'unclean'. Not that they're good at their job — rather, they're completely clueless — relying on guesses or bribes. Things deemed 'unclean' are taken out and disposed of in the nearest pool of volcanic lava.

Bob dislikes people with long complicated names. Usually he thinks up a shorter version of the name, or a different name altogether that is easier for him to remember. If he forgets it, he simply assigns another one. Once he applies an alternative name, Bob uses it even if corrected. And if corrected he'll often maim the corrector… or worse… for confusing him. Occasionally, if he finds a name exceptionally irritating, he'll just have the person killed.

In addition to Bob's tendency to replace people's names with other words, he does the same with objects (e.g., asking someone to pass him the "thing-a-ma-bob," then getting annoyed when nobody can immediately determine which thing he means). Plus, there are certain sounds and syllable combinations that he likes so much that he repeats them to himself as he wanders about — "mukluk," "beluga," "decay," and "evisceration" are popular.

Bob dislikes people who question his judgment, answer back, or pose theoretical questions. While Bob likes to *play* the intellectual, actual *thinking* makes his brain hurt. After all, that's why Bob surrounds himself with minions. It's *their* job to shelter him from the unimportant things, while remaining suitably tactful and subservient when explaining something or offering an opinion.

Bob is afraid of the dark and can't go to sleep unless his night light is on. He's superstitious about things under the bed or in the closet (and since he believes they're there, they just might be). Believing that he's safe as long as his limbs don't protrude from under the covers, he demands to be tucked in each night. He pulverizes anyone who snickers at him.

People who talk or laugh behind Bob's back really make him angry.

Bob gets annoyed when people talk about acne, warts, drooling, bad teeth or dentists, dandruff or psoriasis, random mutations, insanity, or make derogatory remarks about translucent blue skin.

Bob dislikes pain and personal suffering. He's terrified of being hurt, stuck, cut, poked, prodded, or bashed. His nose is especially sensitive. Actually, deep down, Bob is a wimp. He tries to keep this personality quirk a secret from everyone. Many of his closest minions know, but keep quiet because they know what's good for them. A powerful wimp can still rip your head off….

Bob hates to lose. Bob would rather cheat than lose. Sometimes Bob cheats just to see if anyone catches him. Since Bob is a terrible cheat, everyone notices, but no-one who has had any long term relations with him ever points out his behavior — those who do are accused of insulting Bob and instantly ripped limb from limb by his loyal minions. Occasionally, hearing the victim's cries above the growls of the executioners, Bob expresses how impressed he is at the bravery of the victim. Few appreciate this rare praise — for long.

Bob's Powers

In truth, Bob can do just about *anything* he sets his mind to. After all, he is Lord of Evil. This 'anything' however, includes all manner of ***Sorcery*** and ***mental manipulation*** of inanimate and sentient objects. Unfortunately, Bob has a hard time focusing his mind to button a shirt, let alone to harness the forces of Ludo for his own ambitions.

When Bob performs any supernatural acts it's usually by *accident* — which simultaneously impresses and terrifies the hell out of everyone, including himself. Bob is most likely to harness his powers when angered, or engaged in some rare mental effort which requires that he access his brain for more than a minute at a time. Thus, his supernatural effects are either messy or result in immediate self-gratification (…like transforming a bearer of bad news into a plate of fried intestines).

Bob Today

Bob's Big Idea — The Dream Continues

Today, 11,954 years after putting his 'Big Idea' on paper, Bob has supreme control of **Tir Nan Bob**, and the surrounding territories (Bob was never one to rush into things). This is the **Land of Bob** — located in the center of the Dark Lands. Bob, however, wants more. In a nutshell, Bob wants it all. Why? Because it's there. His methods: intimidation, terrorism, ruthless conquest, and tantrums. Progress so far: not as much as you might expect. Bob is reviewing his strategy — and knowing Bob, this will take a *long* time. One of the prime reasons why Bob and his minions haven't

Bob Facts:

Bob's Top 20 Favorite Songs

1. Happy Bobday to You
2. Here Comes the Bob
3. Born to Be Bob
4. All You Need is Bob
5. My Sweet Bob
6. If I were a Rich Bob
7. This Land is Bob's Land
8. I Fought the Bob (But the Bob Won)
9. Jailhouse Bob
10. With Bob on Our Side
11. Stand By Your Bob
12. Let's Bob the Night Together
13. Bobs in White Satin
14. Love the Bob You're With
15. I Wanna Hold Your Bob
16. Bob Thing
17. Bob Me Tender
18. Bob Moves in Mysterious Ways
19. Eight Bobs a Week
20. Nothing Compares to Bob

conquered the world yet is that the Land of Bob is a fascist bureaucratic state which is almost totally illiterate and thus barely able to organize a dinner party, let alone plans for planetary conquest.

Not everyone in the Dark Lands shares Bob's vision. Sure, everybody wants to rule the world, but not necessarily in the employ of Bob. Thus, Bob has *rivals.* This doesn't trouble him overmuch. Whenever Bob encounters competition, he makes his best effort to devour it — literally. So far he hasn't found an opponent too big to swallow.

Bob represents a significant threat to the civilized peoples of the planet. Some don't take him seriously. Others believe him to be a tale to frighten small children and tax lawyers. Most keep a wary eye on him. Never underestimate Bob's potential to cause grief far beyond his current domain!

With Bob On Your Side

A word of advice: when in the Dark Lands, it is better to be a friend of Bob than not — enemies or even just passers-by are not treated well.

If your ambition in life is to be a member of a group of folks whose goal is to conquer and lord over as much territory as they possibly can, then Bob is the leader for you. Before casting your lot in with Bob, keep these points in mind:

1. Bob is *insane.* Not dysfunctional, you understand, just very neurotic and a tad lacking when it comes to puzzling out logical conclusions. Thus…

2. Bob *jumps to conclusions.* Due to Bob's extreme paranoia, this usually translates into a belief that the reason something went wrong is because one of his minions betrayed him. Obviously, every minion desperately wants Bob to believe that they are not a traitor, so…

3. Bob's realm is full of *convoluted politics, nasty conspiracies,* and *backstabbing,* all so that one minion can get in good with Bob while the rest suffer, since…

4. Bob *acts on his conclusions.* This could mean that the object of Bob's paranoia is killed, tortured, or denied access to television for a week. But…

5. In rare instances, if Bob believes that you have done him a favor, he'll bestow some *privilege* or *gift* on you. Keep in mind that a madman's gift can be your worst nightmare. ("Because you is a great guy, I'm gonna give you the privilege of lancing my boils for a week.")

The net result of all this is that upon realizing Bob's true nature, the typical minion begins a program of 'sucking-up' the likes of which the world has never seen.

Bob has made an art out of the infliction of pain and suffering upon others. Most people who hang out with Bob live on a knife's edge of fear and paranoia, hoping that Bob considers them a 'pal'. Of course, Bob is quite oblivious to all this politicking. He simply calls the shots when and how he sees them — however his whim dictates. Occasionally, he even punishes someone who actually deserves it!



Names Assigned by Bob Table

(Roll 1d10, choose one, or make up your own.)

Used whenever Bob meets a new person who has a name more than 3 letters long (use for male or female names — the new name should sound similar if possible and be insulting).

No. Rolled	Name Options With a Similar Sound	No. Rolled	Name Options With a Similar Sound
1	Ado, Addle, Adela	51	Lummox, Lunie, Lush
2	Ambsas, Anus	52	Madman, Marshmallow, Mash
3	Armpit, Ass	53	Miching, Midden, Milksop
4	Babble, Bane, Baksheesh	54	Miser, Misfit, Mishmash
5	Belladonna, Bender	55	Moil, Mongrel, Mooch, Moot, Moron
6	Blabber, Blather, Blob, Blooey	56	Muff, Muggins, Mugwump, Mutt
7	Boffin, Bog, Bonkers, Booger, Bozo	57	Nasty, Natter
8	Brat, Brainless	58	Nebbish, Nerd, Nervous
9	Buffoon, Bum(pkin), Bungler, Bunkum	59	Ninny, Nit(wit), Nobby
10	Burble, Burp, Butt	60	Nudnik, Numbskull, Nutter
11	Cadger, Canard, Carper	61	Oaf, Oddball, Ogg
12	Cheapo, Chicken	62	Olio, Ondit, Oxhead
13	Chuff, Chump, Churl	63	Palooka, Pariah, Parasite, Patsy, Pawn
14	Clod, Clown	64	Peewee, Pest
15	Codswallop, Conniption, Corpse	65	Pickle, Piffle, Pimple
16	Crater, Creep, Cretin, Crud, Crumb	66	Pinhead, Pipsqueak
17	Dabbat, Daft	67	Plebe, Plonk
18	Deadwood, Delirium, Despot	68	Poof, Poop, Pork(er)
19	Dither, Ditz	69	Prattle
20	Dogbreath, Dolt, Doofus, Doormat	70	Purgatory, Pustule, Putrid, Putz
21	Doozie, Dork, Dotard, Dowdy	71	Rag, Ragamuffin, Rat, Ratfink
22	Dreck, Dregs, Drivel, Dross, Drudge	72	Reject, Relic
23	Dud, Dummy, Dung, Dupe, Dweeb	73	Rhubarb, Riffraff
24	Egg(head), Ego	74	Roach, Rockhead
25	Fathead, Fanfaron, Farrago	75	Ruckus, Ruin, Rummy, Runt
26	Fiasco, Fidgit, Filch, Fink, Fishface	76	Sad, Sap
27	Flake, Fleabag, Flop, Flotsam, Flunky	77	Scourge, Scum(bag), Scunner
28	Fob, Foible, Fool, Fossil, Foul	78	Seizure, Senseless, Sewer
29	Freak(y), Fribble	79	Shlep, Shroud
30	Fughead, Fumblebum, Fungus, Fusspot	80	Sick(ness), Skamble
31	Gadfly, Gaff, Galoot, Gasbag, Gawker	81	Slacker, Slime, Slob
32	Geek, Geep	82	Snafu, Snit
33	Glick, Glitch, Glutton	83	Sop, Sorrow, Sourpuss
34	Gob, Goof, Googlie, Goon, Gowk	84	Spasm, Sponge, Spud, Squab, Squalor
35	Gripe(r), Grog, Grouch, Grub, Grump	85	Stew, Stink(er), Stooge
36	Gubbins, Guck, Guffaw, Gumbo, Gumma	86	Strutter, Stumer
37	Hack, Hambone, Hayseed	87	Sucker
38	Heathen, Hellion, Hick	88	Sweat, Swine
39	Hoberd, Hog, Hole(head)	89	Toady, Toast, Toff, Tomb
40	Hoodlum, Hoopla, Hoot, Hothead	90	Tripe, Trivial, Trog, Turd
41	Hubbub, Humbug	91	Twaddle, Twerp, Twit, Twitter
42	Iceberg, Icicile, Idler, Idiot	92	Ugly, Ulcer, Upstart, Useless
43	Imbecile, Inebriate, Ingrate, Insect	93	Vermin, Vulture
44	Jabber, Jackal, Jarhead, Jaundice	94	Wacko, Wag, Waif, Wart, Wastrel
45	Jelly, Jerk, Jetsam, Jiggin	95	Weasel, Weenie
46	Killjoy, Klutz	96	Whimsey, Whoopee, Whoopla
47	Knave, Kook	97	Wild, Wingding, Worm, Wretch, Wuss
48	Lackey, Laggard, Lame	98	Yabber, Yahoo, Yak
49	Lardass, Larrikin, Layabout, Leech	99	Yokel
50	Loafer, Looby, Loser, Lout, Lowbrow	100	Zero, Zit, Zonker

CHAPTER THREE

Dark Domination, or How to Manage an Evil Empire

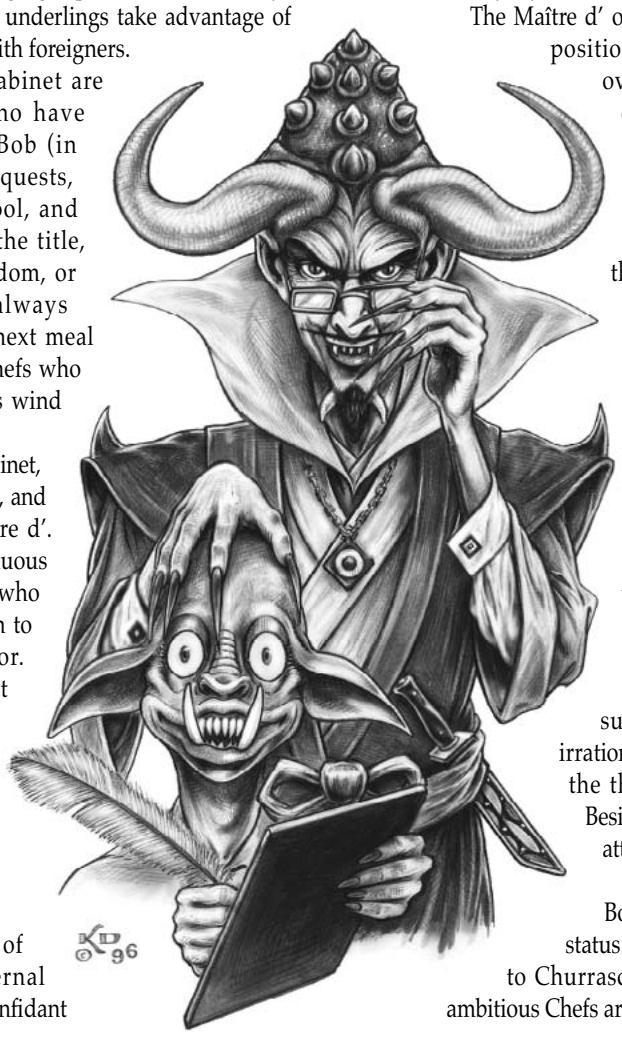
The Kitchen Cabinet: The Bleu Meanies— Overlords of the Land of Bob

THINGS HAVE CHANGED since the early days of the Nastybads and their reign of neighborhood terror — the gang has grown into what passes for a society. It became necessary to impose a structured hierarchy on the organization beyond the simple divisions of headbashers and extortionists which had once served perfectly well. Bob, after a bit of consulting, drew upon the one thing (apart from reform school) that he had personal experience of: food. Thus, Bob created a **Kitchen Cabinet** to oversee his empire.

The titles held by the office-holders of Bob's regime have little to do with their actual duties and merely serves to place them in the hierarchy. In the Land of Bob, judging a person's influence by their title can be a fatal mistake. Some underlings take advantage of this confusion when interacting with foreigners.

Members of the Kitchen Cabinet are chosen from among those who have prepared the best meals for Bob (in addition to winning a few conquests, navigating the political cesspool, and kissing butt). Their reward is the title, **'Cordon Bleu Chef'**, and a fiefdom, or **'Range'**. However, a Chef is always faced with the possibility that next meal will be their last. Cordon Bleu Chefs who fail to live up to Bob's standards wind up in the soup… literally.

The master of the Kitchen Cabinet, overseer of the Cordon Bleu Chefs, and chief advisor to Bob is the Maître d'. This is the most powerful yet tenuous position in Bob's realm. Anyone who holds this office for long is certain to be a seasoned political survivor. Collectively, the Kitchen Cabinet are called the **Bleu Meanies** by the rank and file, and Bob is the **Chef Supreme**.



Maître d', Churrasco Ahriman

Churrasco Ahriman, Maître d' of the Land of Bob, and Infernal Magniloquence, is the primary confidant and advisor to Bob. He is the dark shadow lurking behind (and just a little to the right) of Bob. He filters all information reaching the Dark Lord. He serves as the 'Voice of Bob', transmitting Bob's pronouncements and dictates to the Chefs, Stewards, Staff, and members of the Special Services. It is he who sees that Bob's whims are anticipated and carried out to Bob's satisfaction.

Maître d' Ahriman is one smart cookie. He has held his position almost from the beginning, and achieved it after exposing the "traitorous acts" of his predecessor. It is said he knew Bob in the early days, when Bob was smaller and less scabby, just after he came out of reform school. He was one of the original Nastybads.

Ahriman is not a nice person, but then again, nice never cut it as advisor to a Dark Lord. He is almost as paranoid as his boss; it is said he never sleeps. He has almost unlimited resources at his command, and his staff, whose senior members he calls the 'Shining Ones', are fanatically loyal to him.

The Maître d' occupies the most powerful and dangerous position in the Land of Bob. The office holder oversees the day to day operations of Bob's domain. In most situations, his word is law, and he answers only to Bob. Since Bob is usually off in his own mental otherworld, the Land of Bob is really Ahriman's to rule — so long as he keeps Bob's trust. To hold the office of Maître d' for any significant period you must not only be a brilliant planner and manager, but a politico and psychoanalyst supreme, since if anything significant goes wrong, the Maître d's head is the first on the chopping block. Unless, of course, he can place the blame squarely onto someone else — something Ahriman has proven to be a master at doing.

Maître d' Ahriman devotes his energies towards convincing Bob that he is a loyal and devoted servant with only Bob's best interests at heart, and that he is Bob's only true friend. He's not entirely sure how successful he's been — after all, Bob is an irrational madman. Ahriman is the power behind the throne, and Bob is the ideal figurehead. Besides, should someone make an assassination attempt, Bob is a far more likely target than he.

Ahriman has every reason to be loyal to Bob, and works to see that Bob maintains his status and power — at least as long as Bob is loyal to Churrasco Ahriman. However, some of the more ambitious Chefs are always looking for an opportunity to point

out a failure or topple him. Though he is doubtful that any are wise enough to catch him off guard, he is ever watchful and ready to fend off any political or culinary attack. He uses his loyal, fanatical, and secretive Stewards to collect whatever information they can on the Chefs and anyone else of significance. This evidence of wrongdoing or failure is filed and catalogued as potential blackmail and scandal material. Unfortunately the Stewards often miss the politically important stuff and instead produce massive files on the torrid sex lives of their observed targets.

The Cordon Bleu Chefs

Apart from the Maître d', the Chefs, identified by their tall white hats (worn only on official occasions), are the most trusted members of Bob's organization. He relies on them to oversee the implementation of his laws and decrees. They are akin to criminal warlords, and can draw upon vast resources of manpower and machinery to implement any foul scheme. Each Chef oversees a Range, a realm granted by Bob for them to run roughshod over as they see fit.

There are currently **12 Chefs** (see page **31**). Together with the Maître d' they form the Kitchen Cabinet. When in town they meet around the table d'hôte in the Scullery of Scheming for briefings. They review and analyze the state of the realm and its undertakings, and make plans. Most importantly, they heap mounds of praise on Bob, who typically pops in just long enough to hear a quick situation report, authorize a new plan or two, chastise or punish a wayward warlord, and become bored, before retiring to more relaxing business — like touring the torture chambers and sitting in on interrogations.

All members of Bleu Meanies were once Staff, and were promoted to their current position for some act of culinary achievement, apparently successful doctoring, or backroom conniving. While being a Cordon Bleu Chef gives an individual great opportunity for graft and abuse of power, the office holder daily runs the risk of blurting out the wrong suggestion, forgetting to make an appropriate supportive remark, or snickering at an inopportune time — these, among thousands of other pitfalls, could spell the end of a promising career, not to mention a life.

There is great competition among the Chefs. Their careers and lives depend on their being given credit for the right things, and sloughing off the blame onto others for their errors. To remain in Bob's favor they employ spies and informants, in addition to their regular staff. Rarely does a Chef sleep more than a couple of hours a night.

The Stewards

Immediately below the Cordon Bleu Chefs in the hierarchy are the Stewards. Each Chef may have as many as he can support. Though they serve a specific Chef, supervising the Staff and Lackeys, the Stewards are loyal to Bob above all else (at least that is the official line). Some Stewards are smart enough to avoid being promoted to Chef status and instead use their experience and influence to establish and maintain significant resources to their own benefit.

They serve as the officers and leaders of the minions of Bob. They carry out the plans of the Chefs and give the orders in the field; they control the fates of the Lackeys. The Stewards are ranked as follows from highest to lowest: **Sommelier, Confectioner, Baker.**

"You shall be duly rewarded... in da afterlife! Kill him... slowly."

— Bob, Lord of Evil

Maître d' Churrasco Ahriman (Bob calls him: Ahri)

Quote: "Power only tires those who don't exercise it."

Vocation: Maître d' of Tir Nan Bob (the power behind the throne).

Race/Gender: Unknown (Never Revealed)/Male

Intelligence:	40	Brilliant	**Strength:**	20	Mighty
Willpower:	35	Resolute	**Dexterity:**	25	Agile
Charisma:	25	Enchanting	**Fitness:**	30	Robust
Mystic:	30	Illuminated	**Appearance:**	9	Homely
Health Points:	34		**Age:**	10,000 (at least)	
Height:	13' [3.96 m]		**Weight:**	666 lbs [302 kg]	

Powers:
Sorcery: can cast reliable spells — most of the time. Shapeshifting: can alter appearance (but not mass) at will. (MYS Roll required to use power, victim can resist with WIL Roll.)

Skills:

Convincing Others to Do as Desired	90	Paramount
Interrogation & Inquiry: Discovering Information	80	Masterful
Observation & Deduction: Discerning Facts	70	Expert
Planning & Plotting: Political & Military	60	Adept
Negotiation & Deal Making	40	Capable
Hosting Relaxed, Uneventful Dinner Parties	20	Incompetent

Traits:
Ambitious, Curious, Devious, Driven, Lust for Power, Paranoid, Proud, Ruthless, Scheming, Self-Centered, Detests Small Cute Furry Animals.

Personality:
A power-monger. He thrives on the continual challenge to acquire, maintain, and exercise ever more power. He would rather be respected and feared than loved. He is *totally* amoral.

Description:
Tall and dark with an intelligent, penetrating stare. Large curved horns extend from his temples while smaller horns penetrate from his pointed skull and chin. A thin physique belies an incredible physical strength. Ahriman has a refined sense of fashion and always tries to wear garments which contribute to the impression that he is relaxed, in control and prepared for anything. He always carries numerous concealed weapons.

Opposite: As head advisor to the Lord of Evil himself, Maître d' Churrasco Ahriman gives Bob's guests special attention. This 'personal touch' allows him to root out any of the Chefs' spies and other assorted threats. Be sure to tip him well!

BELOW: "I hear and see all! Without me, no one would know anything and this whole place would fall apart! Wha-hahahah!" Often-heard quote from Lackey-Busboy Theodore McTurner.

The Staff

This loyal and unrecognized bunch are the ones who actually make the system work — for good or ill. They are more competent than Lackeys (at least some of the time) and less ambitious than Stewards. They are found in small back offices scribbling or pounding away on some mechanical contrivance, composing policy documents or other items of state administration — in triplicate. They lurk in the shadows behind their Steward masters, awaiting tasks, or requests for arcane facts or statistics. Occasionally they serve as stand-ins for their Steward masters; however, they never wield any real power. Indeed, they are rarely praised or even noticed.

Their ranks include clerks, accountants, bookkeepers, instructors, planners, legal assistants, policy analysts, theoretical scientists, writers, etc. They fill those boring but necessary jobs that appeal to loners, those with limited personalities and those with a desire to avoid competitive social encounters. Staff are ranked as follows from highest to lowest: **Headwaiter, Waiter, Carhop.**

The Average Steward (Sommelier, Confectioner, Baker)

QUOTE: "Executive ability is deciding quickly, then getting someone else to do the work."

VOCATIONS: Advisor, Aid, Lawyer, Manager, Planner, Power Broker, Supervisor.

INTELLIGENCE:	14	Rational	**STRENGTH:**	9	Slight
WILLPOWER:	17	Confident	**DEXTERITY:**	14	Deft
CHARISMA:	6	Obnoxious	**FITNESS:**	10	Sound
MYSTIC:	15	Perceptive	**APPEARANCE:**	9	Homely
HEALTH POINTS:	10				

TRAITS:
Anal-Retentive, Condescending, Egotistical, Inconsiderate, Paranoid, Practical, Proud, Self-Centered, Skilled at Dodging Responsibility.

The Average Staff (Headwaiter, Waiter, Carhop)

QUOTE: "One should eat wisely but not too well, and talk well but not too wisely."

VOCATIONS: Accountant, Analyst, Bureaucrat, Designer, File Clerk, Organizer, Researcher, Scribe.

INTELLIGENCE:	10	Sensible	**STRENGTH:**	10	Adequate
WILLPOWER:	10	Indecisive	**DEXTERITY:**	15	Dexterous
CHARISMA:	9	Annoying	**FITNESS:**	12	Hale
MYSTIC:	8	Undiscerning	**APPEARANCE:**	11	Plain
HEALTH POINTS:	12				

TRAITS:
Cautious, Insecure, Introvert, Paranoid, Skilled at Biting Tongue, Swiping Supplies and Items of Interest, Unambitous, Unhappy.

The Average Lackey (Soda-Jerk, Dishwasher, Busboy)

QUOTE: "While I'm busy with little things, I'm not required to do greater things."

VOCATIONS: Cannon Fodder, Jack-of-all-Trades, Laborer, Odd-Job Worker, Secretary, Service Help.

INTELLIGENCE:	8	Dense	**STRENGTH:**	15	Burly
WILLPOWER:	5	Susceptible	**DEXTERITY:**	10	Handy
CHARISMA:	6	Obnoxious	**FITNESS:**	18	Athletic
MYSTIC:	5	Incognizant	**APPEARANCE:**	7	Ugly
HEALTH POINTS:	18				

TRAITS:
Aimless, Boisterous, Discontent, Impulsive, Limited Attention Span, Loud.

The Lackeys

The minions of Bob. These are the footsoldiers, the cannon fodder, the self-designated future rulers of the world. Typically they're grotesque morons with less willpower than a lemming. They'll follow anyone who spouts a few words of inspiring pap and states clearly what they want inflicted upon whom.

Occasionally, a Lackey suffers an attack of independent will. Most Lackeys suppress it so as not to stand out from the crowd. Standing out is dangerous in the Land of Bob. Either Bob or the Staff notice you — a mixed blessing at best — or your peers notice you and cut you down to size — usually with chainsaws and razor blades. The very few brave, ambitious, and downright sneaky Lackeys quietly try to implement their small acts of will without being noticed. A minuscule proportion of these may even work their up through the ranks and become Staff themselves. They, of course, are the quickest of all to sense sparks of individuality amongst the other Lackeys — and snuff them out.



Lackeys attain different ranks depending upon the amount of experience and 'sucking-up' (a technical term) they do. Lackeys are ranked as follows from highest to lowest: **Soda-Jerk, Dishwasher, Busboy.**

Special Services

These are the support staff of Bobston, Tir Nan Bob, and the greater Land of Bob. They are permanently on call and go where and when they are needed. The wisest among them stay as far away from Bobston as possible in order to reduce their chance of coming into direct contact with Bob — an often fatal occurrence. Again, their titles have little to do with their actual duties and merely serves to place them in the hierarchy; most are deemed to rank just above the regular Staff, while the Hosts, Scullery Maids, and Butchers rank on par (and occasionally above) the Stewards.

The Grocers

Every sinister organization and evil institution needs people to manage the acquisition and use of material goods — otherwise resources might be wasted devastating the same place twice. In the Land of Bob, Grocers fill that role, keeping track of all goods (i.e., booty) entering and leaving their warehouse stores, including weapons, construction materials, foodstuffs, objects d'art, and strange gadgets that nobody can figure out what they are or how they work. Unfortunately, few have the competence or literacy skills to fulfill this role.

Regardless, every Chef and Steward has at least one Grocer on his or her staff since Bob's fortified storehouse can only be accessed by Grocers, or minions with a permission slip from a Steward or Chef (union rules). Each storehouse is organized via its own unique filing system, incomprehensible to anyone but a trained Grocer. Detractors suggest that this is more to disguise graft than to improve efficiency.

To obtain goods from a warehouse outlet, you need only announce your presence to the guard at the door, then upon gaining entry, show a Grocer your permission form and shopping list. In theory, that is. There is, however, a snag. Since few Grocers can read or write, most shopping excursions consist of the customer pointing to crudely scratched pictures on a smudgy sheet, and the Grocer interpreting (badly) and providing a make-do from what is in stock. This process takes ages for even the simplest of acquisitions — longer if you stand in the wrong checkout line (and you *will*). However, Grocers are always sickeningly pleasant while they waste your time. That's why their outlets, 'Bob-Mart', are dubbed 'Inconvenience Stores'.

These **quartermasters** and **record keepers**, regardless of their background or race, are perpetually plump and jolly (probably because they have first dibs on any neat merchandise or munchies), and wear snappy aprons with the phrase, 'Hi, I'm [their name]', embroidered in gold on the chest. Each undergoes a harrowing secret initiation ritual that turns their skin a greenish pallor and causes their eyes to take on a vacant stare.

'Heads I wins, Tails you lose.'
— **Bob, Lord of Evil**

The Average Grocer

Quote: "A criminal is a merely a person with insufficient capital to form a corporation."

Vocations: Assistant, Gofer, Quartermaster, Record Keeper, Warehouse & Retail Clerk.

Intelligence:	9	Dense	**Strength:**	11	Adequate
Willpower:	6	Impressionable	**Dexterity:**	10	Handy
Charisma:	8	Annoying	**Fitness:**	12	Hale
Mystic:	3	Oblivious	**Appearance:**	9	Homely
Health Points:	12				

Traits:
Bored, Desires 'Nice Things', Impatient, Lazy, Lonely, Self-Centered.

The Average Caterer

Quote: "A great meal always begins with hunger."

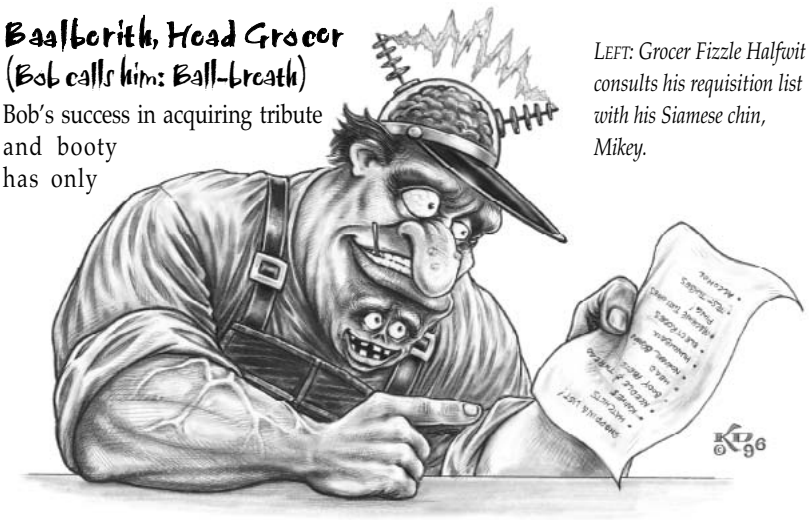
Vocations: Naturalist, Plant Expert, Herbalist, Cook, Baker, Drug & Poison Manufacturer, Driver, Transportation Specialist.

Intelligence:	11	Sensible	**Strength:**	10	Adequate
Willpower:	9	Receptive	**Dexterity:**	13	Deft
Charisma:	11	Likable	**Fitness:**	10	Sound
Mystic:	15	Perceptive	**Appearance:**	11	Plain
Health Points:	10				

Traits:
Curious, Enjoys Traveling, Likes to Experiment, Likes Nature, Pleasant Demeanor, Proud, Vengeful.

Baalborith, Head Grocer (Bob calls him: Ball-breath)

Bob's success in acquiring tribute and booty has only



Left: Grocer Fizzle Halfwit consults his requisition list with his Siamese chin, Mikey.

Right: Those rising stars among the Caterers are given the high honor of taking special cooking/political science classes with Head Caterer Innus himself. Here he shows the class how to turn a lazy worker into a dinner for four.

compounded the problem of tracking the capital goods needed to pacify a nation of misfits. Out of desperation, Bob promoted a Steward, **Mictlantecuhtli** (he wisely told Bob his name was Mic), to Chef and asked him to assemble the necessary scribes, accountants, and salesmen for the job. Mictlantecuhtli's efforts resulted in a complete botch up. Many volunteered, but few had the ability to manage a conversation let alone a warehouse of valuable booty.



The Average Distiller

Quote: "On any given day the rest of the world is about three drinks behind."

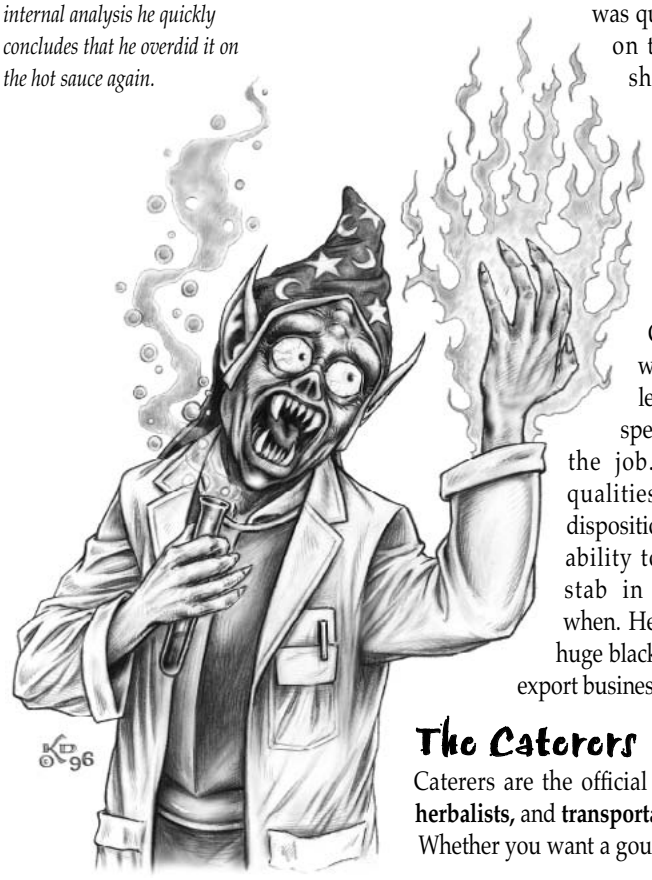
Vocations: Artisan, Builder, Chemist, Demolition Specialist, Engineer, Inventor, Maintenance Worker, Scientist, Alcoholic Beverage Manufacturer.

Intelligence:	15	Bright	**Strength:**	14	Stalwart
Willpower:	17	Confident	**Dexterity:**	15	Dexterous
Charisma:	10	Likable	**Fitness:**	16	Sturdy
Mystic:	6	Unknowing	**Appearance:**	10	Plain
Health Points:	16				

Traits:
Artistic, Curious, Conservative, Enjoys Traveling, Likes Nature, Over-Confident, Practical, Proud.

Below: Another of Chief Distiller K'daai's attempts to make the perfect Bloody Mary mix. After conducting a brief internal analysis he quickly concludes that he overdid it on the hot sauce again.

One applicant did stand out from the rest (probably because his acute deafness resulted in his not hearing the order to step back if you don't want a position of responsibility), and the task of sorting out the goods was quickly off-loaded on to his hunched shoulders. Thus, Baalberith became the Head Grocer, and a paragon of his kind, rising to the pinnacle of Grocerdom without having learned a letter or spent a full day on the job. His winning qualities are his sunny disposition and uncanny ability to know who to stab in the back and when. He also operates a huge black market import-export business.



The Caterers

Caterers are the official order of **cooks, herbalists,** and **transportation specialists**. Whether you want a gourmet dinner or a poison strong enough to kill a Jabberwock, these are the folks you can call on to deliver it. Keep a close watch on them — sometimes they mix things up a bit.

Innus, Head Caterer
(Bob calls him: Anus)

Innus is an expert in procurement, logistics, and agri-worker relations. His Goblin blood, wolf-like face, forehead horns, and goat-legs give him a less than appealing appearance. He is fond of practical jokes and an expert preparer of fine foods. Innus oversees the training of personnel at Bob's Cooking College. His wife **Fauna** is an expert with grain products and between them they ensure that there is enough food stocks to keep the population, or at least those deemed important, from starving.

The Distillers

These industrious individuals are the **engineers, chemists, artisans,** and **maintenance workers** employed anywhere and anytime Bob or one of his Chefs wants something built or fixed. They double as **demolition specialists, siege engine builders,** and **grog suppliers.** Quite a handy lot, really.

K'daai, Head Distiller
(Bob calls him: Kiddo)

This artisan is not only a master of metalwork, but a talented alchemist who can do wonders with heat and flame. In addition to his job managing and maintaining the armories and wine cellars in the Fortress of Bob, he conducts classes at University of Bob, and occasionally fills special orders from the Chefs.

Hot blooded and impatient, K'daai's main flaw is his temper, which manifests itself not only emotionally but physically; he is always on the verge of bursting into a ball of flame and igniting the immediate surroundings. Those who know him speak in even soothing tones and give him bad news by courier. A zombie string quartet continually plays soft relaxing music at his workplace.

K'daai enjoys his work, which includes imbibing

great quantities of booze — to test the quality of the vintage. Thus he is perpetually fuzzy headed; when really sloshed he becomes depressed and weepy. However, he can drink just about anyone under the table.

The Bartenders

The Bartenders are a special order of **traveling social workers** and **justice officials** in the Land of Bob. These friendly individuals operate from established public houses in every city and town, and send representatives on a regular basis to settlements in rural locales. To become a Bartender, a Lackey undergoes a special indoctrination referred to as 'being called to the bar'.

This ancient ritual somehow infuses Bartenders with three mysterious powers: a) they ***never forget anything*** they see or hear, b) ***the more alcohol they drink, the better their memories and reactions*** (or so they will assure you); and, c) they can occasionally ***see people, places, and things that others can't see*** (and likely don't really exist). It's an acquired talent.

Typically, people approach Bartenders when they have a personal problem or a conflict with a neighbor. You must follow a time-honored ritual when talking to a Bartender. The ritual involves drinking large quantities of distilled spirits or ales, and munching on salted sticks of hard thin dough. The Bartender, smiling gently all the while, asks questions and offers support. After hearing all the details, they pass judgment and sentence the offenders.



Bartenders have great latitude in their sentences. Often, they'll order the guilty party to pay for counselling sessions, with themselves as the counselor. Clients who can't afford to pay the counselling fees may instead chose which limb to lose. Death is reserved for individuals whose crimes or personality really annoy the Bartender. There's no personal compensation, but it provides a satisfying sense of closure to an issue. Life is cheap (but not free) in the Land of Bob.

Yama, Head Bartender (Bob calls him: Yummy)

If you've got a grievance, or if someone has got one against you, sooner or later one of Yama's friendly Bartenders will give you a hearing and rule on it — recording everything for posterity (and Bob) of course.

Yama lives in a luxurious manor in **Yamapua,** in the **Range Niraya**. Occasionally, for important or novelty cases, Yama, with his wife **Yamuna,** valet **Chitragupta,** and his two four-eyed spotted guard dogs, travels to a hearing. He rides in a stylish sedan chair mounted on a large black buffalo. His formal garments include a red satin robe which he believes compliments his greenish skin. Few would dare suggest otherwise.

'Jus' think o' me as yer uncle, twice removed.'

— Bob, Lord of Evil

The Average Bartender

Quote: "Justice is the means by which established injustices are sanctioned."

Vocations: Social Worker, Psychiatric Councilor, Barrister, Solicitor, Judge, Executioner, Alcoholic Beverage Mixer.

Intelligence:	14	Rational	**Strength:**	18	Brawny
Willpower:	17	Confident	**Dexterity:**	16	Dexterous
Charisma:	14	Engaging	**Fitness:**	19	Husky
Mystic:	16	Perceptive	**Appearance:**	12	Attractive
Health Points:	19				

Traits:
Curious, Conservative, Enjoys Traveling, Good Listener, Likes Liquor, Self-Confident, Strong Personal Morality, Practical.

The Hosts

Someone has to keep an eye out for friendly diplomatic overtures and foreign hostilities. The Hosts, as the **diplomats, emissaries,** and **spies** of Bob, take care of such duties. Regretfully, they receive little training and have difficulty distinguishing friend from foe. Yet they remain ever at the ready in the service of Bob, the Chefs and their Stewards. Occasionally they travel between Ranges or even beyond the Land of Bob on missions of diplomacy or warfare.

Left: Carefully wielding the Scales of Justice, Head Bartender Yama measures exactly how much alcohol he must consume to believe a petitioner's story. Needless to say, Yama favors long and quite detailed trials.

The Average Host

Quote: "Diplomacy is the art of letting someone else have your own way."

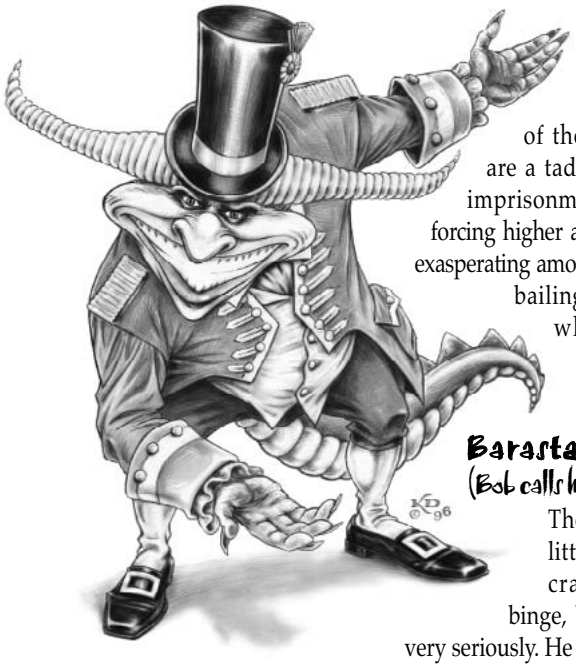
Vocations: Border Guard, Courier, Customs Agent, Diplomat, Emissary, Messenger, Special Agent, Spy, Tax Collector.

Intelligence:	12	Rational	**Strength:**	12	Stalwart
Willpower:	19	Determined	**Dexterity:**	17	Nimble
Charisma:	12	Engaging	**Fitness:**	17	Athletic
Mystic:	15	Perceptive	**Appearance:**	10	Plain
Health Points:	17				

Traits:
Conceited, Conservative, Curious, Observant, Opportunistic, Resourceful.

BELOW: Head Host Barastaer always wants his prisoners to feel welcome. All enemies of the state are personally escorted to their cells and have their piles of rotten hay fluffed before being left to starve.

While the political power of the Hosts is mostly limited to doing what they are told, they do, however, have the authority to imprison individuals they suspect are 'enemies of the state' — a power they thoroughly enjoy using. Such prisoners are kept under lock and key in their 'Lounges' until a formal hearing can initiate the sluggish judicial process. Don't let the name fool you — these damp, rat-ridden holes in the ground are not places for relaxing. Hosts will accept a reasonable donation to the Hosts Retirement Fund in exchange for recognizing a prisoner as a 'friend of the State'. Some Hosts are a tad overzealous in their imprisonment of state enemies, forcing higher authorities to spend an exasperating amount of time and money bailing out key underlings whose identification papers have somehow gone missing.



Barastær, Head Host
(Bob calls him: Babbler)

Though most Hosts are little more than bureaucrats on a baksheesh binge, Barastær takes his job very seriously. He assigns the Hosts their duties, and maintains order among those under his jurisdiction. If anyone steps out of line, or in his way, he not only tells them where to go, he escorts them.

Barastær is a stocky Giant with rough skin and hard chiseled features. When abroad he wears a simple tunic, has a shield slung over one shoulder and a leather courier's bag hung from the other. He carries a wide assortment of weapons that he uses only for 'diplomatic' purposes. He is incredibly strong and surprisingly swift — as some 'undesirables' have had the misfortune to discover first hand. You don't want to be on his bad side when he loses his temper.

RIGHT: Like grime behind the refrigerator and disgusting bathtub rings, some criminals and political dissidents are tough to clean up. Luckily, Head Scullery Maid Hekate has soaps, poisons, spiked sponges, and nine-inch stiletto heels to keep lawlessness and lingering odors at bay.

The Scullery Maids

These unimposing maidens wearing quaint frocks and pinafores, and exuding the faint odor of ammonia, wander the Land of Bob cleansing decent and independent thoughts. As elite security forces, they are formidable, ruthless, and unwavering in their loyalty to Bob… and only Bob. Their methods draw upon centuries of martial arts training in mop-fu, pail-do, spungie, and soapsu. Nothing is more dreaded than the midnight sound of a mop sloshing on a stoop or a sponge squeaking at the door. The Scullery Maids are masters of extracting information and inflicting pain on their 'guests'. Their favorite interrogation method employs the dreaded Dirty Dishwater Torture. What's worse, they love their work.

Hekáte, Head Scullery Maid
(Bob calls her: Hicky)

If you have done something, are thinking of doing something, or haven't thought of it yet but soon will do something that displeases Bob, you will hear from Hekáte in one way or another. It is a social call few look forward to.

Hekáte is proud of her organization, with good reason, it is one of the most efficient operations in the Land of Bob. With vast resources at her disposal, and the



The Average Scullery Maid

QUOTE: "There is no little enemy… though enemies may have little parts."

VOCATIONS: Information & Interrogation Officer, Special Intelligence Officer, Special Operations & Security Force, Sanitation Engineer.

INTELLIGENCE:	17	Savvy	**STRENGTH:**	17	Brawny
WILLPOWER:	19	Determined	**DEXTERITY:**	17	Nimble
CHARISMA:	12	Engaging	**FITNESS:**	18	Athletic
MYSTIC:	13	Sensitive	**APPEARANCE:**	16	Comely
HEALTH POINTS:	18				

TRAITS:
Deadly, Dedicated, Professional, Resourceful, Seductive, Self-Confident, Tough, Unrelenting.

authority from Bob to investigate anyone, Hekáte is only second in power and influence to the Maître d', and there are times when even he fears the cold, calculating gaze of the Head Scullery Maid and her sinister sisters.

She meets with others only under the cloak of darkness at crossroads. Her presence is announced by the yapping of her many small dogs which attack and gnaw the ankles of any non-initiate who encounters her.

Hekáte is a striking pale beauty, with the exception of the serpents adorning her head — a serious turn-off for all but the kinkiest — like Bob, who is desperate to steal her away for a kinky weekend. Her two failings are her vanity and her obsessive materialism — unless you include her authoritarian sadistic tendencies.

The Butchers

These sorry individuals are charged with the task of **healing** of the sick and dying of the Land of Bob — instead, they should be charged with murder — hence their title. It is not, however, for want of trying. The simple fact of the matter is that most Butchers haven't got the slightest idea what they're supposed to do when presented with a body oozing blood or burning with a fever. Many folks would rather *something* be done — no matter how brutal or stupid — than nothing at all (though most patients in the Land of Bob would be better off if simply left alone).

Few become Butchers by design. Most have their 'natural healing' talents accidentally recognized by a superior, usually a Chef or Steward, after some poor sod survives a pitiful attempt at first aid, a flip suggestion for sealing multiple puncture wounds, or a whack to the side of the head to 'help ease the pain'. Once appointed, Butchers undergo minutes of rigorous training in billing, arrogance, and waiting room etiquette before being allowed to practice officially.

Under the expectant gaze of the idiots who brought the patient for healing, a Butcher performs a cursory examination of the patient, and after a suitably professional amount of time designed to suggest that they've considered all the options, they'll grab a cleaver and chop something off. Typically they lop off a foot or a hand, but if they're feeling especially pressured to perform, they'll up the ante to a leg or two. Then they bandage the hapless victim up and ship them off to another room where they assume that death will release the patient from their pain in short order.

Occasionally, however, the patient lives! This is how Butchers stay in business and their reputations grow.

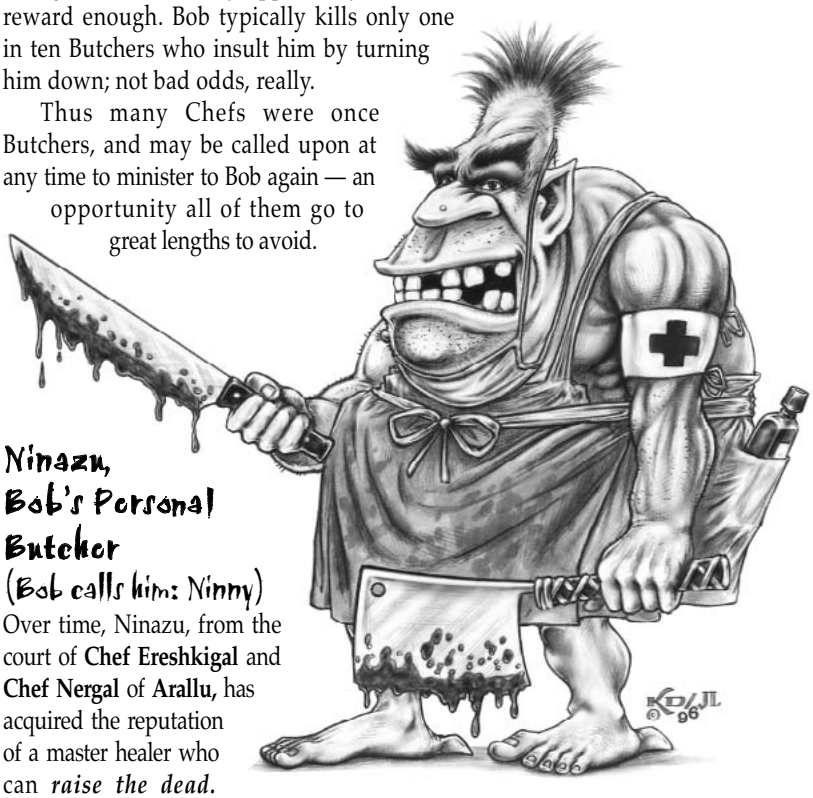
Butchers achieve fame and admiration in their communities, operating from a Butcher Shoppe or traveling clinic. Rarely do Butchers get blamed for the death of a patient — the ignorant minions are in no position to question the decisions of someone who obviously has much more experience in such matters than they. All they can do is shake their heads, shrug their shoulders, and give a wake with whatever remains of the deceased's money.

Occasionally, a Butcher suffers a string of luck and kills fewer patients than their peers. These individuals are invited to serve a Steward, or even a Chef. The Butcher with the best reputation is on call to Bob himself... at least until he causes the Dark Lord any pain or suffering — at which point he finds himself in the company of the Scullery Maids.

Any Butcher fortunate enough to be credited by Bob for curing one of his many ailments receives the title of Cordon Bleu Chef, and a Range of his or her own. New Ranges are carved out of existing ones, and since no Chef likes giving up territory, new Chefs start off with instant enemies. Given this, some of the less ambitious Butchers gracefully turn down this prize, telling Bob that the very opportunity to heal him was reward enough. Bob typically kills only one in ten Butchers who insult him by turning him down; not bad odds, really.

Thus many Chefs were once Butchers, and may be called upon at any time to minister to Bob again — an opportunity all of them go to great lengths to avoid.

Below: Ninazu, the Personal Butcher to the Dark Lord himself, sometimes has a bit of difficulty telling the difference between his patients and his lunch. Injured denizens of Castle Bob have learned to run when Ninazu comes into the infirmary smacking his lips and muttering, "Pork chops… Hmmmm...."



Ninazu, Bob's Personal Butcher
(Bob calls him: Ninny)

Over time, Ninazu, from the court of **Chef Ereshkigal** and **Chef Nergal** of **Arallu,** has acquired the reputation of a master healer who can ***raise the dead.***

The Average Butcher

Quote:	"Most things get better by themselves, after a night of rest."				
Vocations:	Barber, Butcher, Health Care Worker, Medical Consultant, Psychiatrist, Nurse, Doctor, Surgeon.				
Intelligence:	10	Sensible	**Strength:**	17	Brawny
Willpower:	19	Determined	**Dexterity:**	17	Nimble
Charisma:	12	Engaging	**Fitness:**	16	Sturdy
Mystic:	13	Sensitive	**Appearance:**	11	Plain
Health Points:	18				

Traits:
Curious, Enjoys Traveling, Good Listener, Observant, Practical, Prudent, Resourceful, Lucky.

'Some day my lads, maybe youse'll conquer kingdoms of ya own — with my permission, o'course.'

— **Bob, Lord of Evil**

Upon hearing this, Bob himself demanded his presence in Bobston. After performing his skills on an assortment of 'volunteers' in a public arena — a few of whom survived the 'examination' — he was appointed as Bob's own personal Butcher.

Ninazu is no fool, and quickly recognized that what Bob really wanted was someone he could whine to; so with a concerned look on his face, and his ears firmly stuffed with cotton, he pays a daily visit to the Evil One. Once a week, more to keep the locals entertained and his reputation strong than anything else, Ninazu conducts a public Butchery Clinic in midtown. The ticket scalpers make a killing whether he does or not.

Meanwhile, Ninazu is holding on, awaiting the day when Bob believes that a major illness has been cured by his favorite Butcher. Then he'll have the land and title he has dreamed about. So long as Bob doesn't get sick.

The Chefs — Small Minds With Big Plans

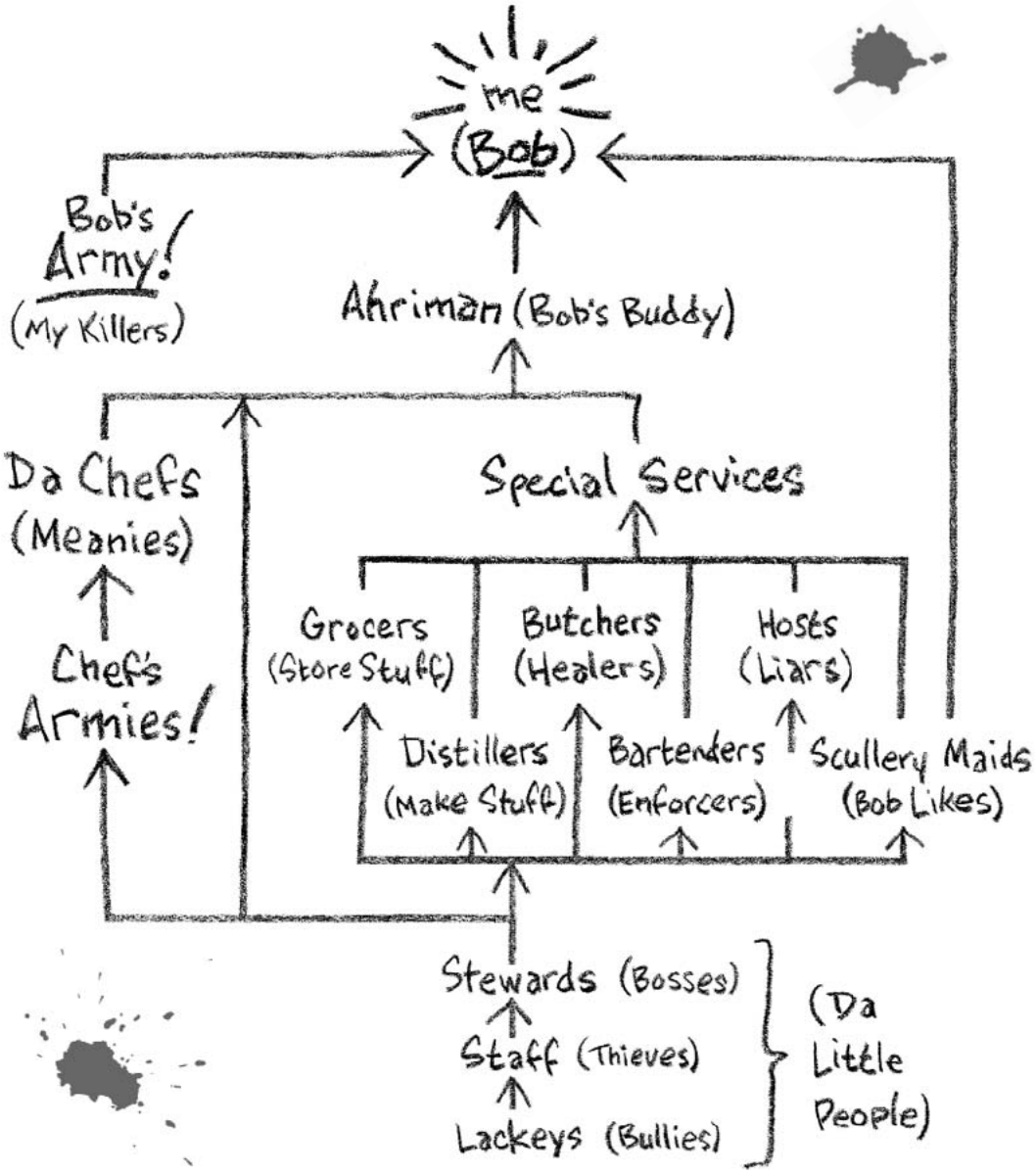
Think of the Land of Bob as a quasi-feudal, semi-fascist, neo-totalitarian dictatorship with Bob as its only constant and unifying force (i.e., there is no cohesive form of government).

Each Chef, a trusted commander of the forces of evil, maintains their own Range. Each Range has its own Staff and Special Services as well as a host of minions. The Chefs argue and scheme over policy, trying to take the credit when Bob approves, and shift the blame when Bob disapproves. Failure carries a high price. Recently, a Chef proposed a universal health care scheme — an idea that Bob hated — and was devoured by a giant newt for his trouble.

Each quarter a different Chef sponsors a gathering at their fortress where each Chef reports on the past quarter and plans for the next. Maître d' Ahriman chairs the meeting, listens to the Chefs' ideas, and offers constructive suggestions in anticipation of their presentation to Bob at the end of the conference. If Bob is hostile to an idea, Ahriman acts as though he is hearing it for the first time, backing Bob all the way.

If Bob approves a plan, it is a huge feather in the cap of the Chef who risked life and limb to present it. The other Chefs are usually charitable enough to share in the celebrations — besides, they hope to get something out of it by skimming off some of the resources allotted to the Chef who developed the plan. The Chef who took the risk and came up with the idea is given the temporary title of 'Master Chef', and controls the money and manpower needed to implement the plan.

The Master Chef then assigns the other Chefs tasks in implementing the Master Plan. While it's important



Above: Written in Bob's own hand — an organizational chart identifying the main positions in the Dark Lord's hierarchy of evil. The observant scholar may notice that many of the offices pay homage to Bob's great passion (besides inflicting pain) — food.

for each Chef to have as high a profile as possible, it's critical that they either succeed or pass the blame off onto someone else — preferably the Master Chef. On the other hand, the Master Chef is eager to lay the blame for any failures at the feet of incompetent subordinates, and let them face the wrath of Bob. Thus, the goal of many of these plans is to produce a situation where the Master Chef can claim success for some accomplishment (significant or minor) while rival Chefs fail miserably at their assigned tasks. It surprises no-one except Bob that little of practical value is ever achieved.

For his part, Ahriman steps back into the shadows and lets the other Chefs go at it. He already stands at the penultimate pinnacle of power, and steps in only if events threaten his position. Whether the project is completed successfully or not is rarely an issue with him.

Once a project is approved, and the roles of the Chefs are assigned, they pass instructions onto their subordinates, the Stewards. The Stewards assign duties to their Lackeys, and so on down the line, until the actual implementation ends up in the hands of incompetent minions. Power games and conspiracies mirroring those of the Chefs take place at each level. This is how plans are put into action in the Land of Bob, for better or for worse… and it's usually worse.

Disguised as a Steward-Confectioner, I attempted to make my way through the Land of Bob, hide intact. I thought in this manner I might travel unmolested, not attracting the attention of a Chef, while above the level of a cannon-fodder Lackey. I traveled freely and followed the behavior of my peers, gruffly kicking Lackeys out of my way, and kow-towing to superiors whenever their processions passed. One of them, a Chef by the look of his tall white hat, stopped and looked me over from his sedan chair.

"You!" he bellowed, "Gather some Caterers and prepare for my party a gourmet dinner!" To emphasize his eagerness, he assigned a couple of guards to 'assist' me.

I'm nothing if not resourceful, and taking a lead from the Chef, I rounded on the nearest party of Caterers and commanded, "Get your sorry behinds in gear, I've got a Chef to feed!" They protested that they had a delivery to make, but I would have none of it.

Summoning up all the limited expertise I gleaned while cooking in the dormitory at Space Academy, and with the assistance of a handful of Caterers, I soon had a respectable supper prepared for the Chef and his toadies. Inwardly, I was shaking like a leaf as they dug into my impromptu Irish stew.

After a few bites, the Chef got a funny look on his face. He stood up, looked at me, and opened his mouth as if to speak. He then pitched forward onto the table stone dead, followed by the rest of his party.

I turned to the nearest Caterer. "Just what the hell were you lot delivering?"

He shrugged. "We was supposed ta be delivering poisoned meat to lay as traps for some Wascally Wabbits."

I hightailed it out of there, leaving the Caterers to clean up the mess. Just one little thing still gnaws at me: does that poison affect anything other than Wascally Wabbits, or is my Irish stew really that bad?

— Sean Murphy.



Left: Staffer-Waiter-Clerk Lowry Buttle notes the consumption of toast with jam in the Dark lands. If report 27B/6 (the Official Toast with Jam Tally) isn't updated daily in triplicate it'll be Lowry in the jam….

Politics in the Land of Bob

The phrase 'cover your butt' was probably invented in the Land of Bob. The air in Bob's realm is charged with the paranoia and hopelessness that can only be found in places where people have absolutely no trust or faith in anyone but themselves (and even then they have reservations).

Inhabitants of the Land of Bob spend much of their time looking over their shoulders. People live in fear that something they do will be reported, or worse, misreported, to authorities, or worst of all, to Bob. Thus, most folks figure that the best policy is to rat on others before they are ratted on. Or, to put it another way: "Do Unto Others *Before* They Do Unto You."

The more attractive the flower garden the greater the chance that one or more bodies are buried beneath it.

Money & Relative Values in the Dark Lands

1 Groat (copper: a 'penny')								
1 Grupnick (brass: a 'dime')	=	10 Groats						
1 Simoleon (silver: a 'dollar')	=	10 Grupnicks	=	100 Groats				
1 Dinero (gold: 'ten dollars')	=	10 Simoleons	=	100 Grupnicks	=	1,000 Groats		
1 Clam (gold: 'hundred dollars', called 'Bobloons' in the Land of Bob)					=	10 Dinero	=	100 Simoleons
10 Clams	=	Mucho Dinero. You're Rich!						

Examples of Income & Wages

Brownie Rock Star:	100,000 Clams	(= 1,000,000 Dinero = 10,000,000 Simoleons)	per year
Landowner, Large, Gentry:	500 Clams	(= 5,000 Dinero = 50,000 Simoleons)	per year
Landowner, Small:	100 Clams	(= 1,000 Dinero = 10,000 Simoleons)	per year
Interior Decorator, Elvish:	10 Clams	(= 100 Dinero = 1,000 Simoleons)	per project
Contractor, Dwarvish:	5 Clams	(= 500 Dinero = 5,000 Simoleons)	per project
Master Artisan:	2 Grupnicks	(= 20 Groats)	per day
Laborer:	8 Groats		per day (plus free water)
Soldier, Mercenary:	4 Simoleons	(= 40 Grupnicks)	per day
Soldier, Cavalryman:	8 Grupnicks	(= 80 Groats)	per day
Soldier, Infantry:	4 Grupnicks	(= 40 Groats)	per day
Soldier, Archer:	2 Grupnicks	(= 20 Groats)	per day
Bouncer, Giant:	1 Grupnick	(= 10 Groats)	per day (plus free beer)

Below: Money and riches are the most common way of establishing oneself in a position of influence and power. However, in a highly magical and evil realm, full of psychotic idiots, one should always be prepared to provide alternative rewards for loyal servitude. Information and access to an expert plastic surgeon is highly prized, in addition to those skilled in the precise administration of pain, body sculpting, and counselling. It takes all kinds….

This strategy of getting the shiv in first, is not as simple a as it sounds. Bob doesn't like it when people lie to him (assuming he figures it out), so if you try to frame or expose someone else, the story had better stick, or it's *your* head on the block. Thus, in evolutionary terms, deviousness, ruthlessness, and having ready cash are strong survival traits. People are cautious with their traps, and surround themselves with supporters — whose loyalty depends strictly on how much you pay them, how many favors they owe you, or how well you can blackmail them. It is impossible to sit on the sidelines. This is not a spectator sport.

The punishment for treachery or failure in the Land of Bob is typically death — no surprises there — unless you have some *real* friends in high places and you're deemed too valuable to kill. For the rest, however, the higher the status, the more painful (and messy) the death. Public executions of officials are *very* popular with the populace. They see it as a form of class revenge. The day of execution for a famous public official is declared a holiday and everyone attends — by order of Bob — in their finest frocks and accoutrements. Pre-event amusements are provided and hucksters show up and market their wares.



The Economics of Evil

The Land of Bob is a *very* free market. That is to say that because there is little if any regulation of the marketplace, anything goes. This is one of the things which entices merchants to risk life and limb to trade with the denizens of the Dark Lands.

Commerce & Trade

Trade is conducted through barter, coin (typically by weight and composition), and mineral wealth. Slaves and live animals are also bought and sold.

There are no 'banks' as such. Merchants who exchange coinage and loan money do so at their whim and risk; there are no laws requiring anyone to pay back a loan. This is why money merchants hire the biggest thugs they can find and run slave placement businesses on the side. You *will* pay back your loan, one way or another… The lending rate depends entirely on how desperate the mark, er, client is.

If customers are cheated, chalk it up to 'let the buyer beware', unless of course an angry mob attacks the retailer or manufacturer and razes their property to the ground. A litigation 'lawyer' more often than not is simply a hired gun, sword, or guy with a club.

For the most part Bob takes little interest in the economy, as long as the supply of goods is steady and he feels he's being sent his share — he demands 10% to 50% of all transactions. Of course few cough-up until they are asked to do

so by Bob's friendly representatives. If Bob's treasury ever gets low, he simply orders his minions to raise some loot via a *headtax* (heads are cracked if payment is not forthcoming) or customs and *excise tax* (they get you coming and going). After all, Bob is just a brigand with a lot of followers.

Wages (of Sin)

The average **laborer** considers themself lucky if they make **8 groats a day**. Sometimes this includes room and board, but don't hold your breath. Naturally, the more specialized the skill or task, and the greater the demand for the service, the higher the possible earnings. If you're looking for an increase in wages, the best thing you can hope for is a huge plague which wipes out most of your competition while leaving you unscathed and healthy.

Prices

The example prices listed in the table are average rates; they will vary due to supply and demand. Items and animals listed are provided for reference; use them as a guide to price other items yourself.

Examples of Prices in the Dark Lands

Food & Possession Prices

Meal, Veggie, Self-prep:	1 Groat
Meal, Meat, Restaurant:	10 Simoleons (= 100 Grupnicks)
Corn Chips:	1 Simoleon (= 100 Groats)/bag
Slim-Kwik™ Drink Mix:	5 Simoleons (= 500 Groats)/can
Wine, Good Quality:	2 Simoleons (= 200 Groats)/bottle
Beer, Ale, Poor Quality:	1 Groat/cup
Book, Handwritten:	20 Dinero (= 200 Simoleons)
Book, Printed:	1 Dinero (= 10 Simoleons)
Computer, Laptop:	100 Clams (10,000 Simoleons)
Coach, Passage (one way):	1 Grupnick/mile traveled
Ship, Passage (one way):	1 Simoleon/day at sea
Wagon, (1,200 lb load):	3 Dinero (= 30 Simoleons)
Drums, Bongo:	1 Clam (= 100 Simoleons)

Clothing, Peasant

Polyester Leisure Suit:	3 Groats
Peasant Woolen Tunic:	5 Groats
Gentry Garment:	3 Dinero (= 30 Simoleons)
Fashionable Gown:	1 Clam (= 100 Simoleons)
Stone-Washed Designer Jeans:	2 Clams (= 200 Simoleons)
Sandals, Cheap:	1 Groat
Shoes, Average Quality:	10 Simoleons (= 100 Grupnicks)
Boots, High Quality:	60 Simoleons (= 600 Grupnicks)

Armor & Weapons

Leather Tunic:	5 Simoleons (= 50 Grupnicks)
Metal Plate Cuirass:	30 Simoleons (= 300 Grupnicks)
Mail Shirt:	1 Clam (= 100 Simoleons)
Resistweave Vest:	2 Clams (= 200 Simoleons)
Kevlar Vest (Heavy):	8 Clams (= 800 Simoleons)
Dagger:	1 Grupnick (= 10 Groats)
Bow & Arrows:	1 Simoleon (= 10 Grupnicks)
Short Sword:	1 Dinero (= 10 Simoleons)
Revolver:	2 Clams (= 200 Simoleons)
Shotgun:	3 Clams (= 300 Simoleons)
Laser Rifle:	200 Clams (= 20,000 Simoleons)

Buildings

Hovel/Hut, rent:	5 Simoleons (= 50 Grupnicks)/year
Hovel/Hut, buy:	100 Simoleons (= 1,000 Grupnicks)
Row House, rent:	30 Simoleons (= 300 Grupnicks)/year
Row House, buy:	60 Clams (= 6,000 Simoleons)
House & Courtyard, buy:	200 Clams (= 20,00 Simoleons)
Artisan's Factory, rent:	1 Clam (= 100 Simoleons)/year
Artisan's Factory, buy:	100 Clams (= 10,000 Simoleons)
Merchant's Store, rent:	60 Simoleons (= 600 Grupnicks)/year
Merchant's Mansion, buy:	500 Clams (= 50,000 Simoleons)
Tower Keep, buy:	1,000 Clams (= 100,000 Simoleons)
Tavern, rent:	1 Clam (= 100 Simoleons)/year
Fast Food Joint, rent:	5 Clams (= 500 Simoleons)/year
Barn, buy:	10 Clams (= 1,000 Simoleons)
Sports Arena, buy:	5,000,000 Clams (= 500,000,000 Simoleons)

Animals

Fowl (e.g., chicken):	5 Groats
Sheep:	2 Grupnicks (= 20 Groats)
Pig:	3 Grupnicks (= 30 Groats)
Cow:	5 Simoleons (= 50 Grupnicks)
Ox:	1 Dinero (= 10 Simoleons)
Horse, Draught:	2 Simoleons (= 20 Simoleons)
Horse, Riding:	1 Dinero (= 10 Simoleons)
Horse, War:	1 Clam (= 100 Simoleons)
Parrot, Talking:	5 Clams (= 500 Simoleons)
Parrot, Swearing:	5 Simoleons (= 50 Grupnicks)



Right: Coin of the Realm is not always necessary, but it's not a bad idea. Many locales won't accept travellers checks or plastic. In fact, they're quite likely to take it out of your hide.

Government Services

Bob and his government provide few 'public services'. If Bob decides something needs to be built or requires fixing, it gets done... and fast! Quick and crude justice is administered by traveling Bartenders; important or 'interesting' cases are heard by Bob or his Court Judges — unfortunately this does little to increase your chances of a 'fair' hearing. Bob fully finances the public prisons, places of torture and execution, and occasionally provides bleached skulls for resurfacing the roads.

The smaller the graveyard, the less 'peaceful' it is.


The Dark Lands
(Not a Happy Place)
Chaney Commonwealth
Nodulus Range
Plain of Adenitis
Adenitis
Coryza
Lentigo
Abendland
Denada
Borsanera
Mt. Cicatrix
Dementia
Rufous Sea
Shangri-La-La
Yeti Mountains
Myopia
Noiropolis
Annwyfn
Rotten Mountains
Poe Mountains
Vinnieland
Bobistan
Manqué
Tir Nan Bob
Dyscrasia
Mt. Scoliosis
Beaumonde
Kindling
Noirvana
Castle Karloff
Mictlan
Kuthu
The Pit of Used Car Salesmen
Arallu
Niraya
Vulgaria
Castle Blaskó
Karloffornia
Plainpalais
J. Ackerman Forrest
Jura Mountains
Mt. Rigormortis
Belavista
The Plain of Plungers
Raiment
Mountains of Ash
Abscess Bay
Rodrom
Mountains of Shadow
Foothills of Faloon
Ebondale
Prodigious Forest
Pellagra
Edema
Nawleans
Marimba
Leeland
Lake Bile
Agnosia
Kevin Davies©1997

CHAPTER FOUR

Tir Nan Bob — The Land of Bob

A Brief History of the Dark Lands

THE DARK LANDS WOULDN'T BE THAT BAD if they just weren't so darned dark! Not unlike a huge gray zit on the face of the planet, the Dark Lands are one of the most noticeable fixed features of Murphy's World. With a bit of sun and a spot of rain, the gray dingy hills would sprout the green of meadow grasses, and the yellows and reds of wildflowers. Unfortunately, the sun, Ludo, rarely gets a peek at this mountainous domain. One of the planet's moons has selfishly positioned himself so as to obscure this area of the surface from the scrutiny of the sun.

It wasn't always this way. When Bob was a child, the Dark Lands were called the **Golden Plain**. The sun shone and the wind was fresh and full of the smells of flowers and backyard barbecues. It was a happy place. Over several generations the original settlement of stranded Humans, **Tir Tairngire**, had blossomed into a thriving metropolis. It was surrounded by an idyllic suburbia of warm friendly families with three-car garages, weedless front lawns, and thriving shopping malls within easy walking distance.

Then, Bob was born.

As detailed earlier, Bob soon rose to a position of dark authority, with darker days to come. Indeed, darker days did come — but not the way Bob expected.

Bob Begets Ben

Ever notice how some people just aren't happy unless they have something or someone to complain about? Such is the case with Bob.

Though things were moving along just fine as far as the wanton destruction of neighborhoods and chasing away the local honest citizenry were concerned, Bob's brow furrowed in concern. As thick smoke curled upward from the fires blazing in the urban sprawl, Bob reflected that things were progressing well. Too well. Someone powerful had to be plotting against him somewhere... global conquest *couldn't* be this easy.

Had it not been for Bob's obsessive paranoia, Murphy's World might well be a less peaceful place today. For not only did Bob suspect that he had a nemesis, his reptilian brain *demanded* that such an enemy exist — a massive thing from some unknown distant place, with dark designs which could not be fully comprehended, even by a self-proclaimed genius such as Bob. Bob's angst over an unknown nemesis rose to cosmic proportions, catching the attention of Ludo. Now, Ludo is sentient (although it's never been clear *how*), and it decided to do something, if for no other reason than to teach the overgrown bully a lesson.

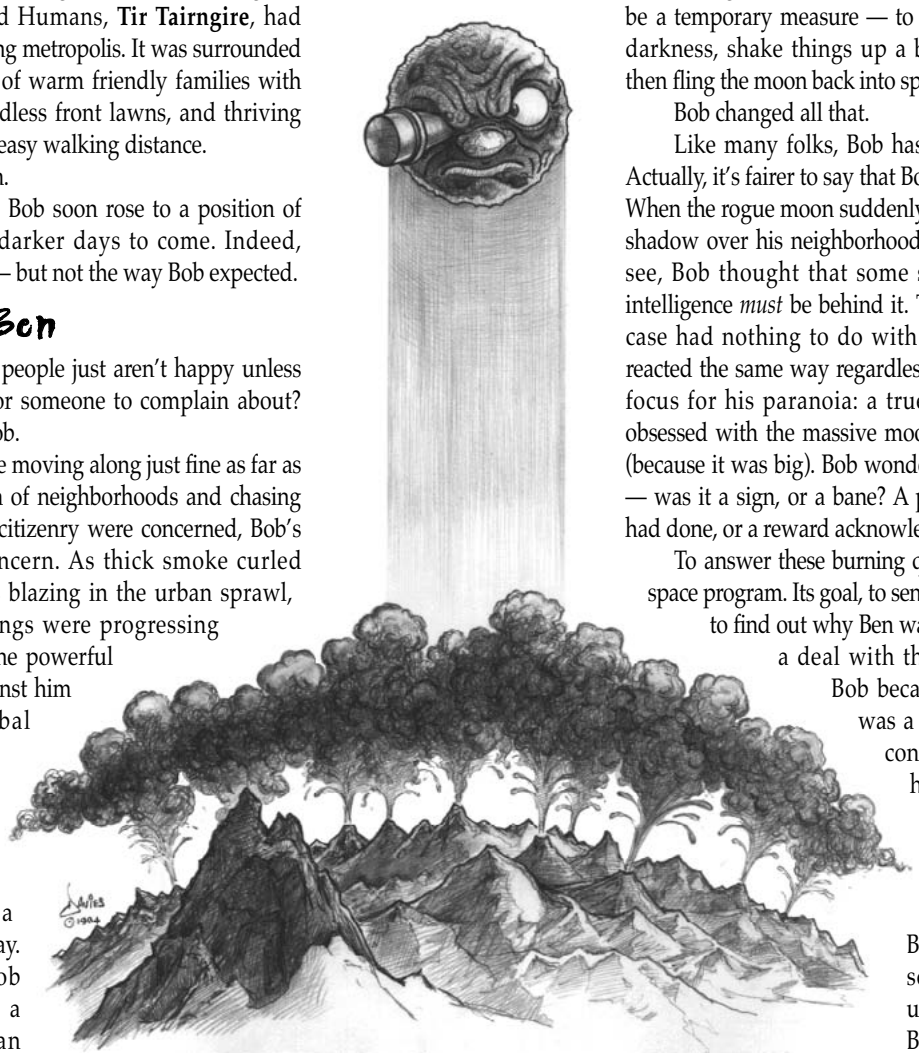
As it happens, at about this time a rogue moon was passing merrily through Ludo's star system. No-one knows whether the moon was on its way to some urgent appointment on the other side of the galaxy, whether it was on the lam, or whether it was just sightseeing. It matters little, since Ludo had other plans.

Reaching out with its gravitational tentacles, Ludo grasped the massive orb, pulled it into orbit around Murphy's World, and plonked it down right over Bob's head. Originally this was to be a temporary measure — to cause a week or two of darkness, shake things up a bit, teach Bob a lesson, then fling the moon back into space where it came from.

Bob changed all that.

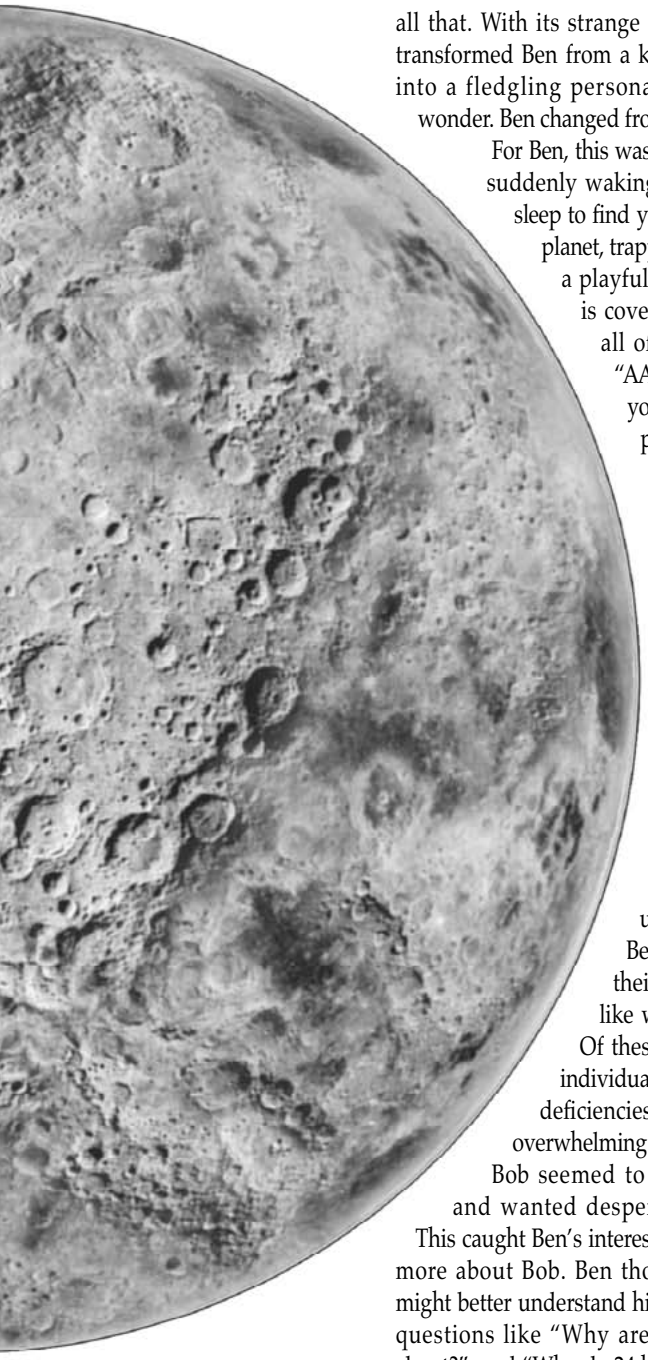
Like many folks, Bob has his superstitious side. Actually, it's fairer to say that Bob is *wildly* superstitious. When the rogue moon suddenly arrived and cast a dark shadow over his neighborhood as far as the eye could see, Bob thought that some strange and malicious intelligence *must* be behind it. That this was in fact the case had nothing to do with it — Bob would have reacted the same way regardless — but now Bob had a focus for his paranoia: a true *nemesis*. Bob became obsessed with the massive moon, which he called **Ben** (because it was big). Bob wondered why Ben had come — was it a sign, or a bane? A punishment for what he had done, or a reward acknowledging his works?

To answer these burning questions, Bob initiated a space program. Its goal, to send a representative to Ben to find out why Ben was there, and perhaps cut a deal with the hovering planetoid. Bob became convinced that Ben was a key factor in his bid to conquer the world. Before he could grind the rest of the planet to dust, he had to get Ben on his side. Bob believed that together, he and Ben would be the greatest source of nastiness the universe had ever known! Bob was obsessed.



Structures that resemble hostile lifeforms are likely to be hostile lifeforms.

'One guy's sufferin' is anotha guy's hobby.'
— **Bob, Lord of Evil**



All Ludo could do was roll its sunspots and sigh. It couldn't send Ben on its way now… things were getting too interesting.

A Ben is Born

Until snatched by Ludo, Ben was just an ordinary ball of rock hurtling through space. It was content with its lot — being a brainless lump of stone, it could hardly consider alternatives. Its encounter with Ludo changed all that. With its strange mystical emanations, Ludo transformed Ben from a know-nothing hunk of stone into a fledgling personality, full of curiosity and wonder. Ben changed from an 'it' to a 'he'.

For Ben, this was no easy experience. Imagine suddenly waking up after a long dreamless sleep to find yourself hovering over a huge planet, trapped by the weird energies of a playful star. The terrain below you is covered with sentient creatures, all of whom simultaneously yell "AAAAAAAAAHHhhhhhhhhh!" as your shadow plunges them into perpetual gloom. The gravity of your mass shakes the ground, while dozens of volcanoes erupt spewing soot and lava everywhere, driving hundreds of insurance companies into bankruptcy. Not a happy awakening.

Like any newborn child, Ben's personality was subject to being shaped and molded by those he encountered. Those in Ben's shadow were understandably upset with Ben's unannounced arrival, and their hostility washed over Ben like waves against a rocky shore. Of these, only Bob stood out as an individual. Whatever Bob's intellectual deficiencies, his psychic presence is as overwhelming as his physical presence.

Bob seemed to expect Ben, to need him, and wanted desperately to understand him. This caught Ben's interest, so he in turn tried to learn more about Bob. Ben thought that through Bob he might better understand himself and answer important questions like "Why are we here?", "What's it all about?", and "Why do 24 hour convenience stores have locks on their doors?" Ben certainly got answers, but by drawing on Bob's psychotic musings, he filled his vacant personality with paranoia, deviancy, anger, delusions of grandeur, and the desire to have apricot jam licked from between his toes. (That he lacks toes to have apricot jam licked from between annoys Ben no end). Thus, Ben became a mirror image of Bob — Bob's true nemesis and worst nightmare.

Ben + the Dark Lands

Most residents of what are now called the Dark Lands don't much care who Ben is or why he came — they simply want him to go away. However, deep in their subconscious mind, they can't help feeling that Ben is here for some unfathomable mystical reason, and that he is here to stay. This collective belief, amplified by Ludo, keeps Ben right where he is.

Local scientific boffins have soaked up massive amounts of tax money running tests, producing studies, and holding conferences at luxury hotels in an effort to explain Ben's obstinate behavior. More importantly, they have suggested ways to get rid of Ben. Some have discussed using magic to wish Ben away — but no-one wants to risk using magic on such a massive scale. Magic on Murphy's World is dangerous enough in small amounts! Aggressive minds want to simply blow Ben up. This approach has produced some pretty fireworks and instant vacancies in the scientific establishment, but no practical results so far. Those of a more diplomatic bent think that politely asking Ben to move would be far nicer, although they haven't solved the problem of how to ask a moon anything at all, let alone ask nicely. The rest just throw up their hands, and go back to working on more practical things, like cold fusion, perpetual motion machines, and peanut butter that won't stick to the roof of your mouth. For his part, Ben seems to look more smug with each passing day.

Ben's strong gravity wreaks havoc on the planetary crust below him. The tectonic plates underlying the Dark Lands shake, rattle, and roll almost constantly. New mountains arise through a combination of tectonic subduction and the outpouring of molten magma. The volcanic ash thus produced makes for great grape growing (and thus wine making) — if the crop survives long enough to be harvested.

Formed from a network of mountains and isolated valleys, locked in a circle of stygian darkness, hundreds of miles across, the Dark Lands are located in the center of the largest continent in the northern hemisphere. It lies east of the **Pleasant Plain** and the **Land of the Sun**, bordering on **Myopia**; north of **Agnosia**, and south of **Adenitis**, **Dementia**, and the **Tee-Tee Sea**. The Land of Bob lies at the center of the Dark Lands.

The Geography of the Land of Bob

Having sacked, looted, and claimed for his own the once picturesque city of **Tir Tairngire** and the

surrounding area, Bob chose to rename his sprawling powerbase **Tir Nan Bob**. To Bob, this is a big improvement, since anything without 'Bob' in it just doesn't sound right. The name change was àpropos, however, since it is nothing like its former self; today only nasty and depressing things occur there. After the upheaval brought about by the arrival of Ben, the Golden Plain was transformed into a realm of irregular hills and steep valleys. What was once postcard perfect is now pink-slip putrid. The predominate colors are grays, ranging from black to white, corpse-flesh greens and pus yellows, with accents in bloody reds and shadows in depressing blues.

Here rests the seat of power and the apex of all things Bob. The layout of this empire of rogue and ruffian riff-raff is something akin to a spider's web, extending outward from **Bob Tor**, the tallest hill in the gloomy plain to the foggy foothills of the blue-gray **Mountains of Moroseness** to the north and the dark, towering **Peaks of Peril** to the south.

Bob retains his power base through an army of fanatically loyal followers and an unwavering commitment to cruelty, expressed via casual harassment, random acts of terror, and the services of the infamous law firm *Ruthless, Vile, Despicable, Malignant, & Nasty.* Bob also gives tacit permission for his thugs, er… staff to periodically plunder the locals as long as he gets an annual cut of at least 10%. Occasionally a warlord encroaches upon the territory of another. These disputes are usually resolved without involving Bob or his 'Field Reps' — precedent has vividly demonstrated that once Bob is involved, only Bob wins.

Thus, the actual area directly controlled by Bob is only a few hundred miles in diameter. This is the true Tir Nan Bob, the Land of Bob.

The architecture of Tir Nan Bob reflects the landscape: wild and uncontrolled, with not a straight line or smooth curve in sight. Most buildings sag and lean on their neighbors as if they are too tired or intoxicated to stand on their own. Many have towers and other extensions which jut out at unexpected angles, reaching for the sky, or meandering diagonally off until the builders ran out of materials. The overall appearance conveys an impression that seems to defy gravity (and probably does, along with several other natural laws).

Various buildings throughout Tir Nan Bob are rumored to contain Teleportation Gates providing access to all of the evil and disgusting places in the multiverse, though their precise locations are unrecorded. Yet, his minions attest: "If you want to go somewhere nasty, there's no better place to begin than Bob's."

The Fortress of Bob — the Two Groat Tour

This is it. The focus of all power and misery in the Dark Lands. To some, it is the gateway to hell; to Bob, it's the ultimate 'monster' home. When not out touring his possessions and paying unannounced visits to one of his Chefs (a dreaded experience for the surprised host), Bob holds court at his Fortress. The Fortress of Bob crouches atop a **1,000' [300 m]** high black granite dormant volcano dubbed **Bob Tor**. The heads of those who recently had a disagreement with Bob are mounted on the battlements as a reminder to his loyal minions that "submissiveness is next to Bobliness."

'Death is not too good for my enemies.'
— **Bob, Lord of Evil**



Practically everyone who enters the castle does so through the single, massive gatehouse, penetrating the **100' [30 m]** high and **50' [15 m]** thick wall that circles the Fortress. Upon your arrival, an iron gate full of spikes rises and a dark, wooden drawbridge is lowered across a liquid-filled (it may have been water once…) **30' [9 m]** wide moat. If, like most, you are not arriving of your own volition, your view of this spectacle of evil engineering will be somewhat curtailed; it will probably be limited to the cobblestone road surface (actually the sand-filled skulls of unpopular guests), or the bollards (made out of compressed Stone Giants — their features are still slightly discernible). The road winds counterclockwise up the hill and through another gate leading into the inner courtyard of the Fortress. Here, the doomed are sorted from the desirables, with the latter being shown to their quarters, and the former to their cells.

You can't help but notice the opulent detailing which has gone into the craft-work of the edifice. Even the simplest of implements reveals the work of an artisan. You may not, however, appreciate that the sculpted shapes are derived from the flesh, bones, and internal organs of familiar humanoids and animals — then gilded or painted, of course. Ceilings are supported by columns of writhing corpses. Skeletal cherubs and gargoyles gaze down on coffin-shaped tables and chairs with legs and arms which look like, well… legs and arms. Sconces are styled after flesh-stripped Elvish arms. To open doors you grasp a corpse-like hand. And every closet has its own skeleton. The end result is excessive but fascinating. Around every corner lurks another monstrosity of decor — some of which occasionally exhibit a life of their own. One hopes it is just a trick of the light.

'Ta some, dis place is hell — I prefers ta call it home.'

— Bob, Lord of Evil

BELOW: A scenic view of the Fortress of Bob. When a lull occurs in the normal chorus of wolf howls and agonized screams, a looped soundtrack of spooky noise blares out of concealed speakers in the castle walls.

Once through a massive set of double doors and inside the Fortress, you proceed down a corridor overlooked by 'murder holes', offering the supervising officer a last chance to lower an inner gate to deny entry. Beyond this inner gate is the Entrance Hall. Though it could easily contain an average domicile it serves merely a starting off point for the myriad rooms and corridors of the complex. Doors lead off this area to other chambers, and two great winding staircases rise to a second floor above. At the back of the room are double doors which lead to the Great Hall.

The Museum + Trophy Room

To the immediate left of the Entrance Hall is the Museum and Trophy Room. This room holds some of Bob's most recent acquisitions which he likes to display and demonstrate for (and occasionally on) his guests.

Bob is a fanatical collector. If Bob thinks something is, or will be, rare or valuable, he'll collect it. He especially likes technological artifacts — more so if they light up or go "ping!" Throughout the fortress assorted tech objects hang from the walls or sit on pedestals in corridors and corners; the Trophy Room holds the largest collection. Bob is desperate to find someone to explain how and why they work, and repair those that don't.

The (Not So) Great Hall

This is where Bob entertains his more *fortunate* guests (unfortunate guests are entertained *elsewhere* in the Fortress). This is the scene of great banquets, cocktail parties, whippings, masquerades, tar-and-featherings, demonstrations, lynchings, court proceedings, impalings, and weekly dance lessons.

The Throne Room

East of the Great Hall, down a long impressive corridor, is the seat of power in the Dark Lands. This is where Bob holds private audiences and metes out his personal punishments to those deserving of his special attentions. As you approach via a long and wide corridor you can hear the choking, moaning, and painful screams for mercy of Bob's guests and visitors. Periodically cutting through the din is the low vibrato of Bob's sinister laughter and his favorite expression, "Kill him!" There is an overwhelming *smell of death and decay* in the air (all visitors are required to make a **WIL Roll** or begin ***choking*** and ***gagging*** for **1d100 seconds**).



Bob's throne room is famous, and has been featured in 'Despot's Home Journal' on more than one occasion. Its opulent but bizarre decor gives new meaning to the word 'excess'. Everything is carved, gilded, polished, plated, and where appropriate bleached to expose raw bone. The walls are adorned with trophies claimed from Bob's most bitter enemies, including their most prized possessions and often their heads. Though many of the furnishings appear luxurious, they typically offer little comfort to the visitor — especially those with nails beneath their cushions.

Bob sits on a massive loveseat-throne located on a raised dais, surrounded by his favorite courtesans (when necessary, the seat flips up to reveal a toilet). Top Stewards, foreign dignitaries, guests, and military officers occupy the bleachers that circle the room. Lackeys man the access points and stand watch in an effort to keep things running smoothly. Busboys are continually at the ready to run errands or commit suicide depending upon Bob's whim.

Distributed about the room are a variety of machines providing various torturous possibilities surrounding a large open pit with a perimeter of spikes and covered by a retractable grate. This is Bob's personal entertainment center; his enemies, of course, are the entertainment. Bob long since recognized that folks are always ready and able to find entertainment in the misfortune of others.

The Kitchen, Store Rooms, + Garrisons

West of the Great Hall are the Kitchens and store rooms. To the east are the Stables, Armories, and Garrisons. Staff Quarters are spread throughout the complex.

The Keep, the Dungeons, + the Six Towers

Rising from the center of the complex is the main keep, which holds a variety of chambers including Bob's Fun Rooms (a workshop and private torture chamber), Bob's Private Apartments, and a Rooftop Garden and Dining Facility. As might be expected, beneath the Fortress are various levels of unpleasantness, including prison cells, torture chambers, and Bob's laundry facility.

The complex has six main towers of varying heights. The two southernmost towers are for Staff Officers. The west tower is for favored guests. The east tower is for prisoners. The northwest tower is for Bob's current favorites (whoever they might happen to be), while the northeast tower, the tallest, is occupied by Ahriman and his personal Stewards; no-one else who has gone there has ever been seen again.

Overall, the Fortress contains hundreds of chambers, halls, and closets connected by circuitous corridors and secret passageways. Some rooms are even said to be walled-up and forgotten — reserved for *special* guests who just couldn't get enough of Bob's hospitality.

'Hey, Villains have needs too!'

— Bob, Lord of Evil

It is said that great profit can be had from the Dark Lands, if you know where to look, and avoid Bob's minions. So far, I've failed at both.

Cursing my luck, I was led into Bob' presence. Barely looking up from the cow he was mutilating, Bob slurred, "Guards, kill him... now."

Fear unleashed my tongue. "Oh Lord of Darkness, wait! I have a gift for you."

Bob gazed at me for a moment. "Oh. Thank you. Guards, kill him."

I would have smashed my head against the floor in frustration if the guards hadn't been holding me up. "Don't you want the gift, oh Noxious One?"

Putting down the disemboweled cow, Bob thought long and hard. "Ah, yes."

Making no sudden movements, I gingerly fished a battered Rubik's Cube, a remnant of less stressful days, out of my backpack. I held it out to Bob. "Here you are, oh Master of Mayhem. It is a Rub-Bobik's Cube."

His gnarled, warty hand took the device. His eyes crossed as he examined it closely. "Thank you. Guards, kill him now."

"Don't you want to know how it works!" I screamed.

After a long pause, Bob stuck the little finger of his left hand into his right ear. "I suppose so. Tell Bob how Cube works."

It took me one minute to explain that you 'won' by turning sections of the Cube until each face was a solid color. It took me three hours to get the concept across to Bob. I smiled throughout the ordeal, knowing that the alternative was significantly less pleasant.

When I finally walked unhindered away from Bob's palace, I left behind a throne room full of toadies, minions, and hangers-on, all arguing about the best way to solve the Cube. They were far too busy to worry about me. Bob had already killed half-a-dozen, and ten others were involved in a free-for-all melee.

I was eventually given this planet's equivalent of the Nobel Peace Prize for giving the Cube to Bob. Bob spent over a year and a half trying to solve the damn thing, during which his plans for world conquest were put on ice. When he finally gave up, he ordered the Cube tortured until it surrendered its secrets. When that failed, Bob made himself feel better by eating twenty minions and starting sixteen nuisance lawsuits against the Elves.

— Sean Murphy.

The Gardens + Grounds

Immediately behind the Fortress, walled off from the rest of the grounds, is the most curious sight of all: **Bob's Miniature Village**. Here, Bob has assembled a truly impressive reconstruction of Bobston, it contains favorite buildings and scenes from his own experience, and images supplied by Hosts sent abroad in the form of postcards, drawings, etc. He has populated the town

'Madness means never havin' ta say you're sorry.'
— **Bob, Lord of Evil**

with dolls and stuffed animals — his most prized possessions. The Miniature Village is continually being enhanced and repaired by artisans. It is a place of solace for the Lord of Evil.

Surrounding the miniature village and extending across the grounds is an enormous graveyard. Every tombstone is unique and none are vandalized (you can imagine what the punishment for *that* is). It's a place of foreboding and reeks of the smell of death. So, naturally, some of Bob's Staff prefer to live there.

Bobston — City of Eternal Transformation

Beyond the great wall encircling the Fortress of Bob is a **50' [15 m]** wide road, separating the Fortress from the surrounding town of Bobston. Bobston is relatively new, having been built on the old downtown core after it was wiped out by a lava flow which spewed forth from the volcano that is now Bob Tor. The survivors called it a disaster, Bob called it urban renewal. It has all the stuff you'd expect: from mansions to apartment blocks, market squares to sports arenas, parks to courtyards, shrines to sewers.

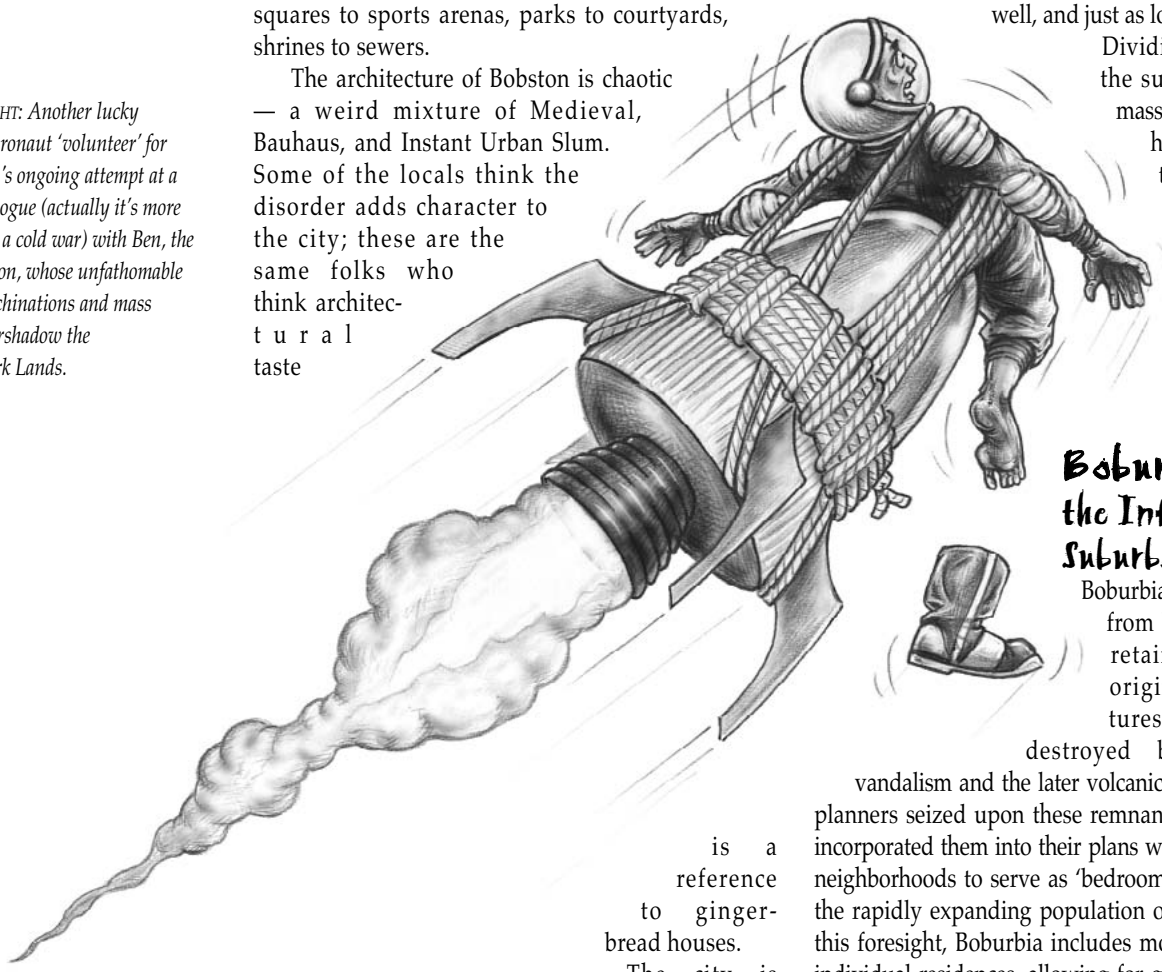
The architecture of Bobston is chaotic — a weird mixture of Medieval, Bauhaus, and Instant Urban Slum. Some of the locals think the disorder adds character to the city; these are the same folks who think architectural taste is a reference to gingerbread houses.

The city is always in a state of flux; buildings going up — buildings falling down. Few make the effort to conform with the city's already lax building codes, preferring to pay the authorities to look the other way. Should a building collapse or burn to the ground, with the cause attributable to a breach of fire regulations, there is hell (and more bribes) to pay for everyone concerned. Bob does not like the thought of *his* city falling down.

Most of the buildings rise one or two stories, but some stand as high as six. Except for the main arteries that extend from the Tor to the suburbs, Bobston's meandering lanes are narrow and hard to navigate even on foot. Storefronts, signs, and unlicensed café seating extend into the streets. Higher stories often overhang to the point of touching, their shadows further darkening the dim streets. At dusk a fog rolls in and makes it even worse.

Maps of Bobston are practically unheard of. The roads and alleys are worse than pretzels. Visitors navigate by instinct. Asking someone else for directions is useless: either they'll steer you in the wrong direction just for their amusement, or, if they stop long enough to chat (which many paranoid locals would never do) they're probably a tourist as well, and just as lost as you.

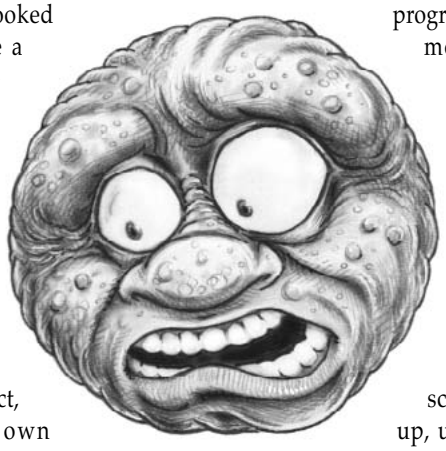
Dividing Bobston from the suburbs is another massive wall, **50' [15 m]** high and **25' [7.5 m]** thick. Its six gatehouses bristle with guards. The suburbs (considered by many to be the gates of hell) lie beyond.



RIGHT: Another lucky Bobronaut 'volunteer' for Bob's ongoing attempt at a dialogue (actually it's more like a cold war) with Ben, the Moon, whose unfathomable machinations and mass overshadow the Dark Lands.

Boburbia — the Infernal Suburbs

Boburbia is a bit different from Bobston in that it retains some of the original urban structures not completely destroyed by the earlier vandalism and the later volcanic disaster. The civic planners seized upon these remnants of the past and incorporated them into their plans when erecting entire neighborhoods to serve as 'bedroom communities' for the rapidly expanding population of Bobston. Due to this foresight, Boburbia includes more space between individual residences, allowing for greater privacy and isolation between families. Bowling alleys, community centers, and scores of shopping malls, rather than parks and neighborhood streets are the places of social interaction.



At first Bob was suspicious of the intentions of his planners; it looked like Boburbia was going to be a nice place. Bob doesn't like nice places — for anyone else, that is. However, after observing the residents it became clear that nothing could compare to the capacity of Boburbia to sap the lifeforce and potential of its inhabitants; its civic design is guaranteed to turn families into basket cases within a generation. In fact, it reminded Bob of his own upbringing.

Boburbia was constructed by fly-by-night builders employing zombies for laborers. It is parceled up into neighborhood 'subdivisions', each with distinctive but comfortingly similar names: **Sheol Valley, Gehenna Grove** (rumored to have been built over a large landfill), **Abaddon Lanes, Refrigerium Lakes,** and **Bor Gully**.

In recent years, the expectations of Bob's civic planners have been realized as the area has produced new gangs of marauding Boblings looking for mischief to make. Thus those in Bobston can always turn to the horizon to view the warm ruddy glow and rising black fumes of burning suburban homes.

Upon entering Boburbia, the visitor will immediately notice that space and time become distorted. The distance between buildings increases, as does the distance between areas where people may collect and socially interact. Parks are few and far between, corner stores are all but gone, all that seems to remain are the houses and… the malls, which serve as a soul-sapping nexus for social encounters.

Bob's Space Center

This 'secret' installation in the suburbs, located at the end of a highway which passes through a deadly swamp, is the place where Bob's goal to land a minion on the moon is put into action. 'Volunteers' from across the Dark Lands are brought here (typically under guard) to receive training (if that's what you call a pep talk, a limited diet, and exercising under maximum security conditions) in anticipation of their plunge into the great unknown. These astronauts (or, as Bob prefers to call them, **'Bobronauts'**), are Bob's ambassadors to Ben, the moon.

Bob desperately wants to communicate with Ben, to determine why he is there, what he wants, and what it will take to do Bob's bidding. Bob believes that if he can just get a representative to talk to Ben on his behalf, he'll be able to open a dialogue and convince Ben to come on side or buy him off — or at least pretend to do so, then cheat him at the last minute.

Once the intensive training program is complete — it rarely lasts more than three days — all is prepared for the launch. At the conclusion of the formal count-down, and with the official nod from the 'Big Guy' himself, the Bobronauts are locked into their capsules (or occasionally simply strapped to a large rock) and via the latest 'high tech' launching device prepared by Bob's scientists, fired into the cloudy sky, up, up, towards the dark lunar orb. Alas for the luckless Bobronauts, the vast majority of them end up falling down, down, to meet their fate on the **Plain of Plungers** or dropping uninvited into someone's living room. None have yet made it to Ben.

Ben is only vaguely aware of Bob's efforts, and is frankly puzzled by the whole thing. He watches with bemusement as strange objects emerge briefly from the dark clouds below, then re-enter the gloom, screaming loudly, never to be seen again. To Ben, Bob moves in mysterious ways.

Beyond the 'Burbs

Finally, beyond the suburbs, and after another **20' [6m]** high wall surrounded by a moat, exists parched, rocky, cultivated farmland and military training facilities with practice grounds — though it's often difficult to tell the difference between the two.

The Ranges & Their Masters

Bob in his wisdom has granted each of his 12 Chefs distinct territories, or Ranges, on the periphery of Tir Nan Bob. Though these Ranges are considered part of the Land of Bob proper, each Chef is the absolute ruler of their Range (at least until Bob says otherwise). The inhabitants tremble when their Chef speaks — just as the Chefs tremble when Bob opens his maw. Each Range has its own heraldic *Crest*, *Colors* and *Motto*.

Chef Amaimon 'The Friendly', Overlord of Beaumonde

Beaumonde is the most easterly region in the Land of Bob and borders on **Manqué** and **Vinnieland** in the north, **Bobistan** in the west, and **Niraya** and **Belavista** in the south. Chef Amaimon represents the interests of Bob to the peoples of southern Vinnieland and northern Belavista via mounted raids, threatening emissaries, and the export of heavy metal music performed by geriatric ballad crooners.

'Hey, if ignorance is bliss, why ain't youse happy?'

— **Bob, Lord of Evil**

Document on the Wall in Chef Amaimon's Dungeon

1. All prisoners, before being incarcerated, will be thoroughly *searched*, and all their possessions confiscated and reported.
2. Prisoners will always be placed in *separate* prison cells — keys will not be left on a hook just out of the prisoner's reach.
3. Guards will never approach a prisoner *alone;* two or more guards will only approach when armed and prepared for an assault.
4. Guards will not *enter cells* to taunt prisoners — taunting from a safe distance is fine.
5. All prisoners will be interrogated in the *dungeon* — not in the inner sanctum or operations room.
6. Prisoners about to be executed will *not* be granted last requests.
7. Time will not be spent gloating over our enemies' predicament *before* killing them.
8. Once deceased, the bodies of our enemies will be incinerated and their ashes scattered. They will *not* be left where they can be carted off and revived by some magic elixir.

'Evil is as evil does.'

— **Bob, Lord of Evil**

Over the years he's amassed a great quantity of 'tribute', of which only a small portion is sent on to Bob. Amaimon is counting on Bob's limited attention span and hectic schedule to allow this deceit to continue.

Amaimon likes to kid himself that his subjects see him as a congenial aristocratic fatherly figure; this of course contrasts with the belligerent, emotionally unstable villain that his minions know he actually is. Anyone who has spent any time in his presence can assert that he is not, and has never been, a 'friendly' person. Smart, scheming, deceitful, and cruel, *yes*, friendly, *no*. He does however, provide his minions with free beer, thus most are too drunk to notice his less appealing qualities.

When not pillaging or torturing, Amaimon directs his attentions to the arts. Convinced that a society cannot achieve true greatness unless it has accumulated a significant body of artworks, he swipes all that he can get his hands on. Unfortunately Chef Amaimon's taste is rather common, as demonstrated by his galleries of velvet paintings, museums of kitsch, and his ongoing plan to construct ever larger government buildings and cover them with gaudy giltwork.

Recently, after experiencing a vision, Amaimon decided to try and produce a 'great work' himself, in the form of a symphony… of screams. He considered it an excellent way to combine two of his favorite activities. If you're ever invited to a command performance, the discrete use of earplugs is highly recommended.

Crest: A yellow happy face with fangs dripping blood on a purple background.

Motto: Get it before someone else — keep it as long as you can.

Chef Amaimon (Bob calls him: Maim)

Quote: "My music is the ultimate form of scream therapy!"

Vocation: Chef, Overlord of Beaumonde Range

Race/Gender: Mutated Dwarf/Male

Intelligence:	15	Bright	**Strength:**	14	Stalwart
Willpower:	17	Confident	**Dexterity:**	12	Deft
Charisma:	14	Engaging	**Fitness:**	17	Athletic
Mystic:	4	Incognizant	**Appearance:**	7	Ugly
Health Points:	17		**Age:**	270	
Height:	5'1" [1.5 m]		**Weight:**	140 lbs [63 kg]	

Powers:
Dwarvish (including): Comprehend Drunks, Darksight, Direction Sense, Resist Toxic Substances. Darkling: Gaze: Victim Forgets Train of Thought (MYS Roll required to use power.)

Skills:

Deception & Lying	80	Masterful
Lead, Command, & Intimidate Others	70	Expert
Planning & Executing Bandit Raids	60	Adept
Interrogation & Torture	50	Proficient
Artistic Taste	30	Mediocre
Musical Talent	20	Incompetent

Traits:
Connoisseur of Beers, Cruel, Greedy, Independent Minded, Insensitive, Ruthless, Vain.

Personality:
Though he likes to think of himself as a benevolent dictator, everyone else recognizes him for the deranged tyrant that he actually is. He is, however, a patron of the arts.

Description:
Physically, Amaimon is a short, hairy Dwarf with a paunch and numerous gold teeth. Darkling mutations include leather-like skin, bulging eyes, and feelers all over his stomach and back. In an effort to flaunt his fashion sense he'll always attempt to acquire the 'latest thing' whatever that happens to be. There are few living fashion critics in Beaumonde.

Chef Arawn, Overlord of Annwyfn

The Realm of Annwyfn, on the western border of the **Tir Nan Bob,** east of **Karloffornia,** south of **Abendland** and north of **Noirvana,** is a rural and mountainous region of slate mines, slag heaps, and sludge pits. To most it as a place of drab misery, beset by terminal fog and cool drizzle. To the many Dark Dwarves residing there, it's the next best thing to paradise.

While Annwyfn has little to offer above ground, its mountainous caverns are blessed with gems, ores, and one of the best ten-pin bowling alleys on the planet. With thousands employed working the mines, many visitors find it curious that little of this wealth seems evident in increased consumer spending, and most important to Bob, annual tribute. Chef Arawn blames the low productivity on his 'undead' workforce. His workers, however, only *seem* like Zombies, in fact they're highly unionized and conducting a work-to-rule campaign, pressing for, among other things, a supply of brightly colored alkyd oil paints, waterproof boots, and large umbrellas. Arawn has explained to the workers that without the revenue provided by their labors, he can barely afford the pumps necessary to keep the tunnels dry, let alone luxuries like boots and brollies. Still, he doesn't dare discipline them, lest they go on strike, bringing everything to a halt. He just hopes that Bob never catches on to the situation….

After work, the inhabitants are much livelier, displaying a fondness for drinking, music, dance, and gambling on lemming suicide races. They also produce ornate handicrafts, garments, and weapons, of metal and leather, which they discreetly sell to merchants for export to foreign markets.

Chef Arawn is actually the slightly younger twin brother of **Gwyn,** first **King of the Fæ.** Fifteen thousand years ago, Gwyn proved himself a great warlord and commander in the decisive battle against the Giant Clans; Arawn, always a bit of a laggard when it came to risking his neck, did not. When the Elvish commander **Sederic of**

Whitethorn suffered a fatal wound, Gwyn rallied the troops and won the day. In gratitude, his Færie forces elected him King. Arawn, who spent much of the battle unconscious under a dead Ogre, refused to serve as a vassal of his brother and struck out to win a kingdom of his own. Eventually he met Bob — the rest is history.

Despite the labor disputes and the pessimistic reports, the mines of Annwyfn do produce *something.* Arawn, however, has chosen to exploit the ongoing labor disputes to permit him to sock away the profits and invest in munitions and armaments. Arawn despises Bob and his erratic operations. He abhors the dismal Range allotted him in the Dark Lands. But most of all, Arawn hates the legacy of his brother Gwyn. For the past few centuries Arawn observed the kingdoms in the west relaxing in their prosperity. Recently he began training and outfitting an army which, when ready, will march west, claiming the Fæ lands for himself.

While the inhabitants of Annwyfn keep the usual livestock — black sheep, white speckled cattle, and lemmings — they are most proud of their pigs, the **Raging Razorbacks.** These massive swine average **5' [1.5m]** in height and are trained as mounts for Arawn's warriors. The Razorbacks are ornery, and can just as easily devour a man as carry him into battle; alas for the Annwyfn military, Razorbacks are also easily confused. Razorbacks who eat too many warriors are turned into a particularly tasty bacon, thus making sure that neither the pig, nor those it ate, go to waste. Not only are the Razorbacks ferocious in battle (each ***bite*** inflicts **1d10 HP** damage), but they have the magical talent to ***inspire everyone within a* 100' [30 m] radius *to fight at the slightest provocation*** (duration **1d10 minutes** per failed WIL Roll). The Razorback typically eats the losers, leading scientists to conclude that this talent is an evolutionary survival mechanism.

Crest: A red pig leaping over a smiling white skull on a gold background.

Motto: Be the best swine you can be.

'What's love got ta do wit it?'
— **Bob, Lord of Evil**

Chef Arawn (Bob calls him: Ruin)

Quote: "It's a pity I don't employ real Zombies — they wouldn't complain!"
Vocation: Chef, Overlord of Annwyfn Range
Race/Gender: Mutated Elf/Male

Intelligence:	14	Rational	**Strength:**	13	Stalwart
Willpower:	15	Willful	**Dexterity:**	13	Deft
Charisma:	10	Likable	**Fitness:**	15	Sturdy
Mystic:	5	Incognizant	**Appearance:**	15	Attractive
Health Points:	15		**Age:**	16,235	
Height:	5'4" [1.6 m]		**Weight:**	125 lbs [57 kg]	

Powers:
Elvish: Detect Time Since Last Dusting. Darkling: Illusion: can cause others to look like him and/or himself to appear like others. (MYS Roll required to use power, victim can resist with WIL Roll.)

Skills:

Deception & Lying	80	Masterful
Negotiation & Deal Making	70	Expert
Administrative Management & Planning	60	Adept
Lead, Command, & Intimidate Others	50	Proficient
Personal Combat Skills	40	Capable
Labor Relations	10	Blundering

Traits:
Ambitious, Compulsive Cleaner, Cowardly, Deceitful, Envious, Petty, Resourceful, Shrewd.

Personality:
Arawn suffers from the bitter jealousies common to brothers of successful Type-A heroic champions. He has tried to establish his own personality by putting some distance between himself and his twin Gwyn, and by going into business. Ultimately he wants to beat his brother in a war and prove to the world that he is the better leader. In truth, he is just another poor soul desperate for attention and a little respect.

Description:
Thin, muscular, and debonair, with finely chiseled features, a waxed mustache, long hair drawn back into a pony-tail, and cold cruel eyes. Darkling mutations include small bony protrusions on his shoulders and back, slit-eyes, light-sensitive skin, and a short tail. He wears fine garments similar to that of an 18th century aristocrat, usually with a shortsword strapped to his side, and always with a concealed dagger or two.



Left: Chef Arawn is living testimony to the fact that while you can dress a scoundrel up in the finest of clothes, it still can't change the man underneath.

"With a friend like me, enemies is a thing o' da past."
— **Bob, Lord of Evil**

Chef Djall,
Overlord of Borsanera

Borsanera, northeast of **Tir Nan Bob,** east of **Denada,** west of **Vinnieland,** and south of the **Chaney Commonwealth,** appears on the surface to consist of little more than a few scattered hamlets of terrified tin miners in steep misty valleys overshadowed by the oppressive **Draconai Peaks.** Beneath the surface, much activity occurs, firmly directed by this Range's mysterious ruler.

Chef Djall is rarely seen. He typically sends emissaries from his underground fortress Draconis to deliver his tribute and represent him in Tir Nan Bob. He has been accused by some of the other Chefs (behind his back) of being an "idle worm," "a bloodsucking leach," and "a soft-bodied parasite on the Land of Bob," interested only in admiring and increasing his personal wealth. While this is true, all acknowledge that if something is desperately needed, and nobody else can obtain it, Chef Djall can put his claws on it — if the price is right.

Few merchants will risk a trip through Borsanera, considered by many to be the largest haunt of thieves on the planet. Those who have traveled through this sinister realm attest that Chef Djall is the offspring of a dragon and a maiden, and that he, his family, and closest companions bear many physical and mental dragon-like traits, including a fanatical devotion to acquiring and hoarding treasure.

Not even Bob knows the true sum of Chef Djall's wealth (then again, Bob has never bothered to ask). Djall's rivals are ignorant of the extent to which he has developed his fortifications and his army of mutated reptilian-humanoid minions, the **Draconians.** Like any dictator, Djall is ruthless to those who defy him, but compared to most Chefs, he is benevolent to those who serve him loyally. Of course, in order to prove that loyalty one might occasionally be required to carry out a suicidal order.

Djall has devised plans to increase his authority. Soon, when all is ready, he intends to hold a referendum asking his Draconians to declare Borsanera sovereign and rename it **Draconia,** an independent distinct society within the Dark Lands (they will agree). His secretly prepared fortifications including obstacles, ditches, walls, and towers, which, combined with his well-trained forces, he intends employ to crush any forces sent against him by Bob.

Crest: A red Dragon sleeping atop a hoard of golden treasure on a black background.

Motto: Greed is good; wealth is better.



Chef Djall (Bob calls him: Jowl)

Quote:	"Stick with me and you won't live to regret it!"				
Vocation:	Chef, Overlord of Borsanera				
Race/Gender:	Draconian/Male				
Intelligence:	19	Cunning	**Strength:**	50	Awesome
Willpower:	35	Resolute	**Dexterity:**	30	Agile
Charisma:	18	Charming	**Fitness:**	40	Vigorous
Mystic:	17	Responsive	**Appearance:**	12	Attractive
Health Points:	47		**Age:**	26,779	
Height:	13'6" [4.1 m]		**Weight:**	1,500 lbs [680 kg] (muscle)	

Powers:
Dragon: Shapechange: Animal Form, Fly, Fiery (and Toxic) Breath, Cause Rain.
Darkling: Gaze: Induce Greed (MYS Roll required to use power, victim can resist with WIL Roll.)

Skills:

Deception & Lying	90	Paramount
Lead, Command, & Intimidate Others	80	Masterful
Thievery & Banditry	70	Expert
Strategic Military Planning	60	Adept
Personal Combat Skills	50	Proficient
Negotiation & Deal Making	40	Capable

Traits:
Ambitious, Egotistical, Fear of Comets & Meteors, Grim, Materialistic, Meticulous, Sly.

Personality:
Authoritarian, but not without a sense of humor, he prefers to take the long term view of both events and individuals. Most important is family and friends. He prizes loyalty, respect, and efficiency. He does not suffer avoidable mistakes and betrayal. His goal is to have the best of everything — and he means everything.

Description:
Djall has a humanoid torso and limbs with the face, claws, wings, tail and red, scaly skin of his reptilian father. Darkling mutations include an extra mouth in the middle of his chest, and a diet requiring that all his food must be consumed while still alive! He is most comfortable wearing loose robes and tunics. His court wears garments similar to that of 16th century aristocracy.

Right: Prince Dinkum is something of a disappointment to his warlord father, Chef Djall. It seems his dandified son would rather be spreading peace and love about the realm than terror and fear. How did he go wrong?!!

Chefs Ereshkigal + Nergal, Overlords of Arallu

The Range Arallu is located south of **Mictlan,** north of **Leeland,** east of **Noirvana,** and west of **Niraya,** where its meager surface population is continually beset by fever, plague, and pestilence. If you like an arid climate, large red rocks cut by water and wind into interesting shapes, soft sandy soil, the occasional torrential rain, and possess a keen desire to tempt fate, this is definitely a place to consider touring.

Deep in the heart of this austere realm, beneath a giant rubbish heap the locals call **Hursag Mountain,** Chef Ereshkigal rules over an underground netherworld accompanied by her warrior husband Nergal. Unlike many of Bob's other power-mad Chefs, these two lovebirds are content to lord over their minions, getting their kicks by exporting as much misery to as many folks as possible. Ereshkigal has power over ***gloom*** and ***death;*** Nergal has power over ***plague*** and ***illness*** — theirs was a match made… in the underworld. If you're planning to holiday in Arallu, make sure you've had your shots.

'The smaller dey is, da bigger dey crunch.'

— Bob, Lord of Evil

Chef Ereshkigal (Bob calls her: Kinky)

Quote: "You amuse me… I will torment you further…."
Vocation: Chef, Overlord of Arallu Range
Race/Gender: Mutated Alien: Nefilim/Female

Intelligence:	20	Cunning	**Strength:**	11	Adequate
Willpower:	16	Willful	**Dexterity:**	14	Deft
Charisma:	35	Bewitching	**Fitness:**	11	Sound
Mystic:	25	Illuminated	**Appearance:**	50	Dazzling
Health Points:	12		**Age:**	8,500 (…give or take.)	
Height:	7'2" [2.2 m]		**Weight:**	240 lbs [109 kg]	

Powers:
Darkling: Darksight, The Touch of Death, Gloom: may cause environment or emotional change. (MYS Roll required to use power, victim can resist with WIL Roll.)

Skills:

Charm Others to Do Bidding	80	Masterful
Lead, Command, & Intimidate Others	70	Expert
Having a Good Time at the Expense of Others	60	Adept
Negotiation & Deal Making	50	Proficient
Deception & Lying	40	Capable
Sense of Discretion & Social or Political Timing	30	Mediocre

Traits:
Authoritarian, Demands Respect, Easily Lovestruck, Humiliates & Threatens Others, Impulsive, Proud, Romantic, Vengeful.

Personality:
Coolly intelligent, scheming, and powerful on the outside, she burns with hot-blooded passion within. Constantly seeking new sources of stimulation and amusement, she tends to contrive elaborate torments for those who she deems unworthy of her affections or respect. She can be impressed however, as was the case with Nergal (whom she brilliantly tricked into 'seizing' her as his Queen). Though pleased to have a realm of her own, she would someday like to return to Dilmun where others of her kind reside.

Description:
Beautiful to behold, in a cold, undead sort of way, with long limbs, a curvaceous torso, and very pale skin. Darkling mutations include glossy skin, suckers on her fingertips, cat-like black and yellow eyes, and long soft black feathers for hair. Capitalizing on her appearance, she wears lingerie under silken robes or tight leather garments and boots. She always has the means to defend herself — or attack — concealed in a discrete location on her person.

Chef Nergal (Bob calls him: Nerd)

Quote: "I'm going to give you everything you deserve."
Vocation: Assistant Chef, Overlord of Arallu Range.
Race/Gender: Mutated Alien: Nefilim/Male

Intelligence:	14	Rational	**Strength:**	50	Awesome
Willpower:	9	Receptive	**Dexterity:**	25	Agile
Charisma:	18	Charming	**Fitness:**	40	Vigorous
Mystic:	15	Perceptive	**Appearance:**	35	Ravishing
Health Points:	41		**Age:**	7,690	
Height:	7'7" [2.3 m]		**Weight:**	360 lbs [163 kg]	

Powers:
Darkling: Darksight, Plague, Illness, Bad Weather, Heat. Possessor of the 'Tablet of Wisdom'. (MYS Roll required to use power, victim can resist with WIL Roll.)

Skills:

Personal Combat Skills	80	Masterful
Negotiation & Deal Making	60	Adept
Lead, Command, & Intimidate Others	50	Proficient
Strategic Military Planning	40	Capable
Diplomacy	30	Mediocre
Social Sophistication & Verbal Tact	20	Incompetent

Traits:
Conceited, Cowardly, Boastful, Egotistical, Gullible, Impulsive, Lovestruck, Macho, Proud, Stern.

Personality:
Proud, cocky and always trying to assert himself, his mouth has a tendency to get him into trouble. Luckily, he is impulsive and resourceful enough to get himself out of any predicament (except of course his being sent to Færie from Dilmun). His temper and passions are quick to spark and burn intensely when enflamed, but he's easily won over with conciliatory words and actions. He's loyal to the point of naïveté with those deemed friends.

Description:
Handsome, muscular, and athletic, with a bald head, brown eyes, and a skin not quite as pale as Ereshkigal. Darkling mutations include red eyes, bird-like talons for feet, wings, and the requirement that all of his food be cold. He wears loin-cloths and robes when relaxing and leather and metal armor with a cape when in public. He always has a dagger on him and when in public wears a sword and other concealed weapons.

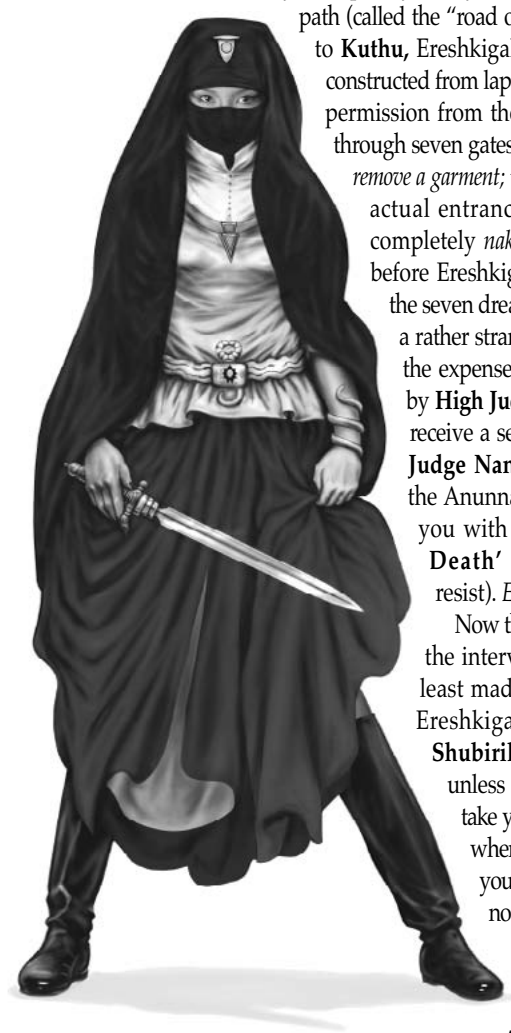
'What's so bad about being bad?'

— **Bob, Lord of Evil**

Once in Arallu, you can reach Mt. Hursag on foot or by water, drifting down the blood-red **River Habur** which flows into the mountain through a deep cavern. If walking, you'll be charged **2 groats** by **Sitchin** to be ferried to the dock inside the tunnel. A travel tip: don't drink the subterranean water, it's highly poisonous.

Beyond the dock lies the land of **Kur.** Here things get a bit gloomy. In fact, if you haven't brought a light source, you'll quickly find yourself in total darkness. The only path (called the "road of no return" by the locals) leads to **Kuthu,** Ereshkigal's ornate blue temple-fortress, constructed from lapis lazuli. To enter, you must have permission from the **Vizier Ishum,** and then pass through seven gates. At each gate you're required to *remove a garment;* to pass through the last gate, the actual entrance to the palace, you must be completely *naked.* Only then can you appear before Ereshkigal, Nergal and the **Anunnaki,** the seven dreaded Judges of Arallu (who have a rather strange way of getting their jollies at the expense of foreigners). Presided over by **High Judge Shamash,** you'll likely receive a sentence of "Death" from **Judge Nannar,** at which point the Anunnaki will gaze on you with their **'Eyes of Death'** (**WIL Roll** to resist). *End of tour.*

Now the bad news. If you fail the interview, you're *dead,* or at least made *undead,* and a minion of Ereshkigal residing in a slum called **Shubirila.** You're not allowed to leave unless you can provide a substitute to take your place (where are your friends when you need them?…). Of course, you can always try to slip away when no one is looking. However, all those who escape are tracked down and returned (so states the Arallu propaganda) by **Gallas**, the Dæmon servants of Arallu. Even if you can evade the Gallas, you're still undead until you've eaten the **'Food of Life'** or drunk the **'Water of Life',** and a fat chance you'll have of finding any of that lying about in this shadowy netherworld. All Ereshkigal will feed you is dust, clay, and mud, which at least keeps the resident Trolls happy.



Above: Drop dead gorgeous. That's how the few who've survived an audience with Chef Ereshkigal have described this mysterious psychotic beauty. In recent years her Darkling mutations have preyed upon her vain self-image, so she has taken to wearing layered gowns concealing the exceptional figure which she'll only reveal when certain it will have the desired impact — she uses her sensual appearance to disarm the confidence or hostile feelings of acquaintances.

At the most southern reaches of Arallu lies the **Plain of Plungers** and the **Mountains of Mourning,** where a mountain pass leads out of **Tir Nan Bob** and into northern **Leeland.**

Crest: Wavy blood-red lines (water) on dark-blue background. In the water is a white upside-down fish skeleton.

Motto: Things are never as good as they seem.

Chef Mictlantecuhtli, Overlord of Mictlan

If success at being an evil overlord were measured on a yardstick, Chef Mictlantecuhtli would find his achievements represented by just a few inches. This is not to say that Mictlantecuhtli hasn't had his victories, but his unflinching pride never fails to get him into trouble, especially with Bob. Thus as punishment for his blunders, his realm, Mictlan, located just south of **Tir Nan Bob,** has been progressively reduced in size until it is now the smallest and most miserable of all the Ranges. It's a land of extremes: icy, barren peaks, and sweltering magma-spewing deserts where only decent domestic food source is poisonous snakes. Even his cable TV license was revoked.



While such setbacks have not daunted Chef Mictlantecuhtli in his schemes and conspiracies, they have isolated him. The rest of the Chefs are duly impressed by the example which Bob has made of Chef Mictlantecuhtli and have become much more subtle in their machinations. They began to wonder, though, why Bob simply didn't kill Mictlantecuhtli and have done with it. Bob began to wonder the same thing. Ahriman, the brain behind Bob's fist, had to remind Bob, again, that Chef Mictlantecuhtli was useful as a focus for the hostile energies of his other Chefs. On top of that, Mictlantecuhtli would make a great leader for

some later necessary but suicidal mission; thus his miserable unrepentant life has been spared… for now.

Chef Mictlantecuhtli is basically a cadaverous thug with a loud mouth and a passing knowledge of sorcery who just happened to be heard above the masses and singled out by Bob to command Range Mictlan. Though incompetent, Mictlantecuhtli is obsessively ambitious and ruthless; a combination that proves dangerous for both his minions and his property holdings. His attempts to implement various wild schemes never cease, seeking that one great success which will put him back in Bob's favor and supreme above all the other Chefs. Maître d' Ahriman keeps tabs on Mictlantecuhtli via his network of spies; the reports received provide welcome amusement in his weekly schedule.

Many of the minions of Mictlan are undead (or soon to be that way). This is partly because the undead are most likely to answer the want ads, and partly due to Mictlantecuhtli's ability to create living beings (most of whom are regretfully mentally and corporally challenged) from a magical collection of precious bones called **Manioc.** Thus he can always muster an undead army or workforce under short notice. He also has power over *light, darkness, earthquakes, landslides,* and the *fertility of the earth.*

Crest: A large black dog standing on a pile of bones on a blue background.

Motto: Expect the worst and you'll never be disappointed.

Chef Lelwani
Overlord of Bobistan

Lelwani, a favorite of Bob's, is one of the most powerful and successful Chefs. The other Chefs hate him. His Staff and Lackeys consider themselves capable of accomplishing any task assigned them. His Range, shrewdly named Bobistan, is located immediately east of the **Tir Nan Bob,** north of **Arallu,** and west of **Manqué.** It's one of the wealthiest Ranges, exporting meat, marble, and marshmallows to the rest of the Dark Lands.

Lelwani is popular at home and his minions are fanatical when it comes to carrying out the will of their Chef. To reward their self-sacrifice, Lelwani doles out copious quantities of medals and ribbons to his top performers (or their next of kin in their absence) after every worthy accomplishment. Some are so eager to receive these accolades that they seek any excuse to be maimed or killed while on the job, resulting in the highest turnover of personnel in any Chef's forces. Many minions reside in crypts and mausoleums… to be closer to their heroes.

While Lelwani is known as a fanatical and loyal commander of some of Bob's most brain-dead minions, he's secretly preparing a plan to establish a larger personal powerbase of his own in southern **Karloffornia** (see page **46**) in the western Dark Lands. His objective is to keep his operation covert until the territory has been successfully seized; however, spies are *everywhere.*

One of Chef Lelwani's favorite tricks is to ***transform from male to female form at will.*** One application of this ability lets him assume the guise of a chambermaid to gain access to Chef Ereshkigal so that they can pursue a romantic affair (it remains their little secret… for now). Lelwani has a wardrobe twice the size of any other Chef.

Crest: A head, adorned with the black headscarf and veil of a desert nomad, revealing green eyes exhibiting a crazed, unfocused anger. A silver scimitar curves downward below the head, on a light blue background.

Motto: There's always *someone* willing to do the dirty work.

'Just be yerself. Nobody else wants da job.'

— Bob, Lord of Evil

Chef Mictlantecuhtli (Bob calls him: Mic)

Quote: "One day, they'll see… I'll show them all!"
Vocation: Chef, Overlord of Mictlan Range
Race/Gender: Mutated Undead Ogre/Male

Intelligence:	10	Sensible	**Strength:**	60	Awesome
Willpower:	12	Vacillating	**Dexterity:**	12	Deft
Charisma:	6	Obnoxious	**Fitness:**	30	Robust
Mystic:	21	Illuminated	**Appearance:**	6	Ugly
Health Points:	31		**Age:**	3,113	
Height:	9'7" [2.9 m]		**Weight:**	310 lbs [141 kg]	

Powers:
Darkling: Sorcery. Cause/Halt: Earthquakes, Landslides, Soil Fertility and Darkness. Create Undead Beings From Bones. (MYS Roll required to use power.)

Skills:

Sorcery	80	Masterful
Personal Combat Skills	70	Expert
Make Loud Inspirational Mindnumbing Speeches	60	Adept
Lead, Command, & Intimidate Others	40	Capable
Scheming, Plotting, Planning & Trickery	20	Incompetent
Executing Schemes & Plans	10	Blundering

Traits:
Ambitious, Desires Respect, Envious, Impulsive, Macho, Proud, Reckless.

Personality:
Though malicious, outspoken, and fond of plotting, games, and trickery, he's level-headed and patient enough to resist recklessness and retrench when things don't go as planned.

Description:
Tall and skeletal in appearance, with bony limbs, short bristly black hair cut mohawk-style, and long sharp nails. Darkling mutations include bulging yellow eyes, translucent skin, protruding teeth (no gums), and a preference for rotting flesh. His few but brightly colored clothes include a loincloth, a conical hat, sandals, bracers, and jewelry.

Facing Page, Right: It's a challenge for an Ogre to get respect from their peers at the best of times, but if you look like Chef Mictlantecuhtli — decaying and skeletal — it's darned near impossible. Still, as one of Bob's 'trusted' Chefs he remains a power to be reckoned with. Plus, his desperation to regain favor with Bob leaves him more open to 'ingenious' proposals….

'Acccchkkk Pthoo!'

— Cheer and victory shout in the Land of Bob

Chef Mara, Overlord of Niraya

Revered and feared as 'The Evil One' by his minions, Chef Mara is no better or worse than the next Chef — merely more boastful. A Dæmon who has done well for himself, Mara has made his realm a sanctuary and abode to others of his kind. Thus, Niraya, located east of **Mictlan** and **Arallu,** south of **Beaumonde** and **Bobistan,** and west of **Belavista,** has become an adopted homeland for many Dæmons, now serving as Mara's minions. His main advisors are **Yama** and his wife **Yamuna,** Head Bartenders of the Dark Lands.

Chef Mara is blue skinned and multi-armed (the number varies daily — roll **1d10**). He has supernatural

Chef Lelwani (Bob calls him: Lucky)

Quote: "Only the good die young — and typically at my command!"

Vocation: Chef, Overlord of Bobistan Range

Race/Gender: Mutated Celestial/Male

Intelligence:	17	Savvy
Strength:	12	Stalwart
Willpower:	15	Willful
Dexterity:	17	Nimble
Charisma:	19	Fascinating
Fitness:	25	Robust
Mystic:	17	Responsive
Appearance:	45	Dazzling

Health Points: 26

Age: 4,150

Height: 6'3" [1.9 m]

Weight: 210 lbs [95 kg]

Powers:

Celestial (including): Cast No Shadow, Shapechange Form & Size (up to 3x normal), Control Natural Elements, Fly, Transform Gender.

Darkling: Climb Any Surface. (MYS Roll required to use power, victim can resist with WIL Roll.)

Skills:

Lead, Command, & Intimidate Others	90	Paramount
Planning, Plotting & Scheming	80	Masterful
Seduction	70	Expert
Con & Manipulate Others	60	Adept
Personal Combat Skills	40	Capable
Negotiation & Deal Making	20	Incompetent

Traits:

Ambitious, Eager, Elitist, Passionate, Patient, Hedonistic, Proud, Reckless, Risktaking.

Personality:

Self-confident to the point of conceit, he has yet to meet his match in anything (or so he claims) and believes that he is in complete control of his destiny. Doubts are for other people. If ever his plans do hit a crisis, his arrogance may make him blind to needed advice.

Description:

Tall, thin, muscular and graceful in movement with angular features, long white hair, and cool gray eyes. Darkling mutations include pale-greenish skin, small curved horns protruding from the forehead, and long pointed ears. Garments include caftans, gowns, robes, and togas.

Chef Mara (Bob can actually pronounce his name!)

Quote: *"Your* continued self-sacrifice is the way to greatness... *mine!!"*

Vocation: Chef, Overlord of Niraya Range

Race/Gender: Mutated Dæmon/Male

Intelligence:	16	Bright
Strength:	30	Powerful
Willpower:	17	Confident
Dexterity:	15	Dexterous
Charisma:	12	Engaging
Fitness:	30	Robust
Mystic:	25	Illuminated
Appearance:	1	Disgusting

Health Points: 30

Age: 6,666

Height: 5'6" [1.7 m]

Weight: 180 lbs [82 kg]

Powers:

Dæmon: Immunity to Temperature Extremes, Alter & Throw Voice, Talk With Dead/Undead, Fly, Cast Illusions, Cause Sickness & Disease, Cause Neuroses. Darkling: Create Fire, Lightning, Thunder. Transmute Mass. Shapeshift to Smoke. Cause and View Nightmares (and project them as Illusions into the Material Plane). Cause Death and Reincarnation. (MYS Roll required to use power, victim can resist with WIL Roll.)

Skills:

Personal Combat Skills	90	Paramount
Lead, Command & Intimidate Others	80	Masterful
Determining the Wealthiest Potential Opponent	70	Expert
Scheming: Tactical Military Planning	60	Adept
Determining the Best Booty to Swipe	50	Proficient
Empathy & Concern for Others	30	Mediocre

Traits:

Battlelust, Fearless, Proud, Risktaking, Takes Others for Granted, Warrior Code of Honor (twisted to justify his actions and condemn those of his perceived enemies).

Personality:

A twisted sociopath who only finds real pleasure when destroying some unsuspecting individual or nation, or better, contriving for them to betray their own personal ethics. The identity of the victim is irrelevant. A true champion of evil.

Description:

Darkling mutations of his stocky Dæmon body include blue skin, multiple arms, elephantine ears, horns extending from the forehead, tusks, a long flaming tongue, and thick black hair that always sticks up strangely. His garments are lavish and made of exotic materials and include robes, jackets, waistcoats, pants, sashes, capes, and jewelry (earrings, nosering, bracelets, anklets, etc.). He always has a long curved sword, shortsword, and Cakkavudha, his circular throwing blade, close to hand.

power over *fire, lightning, thunder, death* and *rebirth,* which he extends to his most valued Staff, and on rare occasions, to Lackeys. He loves to tempt and torment people, and does so by using his powers of *transmutation* to create the objects of their desire while ensuring they never get the chance to enjoy them. He can *cause and view nightmares, then project them as illusions into the physical world,* and also *transform his body at will into a murky smoke* (making it easy to sneak out of boring cocktail parties).

Chef Mara has three beautiful and seductive daughters who are loyal supporters and serve as his Stewards and occasionally agent-temptresses. Each possesses one distinct supernatural talent of their over-protective father: **Marcia** (weather), **Jan** (transmutation), **Cindy** (fire).

Over the years Mara has gained the reputation of being a courageous and daring warlord. His talent, ambition, and conniving have made him one of Bob's favorite leaders. When entering into battle Mara rides his huge elephant **Girimekhala.** His secret weapon is **Cakkavudha,** a circular throwing blade which, maneuvered by his thoughts (**WIL Roll** for each target), can *cut any material.*

It is said that nobody likes a good clash more than Mara. Unfortunately, his lust for battle and numerous conflicts has seriously thinned out the brave and willing amongst his ten divisions. Today his minions are rather

'Sure I knows da meanin' o' da word mercy. I jus' doesn't have any."
— **Bob, Lord of Evil**

Chef Nirrta (Bob calls him: Ninny)

Quote: "Our accounts are always in the black."
Vocation: Chef, Overlord of Noirvana Range, Administrative Ruler
Race/Gender: Mutated Giant-Vampire/Male

Intelligence:	13	Rational	**Strength:**	19	Mighty
Willpower:	6	Impressionable	**Dexterity:**	9	Awkward
Charisma:	8	Annoying	**Fitness:**	35	Vigorous
Mystic:	10	Aware	**Appearance:**	18	Handsome
Health Points:	39		**Age:**	18,970	
Height:	14'8" [4.5 m]		**Weight:**	980 lbs [445 kg]	

Powers:
Vampire (including): Darksight, Disease Immunity, Mental Control, Rapid Healing, Shapechanging. Darkling: Gaze: Cause Fear. Create Darkness (≤100' area). (MYS Roll required to use power, victim can resist with WIL Roll.)

Skills:

Administrative Management	90	Paramount
Accounting & Bookkeeping	80	Masterful
Inspiring Others (With Occasional Death Threats)	70	Expert
Negotiation & Deal Making	60	Adept
Short Term Planning	50	Proficient
Personal Combat Skills	40	Capable

Traits:
Allergic to Sunflowers, Bookish, Careful, Conservative, Dependable, Jealous, Meticulous, Reserved, When Excited Transforms into a Small Black Butterfly (WIL Roll to transform back).

Personality:
For the most part, Nirrta is a happy-go-lucky kind of guy. Sure he's an amoral sociopath and is obsessive about details, but he knows a good thing when he sees it. And for him, marrying Nirrti and assuming the role of Overlord of Noirvana is a good thing.

Description:
Tall and gaunt, with long thin muscular limbs, high cheekbones, and a long thin nose that reinforce his assumed aristocratic bearing. Long purple hair, tied in a braid extends down his back. Darkling mutations include a pale green complexion and penetrating yellow eyes. He wears black tunics and robes with gold ornamentation and gold, jade, and jet jewelry.

Chef Nirrti (Bob calls her: Nitty)

Quote: "I hate being kept in the dark about anything."
Vocation: Assistant Chef, Overlord of Noirvana Range, Strategic Planning & Operations
Race/Gender: Mutated Giant-Vampire/Female

Intelligence:	17	Savvy	**Strength:**	17	Brawny
Willpower:	15	Willful	**Dexterity:**	17	Nimble
Charisma:	18	Charming	**Fitness:**	45	Dynamic
Mystic:	12	Sensitive	**Appearance:**	19	Eye-Catching
Health Points:	49		**Age:**	18,720	
Height:	14'3" [4.34 m]		**Weight:**	420 lbs [191 kg]	

Powers:
Vampire (including): Darksight, Disease Immunity, Mental Control, Rapid Healing, Shapechanging. Darkling: Inflict Sickness & Disease. (MYS Roll required to use power, victim can resist with WIL Roll.)

Skills:

Long-term and Strategic Planning	90	Paramount
Sense of Style and Fashion Trends	80	Masterful
Seduction	70	Expert
Manipulate Others to Get What is Desired	60	Adept
Interrogation & Inquiry: Discovering Secrets	50	Proficient
Lead, Command, & Intimidate Others	40	Capable

Traits:
Allergic to Inexpensive and Unnatural Fabrics, Ambitious, Blinded by Bright Colors (for 1d6 seconds), Curious, Devious, Intelligent, Proud, Seductive, Uncontrollably Flirtatious, Can't Keep a Secret.

Personality:
A master schemer, Nirrti takes the long view when it comes to attaining her goals. She uses her beauty and talents to manipulate others then casts them aside when no longer useful. Such is the case with Nirrta. He provides a face for Noirvana in Tir Nan Bob while distracting from her secret long term goal: the *complete annihilation of everything.*

Description:
So tall and thin that she appears fragile. Her skin is stretched tight and smooth over her muscles, and her long nails are like daggers. Darkling mutations include a pale complexion with just a tinge of blue. She wears luxurious long black dresses with robes and capes with fashionable silver ornamentation and silver, sapphire, and jet jewelry.

Below: Always plotting ways to extend her control over greater Dark Lands territory, Nirrti is a vamp who uses her seductive talents to enable her to get her claws into adoring victims, commanding them to do her bidding.

less confident than their master and require stern leadership to prevent them from routing at the first sign of defeat — or at the first loud and hostile noise….

Niraya is a rather spartan place which manufactures little but angst and aggression. The largest and most impressive city **Yamapua,** is furnished with the booty of previous field trips. Though the streets are paved, the parks pristine, and the stage-coaches run on time, the overwhelming emphasis is on self-sacrifice and personal denial. Some complain this is simply to allow the Staff and Stewards to claim more of the booty for themselves.

Crest: A gray foot of an elephant emerging from dark clouds, stomping down on a grinning black skull, rising up from out of golden flames on a red background.

Motto: To each his own, and as much of everyone else's he can get.

Chef 'Little Mac' Ördög (Bob calls him: Mac)

Quote: "Just don't let them hurry me is all I ask."
Vocation: Chef, Overlord of Manqué Range
Race/Gender: Mutated Goblin/Male

Intelligence:	9	Dense	**Strength:**	14	Stalwart
Willpower:	10	Indecisive	**Dexterity:**	13	Deft
Charisma:	10	Likable	**Fitness:**	16	Sturdy
Mystic:	2	Oblivious	**Appearance:**	8	Homely
Health Points:	16		**Age:**	1,861 (ancient for a Goblin)	
Height:	5'4" [1.6 m]		**Weight:**	140 lbs [64 kg]	

Powers:
Goblin (including): Shapeshifting, Talk to Corpses. Darkling: Danger Sense. (MYS Roll required to use power, victim can resist with WIL Roll.)

Skills:

Elicit Adoration and Loyalty of Troops	80	Masterful
Source the Best Supplies & Equipment	70	Expert
Administration & Organization	60	Adept
Strategic Military Planning	40	Capable
Personal Combat Skill	30	Mediocre
Battlefield Command Skill	20	Incompetent

Traits:
Cautious, Code of Honor, Love of Organization, Pomp, and Parades, Desire for Glory.

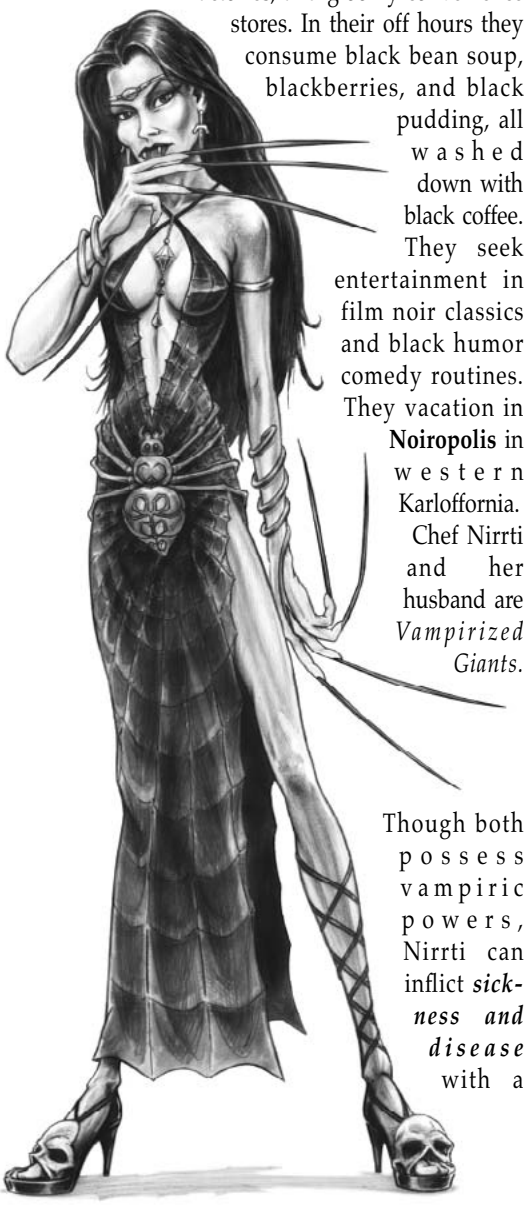
Personality:
Ördög loves the spit and polish, the straight crease, and the bark of the drill sergeant. He doesn't much care for the death and destruction though. He's also a complete twit. His men, with his complete trust and admiration know this, which is why they've been able to get away with destroying every letter he's sent to a foreign power proposing hostilities.

Description:
With a posture so stiff that he looks as though he could snap, beady eyes, waxed mustache, short greased-back hair, and a small pot belly (held in with a corset) he looks rather dashing — for a Goblin. Darkling mutations include a slightly yellow pallor and eyes that multiply the size of any hostile force by 1d6. He wears a spiffy blue double breasted jacket with large round buttons and lots of medals, gold shoulder flashes and sleeve rank insignia over blue trousers and shiny black boots. A long curved saber hangs strapped to his side from a black leather brass buckled belt. A tall blue conical cap with a shiny black peak and gold braiding keeps the rain off his head. White gloves complete his dashing martial outfit.

Chefs Nirrta + Nirrti, Overlords of Noirvana

This husband and wife team lord over Noirvana, located southwest of **Tir Nan Bob,** east of **Karloffornia** and **Dyscrasia,** and west of **Mictlan** and **Arallu;** it's a place where both the dead and undead can feel right at home. Everything in Noirvana is decorated in *black* (Nirrti's favorite color), or shades of gray, with occasional touches of gold, deep-purple, and blood-red.

In Noirvana, the 'Black Country', the dead and undead slave side by side in filthy coal mines, dimly lit factories, and gloomy convenience stores. In their off hours they consume black bean soup, blackberries, and black pudding, all washed down with black coffee. They seek entertainment in film noir classics and black humor comedy routines. They vacation in **Noiropolis** in western Karloffornia. Chef Nirrti and her husband are *Vampirized Giants.*



Though both possess vampiric powers, Nirrti can inflict ***sickness and disease*** with a



willful gaze — her favorite curse is the Black Death.

Nirrta, who fancies himself an intellectual, handles the day-to-day chores of governing while Nirrti, a hands-on sort, plots how to expand their powerbase. Noirvana's Staff are referred to as the **Blackheads** and their minions are called the **Blackguards.** They lurk in dark corners and recesses collecting information for their masters, who use it to blackmail their enemies. Anyone who displeases the rulers of Noirvana is blacklisted in one of many special black books.

Nirrti keeps a large menagerie of white doves (one of her little jokes — 'peace after death') which serve as her personal spies and messengers. With complete concentration, Nirrti can ***view the world through the eyes of a specifically designated dove.***

Crest: A flying white dove with human, yellow, penetrating eyes, on a black background.

Motto: Bleak is best.

Chef 'Little Mac' Ördög
Overlord of Manqué

Ördög is a mysterious fellow with an enormous force of Staff and Lackeys. Rumor has it that for ages he's been training and preparing them for some great military action. They've been outfitted with the best gear and weapons that could be bought or swiped, and drilled to the point where all vestiges of individuality have long since been stomped into dust. The other Chefs would simply like him to get on with it and attack someone — other than themselves, of course.

Chef Ördög's Range, Manqué, is located immediately northeast of **Tir Nan Bob,** and south of **Borsanera;** its capital is the great city of **McClellan.** The citizens of McClellan have a reputation as the most active military talkers and the least active soldiers in the Dark Lands. This trait seems to have rubbed off from Ördög himself.

Ördög is an uncomplicated commander, and though his ambitions are great, he has just barely enough leadership talent to entice the dregs of the Dark Lands to enlist under his banner. The huge size of his forces suggests much about the makeup of Dark Land society. More volunteers appear every week. They're eventually posted to one of the many forts and training camps that dot the landscape.

To bolster morale among the troops Ördög does his best to ensure that the food is good, and that the camps have adequate fuel, entertainment, and sewage facilities. These methods have worked… too well. The troops adore Ördög and would prefer no other circumstance — including that of going into battle. While parading about, flashing smiles and polished brass to onlookers, and singing the praises of their Chef to the world, they haven't the least bit of interest in the activity that they're actually being trained to do: beating the living crap out of another army.

Chef Ördög is certain that the problem has nothing to do with his training methods or the character of his troops, but everything to do with the fact that since no other army has responded to his letters proposing a formal engagement of hostilities, he simply hasn't encountered a suitable opponent yet. Not one to give up, Ördög continues to write, and prepare for the great day when he can stand at the rear of his army and yell: "Charge!"

Crest: A white banjo, a pair of black boots, and a silver plate of brown beans on a blue background.

Motto: A well equipped army is a happy army.

'Thank you for your honesty. Now kill him... slowly.'

— Bob, Lord of Evil

Chef Picullus (Bob calls him: Pick-Lice)

Quote: "Don't fail me. I'd hate to see your lovely suit ruined by a visit to the iron maiden."

Vocation: Chef, Overlord of Abendland Range

Race/Gender: Mutated Drow Elf/Male

Intelligence:	19	Cunning	**Strength:**	13	Stalwart
Willpower:	17	Confident	**Dexterity:**	15	Dexterous
Charisma:	18	Charming	**Fitness:**	40	Vigorous
Mystic:	12	Sensitive	**Appearance:**	13	Attractive
Health Points:	40		**Age:**	2,238 (a young Elf)	
Height:	5'3" [2 m]		**Weight:**	125 lbs [127 kg]	

Powers:
Elvish: Clothing Always Clean & Unwrinkled. Darkling: Darksight, Start Fires, Withstand Heat. (MYS Roll required to use power, victim can resist with WIL Roll.)

Skills:

Social Politics, Negotiation & Deal Making	80	Masterful
Inspiring Others to Irrational Acts of Violence	70	Expert
Command Through Fear & Intimidation	60	Adept
Personal Combat Skills	40	Capable
Planning Huge Military Operations	30	Mediocre
Inspire Confidence in Superiors	20	Incompetent

Traits:
Arrogant, Egotistical, Militant, Obsessed With Neatness, Obsessed With Timetables, Paranoid, Perfectionist, Vain.

Personality:
Picullus' life is a continual strive for perfection. The image he likes to convey is of a dashing, bold, sexy, warlord — and not the scheming scum that he actually is. He claims to judge himself as hard as others, however, this rings a bit false when he proclaims, while torturing prisoners for minor infractions that he is continually "beating himself up inside."

Description:
Tall (for an Elf) and straight as a board, with a flushed complexion, cold flashing eyes and a bushy, upturned mustache, Picullus cultivates an authoritative appearance. Darkling mutations include red skin, a tail, slit eyes, and fangs. In his left eye he wears a monocle. He uses an ebony holder when smoking cigarettes. His black uniform, jodhpurs, knee-high boots, cap and saber were all designed by the best fashion consultant money could buy.

'Dere's no rest for da wicked (unless dere's a good motel room available).'

— **Bob, Lord of Evil**

Chef Picullus, Overlord of Abendland

Cultured, reserved, and possessing a reputation for great skill in court politics, Picullus' goal is to obtain the resources from Bob to initiate a major campaign west of the Dark Lands into the Land of the Sun.

Chef Volos (Bob calls him: Vomit)

Quote: "I've got a great investment tip, no bear shi...."

Vocation: Chef, Overlord of Denada Range

Race/Gender: Mutated Giant/Male

Intelligence:	17	Savvy	**Strength:**	35	Formidable
Willpower:	15	Willful	**Dexterity:**	11	Handy
Charisma:	16	Appealing	**Fitness:**	25	Robust
Mystic:	10	Aware	**Appearance:**	17	Handsome
Health Points:	29		**Age:**	342	
Height:	14'3" [4.3 m]		**Weight:**	960 lbs [436 kg]	

Powers:

Darkling: Shapechange into a sheep, cow, or bull. Persuade & Command Others. (MYS Roll required to use power, victim can resist with WIL Roll.)

Skills:

Keeping Secrets	90	Paramount
Juggle Books, Facts, Figures & Hand-Held Objects	80	Masterful
Provide Useful Financial Advice	70	Expert
Strategic Financial Planning: Picking a Winner	60	Adept
Negotiation & Deal Making	50	Proficient
Lion Taming (including the use of special lion tamer's hat)	10	Blundering

Traits:

Calculating, Dislike of Bears, Financially Savvy, Secretive, Studious, Risktaker.

Personality:

To friends and business associates he is warm, strong, and outgoing. He enjoys physical activities and is willing to share his apparent good fortune. Discretely he does entertain ambitions and burns with the desire for bigger and better things and seeks a few trustworthy individuals willing to share the risk and rewards with him.

Description:

Attractive, muscular, fit, and tanned. Bearded, with shoulder-length brown hair that is often tied back. Darkling mutations include a constant musky smell and a continual desire to be chewing grass. He wears a wool suit, sandals or boots, and in cold weather several layers including a heavy coat. He also wears cotton plaid shirts and toques. He has an ox named Blue.

Abendland is a hostile subterranean realm, located northwest of **Tir Nan Bob,** west of **Denada,** north of **Annwyfn,** and south of **The Chaney Commonwealth**. Its society is based on tradition and strict authoritarian rule — attracting the kind of people who take comfort in the fact that they need not make decisions for themselves. In Abendland, everyone knows his or her place, and if there is any doubt, it is quickly remedied. All action is in the service of the 'fatherland' and one's superiors. Self-sacrifice is the norm — unless you are absolutely certain no one else is looking. Snitches are everywhere. Picullus' minions simultaneously adore and fear him, since not only does he have the power of life and death over them, he uses it... often.

Picullus was a commander in the Drowcathian army and came to the Dark Lands after reading 'Bob's Big Idea'. After years of loyal service Bob awarded him with his own Range. However, Picullus is secretly still an *agent of Drowcathia,* and his time in the Dark Lands is actually an advance reconnaissance mission to gather information for a future Drow operation in the area.

Crest: A gold two-headed eagle, with one head being hit from above by a black club, on a red background.

Motto: We do as we're told — and like it!

Chef Volos, Overlord of Denada

Located immediately north of **Tir Nan Bob,** east of **Abendland,** and west of **Borsanera,** Denada is a land of snowy mountains, hilly plateaus, and deep valleys ideal for longhorn sheep, cattle, and ski resorts. It is a major exporter of dairy products, grains, and methane gas. The other Chefs believe Denada is politically insignificant. Its ruler, Chef Volos, encourages this by remaining aloof from Bob's court politics.

Volos is more than he seems, however. Through liberal tax laws and anonymous banking facilities he has quietly built Denada into a financial mecca with an active stock exchange and full range of financial services. Clients come from all over the Dark Lands to stash their cash in secure numbered accounts — away from the prying eyes of Bob and their rivals.

Some wonder what Chef Volos does with all the invested capital and profits. Sure, the infrastructure and manufacturing base of Denada has grown, and most of Volos' investments can be traced throughout the Dark Lands. Yet rivals wonder if something more sinister lurks behind his pacifist profile. A few have suggested that the many cattle seen stomping about the valleys are actually soldiers in training disguised by an illusion. Of course folks see some pretty strange things when the air gets thin....

Publicly, Volos, has taken it upon himself to become the guardian of horned animals. He's established a wildlife preservation and research fund — most say it's a tax write-off. To better understand and communicate with his wards he can ***Shapechange*** into a ***sheep, cow,*** or ***bull.*** Occasionally the transformation process doesn't work as planned and Volos is stuck for several days with the head, tail, or feet of an animal and the body of a strong and handsome brown-haired

man. He is even tempered and slow to anger, but once incensed, his rage will not abate until his wrath has been spent. There are no china shops in Denada.

Crest: A golden bull's head with large curving horns and blue eyes on a dark green background.

Motto: Milk it for all it's worth.

them. Chef Whiro has one other trick: he can ***Shapeshift*** himself and others into ***lizard form*** (any type, body mass remains constant). However, due to interference from their numerous infections, the shift from animal to humanoid form (or vice versa) occasionally leaves a few residue features (e.g., while in humanoid form some possess scaly skin, forked tongues; while in lizard form some possess humanoid faces, humanoid limbs, etc.).

Below: Though Chef Whiro's power to inflict sickness actually puts fear into the heart of Bob, he has yet to find a way to make it pay. If he isn't granted a target for his forces soon, his army may be too sick to march — or deceased!

Chef Whiro (Bob calls him: Weirdo)

Quote: "Sickness is just a state of mind."

Vocation: Chef, Overlord of Dyscrasia Range

Race/Gender: Mutated Ogre/Male

Intelligence:	4	Thick
Strength:	40	Formidable
Willpower:	5	Susceptible
Dexterity:	7	Clumsy
Charisma:	7	Obnoxious
Fitness:	19	Husky
Mystic:	1	Oblivious
Appearance:	4	Repulsive
Health Points:	23	
Age:	57	
Height:	10'2" [3.1 m]	
Weight:	970 lbs [440 kg]	

Powers:
Darkling: Cause Darkness (≤100' area), Cause Sickness & Disease, Shapeshift: Lizard Form. (MYS Roll required to use power, victim can resist with WIL Roll.)

Skills:

Sitting Around Drinking Booze and Eating Junk Food	80	Masterful
Boss Around & Intimidate Others	60	Adept
Personal Combat Skills	40	Capable
Inspiring Others Through Lame Speeches & Veiled Threats	30	Mediocre
Concocting a Winning Plan of Action	20	Incompetent
Inspiring Confidence in Superiors	10	Blundering

Traits:
Always Sick, Easily Confused, Full of Impractical Goals, Hungry, Proud.

Personality:
Desperate to do something, anything, to improve things. Totally clueless as to what to do. If it wasn't for the fact that his followers are thicker than him, he'd be a hermit.

Description:
Whiro's large oblong head consists of a brow ridge, beady pink eyes, floppy ears, and a fleshy mouth with protruding buck-teeth. His small muscular body is covered in short bristly hair. Darkling mutations include worm-like feelers growing from open sores and a very nasty body odor. He wears a toga and jewelry. In battle he wears a tunic, breastplate, helmet, greaves, bracers, sword and shield. He also keeps a treasured teddy bear secretly near by.

Chef Whiro, Overlord of Dyscrasia

Dyscrasia is a small morbid place huddled on the border of **Karloffornia,** south of **Annwyfn** and north of **Noirvana.** In this tectonically turbulent territory, Chef Whiro maintains a secret isolated fortress on a volcanic island rising up from the middle of a deep, dark lake. A labyrinth of tunnels, produced by the flow of magma through rock and water erosion, permeate the island, eventually leading to an open valley and blood-red lake inside a broad caldera. Clouds hover over the depression, obscuring the ridge of the volcano. Chef Whiro's fortified keep and the settlements of his minions line the shore of the lake and rise up toward the rim of the caldera.

Whiro is a sullen and sinister ruler with the power to **Cause Darkness, Disease and Illness** within a **100' [30 m] radius** — unfortunately, he has inadvertently spread his afflictions to his minions causing a massive die-off. However, those who survive are the best and strongest, and have earned the name **'Spirits of Illness'** — probably due to the fact that they've lost so much weight due to fever that you can practically see through

Chef Whiro would like lead his people out of his valley and infect someone else for a change, but Bob, or at least Maître d' Ahriman, won't let him (Whiro is the one Chef that Bob, with his hypochondria, is *truly* afraid of). Thus Whiro broods while awaiting his calling, or someone with a case of antibiotics.

Crest: A green, walking lizard with red eyes on a yellow background.

Motto: We're getting better all the time!



CHAPTER FIVE

The Outlying Regions:

Political + Natural Landmarks

ALL THE GLOOM AND EARTHSHAKING experienced in the Dark Lands is in addition to the already disturbing habit the planet has of altering the local landscape when no one is paying attention. Still, there are some features which can be considered stable — at least they've been around long enough for everyone to have gotten used to them and given them names.

The Chaney Commonwealth

Located in the northwestern wastes of the Dark Lands, east of **Adenitis** and west of **Zanzibar,** this desolate region is controlled by one of the most treacherous and deceitful men on the planet, **Alonzo Chaney.** Bob, for his part, is rather proud of Alonzo.

Alonzo began life as just another unwanted mouth to feed in one of several tribes of the Nomads of the North. He was not a handsome child and was taunted by his peers. Desperate for attention and a new life, he ran off to join the circus. Working as an entertainer, traveling from one isolated mining and fishing village to another, he learned the secrets of disguise and characterization — eventually he could change his appearance and voice at will.

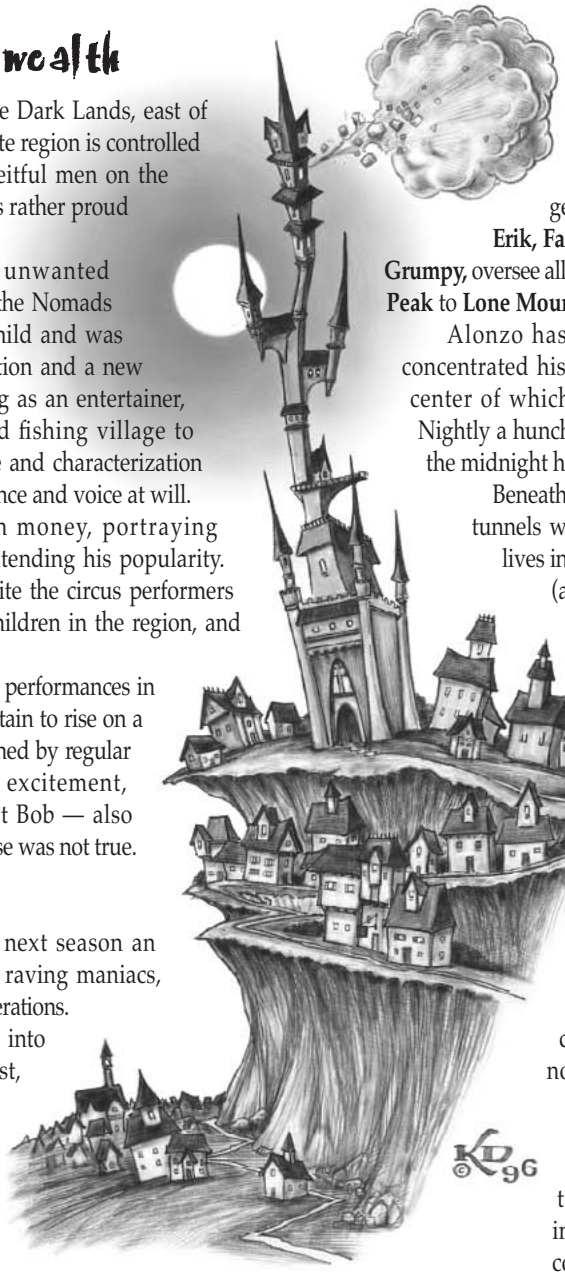
At first he used his talent to earn money, portraying progressively more difficult roles and extending his popularity. Then it occurred to him that he could unite the circus performers into a warband, recruit all the unloved children in the region, and conquer the territory for themselves.

They succeeded via a series of brilliant performances in the field. Thus the stage was set for the curtain to rise on a new political ingenue. Morale was maintained by regular entertainments. Regretfully, in all the excitement, someone forgot to inform Alonzo about Bob — also regretfully for the young warlord, the reverse was not true.

The False Faces

So it was that with the opening of the next season an emissary, backed by an army of 100,000 raving maniacs, arrived at the door to Alonzo's theater of operations. Tipped off by the dust cloud rising miles into the sky on the horizon, and thinking fast, Alonzo assembled his generals and the army, no more than a thousand strong, and implemented a desperate plan. Keen to make a strong impression, he used his makeup talents to transform each soldier into the most horrible looking creature he could think of, then waited for the emissary, and the expected battle to come.

When the emissary arrived, he could hardly believe his eyes — there before him was the most disgusting, horrible, mutated assemblage of warriors he had seen outside the Land of Bob — his immediate conclusion was that Alonzo is obviously a guy Bob would be pleased to deal with. The emissary, **Tito,** stood down his army and opened negotiations for business terms. Alonzo was only too glad to avoid being killed and eaten by a ravenous horde, and instead be permitted to continue to pillage the locals, with 10% of the take going to Bob.



Thus was established the Chaney Commonwealth. Alonzo, along with his generals, **Bud, Burke, Chuck, Echo, Elmer, Erik, Farralone, Kink, Quasimodo, Sergi, Trix,** and **Grumpy,** oversee all economic and political activities from **Pike's Peak** to **Lone Mountain**; from **Bearcat Desert** to **Mandaly.**

Alonzo has since given up the nomadic life and concentrated his resources to build **The Big City,** at the center of which rises his fortress, **The Tower of Lies.** Nightly a hunched bellringer ascends the tower to toll out the midnight hour.

Beneath the city streets is a network of sewers and tunnels where countless unfortunates live out their lives in poverty, feeding off alligators and goldfish (and feeding alligators and goldfish), while being subjected to an endless drone of organ music in minor chords.

For Cash

The past few years have been good for Alonzo and his followers. He has consolidated his territories and maintained a favorable relationship with Bob and several warlords in the nearby regions. However, Alonzo is aware that things change, and to survive change, one must be either rich, in a commanding position, or both. Alonzo is no fool; he knows only too well that he controls an all but lifeless swath of tundra in the middle of nowhere. The acquisition of some new, warmer territories would definitely be an improvement. However, such acquisitions cost money: something Alonzo has a rather

limited supply of. Thus the search began for a way to acquire some cold hard cash.

An alchemist, **Dr. Ziska,** has been employed by Alonzo to quest for a way to make a quick buck. Every attempt thus far has ended in a spectacular failure; still, those who don't try, don't win.

Village: Coryza, a Cold Community

If you like ice, acid-resistant fish, and blubber, this is the place to be. Located in the far north, on the western shore of **Acidosis Bay**, this grim fishing village is home to a hardy community of fishermen and whalers who are bold and brave enough to risk their lives on the **Tee-Tee Sea** in search of their catch, which they process and export to lands far and wide. Theirs is a perilous existence for not only is the weather miserable and blisteringly cold, but the corrosive waters of Acidosis Bay will strip the flesh off a man's bones in less than 10 minutes — if he doesn't freeze to death first.

The worst part about living in Coryza is that crews returning from shipping goods abroad always seem to bring back a head cold. Naturally this is passed on to the entire community. Everyone in Coryza suffers from a runny nose and the sniffles. They are the largest consumers of facial tissue on the planet.

Village: Lentigo, Captives of Cachexia

This village consists of a series of scattered family longhouses clustered on the eastern shore of the **Bay of Cachexia**. It is a quaint, if impoverished, isolated community which has a proud tradition of raising stern warriors and hardy fishermen. Short and stocky, with ruddy freckled complexions, fiery hair, and muscular limbs, they put great effort into making swords and axes of extraordinary length, detailed with intricate designs. For generations they had little to do but eat fish and beat the crap out of each another in numerous clan feuds. They also knew more ways to prepare fish than anyone else on the planet. Unfortunately, most of them hated fish.

Impressed by their fighting skills, Alonzo Chaney began recruiting them to serve as warriors in his army; the Lentigans were overjoyed at the prospect for a change of diet. Regretfully, a riot occurred during the first week of training when the camp cooks, in an effort to make the recruits feel at home, served kippers.

Finally, with porterhouse steaks all around, the Lentigo recruits settled in. Then, after a few hard-fought battles, something strange occurred — they all started getting sick. It was a difficult thing to pin down at first, for though they were given food and fluids, the stout fighters began to waste away in mind and body; they were dying of dehydration. Eventually it was resolved that without the waters of the Bay of Cachexia to quench their thirst, they would all expire like fish out of… water. Thus was revealed the curse of the waters of Cachexia; once consumed, none other could take their place.

Thereafter, the Lentigo community was relieved of the necessity to provide levied troops, and instead became a supplier of a new secret weapon: **Lentigo Bottled Water**. Once consumed by an enemy it ensures their decay in mind and body and eventually (within **1d100 days**) death from dehydration unless given more. Today, due to the success of Lentigo Bottled Water in advancing Alonzo's political policies, it has become a major item of export. In return for services rendered Alonzo has provided Lentigo with a few herds of prime livestock.

Town: Atheroma

This settlement is located in the far southwest of the Chaney Commonwealth, just east of **Lake Viscous**. Its inhabitants live in natural caves built into the walls of one of many long and **1000' [300m]** high canyons located in the region. The caves have been enhanced and domesticated by excavations and the application of brick facings. An extensive ladder system permits access to the many levels of the community. It is an extremely picturesque setting. Unfortunately, due to the fact that most members of the community suffer from chronic vertigo, few have ever turned their gaze out to the full vista of the canyon to admire the view. In fact, while out and about, most try to look at the wall in front of them, taking hours to ascend and descend the ladders.

The walls of the canyon are permeated by water channels through which the mountain streams from the heights above cascade down the face of the canyon and run along its base as a magnificent river.

While these waters serve as a splendid thirst quencher and provide the town with fresh fish and a profitable white-water rafting business, the erosion caused by its underground passage routinely results in parts of the town falling away from the cliff and plunging hundreds of feet into the gorge below. However, the residents claim that such tragedies don't happen more than once a year, and that they love the place — as long as they don't have to look down. Though they mourn their dead, none would choose to live anywhere else.

Place: Mt. Verruca

In the northwest, rising above the **Plain of Adenitis** is the **Nodulus Range**, a lumpy mountainous barrier with one outgrowth standing above the rest. This is Mt. Verruca. What makes Mt. Verruca unique is that while the other peaks in the Nodulus Range are ice capped, its slopes remain dry, and in spite of the altitude, remarkably warm. The summit is in fact covered with scrub foliage and has a water-filled caldera. These **Waters of Verruca** convey the magical property of ***erasing all warts*** upon contact. However, if one happens to brush against the foliage, one will ***contract warts*** in the exposed area where contact was made.

'In Bob We Trust.'

— Official 'slogan of praise', employed in the Land of Bob

Adventure Idea

Chaney Commonwealth

Treasure Island

Recently, **General Burke** was presented with a treasure map that **Sgt. O'Hara**, claimed to have acquired from a petty thief who called himself **The Beggar Prince.**

An island indicated on the map is said to hold a quantity of treasure, stashed there by pirates, who it is hoped are all long since deceased. Burke and O'Hara are seeking to secretly assemble a crew to venture to the island and claim the treasure with as few people as possible being aware of the operation. If the prize can be located, and the booty rich enough, they'll present the riches to Alonzo, who will use the wealth to raise a mercenary army — after giving his hirelings their just rewards, of course.

Facing Page: Strange things are afoot in the Tower of Lies. Continual juggling of expenses and revenues has led Alonzo Chaney to command his Distillers to work around the clock chasing his dream of transforming base metals into gold. The results, while often extremely destructive, are never dull.

'Bob's your uncle.'
— Official 'salute', employed in the Land of Bob

Karloffornia

Occupying the great plateau of **Plainpalais** in the western Dark Lands, east of the **Land of the Sun**, under the shadow of **Mt. Miedo, Mt. Blanc, Mt. Môle,** and **Mt. Salève,** Karloffornia extends westward to the **J. Ackerman Forrest**.

Once the domain of the **Darmstadts**, a wealthy and famous winemaking family, this isolated realm is now the preferred congregation spot for unappreciated denizens of all types. This remarkable transformation began shortly after the brilliant and scientifically minded son of the vineyard owner came home from **Lausanne University** quite excited and expounding some drivel about wanting to make life out of electrified old corpses with an invisible ray. Figuring that the professors had stuffed his son's head with a load of crap, it was decided that young **Boris** would continue his studies via a home correspondence program, where papa could keep an eye on him and monitor his progress.

Things seemed to return to normal for a while. Boris even acquired a sweetheart, **Mary**, one of the daughters of an aristocrat from a nearby vineyard. Then one day Boris received a visit from a university friend, **Byron**, who shared his mad dream of creating patchwork people. With Byron's assistance, Boris snuck away from **Castle Karloff**, the family residence, and established a secret workshop in an old dark house on the southern face of **Mt. Miedo**.

Throughout the summer the two toiled secretly, unearthing dead bodies, stitching odd bits together, and generally making a hell of a mess of what was once a fine piece of residential property. Concerned for her fiancee's welfare, Mary hired Mr. Wong, a detective, to discover what her lover was up to. The detective arrived at the manor just as a thunderstorm began. Sneaking into the house, he witnessed Boris and Byron in a black room, as happy as two schoolboys, dancing about with a mound of flesh that looked something like a giant ape.

The wedding was called off, Boris and Byron were institutionalized, and the 'Monster of Terror' (as the locals quickly and somewhat unfairly dubbed it) took to the hills.

Once all the excitement died down, however, the creature took the name **Glenn** (which some thought strange) and reoccupied the old dark house. After a coat of paint and a bit of renovation, he opened its doors to other unfortunates such as himself. This was no act of charity, for after being run out of town by the villagers, Glenn was downright lonely, and would accept anyone for company.

Today the **Villa Montalègre**, as Glenn renamed the house, is the welcome rendezvous spot for any troubled soul looking for a place to call home. It's actually quite pleasant; from it's terrace one can look across **Lake Léman** and view the lightning striking the peaks of the dark **Jura Mountains** on the distant horizon.

Though the Darmstadts are still considered to be the first family of Karloffornia, Lord Darmstadt recently deceased, and with the unmarried heir in **Bedlam Asylum**, the family has lost much of its control over the region. Today, Karloffornia is seen as an open and undeveloped country, where a variety of lifeforms can make their existence relatively untroubled by outside interference — for now.

BELOW: Castle Karloff often serves as a staging area for monster-hunting forays into the J. Ackerman Forrest. In recent years the family has transformed what was once a family chore into a revenue-generating tourist attraction. It's amazing what can be done with a positive attitude, a few torches, and some farm implements.



Place: The J. Ackerman Forrest

This mystical wood is a strange and ancient place stretching from the Dark Lands west to the lighter realms. On shadowed trails and open glades lurk cruel creatures and tantalizing treasures. It is rumored that the Forrest also contains a Teleportation Gate to a high-tech spacefaring civilization of vampires.

Castle Karloff and the decayed estates of the **Darmstadts** sits on the eastern edge of the Forrest. Its owners are collectors of curiosities, and the building and grounds contain many relics of bygone eras, and wonders to be marveled at. Surrounding the castle motte is the walled village of **Nieder-Beerbach**, whose residents work in the vineyards by day and search the hills, torch in hand, for monsters to destroy by night.

Town: Cellulitis, Tumultuous Living

"There's spleedunk in them thar hills!" So went out the cry, and within a year, Cellulitis was born; a rough and ready mining town fulfilling every miner's needs — at a fair price, of course. In the little more than six years since Cellulitis has been on the map, it has become a boom town and a launching point for those optimists with **Spleedunk Fever**. They buy their food and equipment at the general store, get freshened up at the inn, have their portrait painted and shipped to someone back home, then head down the casino and blow a wad on booze and blackjack — not to mention blondes. Finally, having exhausted themselves of funds and fun, they head into the hills in search of the elusive Spleedunk, a mineral of wondrous properties which is said to be scattered throughout the foothills of the **Spleedunk Mountains**, east of the **J. Ackerman Forrest.**

Once they've wandered the hills and collected enough spleedunk to satisfy themselves for the time being, the miners descend back to the town, sell their ore, and spend their earnings, starting the cycle again. There's no life like it.

In recent months some of the older miners have sent away for mail-order brides. At first this was thought to be a great idea, since few women would come out to Cellulitis unless they were of the entrepreneurial flat-on-the-back sort. However, once a handful had made Cellulitis their home, they took it upon themselves to begin a campaign to 'clean up' the town, proclaiming that it was no place to raise a family. While some miners agreed with the later point and suggested that the couples vamoose, they were impotent against the determination of the brides. The town was thrown into turmoil. Most of the miners have taken to the hills; the brides have declared war on the brothels. The economy is in chaos. And while the supply has slowed to a trickle, the price of spleedunk just keeps rising.

Spleedunk, the Sorcery Stabilizer

Spleedunk, for those who are not up on their supernatural geology, is a substance which has been found to ***stabilize the random effects of Ludo*** and offer sorcerers a greater sense of control over their incantations. Thus, raw spleedunk is sold to smiths and crafters (typically Dwarves) who manufacture personalized talismans and sell them at exorbitant prices. Whether spleedunk actually stabilizes efforts to harness Ludo's formidable forces has not been proven, per se. However, retailers of talismans have scrolls full of testimonials from happy customers; apparently some seem to think it is doing… something. Skeptics suggest that this is merely an indication of folks transferring their own hopes on to an inanimate object; others point out that if the hopeful person does in fact truly believe in the power of the talisman, there is a darn good chance that on Murphy's World it will work as expected. Of course, skeptics again point out that in that case, why don't they invest their faith in something inexpensive, like clay.

(GM Note: You may opt to provide a Character attempting a spell a **1% bonus** chance of having things occur as expected for each **ounce** of spleedunk carried on, or within ≤ **5' [1.5 m]** range of, their person.)

City: Noiropolis, The City of Shadows

Located on a lowland plain in eastern **Myopia** and overlooked by the tall peaks of the **Rotten Mountains**, this is the least colorful city on Murphy's World. Literally. The visual perception of everyone who enters the metropolis immediately alters to detect only *shades of gray*. People speak in terms of color, and refer to things by a specific color or tone, but they actually perceive everything in black and white — just like the noir film classics. Except, that is, for *pink elephants* (don't ask).

Noiropolis came into existence as a result of a transdimensional warp that transported the attendees and site of the World Mystery & Detection convention into the world of Færie, Murphy's World. Once on Murphy's World, the city literally rose to meet the mental expectations and demands of the inhabitants, who for all intents and purposes functioned as its creators. Without realizing it, the conventioneers established this new setting and the murky situations which it harbored through the dark designs permeating their collective subconscious. It remains in state of flux and may alter or grow at a moments notice to suit the needs and expectations of its inhabitants. The streets are shrouded in fog and gloom, the sky is typically overcast and rainy, with periodic breaks just long enough for the puddles to evaporate.

Noiropolis can be entered in two ways: the usual manner (i.e., tripping through the wilderness), and via a special Teleportation Gate: **Tin Pan Alley (TPA)**. TPA can materialize anywhere (even off Murphy's World) and appears as a dark, dingy, misty, garbage-strewn, urban alleyway. If a Character enters Tin Pan Alley, they will become engulfed in the mist and lose sight of their point of entry. A brief walk reveals that the alley is in fact a dead end. Upon turning about and exiting the alley they will emerge not where they started but somewhere in the heart of Noiropolis. On rare occasions TPA has also been known to serve as an escape from Noiropolis — at least reports have stated that people entering dark misty alleys sometimes fail to emerge….

Noiropolis is one of the few places on Murphy's World where technology actually *works* — as much as might be expected under the baleful eye of Ludo. Why? Because the inhabitants *expect* it to.

Noiropolis is the home of shady operators, high flying speculators, sultry seductresses, crooked club owners, fumbling flatfoots, down-and-out detectives, and just about every other film noir and detective novel cliché imaginable. It is a place of extremes; great wealth and abject poverty, success and failure, winners and

Adventure Idea

Karloffornia

Nightmare on Oak Street

SOMETHING IS INVADING the dreams of the folks in this sleepy suburb. It wouldn't be so bad if the 'guest', who calls himself **Wes,** made the dreams more exciting; instead he simply provides an insulting running criticism of the victim's somnolent creativity peppered with distracting puns and quips. In desperation the locals have hired a traveling scientist named **Professor Krueger** to rid them of their nightly visitations. A device invented by Krueger will permit some willing outsiders (since everyone, including Krueger, is experiencing visitations) to enter the collective dreamland of the sleeping residents where they may take the necessary action to eradicate the craven Wes.

Potential outcomes:
a) once in the collective dreamland of the Oak Street residents, the PCs find it difficult to track down and apply any influence on Wes, and once they do they discover he's more than they expected…
b) the PCs harass and criticize Wes as he does others — this will drive him away; **c)** the PCs are overcome by Wes in a battle of willpower and upon losing, they become 'Dream Warriors', slaves under his command — even when back in the 'real' world.

Adventure Idea

Karloffornia

The Creature in the Cellar

SOMETHING HORRIBLE lurks in the cellar of an old abandoned mansion on **Tombstone Hill.** Those who braved the stuffy atmosphere of the dilapidated dwelling heard strange sniffling sounds emanating from below the floorboards. A few stalwart souls ventured down the narrow staircase into the dark, dank basement, only to swiftly return as babbling idiots, covered in green slime.

The thing in the basement is a huge alien with a particularly nasty head-cold. He isolated himself here while waiting to recover, in the hope of not disturbing anyone. Unfortunately he can't seem to shake it, and it seems that the sound of his suffering has attracted an audience of curious locals. **Roger** (the alien) is miserable, lonely, and desperate for a new hanky or a jumbo box of tissues. A little chicken soup wouldn't hurt, either. Anyone in close range can distinctly hear the sound of "Aaaa-choooo!" just before a fresh shower of slime coats every exposed surface of the cellar.

Potential outcomes:

a) make contact with Roger, a one-eyed, tentacled, quivering mass of greenish protoplasm, and try to help his condition;

b) offer to destroy the monster for the locals, take their money, and bugger off;

c) help Roger escape the mob before it gains the courage to storm the house and destroy everything within it, including Roger.

losers. The atmosphere is dark and oppressive, but the fog-shrouded streets and dark alleys seem charged with the feeling that all is not lost, redemption is possible, and that dreams can somehow come true.

Though 'The Big Lemon' is not always a safe city, it is exciting, and almost impossible to leave… alive.

Place: Mt. Scoliosis

This twisted peak overlooks **Lake Ichor** and the **J. Ackerman Forrest** and is located on the **Rotten Mountain Range**, which extends northeastward from **Myopia**, groping its way in a meandering course toward the shadowy heart of the Dark Lands. At its current height of **32,000' [9850 m]**, Mt. Scoliosis possesses one of the tallest summits on the planet. Covered by ice and often engulfed in clouds, the uppermost reaches of Mt. Scoliosis present a freezing and barren setting to the alpine traveler.

Mt. Scoliosis wasn't always the assemblage of contorted peaks that is today. Years ago, the mountain was called **Mt. Perpendicular** and it pointed straight as an arrow toward the underbelly of Ben. It was a sacred place where those seeking enlightenment would ascend to the summit to meditate on the meaning of Ben, the will of Ludo, and who was going to win the next lottery draw.

A Contorted Curse

Alas, like most good things, someone always comes along to screw it up. In this case, it was one Archie Fartsbottom who, skilled as a climber, always sought the most difficult face to climb. In the case of Mt. Perpendicular, he found it, and fell off. When his mother eventually recovered the wreck of his body, she uttered a curse, spoken with such dire conviction that Ludo couldn't simply let it slip by. She wished for the mountain and all it contained to be as contorted as her son's broken body.

Well, that did it. The mountain shook, and with a great moan, not unlike a football player who's been kicked in the groin, the proud peak shifted and bent into its present, unfortunate form, losing a considerable amount of height and tourist interest in the process.

But worst of all, all the lifeforms on the mountain suffered the same fate, including a clan of Stone Giants which few even knew were there, and who had never hurt anyone — except of course those who tried to chip pieces off them with small silver hammers. This transformation enraged the Stone Giants who came down from their mountain and inflicted their wrath upon the people of the foothills below. They crushed the farmhouses, pummeled the men, and carted off the women (or vice-versa — according to personal preference). The offspring of the Stone Giants and the Humans became the first true race of Hunchbacks. Today, their anger spent, the Stone Giants have returned with their spouses to their mountainous domain, while **Distorted Dale** (as the foothills came to be called), is the home of a thriving Hunchback community. It is a chiropractor's paradise.

Place: The Pit of Used Car Salesmen

"The meeting, held at the Bide-a-Wee Motel out on Route 34, was the largest coming together of used car salesmen in the 22 year history of the annual gathering of the Used Car Retailers Association. This year's main topic of discussion: What to do with all those muscle cars, now that an energy crisis has gripped the nation and gas prices have shot through the roof?" So reported the *Peoria News & Post*, June 15th, 1977.

But there was more.

"Something extraordinary occurred. Without warning, just as the assemblage had raised their glasses to toast the future of the American Luxury Car Market, with a prayer for deliverance from the dark days of disco and Democrats, a blinding light engulfed the 409 salesmen. Smedley Carruthers, a busboy at the motel, offers this description of the scene: I was jus' about to go into the banquet hall where all them salesmen was a-drinkin', smokin' and a-tryin' t' sell each other stuff, when all o' a sudden, there was this gi-normous flash o' bright light. Then, jus' like that, they was gone! Well, my jaw dropped so low you could-a used it for a door stop. Jus' as soon as I cleared all the tables and swept their cee-gar butts off the floor, I went and tole the man'ger all about it. He called the po-lice jus' as soon as he recollected that some of them salesmen hadn't yet paid their mo-tel bills."

"Within days, the Peoria police department were on the case — they called upon Professor Soichiro Toyoda, of the marketing department at U of P for assistance. Chosen for his fine mind, keen insight, and, in the words of the university administration, because he was between research projects, Professor Toyoda spent almost an entire afternoon examining the scene and interviewing witnesses. According to his report, some kind of supernatural or advanced technological event had taken place. The salesmen were spirited off to another planet or dimension; it was impossible to tell which. In any case, one thing is certain: whoever was behind this obviously has only benevolent intentions towards humanity. Peoria police consider the case closed."

The Salesmen

The salesmen got their wish. They never had to bear witness to the decline of the domestic automotive market (something which sent a good many of their peers to an early grave), nor experience another Democratic presidency. Unfortunately they encountered Bob — dropping unexpectedly through the ceiling of the great hall and onto the dance floor at a costume ball.

At first Bob was as amazed by the salesmen as they were by him. He didn't know what to make of them. They tasted awful. They died embarrassingly quickly

in the arenas. Actually after the first few, it became difficult to watch — they cried and begged. Then, it occurred to him; he had been given a new weapon to destroy his enemies and sow the seeds for global domination. He would see that these foreigners were fully indoctrinated with his vision of global domination. Then he would send them out into the world, confident that they would 'sell' his ideas to those they encounter, regardless of whatever else they did. They would be his vanguard for the new age to come!

The Pit

While undergoing their indoctrination, the remaining 302 salesmen are kept in a secret location, away from the Land of Bob under the supervision of **Brigadier Major Sargatanas** and his special operations force. In addition to being adept in supervision, detention, and 'tough love', they are experts at reading the minds of their captives and reprogramming their thoughts. They like to think of themselves as 'teachers'.

The Pit itself is a terrible place, being little more than a dark, gaping, windswept fissure in a barren region of buttes and canyons. It can only be detected from the air. It is hot, dry, dusty, and confining. The salesmen have no human companionship but each other.

Time within the Pit seems distorted, each minute stretches into an hour; either that or listening to several hundred used car salesmen in loud polyester suits schmooze just makes it seem so. Many are convinced they are back at the convention and are having the time of their lives. Sargatanas and his Staff are miffed about being given such a torturous job.

The Pitch

Every once in a while word comes from **Maître d' Ahriman** that one or more salesmen advanced in their training are to be selected for a special mission; typically to spread horror and despair to a specific region. The missions have been effective. Whole villages have uprooted themselves and moved away at the mere rumor of the approach of one of these 'hypers', as they have come to be known. Entire regions have been laid waste as unsuspecting beings give in to the salesman's blandishments and offer themselves to the service of Bob and hand over massive downpayments for wonderful chariots with power steering, power brakes, power ashtrays, and other wondrous devices. Industry and farming comes to a complete standstill as the customers wait eagerly for their goods. Of course, considering that the nearest used car is probably 4.5 billion light years away, they'll have some wait. The salesman only shrug, smile, and point out that they have no control over delivery. Some things just can't be eradicated by metaphysical shifts and mental reprogramming.

'I've heard dat only da good dies young — youse looks like a good person...'

— **Bob, Lord of Evil**

Leeland

This proud southern region carries itself with aristocratic bearing. Inhabitants are certain to inform visitors that it possesses some of the most populous and sophisticated cities in all the Dark Lands — of course they are just as certain to fail to mention that said urban centers also have very high pollution and murder rates.

What was once an introverted and isolated place has in recent years opened its doors to tourists and trade, and has grown to meet increasing demand for its goods and services. In the past Leeland was renowned for its jittery peasants with their traditional but impractical costumes, quaint dancing routines, and penchant for telling tall tales about undead black-caped aristocrats running about draining virgins and conducting polygamous relationships. Today the Leeland Tourist Board prefers to promote the entertainments found in its cultured port cities and beautiful, deserted beaches with soft black sand.

Leeland's rural areas export wine, wood, grains, and vegetables, along with cotton, its number one product. Cities such as **Edema**,



BELOW: The quaint public houses of idyllic Leeland welcome all. "If your purse is full and your thirst is strong, here's a place you can howl, all night long."

If you suddenly think you smell a rotting corpse, you're probably just downwind from an unpleasant surprise.

'Where dere's a will, dere's prob'ly a scheming relative.'
— Bob, Lord of Evil

on **Lake Turgid**, and **Mycosis**, further inland, are centers of shipping and finance; the heart through which flows the lifeblood of commerce. Its ports offer an accessway to the great **Vitriolic Sea**, and the **Eastern Sea** beyond.

Once a wild and hostile land, overrun with tribes of barbarous brigands, in recent years its autocratic and kindly ruler, **Prince Voivod 'the Impaler'**, has worked hard to wrest control of the countryside from such undesirables and provide a place more suitable to commerce and citizenry. Though his methods may seem a bit extreme to the uninitiated — a visit to the state palace at **Tagoviste** is not recommended unless you have a strong stomach — they nonetheless proved effective and brought peace to the land. Nobody has ever been heard to complain. Indeed, Prince Voivod has stated publicly that while he refuses to waver from his duties as state overlord, he dislikes any form of bloodshed and would prefer if all peoples would get along in peace and harmony, under his benevolent rule, of course.

While much of the region remains officially 'uninhabited' today, with dense jungle in the north and swampland in the south, those areas that have been colonized pride themselves on being very civilized. Gaslight lamps illuminate fog-shrouded cobblestone streets thriving with commerce and full of the sound of people, horse-drawn carriages, and wagons. Like any other large city there are the extremes of rich and poor. All may be encountered here, at any time, during the gloomy day or inky night.

Cultural opportunities in Leeland include attendance at one of the many gladiatorial arenas to observe mass executions of creatures and criminals of all types, the **Countess Bathory Restaurant** and **Theater of Death**, where one can observe musicals and dramas of a most unique quality, and the **Van Helsing Museum of Unnatural History**, which doubles as a teaching institution for those who are seeking a career with a supernatural specialization.

Adventure Idea

Leeland

Where There's a Will There's an Evil Twin!

The PCs are hired to serve as companions (i.e., bodyguards) for an heir required to attend the reading of the will of an eccentric but wealthy aunt, **Agatha Garth**, at her isolated island mansion.

Naturally, on the first night a storm destroys the private boat that transported everyone to the island, stranding the PCs until a mainland ferry arrives in a few days. Things get complicated when it seems the other relatives also brought 'companions', and one of them looks exactly like the PC's client — a 'twin'. But which is the *evil* twin?

Midnight, the following day, the will is read (the butler serves as executor). The document reveals that a scavenger hunt has been planned by the deceased aunt. Deeds to portions of the family fortune are scattered all over the rocky island; the will provides clues to their locations.

While the storm rages, the hunt begins… in more ways than one. In spite of the hired help, someone (or something) begins killing people (the heirs are the obvious targets). With no end to the storm in sight, the staff reveal that in the last years of her life the aunt went completely mad and kept secret cellars where she tortured innocent victims (the screams could occasionally be heard rising from below in the dead of night). Also, they'll suggest that a supernatural force may be involved in the killings (perhaps the spirit of the aunt?).

To increase the tension, have one of the twins fall in love with a player's Character.

Potential outcomes: a) one (or both) of the twins is behind the murders (also, the PC's may be working for the 'evil' one); **b)** old auntie Garth is still alive (but quite bonkers) and has set up the whole situation just to off her greedy relatives; **c)** the aunt was a mad scientist whose mutated victims escaped from her underground lab and now inhabit the tunnels and secret passages of the house seeking revenge on the family while awaiting a means to reach the mainland.

City: Edema, The Flooded City

Edema sits at the southernmost tip of the Dark Lands. Over half of its structures lie submerged below an ever rising water table. Generations ago, Edema was just another small oasis, one of scores of camel stops on the route from **Agnosia** to **Leeland**. It was also a town with strict building codes. Nobody could sink a well, nor dig a hole, or perform any kind of construction work without a permit. At least that was the official word. In fact, those who could afford it bought their permits with bribes, and those who couldn't simply dug in their basements.

Meanwhile, hundreds of miles to the north, there was a massive earthquake caused by the shifting of one continental plate against another. The rumbling could be felt throughout the Dark Lands. (Some immediately dubbed it the 'Burp of Bob'). As the shock wave made its way through the earth, rocks shifted, and, near Edema, so did the water-table. At first the ground seemed to swell, then, after a low burble, everyones' basement flooded with a foul-smelling brownish-yellow fluid. And flooded. And then some. The situation was declared a disaster; pumps were set up and dikes built. All to no avail. The town flooded completely. As did the nearby desert. Eventually, the new flooded area became known as **Lake Bile**, though the flood-water proved drinkable after boiling. A few have even declared that the water once boiled will cure acid indigestion. The lake continues to grow, though imperceptibly slowly, with each passing year.

Today, a new, larger town rests upon the foundation of the old. What were once streets of dust are now canals for barges and passenger boats. It is a popular tourist attraction and center of trade. It is also a great place to sell bottled water.

The fortune of possessions left behind during the flood has attracted numerous treasure-seekers. However, though several have ventured beneath the murky depths, none has returned… alive. Something, it seems, has moved in beneath the city. On a clear night a mysterious glow can be seen to emanate from the watery ruins. Occasionally, faint music can be heard as well. Wild speculations continue.

City: Mycosis, Woodland Metropolis

This is a wondrous city, located at the center of the **Prodigious Forest**, a deep, dark, region of mixed greenery of gigantic size. The settlement itself consists of commercial and offices sites excavated from the fleshy matter of enormous mushrooms which coat the forest floor. These 'shroomhomes' are great at keeping

off the rain, and over time grow to accommodate increased family or business space needs. The excavated mushroom material is exported as shrink and growth-food, since eating the fungi causes either a *decrease* or *increase* in *size* (and *mass*), **1" [25.4 mm]** per bite. More mundane exports include gigantic nuts and berries, wood, and other riches of the forest. Their only major concern is that they've had to establish elaborate defensive measures against giant ants and rodents.

City: Nawleans, City of Eternal Nightlife

Located at the mouth of a great river delta on the southeastern coast of **Leeland**, Nawleans is an old port-of-call for traders and pirates alike. The humid breeze which buffets its old buildings and races up its winding lanes whispers with the secrets of deeds witnessed and overheard. Nawleans today is a party town; a destination for youthful thrill seekers and music lovers. It is said that any pleasure, whether service or substance, can be obtained in one of the many gated houses which huddle along its narrow cobblestone streets.

Nawleans is also rumored to be the haunt of an especially malicious clan of Vampires, the **Dreadheads**, who stalk the young and literally suck the life out of their victims (see page **83**).

Town: Pellagra, Home for the Unwanted

Dr. E. U. Genics of **Nietzsche**, **Agnosia** once came up with what he thought was a brilliant bit of social engineering: "What if all the transients, insane, scabby, and unwanted individuals were rounded up and sent somewhere where they could all coexist and hopefully no longer make normal people feel uncomfortable. We could build an entire community, especially for them, and wall it off, so no one can get out."

Praised as a progressive humanist by all but the most bleeding-hearted of liberals, the enormous construction project began immediately in a remote valley in the **Foothills of Faloon** on the southern edge of the Dark Lands. Upon its completion three years later, undesirables were rounded up and shunted off in trucks to **Pellagra**. Unfortunately (or fortunately, depending on who you're speaking to), the only truly liberal thinking involved in the project was the qualifications for entry — thus the Neitzschians filled Pellagra within a fortnight.

The Neitzschians decided to dig a trench and expand the village via a wide encircling ring. During construction something quite unexpected happened; undesirables from everywhere suddenly began flocking to Pellagra, having heard of the kindness of the Neitzschians in building them a community. Within weeks the construction site was overwhelmed and the workers ran away.

This did not deter the Pellagrans, nor the new arrivals, who were welcomed to the community as brothers and sisters. They continued to build their settlement, and create a home for their kind. Now, the architecture may not be what you expect — unless of course you take into account that the architect is a paranoid and the builders schizophrenic — but the buildings *can* be lived in. While this settlement is little more than a glorified asylum run by the inmates it is, for the most part, a happy place.

Place: Castle Bubo of Ebondale

Located in the alpine valley region of Ebondale (also known as the 'Groin of the Dark Lands'), Castle Bubo, its family in residence, and all the land it surveys exist in gloomy political isolation. They have been ostracized from the court of Bob and those of his vassals for being carriers of the highly contagious **Dark Plague**. This dire supernatural disease causes ***all light to become dimmed to an intensity of deep shadow*** within **25' [8 m]** of the afflicted individual. Naturally this is greatly inconvenient, especially when already living under the perpetual shadow of a large moon.

The disease is acquired through touch, or breathing a carrier's breath. Those who become infected are turned out of their communities; they make their way to Ebondale to find a new life among those afflicted with the same condition. These newcomers are for the most part greeted with indifference, and though they are made vassals of the **Lord Ebon** of **Castle Bubo**, they are offered little more than the suggestion they find a plot of land and cultivate it. Here they remain, raising their families and living out their lives in almost total darkness.

Occasionally a young and rebellious Bubonian slips away, and traveling by night, attempts to experience something of the world outside. To evade detection they refrain from entering artificially lit rooms and return to Ebondale before daylight to avoid a lynching — few posses will enter Ebondale. Bubonians are killed on sight, usually by firing missiles into the shadowy zone that surrounds them until it brightens up, signifying the victim's death.

It is rumored in some quarters that Lord Ebon has plans to use his subject's ailment to his advantage in assembling an Army of Darkness to extend his political sway. If questioned, his people deny this, saying that as far as their Lord's political aspirations are concerned, they've been kept in the dark.

Place: The Plain of Plungers

The **Mountains of Mourning** form a great barrier separating northern **Leeland** from the **Land of Arallu**, the most southern Range controlled by Bob's Chefs. A lone pass winds through these foreboding peaks and across a wide plateau whose vista is not for the faint of heart. An eerie wind blows continually over the dry, cracked ground. Low, menacing clouds perpetually hover overhead. Pitiful ground shrubs, sagebrush, and leafless trees scrabble out a wretched existence. Only

'Bet youse didn't know dat Bob spelt backwards spells Bob!'

— Bob, Lord of Evil

Adventure Idea

Leeland

Amitykill House

After the new occupants of a stately fixer-upper experience a series of supernatural events (e.g., odd noises, self-moving inanimate objects, strangers walking through the living room, etc.), they advertise for a team of 'ghost-catchers' to remove the hostile forces from their dream house. Naturally, when hiring the 'experts', they'll play down the sense of ominous danger they've felt during the limited time they've spent in the house. They indicate that while they would love to live in the home, if they can't overcome the poltergeist they may simply sell cheap and get out.

Potential outcomes:
a) the 'haunting' could be a real, or a trick invoked by a sleazy property developer to try and drive down the value of the house so he can purchase it cheap and make a quick profit;
b) located somewhere in the house is a Dimension Gate and the 'ghosts' are simply people using it;
c) the house has acquired a 'consciousness' and is experimenting with the use of its psychic powers as a baby might experiment in its environment.



BELOW: *If any landing you can walk away from is a good one, then Bob's Space Program has definite problems. A standing tribute to the Distillers' engineering know-how, the Plain of Plungers is the final resting place to those valiant souls who gave their lives in the service of Bob.*

large **Carrion Cranes** and packs of **Corpse Hounds** move about the landscape, lit by stark flashes of lightning.

Here, by the thousands, imbedded face first in the parched soil, are corpses representing the failures of Bob's Space Diplomatic Initiative. For whatever reason — a claim to technological expertise, an unpronounceable name, the lack of sufficient funds for a donation to the Jailers' Pension Fund — they were given the choice between a lingering and possibly embarrassing death, and the chance become a hero by joining Bob's glorious mission to Ben. Then, after a concise three-day training program that consists mainly of wild guesses on how to get Ben's attention, and instructions on what to say should they arrive successfully, these hapless 'volunteers' ('victims' is a more precise word) are strapped with great fanfare into the latest contraption concocted by Bob's top team of scientists and jury-riggers.

These devices look like the drug-induced nightmares of engineering school dropouts, and work about as well. Bob's crew have put together giant sling shots, huge catapults, and giant baking-soda and vinegar rockets — none of which worked worth a damn.

Today, the fractured and dented parts of spacecraft dot the landscape at odd intervals. The remains of Bobronauts, clothed in what were once a state-of-the-art extraterrestrial environmental suits, lie scattered everywhere, along with pieces of survival and exploration equipment.

Travel guides (those few that deal with the Dark Lands at all) recommend avoiding the Plain of Plungers on launch days, for obvious reasons. Some fearless Technocrats have been known to salvage artifacts and raw materials from this place.

Belavista

Located in the far eastern reaches of the Dark Lands, under the craggy and thrusting peaks of **Mt. Rigormortis** and its cold companions, Belavista is an isolated but beautiful place of wandering gypsies, superstitious peasants, dilapidated castles, and doomed estate lawyers. The village of **Lugos** in the province of **Vulgaria** is the ancestral home of the region's most notable family, the **Blaskós**. They've lorded over Belavista for centuries and made certain that it is a safe place for travelers and settlers alike (or at least those who pay their taxes and tolls).

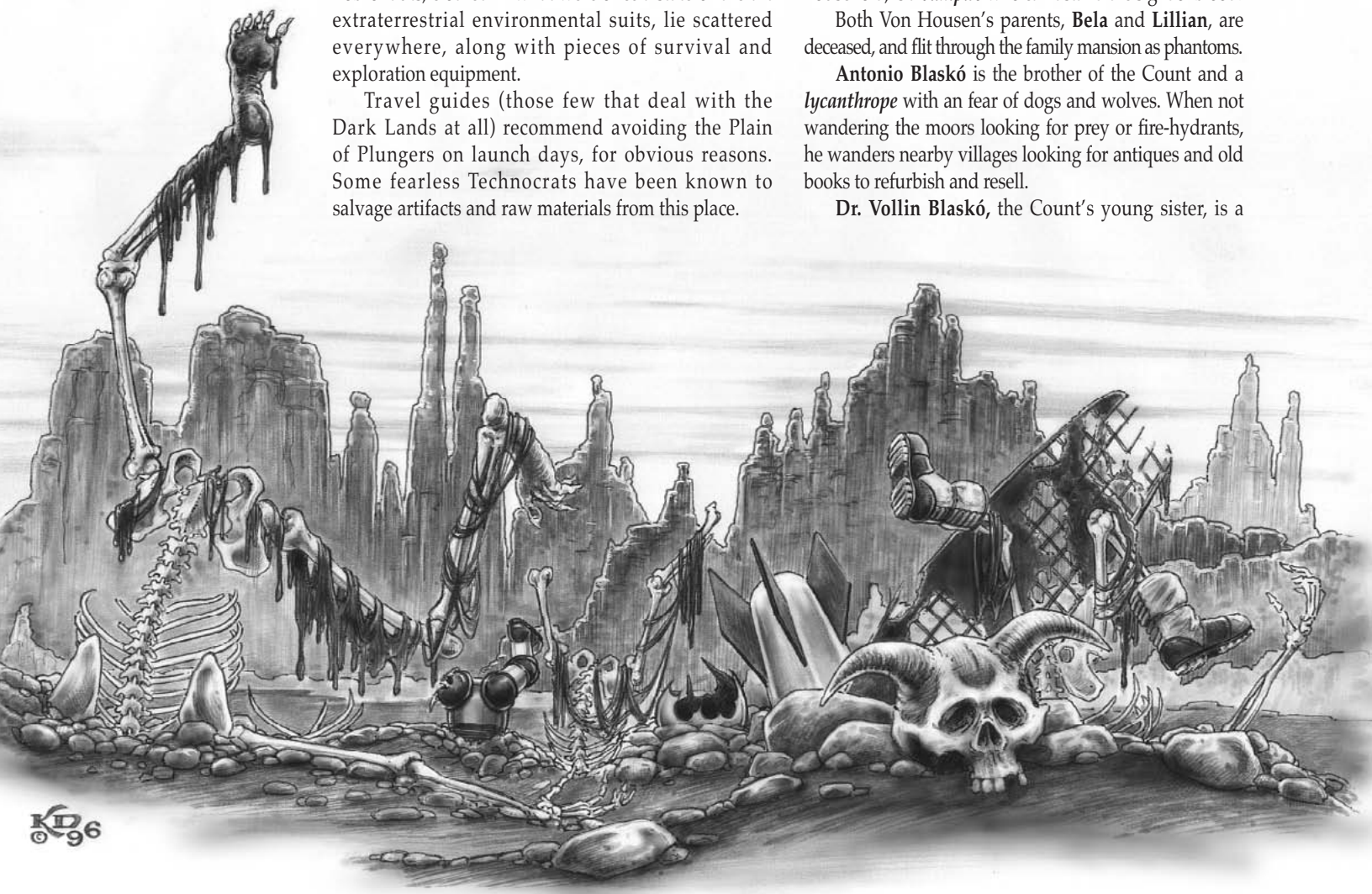
Of course, every family has its difficulties. For the Blaskós, it involves a Gypsy curse. **Count Mora Blaskó** brought it down upon the family when he asked for a portent and refused to pay when he disliked what was revealed. Though later that day the Count died horribly in battle, the bane was unaltered, and it affect all subsequent generations. The curse itself? Each member of the Blaskó family is afflicted with a unique supernatural condition.

Count Von Housen Blaskó, the head of the household, is a ***vampire*** who can't stand the sight of blood.

Both Von Housen's parents, **Bela** and **Lillian**, are deceased, and flit through the family mansion as phantoms.

Antonio Blaskó is the brother of the Count and a ***lycanthrope*** with an fear of dogs and wolves. When not wandering the moors looking for prey or fire-hydrants, he wanders nearby villages looking for antiques and old books to refurbish and resell.

Dr. Vollin Blaskó, the Count's young sister, is a



sadistic scientist with a love of pain and suffering (when inflicted upon others) who desires to unlock the secrets of life and death and find a cure for the family curse. Unfortunately, she has ***no short-term memory***, and must continually be reminded of what she's doing, unless it's written down (and she doesn't forget her pad).

Ygor, the hunch-backed youngest brother, is a ***bumbling idiot*** who has a knack for pushing buttons, pulling levers, and uncovering mislaid body parts. Once a tall, dashing university graduate, Ygor's curse makes him the continued subject of terrible accidents. Of course this makes him one of the safest people to be around — if something bad is going to happen, it will happen to Ygor.



Cousin Legendre Blaskó is a sorcerer with the power of hypnosis who is cursed with ***poor judgement***. Legendre looks after the hired help for the castle and operates an employment agency on the side. Unfortunately most of the people he hires are deadbeats. However, maintaining that death is no excuse for a servant to down tools or stop work he has created an extensive Zombie labor pool.

Finally, sister **Luna Blaskó** is beautiful, sweet, sixteen and very much ***undead***. She is the socialite of the family, forever breaking curfew for a night on the town. She is cursed with a desire to really experience life, and be treated just like any teenage girl — the problem being that most teenage girls don't try to take a bite out of their date while necking.

The local peasants who live beneath the shadow of **Castle Blaskó** do their best to ignore the swarms of bats, the steady stream of coaches driven by half-crazed coachmen and blank-faced zombies, and the occasional drained acquaintance found lying in a ditch.

Life in Belavista, while it lasts, is rarely dull.

Town: Byssinosis, Tainted Textiles

Located on a wide flat plateau in the rocky highlands of **Raiment Province**, this thriving town is one of the key centers of the textile trade. The locals grow cotton and silk, and weave cloth for export at rock bottom prices. However, like much in life, you get what you pay for.

Zombie laborers are fine at repetitive tasks — often better than living workers — but they are rather lacking in the initiative department. Thus, when the warehouse became infested with insects, the workers neither noticed the damage done to the goods, nor cared, until the client angrily returned the cloth — only after the accompanying bugs had infected his warehouse as well.

Additionally, the living supervisors suffer from a high turnover rate; many quit after brief contracts, or even desert without pay. This is due not so much from the boredom and frustration which comes from working with employees who not only don't, but can't care about the task at hand, but from the air quality of the town. On a windy day, you can smell Byssinosis for up to **20 miles [32 km]**; for animals, of course, the range is greater. Many of the living employees are preoccupied with creative attempts to purify and perfume the air; others simply put a rag over their face and gag a lot.

Still, the pay is excellent. It has to be.

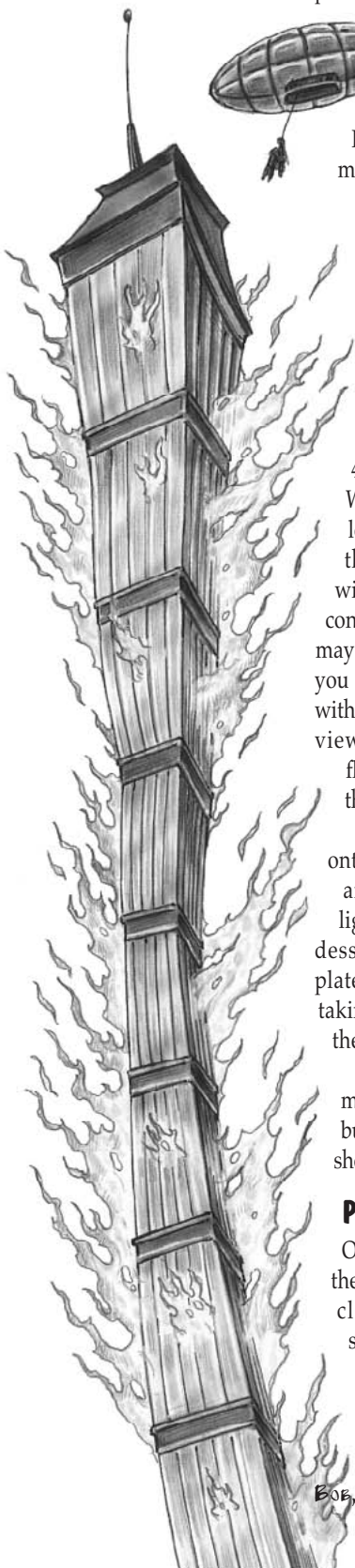
Town: Ileitis, Gateway to the East

Situated on **Abscess Bay**, at the far eastern edge of the Dark Lands, this town is the eastern gateway for shipping to the south and west. Though not long ago it was simply a poor fishing village, today it has swollen into a commercial nexus, bulging with warehouses, flophouses, diners, and brothels to service foreign sailors.

Above: Luna Blasko, teenage vampire and frequent curfew breaker, sneaks away from the family home for a quick bite and a night on the town.

Below: Morning rush-hour in Byssinosis. Watch for pedestrians — they'll kill you!





*Below: On the Dark Land's Top Ten List of 'Food to Die For', the **Towering Inferno Barbeque Hut** is Bellavista's brightest tourist attraction.*

While some of the town's original puritanical residents despaired at cancerous growth of their town and have been driven away by the change in lifestyle and inflated prices, others have cashed in on the growth and created businesses to service the newcomers. Today, the town is poised to become a city; unfortunately for the more pure of heart, it will be populated by sinners.

A few of the original inhabitants have devised a plan to seek revenge upon the newcomers and those puritans who have been tempted into sin. They've begun a ceremony to bring fire and brimstone down on Ileitis, in an effort to wipe it off the map. In secret a ritual has been planned, all that is missing is a *willing* sacrifice. Patience is a virtue.

Place: The Towering Inferno Barbecue Hut (TIBH)

Though no longer the largest or most spectacular, this was the first thematic dinner theater restaurant in the Dark Lands. It remains a place of pilgrimage for connoisseurs of cholesterol and lovers of special effects.

What makes the TIBH a must see is that its 40 stories of glass and steel are continually ablaze! While you dine on succulent fowl or back ribs, looking out over a spectacular view that includes the town of **Kindling**, you are simultaneously witness to and participant in live dinner theater so convincing that many patrons have to be told they may continue to use the elevators. The fun begins as you arrive when the elevator you're in suddenly fills with smoke and then opens on the wrong floor. After viewing a hallway of office workers engulfed in flames, the doors close and the elevator proceeds to the restaurant level.

During dinner, a dirigible lowers firefighters onto the roof, while smoke oozing up through the air ducts serves as a canvass for the pulsating lights on the dance floor. Not to be missed is the dessert-time finale, when firemen crash through plate glass windows and perform a daring rescue, taking one lucky patron at random out and up into the hovering airship.

A visit to the Towering Inferno Barbecue Hut makes for a hot night out on the town. If your burning ambition is for a great meal, and a thrilling show, this is the place to go. A real dining experience.

Place: Abscess Bay

Once, before the arrival of Ben and the creation of the Dark Lands, the waters of this bay were crystal clear, and teeming with life. Then, the hills surrounding Abscess Bay began to be used as a landfill site for the garbage of numerous local urban centers. Today, the water is yellow from the sulfurous soil washed down from the hills, rank with pollution, and the surface is thick with algae and unidentifiable gooey slime which threatens to spread through the **Catarrh Inlet** out to the **Ongoro Sea**.

Most of the wildlife has mutated. The fish have two or more heads, the bears have extra claws (all over their bodies), and the birds are so covered with tar and sludge that unless they can find a high point to glide from, they merely flop and slide across the ground. However, their mutations have also provided them with conscious awareness of their circumstances, and a desire for *revenge*. Thus the animals of Abscess Bay have vowed to become eco-terrorists, waging a secret war against polluters everywhere, large or small. The battle continues.

Place: Mt. Rigormortis

Resembling a dark brooding warrior cloaked in an white hooded cape, Mt. Rigormortis is the highest peak in southeastern **Belavista**, scraping the sky at **27,000' [8300 m]**. The fruit growers who keep their vineyards on the hills at the base of the mountain wonder whether this somber warrior has really been vanquished, or is simply waiting for some appropriate time to erupt in a fury of fiery destruction. Every few weeks the earth quakes below them, accompanied by a loud rumbling moan. The more superstitious suggest that it is the dead trying to force their way out of the infernal regions below. In either case, the skeptics tell them to think 'happy thoughts' — but even the skeptics keep their earthquake insurance premiums up to date, and talismans against the undead at their bedsides.

Place: Rodrom

Rodrom is a land of foul air and volcanic heat which lies south of the **Mountains of Ash** and east of the **Mountains of Shadow**. In this noxious land resides the ruthless necromancer, **Noruas**, who in his dark tower plans to seize control of the Dark Lands through magic, and eventually, to enslave all the people of Færie to his will. However, before he feels secure enough to act, he requires an ancient magic artifact which years ago he invested with most of his power and then unfortunately misplaced: the **One Nosering** — the **Nosering of Doom**. When worn, the Nosering provides its owner with ***enhanced supernatural powers*** and a new sense of personal style. With this item in his possession he can ***raise foul and fiendish followers*** and proceed to rival Bob for global domination.

Noruas has nine loyal phantom agents, the **Nasals**, all possessing less powerful Noserings of their own. They roam the countryside seeking clues to the whereabouts of the One Nosering. Though they try to be coy when making their inquiries, most people can see right through them.

Vinnieland

This northeastern land of tall evergreens and gently rolling hills, surrounded by snow capped mountain peaks has its capital at **Roseola** on the **Rufous Sea**, and borders the land of **Dementia**. Its most northern port at **Apoplexy** offers traders access to Acidosis Bay and the icy **Tee-Tee Sea** beyond.

Vinnieland is for the most part a rural region lorded over by a twisted psychopath who calls himself **Uncle Vinnie** (see page **93**). Lord Vincent (his formal title) resides in **Castle Corman**, high in the **Poe Mountains**. Vinnie likes to think of himself as firm but fair. He also wants to rule as far as his wandering eye can see.

Located in the fertile plain below are a few scattered villages and small towns branching out from its oldest town, **Poeville**. The inhabitants of Vinnieland typically live in quaint little buildings and cottages, on short winding roads, with perfectly kept flowerbeds.

This is a land of magnificent artists, great poets and fine authors; of wine, women, and song; of intense loves, desperate gamblers, and impoverished lunatics. Alas, it has become a home for *incurable romantics.*

You can be forgiven for thinking that this is a land of eternal bliss. Regretfully, most romantics are more often than not emotional wrecks, incapable of rational thought, and living out their existence in a perpetual state of near suicide, forever threatening to go over the edge if they can't get what they want, when they want it. Never have more immature individuals assembled in a single place.

Rustic Romanticism

It's not entirely the fault of the inhabitants. Vinnieland itself has a part to play. Those who enter its gray valleys encounter a supernatural effect. Each Character must make a **WIL Roll** once every **24 hours**; failure results in the effect taking force while they remain in Vinnieland. Those succumbing to ***Romanticism*** see Vinnieland as a mysterious and beautiful land, and when feeling especially good, they may even believe that the sun has come out.

A victim of Romanticism (known as a *Romantic*) must, upon encountering a person, **roll 1d10** and add the result to the newly met individual's **Appearance** and **Charisma** values for the purpose of all reactions and interactions. Furthermore, any member of the opposite sex who is the least bit kind to the victim will immediately result in the victim's ***falling in love*** with them (after the failure of a **WIL Roll**). The Romantic will make a complete fool of themselves by fawning over and doting upon this person completely. (For this reason most unattached members of the opposite sex in Vinnieland treat others like dirt. However, this usually doesn't make much of a difference to those afflicted.) Divided affections and multiple sweethearts often lead to *duels* between hopeless Romantics and those whom they feel have sullied the 'reputation' of the person they desire, or attacked their self-image. Most engagements of this sort result in no more than flesh wounds; occasionally, however, tragedy occurs….

Romantics share several qualities besides worshipping the objects of their affection. People with a poetic soul pay little mind to the practical side of life — like making the rent — and often live in slums or on the premises of a kindly (and probably lovestruck) patron. Writers and poets are hopeless and terrible gamblers. They also have a tendency to take what little money they have and purchase unnecessary luxuries or gifts for those they admire and love. When the debts pile up, and all else fails, a typical Romantic will run off to join the military and attempt to involve themselves in the bloodiest conflict available.

Those with an artistic bent draw with and on just about anything they can get their hands on. Artists dedicate brightly colored chalk paintings on sidewalks to their lovers. When these wash away with the rain, they temporarily give the gutters a lovely multi-colored appearance. On weekends romantics travel about in groups of seven to the countryside or wilderness areas, where they sit in fields with their box of oils and watercolors painting large canvasses and cutting off unwanted body parts in order to mail them to their lovers.

There is a dark side to every canvas. Love is often given in vain; the recipient is either blind to the affliction of their suitor or is too preoccupied with their own amorous pursuits to notice. Thus, much love is lost, and many lovers bear embittered souls. Romantics deny this rejection, and they only intensify their pursuit of the desired flower, however, when finally confronted with a firm dismissal, such love becomes torture. Their minds writhe and twist in the clutch of futility; logic is vanquished, emotions are trampled, leaving but one salvation: *revenge!*

'I loves surprises — but dey'd better be bad…'

— Bob, Lord of Evil

Adventure Idea

Vinnieland

Percy Lives!

WORD HAS SPREAD THAT STRANGE THINGS ARE GOING ON at **Eternal Peace**, a recently opened retreat located on **Crystal Lake**, in **Forest Green County**. Promising poets (or their wealthy supporters) pay to spend a few weeks at this serene spot in the company of some of the best bards in the business. Unfortunately, none have ever returned. Thus the patrons and parents of some of the poets have put up a reward for the safe return of their aspiring artists or details as to their present situation.

Any PC taking up the quest will discover that the main house of the retreat was built on the site of a cemetery of dead poets; the developers thought this might add to the mystique of the place. It did more than that: it added a supernatural presence named **Percy** who parades about the property in a fencing mask, coaching the poets to excellence, and skewering them when they fail. Those still alive, while having improved their talents immeasurably, are desperate to find a way out. Naturally, Percy is not keen to let his students escape his instruction.

Potential outcomes: a) find a flaw in a poem recited by Percy — the shame will drive him away; **b)** throw water on Percy (he's afraid of water — he drowned in a boat during a storm) and he'll indignantly shuffle away; **c)** challenge Percy to a poetry duel and beat him — a subject is chosen and each participant smoothly completes a verse to build the poem until one stumbles — the loser is banished from Forest Green County.

'B.Y.O.B. — Bring your own Bob.'
— One of Bob's favorite slogans

Occasionally a couple bonds successfully, and have several days or even months of sublime bliss, only to be completely destroyed by the death of one of the couple through a senseless accident or some terrible wasting sickness. Naturally, these events are enough to drive the surviving lover bonkers. They become either a mad recluse, or a reckless gadabout, experiencing life without receiving pleasure from it. Some of these love-crazed wretches desperately seek a connection with the afterlife, and devote all their resources and energies to securing 'forbidden knowledge' of the dead.

Thus it is that much of the population of Vinnieland is a collection of love struck loonies, concocting bizarre plots of revenge and torture to inflict upon the objects of their spurned affection — and anyone who happens to get in their way. These plots typically involve convoluted circumstances to get the victim alone in some gothic location where their captor can deliver an undisturbed monologue describing their torment, prior to subjecting the victim to some strange contraption designed to kill them in a slow, despicable way. Fortunately romantics typically make poor engineers, and the devices stand a good chance of falling apart or self-destructing before they can complete their evil deed. Often, once the dust has settled, everyone involved will end up splitting a bottle of red wine in a village café after a session of 'emotional sharing', a 'group cry', and a few embarrassed apologies.

City: Roseola, the Crimson Capital

The capital of Vinnieland, Roseola is a noisy and disorderly place where good times can be had and pleasures found for all tastes and budgets. Day or night, it makes no difference; the town never sleeps. It is a favorite place for lovers, whether eloping or engaged in a clandestine affair.

Some years back, one of its mayors, **Auburn Russet**, thought it would be distinctive and romantic to legislate that all buildings be painted red. Once a few neighborhoods were completed it became apparent that the whole effect was rather morbid. However, the paint had been purchased in bulk, and so it was used. Over the years a few bold landlords have repainted with alternate colors, but overall, the effect is still rather blush. It also doesn't help much that the clay upon which the town is built has a ruddy tinge.

Still, everyone says the color is what gives the town its energy.

Town: Apoplexy, Labor Lamentations

Apoplexy is the most northern port in Vinnieland. Its workers are responsible for hundreds of shipments each day. The dock workers are vital to the flow of goods in and out of this massive shipyard. Unfortunately for everyone else, they know it.

For years the dockworkers suffered under the

BELOW: The quiet beauty of Vinnieland takes hold of the heart and never lets go. These hills and dales offer numerous opportunities to make new acquaintances and experience rustic romanticism for the horror it truly is.



KP ©97

mistreatment of their supervisors and dangerous working conditions of the shipyards. Then, one rainy day, they were exposed to new ideas through the inspiring words of **Dvorish Diphthong**, a transient Dwarf seeking passage on the next available ship. She spoke of workers rights, of regular work weeks and payment for overtime, of pensions, health care, and training — raising everyone's expectations way above anything they had even dared to consider before. She even told them what to do.

Thus began the first *wildcat strike* in the history of Vinnieland. Participation was 100%. Shipping came to a halt. Yet the Apoplexy Dockworkers Union (ADU) did not get what they wanted; after six months of picketline warfare their employer had a sudden seizure and his head exploded. The officers of the firm then declared bankruptcy and left for Karloffornia.

The workers, however, were not deterred. Their inspirational leader again provided the solution; an employee buyout. They would pay off the creditors themselves and be their own bosses! Then they could ensure that they would receive the fair treatment they deserve as valued contributors to the firm. Unfortunately, the dockworkers were as good as broke. And when bankers were approached about providing a loan they just laughed and showed the workers the door.

Thus it was that after almost a year out of work, and little commerce in the town, everyone was beginning to have doubts and again sought the wisdom of Ms Diphthong (who for some reason was nowhere to be found). Then salvation: the original officers of the company came back and offered the workers back their jobs at three-quarters of their original pay, if they all agreed to disband the union and sign a lifetime contract.

In a flash it was done, and things returned to the way they were. Few remembered what the strike was all about in the first place.

Place: Mt. Cicatrix, the Sanguine Summit

The highest peak of a blood red mountain range which cleaves its way across the northeastern border of the region and into **Dementia**. The Cicatrix range is active and unpredictable. At any time one of the mountains may erupt, belching fire and ash into the sky and rivers of blood red molten stone into the valleys below. Few are bold or foolish enough to live in its shadow. Still, it takes all kinds….

The Surrounding Regions: Political and Natural Landmarks

The following regions are located outside of, but bordering, the Dark Lands. The fact that they are not swathed in shadow should not be interpreted as an assurance that the land is significantly safer or it's people any more sane than their Dark Land neighbors. After all, there is still the influence of Ludo, the sun.

Adenitis

This northerly realm consists of a cold, bleak tundra on which little grows. An occasional hill or mountain protrudes from the rocky plain, like some enormous abscess on the earth. These build into a massive chain which meander their way into the gloomy reaches of the Dark Lands.

The capital city of Adenitis is the trading town **Ague**, situated on the southern shore of the **Tee-Tee Sea**. A smaller but more popular settlement is **Fibroma**, located on **Benign Isle**.

The people of Adenitis live a hard life, mining the sea and ice flows for food, skins, oils, and ice tea, then processing and shipping the goods to market in the southlands. On any given day 90% of the population is stricken by a cold or flu. Each season a handful of people freeze to death: those who have fallen through the ice, members of the 'polar bear' club, and husbands locked out by angry spouses. The continual cold and the bitter icy wind causes the population to suffer from constant chills and shaking. This has impacted upon their speech, which has developed into a dialect with significant quavering and stuttering.

Agnosia

Located to the south and west of the Dark Lands, Agnosia is a land of rural farming settlements with no capital or large urban centers. It is a relatively quiet and safe place. This may have something to do with the fact that it has few inhabitants.

It wasn't always this way. Upon the arrival of Ben, the region suffered a tumultuous earthquake, tossing just about everyone on their heads. Once the shaking subsided, people got back to their feet and began tending their bumps and bruises, some noticed that the population had undergone a transformation. Each citizen suffered a ***selective long term memory loss;*** some forgot things they had seen, others things they had heard, still others things touched, smelled or tasted. As people tried to carry on with their daily lives and contractual agreements, this naturally proved to be a disaster for the community. Small disagreements turned into arguments, which turned into wars. Soon people were dying by the thousands, and most were not really sure why. Eventually, the most hostile folks all killed each other, leaving behind those who didn't mind so much that their neighbor couldn't remember their name, or borrowing the rake. Life went on.

Today, Agnosia is a a popular retirement community. It appeals to ex-lovers, criminals on the run, and old soldiers who want to forget their past and begin again.

'Most monsters ain't evil, jus' misunderstood.'

— **Bob, Lord of Evil**

Gamemaster Tip

Cliché Characters

Here are some typical horror archetypes:

- **The Nerdy Reporter (or Investigator)** who learns the truth but has few believers.
- **The Cranky Editor (or Boss)** who won't believe his reporters, suggesting that they're mistaken or lying about what they say they've seen.
- **The Sheriff** who can't be convinced that the 'monster' is anything more than an unusually large 'common' animal.
- **The Priest** who wants everyone to be accepting of *all* creatures great and small.
- **The Scientist** who wants to study the creature rather than see it killed (regardless of the many innocents that may be harmed in the process).
- **The Gun-Crazy Commander** of the local militia or dispatched military force who'll use *any means necessary* to stop the creature.
- **The Dumb Brute** employed by the antagonist to aid in his plans.
- **The Evil Seductress** whose only concern is herself; lying and using her feminine wiles to achieve her twisted goals.
- **The Intelligent Heroine** with the ideas and common sense necessary to survive the ordeal.
- **The Boy Genius** whose outlandish ideas just might save the day.

Dining in the Dark Lands

Fast food restaurants found in the Dark Lands include:

1. **Bob's Burger Barn**. This franchise has a western-theme and offers large under-cooked burgers, stick-like fries, and foul fountain drinks. Patronized mostly by Bob's minions (because it's expected of them).
2. **Burger King Tut's** (Home of the Wrapper). These pyramid shaped franchises offer inexpensive, papyrus-wrapped, take-out burgers and fries that every mummy will treasure.
3. **Drac-in-the-Box**. If you're out late and need a bite, drop by Drac's for a Bloodshake (many types to choose from) and a bowl of ghoulash. Anything but steaks and garlic is available.
4. **MacBeths** (Over Thirteen Billion Cursed). When you've been toiling over a hot cauldron all day and want an inexpensive meal for the little 'boos' and 'ghouls', these castle-like franchises are sure to satisfy. Featured menu items include Toad MacNuggets, MacBrew, MacEye of Newt.
5. **Road-Kill Pizza**. If you're in a hurry and not able to cook for yourself, just call RKP. They'll get your pizza pronto, even if they have to kill to do it. Toppings include: Cat, Fox, Groundhog, Raccoon, Snake, Squirrel, and Deer. Double-asphalt available.
6. **Vlad's Tapas Bar**. A fun and fashionable place to gather after work for drinks and light snacks. Steaks are not on the menu. Serving staff all wear formal garb. Usquebaugh!

Dementia

In this land resides a proud tribal people. They claim there are two peoples, though it's hard to tell them apart. Unless they explain, of course. These folk are stern sheepherders and horse raisers, and take life very seriously. Perhaps the reason they are so serious is that their lives are awfully boring. Day in day out they herd sheep and chase horses around; occasionally someone falls off his mount, or gets a hoof to the head — a big event!

To pass the time the people of the two tribes, the **Manics** and the **Depress**, have come up with elaborate rituals to enhance and complicate daily activities. Additionally, they've decided to abandon rational thought and conduct their lives solely through their emotions, on the basis that this would make things more *interesting*. Since adopting this pledge, they've had a lot more sex and the birth rate has boomed; however, simultaneously the Depress and Manics have gone to war and countless numbers have died horribly. The situation appears to be deteriorating, as neither tribe will back down; "revenge" is cried after every death, and victory only encourages another attack.

Some outsiders have suggested a means of pacifying these tragic people and saving them from continuing on their destructive course: introducing television. It's just a thought.

The Land of the Sun

This is a warm and happy place located west of the Dark Lands. Among other things, it holds a thriving resort community which caters to warrior classes from the icy northlands. The promotional literature attempts to sell the place as an opportunity to forget your worldly concerns in a regime of exercise and meditation. After a few weeks of pampering and mental suggestion, you'll be born anew, leaving with a truly splendid feeling in both mind and body having spent a carefree holiday contemplating bashing ever greater numbers of enemy skulls.

Rumors abound that these resorts are actually a covert recruiting and training program for secret military forces hired out to private concerns. But who believes rumors, anyway?…

Myopia

This is a mystical place, highly charged with mana and prone to quick fluctuations of geography that challenge and confuse the senses. In this land, things at a distance appear unstable, blurred, and in a state of flux; always on the verge of transforming into something or somewhere else. This special environment has had an impact on the inhabitants as well: not only are people limited in their distance vision, but they are likewise limited in their distance thinking. People do not make long-term plans, and, in this place, long-term is a day.

Notwithstanding, Myopia is a very pleasant place. People don't concern themselves with what will happen tomorrow; few care about what will occur that afternoon. There is little crime and its people are well behaved, and truly believe that there will be a government pension plan when they retire. Myopia is governed by a populist democracy which tells the people whatever they wish to hear, whenever they want to hear it. Elections are frequent but poorly attended. People either vote against the party in power (unless of course the leader is attractive), or for the party that promises to do as little as possible except lower taxes and pick on immigrants, foreigners, and 'welfare bums'.

Economically the government is teetering on the verge of collapse, but it puts on a good face for the quarterly auction of bonds to foreigners while hoping they don't discover just how close the economy is to collapse. Luckily the traders come to Myopia for the auction and while visiting are afflicted by the same shortsightedness as the inhabitants. Thus the country maintains a lifestyle well above its means.

Myopia has the highest credit card debt per capita on Murphy's World. But by golly, they're also the most avid consumers. Money doesn't get a chance to see a pocket, let alone burn a hole in it. Those few who do have money to spare invest in junk bonds, equities, and the commodity exchange. No one invests to provide long term capital to a fledgling company; profit-taking is what it's all about.

Few of Myopia's many economists have ever been able to determine precisely what the region produces for export in order to acquire the foreign capital necessary to pay its debts. Many of the citizenry are politicians, union leaders, stock traders, and economists. Of course like any thriving civilization there are government clerks, salespeople, and loan officers, but nobody seems to manufacture anything, other than records and files, filled out in triplicate.

The Pleasant Plain

A vast grassland, located west of the Dark Lands, teeming with wild grazing animals and toothy predators. It is home to many nomadic tribes which follow the herds in their seasonal migrations, hunt the animals, and ignore the neon 'No Trespassing' signs put up by five-man bands of electricians.

CHAPTER SIX

The Races Native to the Dark Lands

THE DARK LANDS ARE HOME TO A WIDE VARIETY OF BEINGS significantly different (and even stranger) than those found on the rest of Murphy's World. Some forms are the result of nature, while others are mutations imposed by the Dark Lands. Many of the lifeforms reflect legend and mythology, for such is the nature of Murphy's World. Each race listed has a description of their Physical Characteristics and Abilities, Special Traits and Powers, Languages, Geographic Distribution and Settlements, Customs and Lifestyles, Skills and Labor Practices, Religions and Superstitions, and sample Clans or Communities.

Living Under the Influence of Bon

Those who live in the Dark Lands experience life somewhat differently than those who reside elsewhere on Færie. Not only are their lives a litany of enslavement, regular beatings, and lack of access to easy credit, but their value systems are different.

People tend to make the best of what they've got and find happiness in small pleasures, even under adverse conditions. Those too poor to travel or with little access to information have no idea what they're missing. When it comes to the Dark Lands, most inhabitants are raised in a climate of continual torment and swift retribution. Simple pleasures are few and far between — and usually twisted. Many get their jollies spying and ratting on acquaintances, or seeing that someone they despise is carted off to suffer at the hands of the Scullery Maids.

Though always on the lookout for opportunities for personal gain, the typical inhabitant of the Dark Lands has few possessions and is secretive about what they have. This dearth of personal wealth means that people can be easily enticed into service through quickly consumed luxuries (i.e., booze, chocolate brownies, etc.) and small valuable commodities (i.e., jewelry, gems, magic items, etc.).

Many individuals have a modicum of magical talent, which often makes up for a lack of purchasing power. Being able to ***render objects*** less than **5 oz [140 gm]** in weight temporarily **(1d10 minutes)** ***invisible*** makes shopping so much easier.

Conspicuous wealth is a sign of power and success. Power is the most important possession in the Dark Lands. If you have power, you have respect, sex appeal, and the best tables at classy restaurants.

It's a Bob eat dog world out there.



The Dæmons

LOTS OF PEOPLE THROW THE WORD 'DÆMON' ABOUT with rash abandonment and complete ignorance, without the slightest consideration for the individuals it actually describes. Often it's used to insult unwanted foreigners, troublemakers, and those whom the user of the word just doesn't want anything to do with at the moment. It's supposed to make the target feel somehow diminished, embarrassed and just a little afraid of a potential mob of raving lunatics who take pleasure in assaulting anyone who is pointed out and called a nasty name.

Well, setting aside all of the misidentified people and creatures for a moment, one must ask, are there any *real* Dæmons? A survey of witch-finders and wandering proselytizers will always result in a positive accounting. But where is the proof?

Now, some will say, and quite reasonably too, that if you were a Dæmon living alone somewhere, at risk of being condemned or worse every day of your life (or unlife, or whatever), would you announce your presence to the world, let alone your neighbor's kids? More than that, if you look at the mess the world is in, what more could Dæmons do to make things worse? Yet artists draw pictures, and authors write stories, telling us all sorts of things about them.

While Bob and his lot claim that though they've done their best to chuck out the riff-raff, Dæmons do indeed still lurk about in the scummy, unfrequented places where few care to visit. They are also rumored to exist underground, in other dimensions, and in warm places which can only be reached via Teleportation Gates. Some believe they originate from Southern California.

Dæmon Physical Characteristics + Abilities

Not a lot of definite information is known about Dæmons. Few of those who have wandered off to collect data have returned in any condition to discuss what they've found, if they've returned at all.

Dæmons are thought to be immortal, or at least very long lived. Some are said to be living, others are undead; it doesn't matter

The Average Dæmon

Quote:	"We're not really that bad — just terribly misunderstood!"			
Vocations:	Bill Collectors, Bureaucrats, Drudges, Racketeers, Thugs			
Intelligence:	8	Dense		
Willpower:	7	Impressionable		
Charisma:	6	Obnoxious,	19	Fascinating (in Druden form)
Mystic:	16	Perceptive		
Strength:	10	Adequate		
Dexterity:	9	Awkward		
Fitness:	12	Sound		
Appearance:	1	Disgusting,	25	Sensational (in Druden form)
Health Points:	12			
Height:	5' [1.5 m]			
Weight:	160 lbs [72 kg]			
Powers:	Immunity to Fire and Temperature Extremes, Alter and Throw Voice, Talk With the Dead/Undead, Fly, Shapeshift Form (and Size), Sorcery, Cause Sickness and Disease, and Cause Neuroses.			
Traits:	Cowardly, Envious, Impetuous, Pitiful, Selfish, Untruthful.			

really, both are equally unpleasant. They're said to come in all shapes and sizes, and are as ugly as sin (or worse). Take the most horrible insect you've ever seen or cut up a book of pictures of people and animals and rearrange the parts, or get a bit of food that's been in the fridge too long, give it an excitable personality and mischievous sense of humor, and it's very likely you're looking at a Dæmon.

On average, they're not very bright, but if you value your health, it's best not to let on that you know. They resent anyone they perceive as smarter, more attractive, or less miserable than themselves, and need little prompting to bring on blind rage. They especially dislike being called 'Dæmons'. They also mumble to themselves.

One thing that is said about Dæmons is in fact true, as much as anyone has been able to determine: they have an almost uncontrollable genetic predisposition to telling *lies*. Small, large, regardless of whether it matters or not, they just can't seem to help themselves. This is probably the most significant contributing factor to their poor reputations. They also have an overabundance of *personal pride* — which combined with their *lack of tact*, gets them into trouble from time to time. Plus, they are habitual *cheats*.

Occasionally a few will attempt to unite a Dæmonic horde into a concerted action against another individual or group who has been especially unkind. As might be expected, most of these efforts merely serve as an opportunity for a few hotheads to let off some steam. Occasionally, a plan of action congeals, then like lava from a volcano, Dæmons erupt into the night to engulf their enemies in a red fury. When it comes down to the crunch, however, they're mostly a bunch of cowards, and avoid duels and melees whenever possible — unless of course, the odds are grossly weighted on their side.

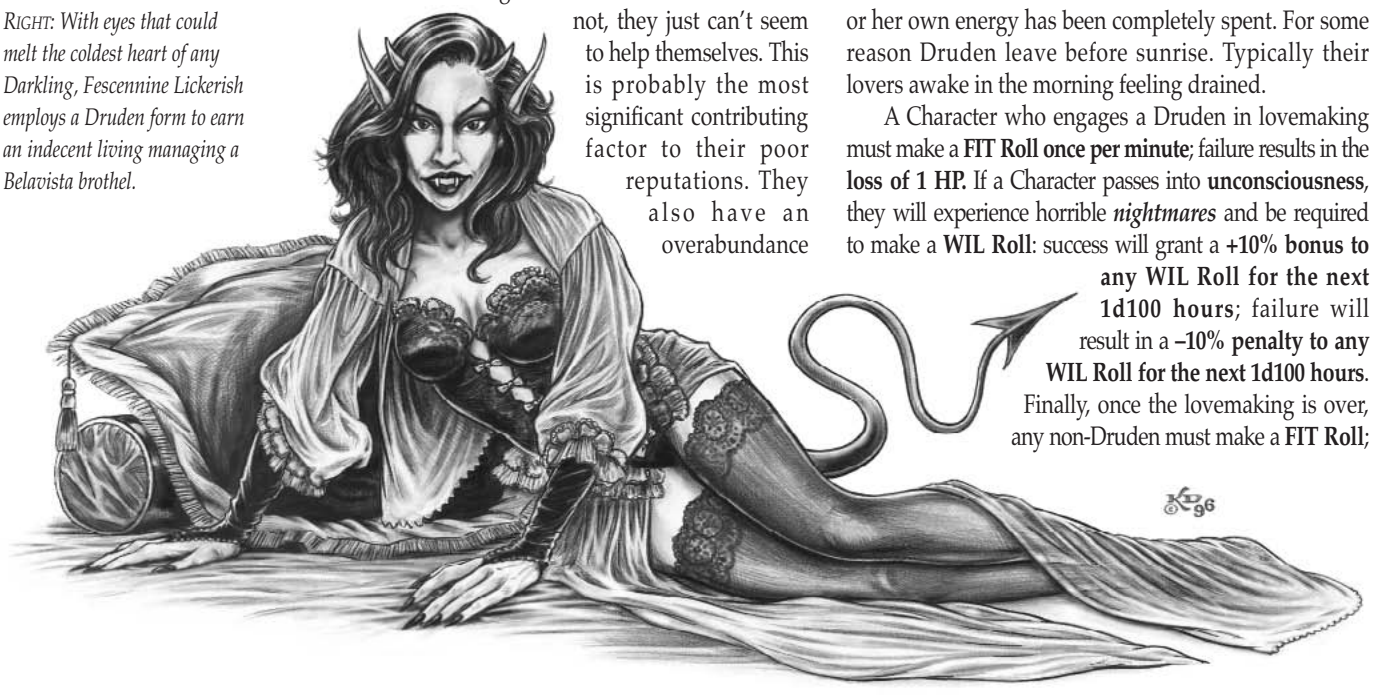
While they tend to take a special pleasure in seeing the proud, or just about anybody for that matter, trip over their own feet and fall on their faces in the mud (occasionally, with a bit of assistance), what they really want, deep down, is a little attention, and a some sympathy. Plus, just about anything else they can get their hands — or tentacles — on.

Druden: Dæmons in Heat

Most Dæmons are neither male nor female — a preferred option, since it tends to cut down on arguments. However many also enjoy a good time, and when they're feeling amorous and want a night out (typically on a Friday or Saturday), they'll adopt a male or female form to facilitate social interaction. In this form they are collectively know as **Druden** (some call them **Truden, Trudan, Trotha,** or **Trudeaus**); the males distinguish themselves as **Incubi**, while the females call themselves **Succubi**. Few are actually aware that Druden are Dæmons on the make.

Druden are assertive lovers, usually preferring to be on top, smothering their partners with their pent-up affections, never seeming to run out of energy. It is a rare lover indeed who can exhaust a Druden before his or her own energy has been completely spent. For some reason Druden leave before sunrise. Typically their lovers awake in the morning feeling drained.

A Character who engages a Druden in lovemaking must make a **FIT Roll once per minute**; failure results in the **loss of 1 HP.** If a Character passes into **unconsciousness**, they will experience horrible ***nightmares*** and be required to make a **WIL Roll**: success will grant a **+10% bonus to any WIL Roll for the next 1d100 hours**; failure will result in a **–10% penalty to any WIL Roll for the next 1d100 hours**. Finally, once the lovemaking is over, any non-Druden must make a **FIT Roll**;



Right: With eyes that could melt the coldest heart of any Darkling, Fescennine Lickerish employs a Druden form to earn an indecent living managing a Belavista brothel.

success results in no effect; failure results in the Character acquiring a ***supernatural disease*** (the players are invited to make symptom suggestions, GM has the final say).

It is uncertain whether this is a matter of spite or simply coincidence: Druden look very similar to Dark Elves — which naturally annoys the Drow to no end — especially if a Dark Elf picks up a Druden in a singles bar. It's bad for the reputation.

Dæmon Special Traits + Powers

Dæmons powers vary between individuals. Available powers include: ***Immunity to Fire and Temperature Extremes, Alter and Throw Voice, Talk With the Dead/Undead, Fly, Shapeshift Form (and Size), Sorcery*** (mostly illusions and small conjurations), ***Cause Sickness and Disease,*** and ***Cause Neuroses.*** Dæmons also take credit for causing earthquakes (actually an Elemental power).

Dæmon Language

The 'language' of the Dæmons, if it can be called that, is actually an amalgamation of the words and phrases of the many races which make up a specific Dæmonic hoard. It's a mish-mash of everything — whatever it takes to communicate a (probably limited) idea — a totally multi-cultural language. Their limited script functions on the same principal. As an official vernacular it is called **Gibberish.**

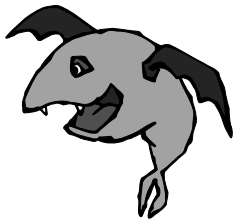
Dæmons are usually quite good at picking up the rudiments of other languages. They are especially fond of collecting foreign vulgarisms.

Dæmon Geographic Distribution + Settlements

Since Dæmons are more often than not deemed the unwanted dregs of society, they have a natural tendency to clump together — for self-preservation and someone to talk to. They can be found practically everywhere, but usually seek out the darker places to settle — wherever nasty things are waiting to occur. Underground caverns, wells, dark forests, and sewers are all possible locations. They also tend towards warm climes and deep tectonic heat sources. Every once in a while, a bunch will become fed up with a given site — or get turfed out — and head off to start up a new community of their own.

The names of some Dæmon settlements scattered across the planet include (the relative location on Færie is in brackets): **Adlivun** (Land of Spirits), **Fene** (Slobbovia), **Gehenna** (Lands of Set), **Hades** (Pummelo), **Halifax** (Finngarra), **Hel** (Niflheim), **Hiranyapura** (Patala Lowlands), **Hull** (Somagni), **Jahannam** (Ruritania), **Kamaloka** (Eastern Akimbo), **Arallu** (Land of Bob, Range of Ereshkigal and Nergal), **Ku-zimu** (Scrylaan), **Mirryland** (Land of Lyonesse), **Naraka** (Land of Swarga), **Niraya** (Land of Bob, Range of Mera), **Orcus** (Exohiko), **Purgatory** (Middle Isle), **Scathach** (Land of Angora), **Sheol** (Kreplach).

The largest independent Dæmon city-state is **Algol**, located a couple of miles directly beneath Bob's palace with exits in the surrounding mountains and secret passages leading up into **Tir Nan Bob**, **Bobston**, and the palace itself. Bob, of course, is completely oblivious to this.



Dæmon Customs + Lifestyle

While Dæmons living among other races are typically solitary, when able to reside with others of their kind, they are surprisingly communal. Such settlements enable large groups to share the burdens of daily chores and offer each other support and friendship — in their own unique lying, cheating sort of way. They have a similar social organization to that of a tribe or gang; there is a definite pecking order, but once you get below the few at the top, the rest for the most part are on level footing. The overriding philosophy is that "We're all in it together!" The smallest are still referred to by everyone as **Imps** (Bob calls them 'Wimps').

Typical Dæmon Names (Roll 1d100)

Number Rolled	(Roll for First Name, then Last Name A and/or B.) First Name	Last Name (A)	Last Name (B)
1 – 3	Ab	Alberith	Amin
4 – 6	Adra	Anachia	Alaric
7 – 9	Ag	Alarirept	Attila
10 – 12	Al	Astor	Ay
13 – 15	Am	Azel	Belisarius
16 – 18	As	Badon	Caligula
19 – 21	Az	Cas	Cortés
22 – 24	Ba	Chom	Ceausescu
25 – 27	Bel	Ciber	Gaetani
28 – 30	Dag	Modeus	Gui
31 – 33	Fleu	Duscias	Heydrich
34 – 36	For	Era	Hitler
37 – 39	Fur	Far	Huang Ti
40 – 42	Hab	Igor	Hulagu
43 – 45	Hal	Let	Hussein
46 – 48	Leo	Lial	Ivan
49 – 51	Mamm	Melech	Maung
52 – 54	Mel	Nack	Mengistu
55 – 57	Mol	Nard	Mobutu
58 – 60	Mul	Och	Mussolini
61 – 63	Nybras	On	Mursilis
64 – 66	Nystr	Orym	Nero
67 – 69	Paymon	Par	Pinochet
70 – 72	Put-Sat	Pas	Pizarro
73 – 75	Raum	Phan	Sar
76 – 78	Sab	Phegor	Segni
79 – 81	Sarga	Procel	Shapur
82 – 84	Se	Rety	Stalin
85 – 87	Uphir	Shax	Subutai
88 – 90	Vala	Taroth	Sung
91 – 93	Verde	Tanas	Temujin
94 – 96	Xa	Uares	Tse-tung
97 – 100	Ze	Zebub	Vlad

Dæmons are a lazy lot. Whenever possible, they employ undead corpses or spirits as personal and household servants. They don't mind the smell, and the wages are low because few others, except perhaps a sorcerer or mad scientist, will take on such hirelings.

When things are going well, Dæmons indulge in arts and entertainment. Some like to collect, while others simply like to experience objects d'art. Formal social gatherings, where Dæmons congregate and express their appreciation for the finer things in life, are popular. The vast majority, having no taste of their own, are not entirely certain which 'finer things' should be appreciated, so they expend great effort in brushing up on cultural trivia and the 'correct' opinions one should be expressing this season. The worst social blunder is the failure to have an insightful remark to offer when addressed at a public event.

Young Elves are occasionally hired (or kidnapped) to give instruction in Culture. However, Elves are occasionally known to steer their Dæmon hosts wrong — for a few years black-velvet paintings of clowns and bullfighters became de rigueur.



Dæmons are a touch vain when it comes to fashion. Unfortunately, they're also a touch impractical: pointed toes, tight necks, padded shoulders, and frivolous heels tend to get in the way of day-to-day activities.

A few holding more traditionalist attitudes prefer the old ways of loincloths and pitchforks, fires and ovens, pain and suffering and making a meal out of anyone who gets on their nerves. There are always a few holdouts in any group. This lot calls themselves **Devils**, considering the word Dæmon a pretentious modernism.

Adventure Idea

Dæmons

The Dæmon Child

A CRISIS HAS SEIZED THE THORN FAMILY IN **ALGOL**, a city of Dæmons beneath **Tir Nan Bob**. Their child is possessed by a Ghost. This is not just any annoying apparition however, for it seems that the spirit was a victim of one of Bob's especially nasty weight-loss plans. Now, by occupying the body of the child, the wretch has found a way to return to the land of the living with a desire to form an army to depose Bob and his minions, transforming the land back to the place of goodness and light that it once was.

Naturally, should word get out about the Thorn's 'good omen' child, it will cause a scandal and ruin the couple's social standing in the community. Discrete outside help is needed, and fast — someone who can exorcise the well-intentioned spirit from their baby before anyone overhears him babbling about insurrection or sees him floating the furniture. Rosemary, the mother, will seek out the players and ask for their assistance.

Potential outcomes: a) one of the players *volunteers* to have the Ghost occupy their 'grown' body (he took the child because it's body was strong and its willpower was low); **b)** the PCs annoy the Ghost until he turns on them with his power and attacks them with an onslaught of inanimate objects, then leaves to begin his acquisition of soldiers; **c)** the PCs *threaten* to kill the child — if believed, the Ghost will vacate the body so as not to experience death again.

Dæmon Skills + Labor Practices

Unfortunately, since nobody else will hire them, or even tolerate their presence, little opportunity is left for Dæmons to integrate into the global economy. Thus they've mastered the machinations of the underground economy — at least at its lowest levels. Favored Skills include: thumping things, breaking rocks, digging holes, shoving things into pits, chopping, cutting, clubbing, shoving, flaying, burning and boiling. Each has his own special talent and seeks out a means to turn it into a wage-earning service.

While there are few Dæmon criminal masterminds the intellectuals of the bunch do their best to put the right people together for the right tasks. Somehow, everything gets done. Favored criminal activities include thieving, arson, blackmail, burglary, arson, extortion, forgery, kidnapping, arson, and general mayhem. All committed in the name of an honest living, of course.

Some bolder (read poorer) Dæmons say goodbye to family and fiends and set out on the mercenary trail embracing the life of the hired thug. They wander about taking sustenance as needed from wherever they can obtain it until someone smarter (but not perceived as smarter) comes along and employs them to carry out their own personal vendetta. They do their best to establish fearsome reputations so as to earn a name and a better price for themselves. Often, the only price of significance ends up being the one on their heads.

Dæmon Religion + Superstition

Though not much for worship, Dæmons are, in fact, very superstitious. This has more to do with their limited knowledge of the supernatural and their natural respect for hostile force. They are keenly aware that might not only makes right, but also scares the crap out of people.

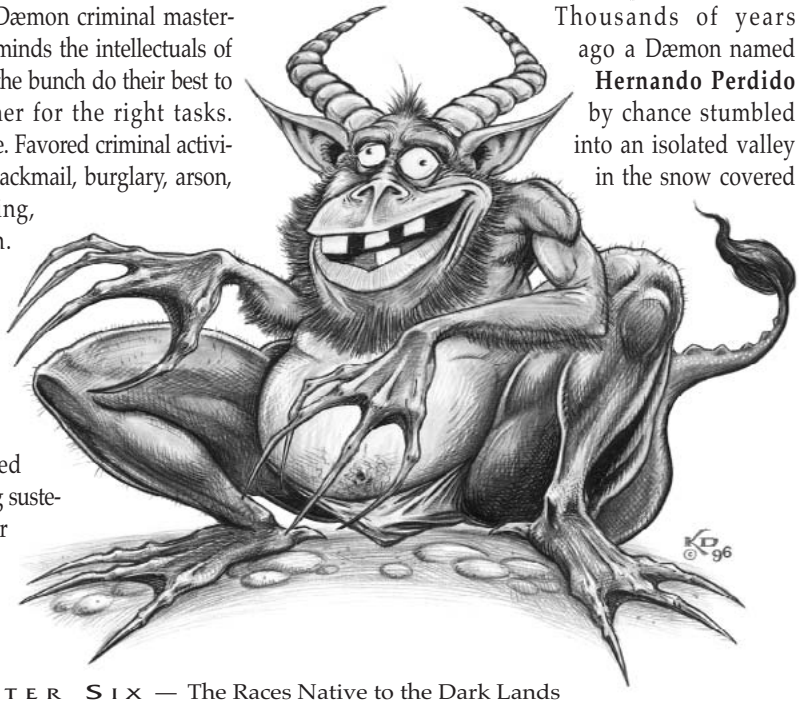
The Galla Dæmons of Kur

This happy lot are in the employ of **Chef Ereshkigal** and **Nergal**, the overlords of **Arallu**. Most reside in a camp constructed for them, just outside the fortress of **Kuthu**. They are well treated (at least as far as they know), with three meals a day, a warm bed and a roof that only leaks when it rains. When they've completed a mission successfully, or if their master is having an especially pleasant day, they'll be provided with free entertainment and grog. Things could be a lot worse.

Their primary function is to track down visitors to Arallu who've decided that they've seen enough and have wandered away without permission from either Ereshkigal or Nergal. They are responsible for persuading the visitor that their presence is missed, and that it would be best for everyone if they returned immediately — little room is left for alternative action. Anyone who rejects this offer of continued hospitality is bundled off to gloomy Arallu. Some runaways don't make it back in one piece. Galla enjoy their work.

The Mannerite Dæmons of Shangri-La-La

Thousands of years ago a Dæmon named **Hernando Perdido** by chance stumbled into an isolated valley in the snow covered



RIGHT: Molmulnanm is a Dæmon for all seasons and the Eligible Dæmonic Bachelor Pick of the Week. He's 4'7", 260 lbs. with green fur and purple eyes. His hobbies include kayaking, origami, stealing and eating children's candy (typically, including the child) and long walks along the beach.

Yeti Mountains in the northeast corner of what is today the **Dark Lands**. Almost frozen to death, he crossed over the ridge, emerging into the sheltering warmth of a lush green paradise.

Unfortunately, severe frostbite and infection from several broken limbs further threatened his life. Yet, he was strong enough in body and will to take the drastic measure of severing both legs, left arm, and tail, thus saving himself. Regretfully, he later learned that the valley has the capacity to supernaturally ***heal***, so if he hadn't chopped off his limbs, they would eventually recovered — live and learn.

Hernando was found by the **Piegrande** natives and nursed back to health. In return he shared with them the knowledge he had gained from his travels and thus became known as **Padre Perdido**. That knowledge primarily focused around the development of new markets for the resort industry. Just one look at this valley, which the natives called **Shangri-La-La** (vaguely translated as 'This is it'), told him that he was sitting on a gold mine. Which as it turns out, he was! The Piegrandes were flush with the stuff — they collected it from the river and dug it out of the hills, and used it for everything: jewelry, utensils, architectural ornamentation, fillings, doorstops, etc.

He asked the naïve Piegrande locals for permission to erect a shrine in their sunny paradise, dedicated to the arts and sciences, and invite talented, culturally tolerant people to study and conduct research there. The locals bought it like a charm.

Within a year contractors were conducting surveys and estimating the size of the mineral deposits. Over the centuries (due to union work stoppages, etc.), a grand palatial resort, named the **Palacio Paraíso**, was built and then extended to accommodate the acquired artistic treasures, and the people who paid to spend a holiday in their midst.

To maintain his good relations with the locals, Hernando offered lots of employment opportunities. Then, to ensure that his staff maintained Palacio Paraíso's five-star rating, he initiated a cult-like philosophy based on good manners, a polite, friendly demeanor at all times, and the ability to lie through your smiling teeth when necessary in order to preserve the illusion that all was proceeding as planned. He called his cult the **Mannerites**.

Then disaster struck. Ben suddenly appeared and impolitely blocked Ludo's warm amber rays, transforming their flower-carpeted paradise into a frost-covered pit. As the temperature plunged, so did business. Desperate to find a way to get Ben to shove over, or better yet, shove-off completely Hernando climbed to the highest peaks and diplomatically asked Ben to hover somewhere else. His request ignored, he assembled the Mannerites and held a congenial conference where it was resolved that Ben must die.



Executing a moon presents a number of practical problems, not the least of which is: how do you reach it? Centuries of polite debate presented no practical solution. Travelers had all but forgotten the Shangri-La-La. In desperation, the Mannerites wait for a way to deliver them from the shadow of Ben — and bring back the great weather and tourist bucks. (See **Bob's Horizon (or, On a Mission From Bob) — A Dark Land's Adventure**, page **132**.)

If I'd had heard stories about Daemons back when I was with the Intergalactic Peace Force, I would've dismissed them as absurd. In this place, however, I've learned that if enough folks believe that something exists, it does — or will very shortly; though much is still quite absurd. Then, I actually encountered one — or at least, it encountered me.

Having found a secure spot, I settled down to sleep. During the night I had the strangest dream: a woman came to me, and we made mad, passionate love all night. She was insatiable, demanding, imaginative, and incredible.

I awoke with a start, covered in sweat, a big smile on my face. Then I realized that either I had taken to stripping off my clothes and scattering them about in my sleep, or my dream had been real. I was the victim of a Succubus.

I wasn't sure how to react. I've certainly experienced worse things. The following day I was bushed, and only covered half as much ground as usual. That evening, the same thing: continuous wild lovemaking. The next day I struggled to cover a third of my usual distance; mental fatigue set in. I had a problem.

That evening I slipped prickle burrs into my clothing and drank tar-textured Dwarvish coffee in an effort keep awake. Just as I was considering propping my eyes open with toothpicks, she appeared — as beautiful in life as she was in my dreams — like a Dark Elf minus the jackboots. Her smile was dazzling as she began to shimmy out of her clothes. My throat went dry, and just before losing my resolve, I caught myself and pledged to continue with my plan.

I swallowed hard, and said, "Hi. I've been waiting for you. We've a lot to talk about." She stared at me, perplexed. I continued. "I've been trying to decide who to invite to the wedding. How big is your family?"

She spoke for the first time. Her voice was like the tinkling of bells. "Wedding?"

"Yes," I replied, "We've gotten to know each other so very well that I thought it best that we make our commitment immediately."

She looked distracted. "I don't think I'm ready for that kind of commitment."

We ultimately agreed to be 'just friends'. We still exchange cards on our birthdays.

— Sean Murphy.

'True Love' between two people may conquer all — or at least offer an opportunity to die with a smile.

The Darklings

MANY STRANGE THINGS LURK IN THE DARK LANDS. Some occasionally wonder how they got that way. Certainly not everyone started out weird. It's possible sure, but consider the odds. When it comes right down to it, you can only suspect that some outside influence had something to do with it.

There is in fact an influence, but it's definitely not coming from outside. *Any person or creature who spends a significant amount of time under the shadow of Ben may begin to acquire neuroses, or if they act inconsiderately, mutate.* Mistakenly, some refer to this process as the **Bane of Bob** or 'Bobbitization'; Bob doesn't mind however — better to be talked about than not.

Those who suffer a noticeable transformation are called **Darklings** by their foes, hypocritical acquaintances, and those who like to classify huge varieties of people into simple groups while risking a knuckle sandwich. Some say the name merely reflects the victim's succumbing to the darker side of their own inner nature.

THIS PAGE: Bobbits are a bit like snack foods: they're cheap and fulfill a need until something more substantial comes along. Some even mistake them for snack foods. They're supposedly especially tasty when dipped in milk chocolate.

I HAD BEEN WARNED THAT AN EXTENDED STAY IN TIR NAN BOB COULD RESULT IN DARKLING TRANSFORMATION, BUT THOUGHT MY UPRIGHT CHARACTER AND SENSE OF HUMOR WOULD PROTECT ME FROM SUCH A FOUL FATE.

MY DECLINE BEGAN WITH THE ONSET OF A PARTICULARLY BAD MOOD. A BOBBIT ACCOSTED ME, SQUAWKING ABOUT SOME INFRACTION AND DEMANDING A FINE. WITHOUT A SECOND THOUGHT I PUNTED HIM OUT OF MY WAY. STRANGELY, I FELT NO GUILT. IN FACT IT FELT GREAT. SO I BEAT THE CRAP OUT OF EVERY BOBBIT AND BOBGOBLIN WHO CROSSED MY PATH FOR THE REST OF THE DAY.

THE NEXT MORNING I AWOKE WITH A FUZZY HEAD, A NASTY CASE OF ACNE, AND A SMALL HORN GROWING OUT OF MY LEFT TEMPLE. I HAD A VAGUE SENSE OF UNEASE, BUT I COULDN'T SEEM TO FOCUS ON IT. I SPENT THAT DAY GIVING INTO MY BASE DESIRES: STEALING CANDY FROM VENDING MACHINES, SMASHING BOOM BOXES SET TOO LOUD, AND TAKING EXTRA KETCHUP PACKETS FROM FAST FOOD RESTAURANTS. SO IT CONTINUED.

I WAS BRIEFLY PUZZLED AFTER ACQUIRING A THIRD ARM, BUT RATHER THRILLED AT THE GREEN BLOTCHES THAT APPEARED ON MY SKIN — THEY SET OFF THE ACNE SO WELL. WHEN COMMANDED BY BOB'S MINIONS, I FOUND MYSELF SNAPPING TO ATTENTION AND HAPPILY RUNNING OFF TO CARRY OUT THEIR VILE TASKS. I LOST ALL TRACK OF TIME. MY DAYS WERE FILLED WITH VIOLENCE, DEGRADATION, AND NOSE-PICKING.

I WAS SAVED THROUGH THE KINDNESS OF BLORG, MY OGRE FRIEND. HEARING OF MY PLIGHT, HE CAME LOOKING FOR ME IN THE LAND OF BOB. I'LL NEVER KNOW HOW HE RECOGNIZED ME. BLORG BECAME MY CONSTANT COMPANION, AND CONVINCED ME TO PERFORM ONLY GOOD DEEDS — MAINLY BY POUNDING THE HECK OUT OF ME WHENEVER I DID SOMETHING BAD. SOON, MY EXTRA LIMBS AND HORNS RETRACTED OR FELL OFF, MY SKIN CLEARED UP, AND I TOSSED OUT MY HANKY.

BLORG'S EFFORTS ON MY BEHALF DID MORE THAN REDEEM ME FROM THE BANE OF BOB, HE ALSO TAUGHT ME AN IMPORTANT LESSON. IT'S A HECK OF A LOT EASIER TO LEAD PEOPLE TOWARDS GOODNESS AND LIGHT WHEN YOU'RE 11 FEET TALL AND HAVE A MEAN RIGHT HOOK.

— SEAN MURPHY





Those unfortunate enough to be born in the Dark Lands begin life as normal examples of their species or race with the exception that they ***acquire one Darkling physical and mental trait from each of their mutated parents***.

Thus the Darklings are not so much a race or even a species as they are an odd assortment of hideously transformed misfits with psychopathic and unpredictable tendencies. (For more about Darkling Creation, see page **119**).

The Boblings, Minions of Bob

Boblings are simply *Darklings who serve the will of Bob*. They function as his minions, and he loves them all — except of course when they annoy him, or happen to get in his way, then he simply eats them or crushes them into something resembling ear wax. For a list of typical Bobling names, see the **Names Assigned by Bob Table** (page **11**).

Why would anyone put up with such working conditions? Is it the pay? The perks? The limited access to power and influence? Actually, it's mostly involuntary servitude, having to do with an exceptional lack of Willpower. Proximity to the Lord of Evil imposes an additional influence on the hapless Darkling, making it easier to succumb to the Bane of Bob (see page **118**) and submit to the commands and stipulations imposed by Bob and his authorized representatives.

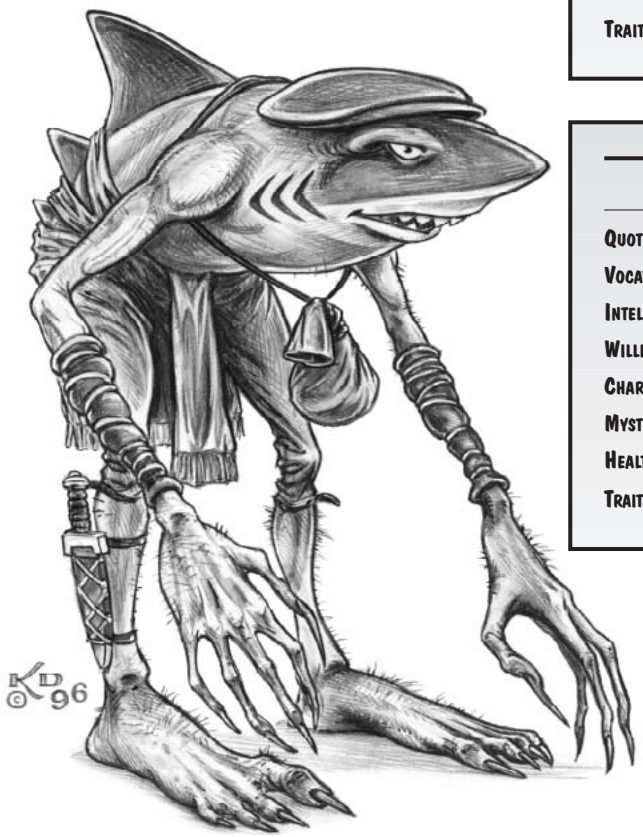


The Average Bobbit

Quote:	"O' course I wasn't listenin' to yer conversation oh Master of Mayhem... dat is, unless, o' course, ya *wanted* me ta hear wot ya was sayin'...."				
Vocations:	Assistant, Caterer, Courier, Gofer, Grocer, Jester, Slave, Snack Food.				
Intelligence:	3	Gormless	**Strength:**	3	Feeble
Willpower:	3	Mindless	**Dexterity:**	10	Handy
Charisma:	2	Loathsome	**Fitness:**	6	Fragile
Mystic:	4	Incognizant	**Appearance:**	5	Repulsive
Health Points:	3	**Height:** 3'6" [1.1 m]		**Weight:**	60 lbs [27 kg]
Traits:	Cowardly, Disgusting, Jittery, Lazy, Paranoid, Sneaky, Toadying.				

The Average Bobgoblin

Quote:	"You'll do it cuz I'm da bosss, dat'sss why!"				
Vocations:	Bartender, Distiller, Host, Slave Driver, Talent Agent, Thug Boss.				
Intelligence:	8	Dense	**Strength:**	11	Adequate
Willpower:	6	Impressionable	**Dexterity:**	9	Awkward
Charisma:	8	Annoying	**Fitness:**	10	Sound
Mystic:	6	Unknowing	**Appearance:**	6	Ugly
Health Points:	10	**Height:** 4'6" [1.4 m]		**Weight:**	90 lbs [41 kg]
Traits:	Plotting, Proactive, Pushy, Smarmy, Shifty, Untrustworthy, Vindictive.				



Bob has arbitrarily divided his minions up into three sub-categories based on their personalities and physical appearance:

Bobbits

These little sniveling wretches, typically under **4' [1.2 m]** tall, are occasionally

Bottom Left: On weekends, Mako, a Bobgoblin debt collector, earns a few extra grupnicks serving as a lifeguard at one of the Dark Land's many popular public beaches.

Top Right: While some might call it extreme, and others call it insane, when it comes to body piercing, Ergot Nonplus considers himself a fashion leader. Truly an example of too many simoleons and not enough sense.

mistaken for rats or cockroaches, though both rats and cockroaches find this extremely insulting. They are used for running errands, spying, taking dictation, and recreating the vocals for disco tunes. When tied into a knot, they make superb balls for sporting events. They also make a tasty snack food when deep-fried.

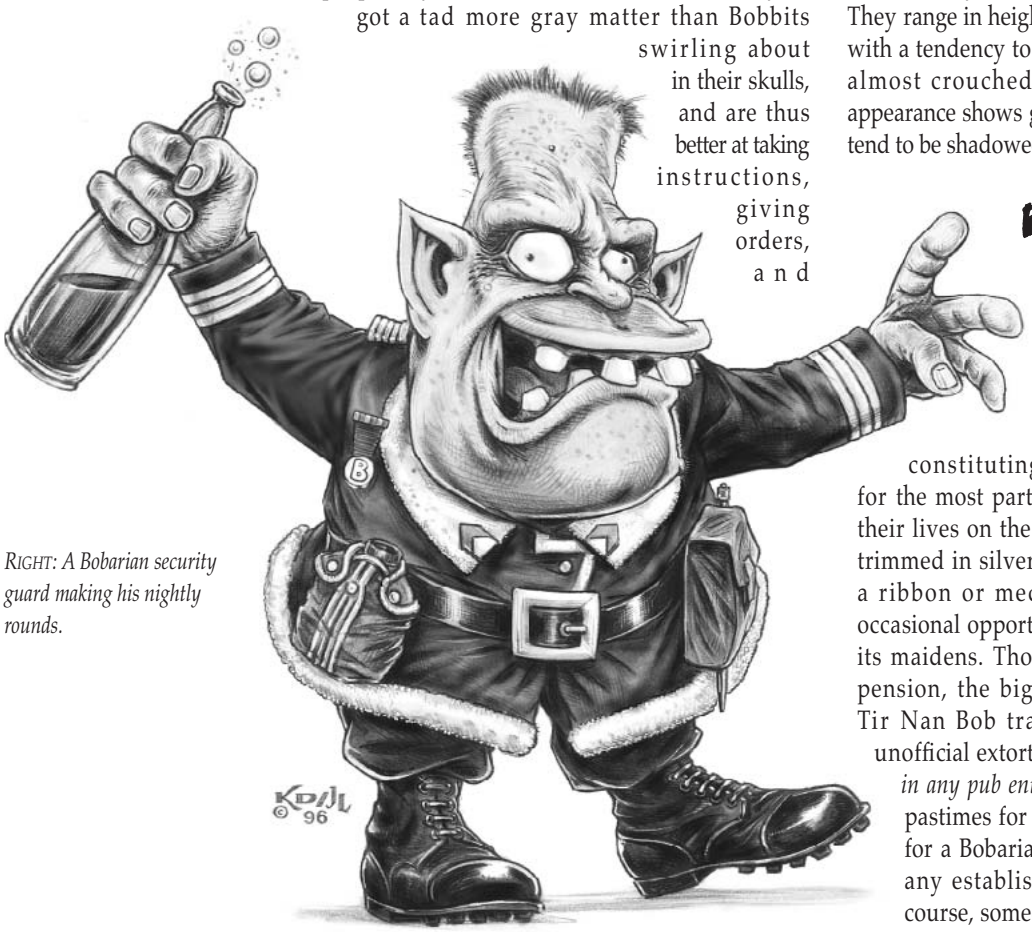


The Average Bobarian

Quote:	"Honest bartenda, dis is my first time in here tanight."				
Vocations:	Bouncer, Lager Lout, Mall Security Guard, Soldier, Staff, Thug, Yobbo.				
Intelligence:	6	Stupid	**Strength:**	17	Brawny
Willpower:	5	Susceptible	**Dexterity:**	12	Deft
Charisma:	6	Obnoxious	**Fitness:**	16	Sturdy
Mystic:	2	Oblivious	**Appearance:**	8	Homely
Health Points:	17	**Height:** 6' [1.8 m]		**Weight:**	200 lbs [90 kg]
Traits:	Alcoholic, Impulsive, Lusty, Nasty, Touchy, Vicious, Obstinate, Vain.				

Bobgoblins

These sinister Boblings are typically employed as the leaders and odd-job thingies (they're hardly people any more), of the Land of Bob. They've got a tad more gray matter than Bobbits swirling about in their skulls, and are thus better at taking instructions, giving orders, and when really on a roll, thinking for themselves. They range in height between **4' [1.2 m]** and **5' [1.5 m]**, with a tendency to hunch over and skulk about in an almost crouched position. While their general appearance shows great variety, their eyes consistently tend to be shadowed and shifty.



Right: A Bobarian security guard making his nightly rounds.

Bobarians

Those taller than **5' [1.5 m]** and/or with an overwhelming desire to smash things are lumped with this rowdy lot. These psychopaths are the backbone of Bob's power, constituting his military might. They are, for the most part, quite stupid and content to lay their lives on the line for a snappy uniform (black trimmed in silver, with fur at the collar and hem), a ribbon or medal for good conduct, and the occasional opportunity to rape a village and pillage its maidens. Though many claim to do it for the pension, the biggest perk for a Bobarian is the Tir Nan Bob tradition (actually it's more like unofficial extortion) of receiving the *first drink free in any pub entered*; thus pub crawls are popular pastimes for these lager louts. It is a rare thing for a Bobarian to have more than one drink in any establishment in one night... unless of course, someone else picks up the tab.



The Ghosts

A Ghost is only one of many Apparitions to be found haunting the Physical Plane. Many categories of Apparition exist, each with their own descriptive titles, from the Adaro to Yahhrrgh (the later being more of an exclamation than a title). The following is a broad classification of Apparitions:

a. The **Aetherial** or **Astral Form** of a living person, typically invoked by an act of *willpower* or *supernatural ritual*. It is a conscious extension of the ego of the invoker. It permits the mind to go for a walkabout on the astral plane while the physical body remains in stasis, waiting for consciousness to return. (This is especially useful if you are watching slides of the neighbors' vacation and you would rather your mind to go somewhere else while your body looks as though it's paying attention to the screen.)

b. The **Phantasm, Shadow,** or **Dopplegänger** is the form of a living person, which unknowingly appears before another person some distance away. This appearance typically creates a scene, and often ruins a perfectly good pair of pants. This Apparition is usually the product of a sudden *emotional shock*, or the build-up of intense *stress*, and often has the goal of ***conveying some message***, often misunderstood. Occasionally it appears just before the moment of the death of the person seen; if you see your *own* Phantasm, *Death* is stalking *you*.

c. The **Shade** or **Spectre** is an *unconscious, non-sentient image* of a once-substantial person, creature or thing. Occasionally it manifests as a fuzzy, semi-transparent ball or area of throbbing or swirling ætheric light. Apparitions such as these are like recordings or vibrations, imprinted on the **Akashic Record** of the **Ætherial Plane**, to be played back to mystically sensitive or emotionally excited individuals.

d. The **Ghost** or **Spirit** is the *supernatural manifestation* of someone or something which has died and can't seem to go away. Most of the different names and types of Apparition are a part of this category. As a rule, the nastier the sound of the name, the nastier the Apparition. For the purpose of the descriptions provided below, we shall only deal with Ghostly Apparitions.

Ghost Physical Characteristics + Abilities

Most Spirits feature one or more of the following physical manifestations: ***moaning and inhuman noises, smells,*** and ***temperature change*** (often cold). This is about the best that a weak-willed Ghosts can do. Most mortals are content to put up with a haunting by this type of spirit since it tends to add to the tourist trade and avoids the need for air conditioning in the summer months.

More willful Ghosts, capable of the ***displacement and psychokinetic movement of objects*** and the invoking of ***tactile sensations***, are called **Poltergeists**; they're rarely tolerated.

The most self-possessed of Ghosts, the **Phantoms**, have mastered the art of presenting a ***visual image*** of themselves—materializing and dematerializing at will, ***vocalization***, and occasionally, their complete ***physical manifestation*** — achieving the best of both worlds. Those who appear in this manner are often clothed in the costume they were wearing at the genesis of their Phantom form. Some, however, have developed a sense of style and traded in their old duds for something more hip and up to date.

The Average Ghost

Quote:	"It was hard enough to manipulate people while I was alive — now they see right through me."	
Vocations:	Drifting, Moaning, Haunting, Rattling Chains, the Clammy Touch.	
Intelligence:	9	Dense
Willpower:	10	Indecisive
Charisma:	8	Annoying
Mystic:	50	Transcendental
Strength:	0	(On the Physical Plane; as in life on the Ætherial plane)
Dexterity:	25	Agile
Fitness:	0	(On the Physical Plane; as in life on the Ætherial plane)
Appearance:	5	Repulsive
Health Points:	20	
Height:	As in life unless Physical Transformation ability available.	
Weight:	0	(On the Physical Plane; as in life on the Ætherial plane)
Powers:	Numerous, varies with individual.	
Traits:	Egotistical, Insecure, Insubstantial, Noisy, Transparent, Whiner.	

Ghost Special Traits + Powers

Most Ghosts have a 'phantasmogenic center' or locus where their energies collect and can be perceived as most intense by those with high Mystic sensitivity. This is usually a mystic representation of the extent and source of their presence, something akin to radiation emitted from a radioactive source.

Ghosts may attempt to learn the following Special Powers (listed from easiest to most difficult):

1. **Unnatural Illumination:** This could involve anything from lighting a candle or two, to illuminating an entire room with an eerie green light. Great for getting a mortal's attention, establishing an eldritch atmosphere, or just driving people crazy.

2. **The Cold Draft:** Just a little something to let them know you're there.

3. **The Spooky Noise(s):** Think of your favorite special effect sound or music — anything but the spoken word. Something to keep them up at night.

Adventure Idea

Ghosts

A Heady Time

It's bad enough to be forced by fate to haunt the countryside, galloping about on horse named Icabod with an eternally sore backside, but to regularly lose one's head in the process is definitely beyond the pale.

One evening, as the Characters journey along a deserted trail, they'll overhear a distant rider swear and shout, then begin muttering to himself as if searching for something. He'll eventually approach and in a friendly and somewhat embarrassed voice request their assistance in finding his head, which has fallen off . He'll reward the PCs for their efforts with directions to a ruined schoolhouse where he'll claim treasure may be found.

4. **The Scary Voice:** A real attention-getter, which also on occasion puts *you* in command of the situation.

5. **The Clammy Touch:** Don't just give someone the finger: give them a clammy finger.

6. **Levitation:** Make objects and lifeforms defy gravity; an uplifting experience. Combine with the Cold Draft and achieve movement!

7. **Physical Transformation:** Take the form of another person, creature, animal or object.

8. **Bodily Possession:** Jump into the body of another person and temporarily control their physical movements and feel sensations through their nervous system.

9. **Manifest Physical Phenomena:** Do things you never thought possible! Fill a room with flies, spiders or cockroaches! Open a Teleportation Gate to anywhere within the area you're permitted to haunt. Rock 'n' Roll!

Attempting Known Abilities + Powers

Ghosts employ their Abilities and Powers through an invocation of **Willpower** (i.e., a **WIL Roll**) with a cost if successful of **1 HP per ≤ 1 minute duration**, and as applicable: **per ≤ 10°F [4°C], per ≤ 1' [30 cm] travelled**, and **per ≤ 10 lb [4.5 kg] of matter manipulated or penetrated**. A failed WIL Roll still costs the Ghost **1 HP**.

If the Ghost is attempting to directly influence another individual (e.g., Bodily Possession), the victim is permitted a **WIL Roll:** *success* allows them to *resist* the Ghost. The Ghost must still expend **1 HP**, reflecting the mental exertion of invoking the Power.

Attempting Unknown Abilities + Powers

To attempt to invoke an Ability or Power which hasn't successfuly been used before, a Ghost must be at *peak performance*, be suffering *no HP loss*, and must be able to perform all the Abilities of lesser difficulty (i.e., Unnatural Illumination and Cold Draft before Spooky Noises). Thus they'll progress from Spirit to Poltergeist, and eventually Phantom.

When attempting to invoke a *new* Power the **WIL Roll** produces the following results: *success* grants the Ghost the use of the Ability or Power in question — it is now considered a 'Known' Ability (the applicable HP costs must still be paid); *failure* causes the **loss of all HP and unconsciousness, until HP are regained through rest** (essentially a state of inactivity — Ghosts don't require sleep; only **1 HP** is needed to be **awake**).

Ghost Language

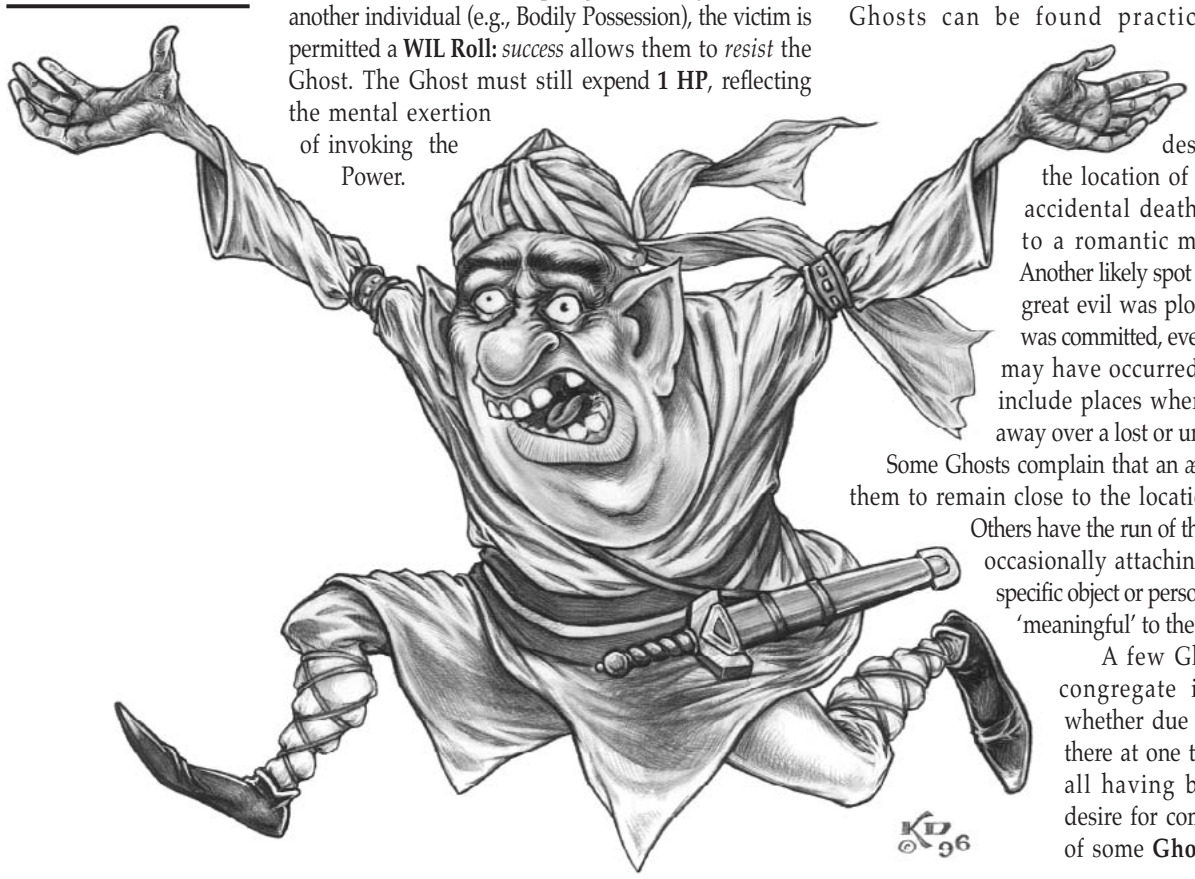
Many Ghosts are silent. Thus, out of necessity, some have become excellent practitioners of charades and sign language. A few can produce auditory expressions. Typically these are spoken in their native tongue. The most powerful Ghosts can pick up new languages with exposure, and may be engaging conversationalists, depending of course, on what they've were doing before, and since, their untimely demise.

Ghost Geographic Distribution + Settlements

Ghosts can be found practically anywhere. However, they tend to favor (through no actual desire on their part) the location of a murder, violent accidental death, or suicide due to a romantic misunderstanding. Another likely spot is the place where a great evil was plotted or sinister act was committed, even though no deaths may have occurred. Other locations include places where someone pined away over a lost or unattainable love.

Some Ghosts complain that an *ætherial tether* forces them to remain close to the location of their death. Others have the run of the entire multiverse, occasionally attaching themselves to a specific object or person whom they deem 'meaningful' to them in some way.

A few Ghosts are able to congregate in one location; whether due to all having died there at one time or another, or all having been drawn by a desire for company. The names of some **Ghost Towns** include

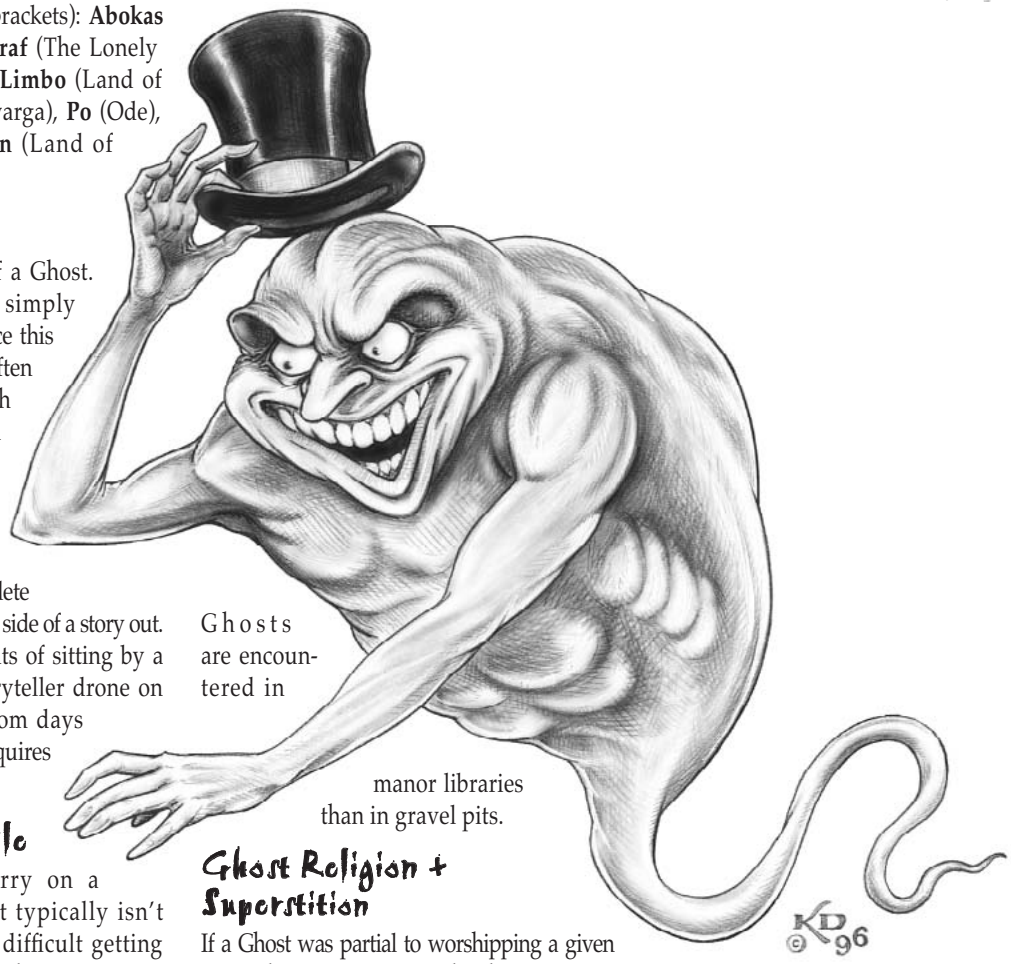


(the relative location on Færie is in brackets): **Abokas** (Dirge Isle), **Adiri** (Waif Isle), **Al Araf** (The Lonely Land), **Lichland** (Land of Argyle), **Limbo** (Land of Confusion), **Pettivisaya** (Land of Swarga), **Po** (Ode), **Shades** (Dusky Mts.), **Tech Duinn** (Land of Angora), **Tombstone** (Agnosia).

Getting Rid of a Ghost

There are several ways to get rid of a Ghost. In a few rare instances, the Ghost simply doesn't realize that they are dead; once this is clearly explained, they depart — often cursing themselves for wasting so much time in a dingy old house. Some will push off if you embarrass them, or speak to them in a condescending tone. Others require more convincing.

Many are stuck where they are until they can find the means to complete some unfinished task, or at least get their side of a story out. Occasionally this means several nights of sitting by a fire, listening to some Phantom storyteller drone on about some meaningless quarrel from days long since forgotten; other times it requires solving a murder!



Above: Melvin, a professional poltergeist, takes his vocation seriously. However he often feels that the brilliance of his efforts to achieve the ultimate scare go somewhat unappreciated by his victims in the excitement of the moment.

Ghost Customs + Lifestyle

Though some Ghosts try to carry on a semblance of a normal lifestyle, it typically isn't possible. To begin, it is dreadfully difficult getting someone's attention at a party or in the middle of a conversation; drink trays pass right by, and food (though unnecessary) passes right through; unless of course you've mastered psychokinesis — however, food held internally in this manner just looks weird. After a while, most Ghosts adopt a rather private lifestyle, only manifesting when they are sure to command the attention of everyone in the room, and saving up their most engaging thoughts for those they think will show interest in them. Like people, most Ghosts are a poor judge of character. To avoid humiliation they often appear only to children and superstitious idiots. They rarely risk manifesting in front of a skeptic.

After some years, many Ghosts fall into a routine. Perhaps it's boredom, perhaps it's a lack of mental exercise. Regardless, unless someone interesting comes along, their presence gradually diminishes. They're still around and about. It's just not worth the bother to make a show of it.

Ghost Skills + Labor Practices

Unless a Ghost can influence the Material Plane, they are not going to be much help around the house. Most concentrate on more intellectual pursuits. This occasionally gives ghost-hunters the impression that it is only intellectuals who are transformed into Ghosts. And perhaps provides the reason that more Ghosts are encountered in manor libraries than in gravel pits.

Ghost Religion + Superstition

If a Ghost was partial to worshipping a given deity when alive, as long as they have some presence of mind, there's no reason why they wouldn't want to keep right on worshipping them after they've kicked. Unless of course the deity was responsible for their demise; people tend to hold grudges about such things. But, when it comes right down to it, Ghosts are like anybody else, really; tell 'em a good story and they're bound to take it to heart.

The Silky, Phantom Domestic Assistant

A benevolent female **Phantom Brownie**, dressed in rustling silk (hence the name), who performs domestic chores (as she deems necessary), terrorizes idle mortals (who fail to perform *their* domestic chores), and arouses the house in time of crisis. Some Silkies are the Ghosts of Brownies who have died while on contract at a specific location — to which they are now ætherially tethered. Other Silkies travel about, taking up residence where they think they will be appreciated.

The Fuathan, Harbingers of Death

A clan of malicious and dangerous Phantoms who manifest near small or large bodies of water. Male or female, sometimes hideous and sometimes pale but beautiful, these fearsome fiends can be heard *wailing* in the night. The Fuathan's cry is often a ***portent of the death*** for the person experiencing the encounter, their friend, or a member of their family.

The females, occasionally referred to as a **Banshee**, **Caoineag**, or **Cyhyræth**, appear like a thick cloud in the form of a woman, with long streaming red hair, a pale complexion, and dressed in a gray cloak over a green dress. She will occasionally be seen washing clothes by a stream, beating them on a stone. If you show compassion, and/or leave a gift, she will often depart to another place. Some travel in the form of a *large crow*.

The males, occasionally referred to as **Wraiths**, **Swarths**, or **Biasd Bheulach**, are more hideous and dangerous. They can manifest in the form of a *wild dog* or other animal to attack their victims. Once aroused, they are only appeased by the spilling of blood or the death of a victim.

The Sluagh, Host of the Unforgiven Dead

Of all the **Phantoms**, these are the most formidable. They traverse the lands and soar through the skies after sundown, returning to the sites of their earthly transgressions. Eternal rest will not be achieved until the sins committed while alive have been revealed and reconciled.

When they meet, they are compelled to fight great battles in the air which can be seen and heard on cool, clear nights; their phantom blood stains the rocks and grass. Occasionally they seize mortals to join in their wars; few have the Willpower to resist the call to arms. If killed in the spirit battle the mortal will join the Sluagh in Phantom form. If they survive until the dawn, when the killing is done, the enchantment will be broken and they'll be returned to the realm of the living.

The Will O' the Wisp – Foolish Fire

A **Phantom** *light* which appears at a distance on dark nights, mischievously leading travelers astray; though occasionally providing guidance to those in trouble. Some say it is the soul of an individual condemned to walk the Material Plane forever. Also called **Dickepoten**, **Ellylldan**, **Hinky-Punk**, **Jack O'Lantern**, and **Spunkie**.

I used to scoff at things like 'out of body experiences'. On this planet, nothing is too bizarre to be beyond belief.

It happens (all too often it seems), that I was being pursued by some local thugs for some petty rules infraction or other. I was on the verge of losing them when I tripped, striking my head on an especially nasty cobblestone. The next thing I knew, I was staring down at my body, which was sprawled in the street, surrounded by the Bobarian thugs. A sense of deep calm came over me. "So, this is death," I thought, "rather peaceful after all."

I then sensed (I can't say felt), a 'tap' on my shoulder. I turned to see a translucent figure floating beside me, in the form of a small, neatly dressed man, with an arrow piercing his head from side to side.

He smiled warmly. "Any regrets?" he asked.

I thought for a moment. "Yes. I regret that I didn't take the Zamboni twins up on their offer instead of studying for that quantum mechanics exam." My new acquaintance chuckled. I studied the arrow piercing his skull. "I bet I know what finished you off."

He looked ashamed for a moment. "Yeah, I should have taken care of that foot fungus when it first showed up."

I didn't reply. Obviously I had a lot to learn about the aethereal world. Below us the Bobarians were arguing about how prepare my body for lunch.

The ghost swooped down to my body then looked thoughtful. "Are you sure you're dead? ...I think you're still breathing." Alarmed, I realized he was right.

"What do I do!"

"I'll distract them while you hop back in."

Though not exactly sure how to do that, I decided to follow his cue. Suddenly, he transformed into a figure of pure hideousness. Clutching a ghostly briefcase, and holding out an ethereal tax inspector's badge, he howled at the Bobarians. "Even Death won't release you!" Frightened beyond words, the Bobarians scattered.

My head pounding, I opened my eyes — I was alive. The ghost floated above me. "Thanks," I said, "you really fooled them."

He stared for a moment, then replied, "I wasn't joking. I'll be seeing you too... eventually." With that, he vanished.

Oh well, perhaps I can get a job as his assistant when I finally kick.

— Sean Murphy.

Adventure Idea

Ghosts

Rock + Roll is Here to Stay!

After an unfortunate misbooking, the first set of the thrash-polka rap-metal punk band **Necrophily** came to an abrupt end when the band was murdered by a cascade of beer bottles and stomps from rawhide boots. The sleepy town of **Yoakam** hasn't been the same since. Each night after sundown the spirits of the band rise and the entire town is treated to a 'serenade' of the band's unique music stylings. Things have reached a crisis. Word has spread that mucho dinero is being offered to the folks who can find a way to unplug the apparitions' ætherial amps.

Potential outcomes:
a) someone actually expresses *appreciation* for the spiritual serenade, thus causing its end; **b)** the PCs make contact with the musical Ghosts and offer to become their managers; **c)** word spreads about the lost band and the town becomes a mecca for the fans of Necrophily and its like, while ghostly performers from across the Dark Lands converge transforming the town and a nearby field into a permanent open-air concert. Naturally the PCs will not be paid by the evacuating residents, but they may be hip enough to erect a fence and charge admission.

The Goblins

Goblins are the most mischievous and sinister of the native Færie races. They're a bit like wicked children on steroids. Greedy and curious by nature, they possess little sense for the consequences of their impulsive actions. Goblins delight in the torment of others — even those whom they call their friends. Sooner or later, they become a thorn in the side of everyone they encounter. Conversely, they can at times display qualities of extreme loyalty and bravery; typically when they have no other choice in the matter.

Goblins possess a pack mentality, and feel most at ease when part of a group. However, they are competitive and are always trying to improve their position in the hierarchy. This competitive nature extends to any other group with which they come into contact.

Though their average Intelligence is below that of Humans, they are good copyists. However, their limited imaginations cause them to handle abstract concepts badly — like 'peace and quiet' for instance. They are insatiably curious, forever sticking their noses (and fingers) in places where they don't belong.

Goblins have a strong sense of racial pride. While they have a limited respect for unknown Goblins when encountered, they have little sense of charity or consideration for strangers. Whenever they become established in an area they'll immediately seek to dominate any nearby communities, exacting tribute, slaves, and plunder. Many have an especial dislike for Elves, Dwarves, and Humans; the feeling is mutual. This has much to do with the fact that by nature, Goblins are a bit insecure and desperately desire to be seen as the equal (or better) of anyone else. They tend to be ill tempered and vengeful, with long memories, making them prone to feuds.

They're ferocious and aggressive fighters and respect only force and domination. The status acquired through possessions is more important to them than the goods themselves. Their main desires and drives are power, sex, feasting, drinking, and the fearful obedience of others, gained through domination and conquest. They have a deep subconscious need to control all TV channel changers.

Goblins are distantly related to the **Hob** race, to which Brownies, Bogies, and Hobgoblins (in their many variations) belong; all these refuse to acknowledge these 'black sheep' as part of their genetic family.

Though there are numerous Goblin clans, here are a few (with the relative location on Færie is in brackets): **Bakemono** (Akimbo), **Bucca** (Angora, Finngarra, Punt), **Kobalos** (Knodel, Kreplach, Pummelo, Rambutan).

Goblin Physical Characteristics + Abilities

Goblins are grotesque and simian in appearance. They're short in height, ranging from **3'** to **5'6" [1 m** to **1.7 m]**, and quite self-conscious about it. Though they only weigh between **50 lbs** and **150 lbs [23 kg** to **58 kg]**, they're surprisingly strong, with arms reaching to their knees. They walk with a stooped, hunched gait, lope when running, and crouch when standing still for any length of time. They're good at subtle, sly and skulking movement. Goblin hip construction makes long journeys tiresome and painful, though they can move quickly for short distances and are superb climbers. Some have tails.

Their skin coloring ranges from purple to blue-gray to green-gray, and coarse thick hair covers much of their bodies. They groom their head and beard hair into long braided designs, weaving beads and jewelry into it and tying it up with leather thongs.

Goblin faces are capable of contorting into all sorts of mocking shapes. Their small, beady eyes are closely placed on either side of their short flat noses. When angered their nostrils flare significantly. They have large pointed ears which stick out from the sides of their head. Goblin mouths look deceptively small when shut, hidden among deep facial creases, then open to reveal a maw which can stretch wider than their head! Though many Goblins possess a formidable array of teeth, along with protruding upper and lower fangs, poor dental habits have resulted in chronic gum disease, tooth-aches, and missing teeth.

They dislike extreme cold and avoid getting wet; a cold wet rain makes a Goblin miserable. They are prone to pneumonia. A sick Goblin is usually required to stay at home while the others go off to make trouble, since his sneezes will embarrass the others and give away their ambush position.

Goblins reach adulthood at **16** to **20** years. Most don't attain maturity, being killed in a duel or battle. It is a rare Goblin that survives **40** years or more. The most ancient Goblin on record lived for **500** years.

The Average Goblin

Quote:	"Answer me, dammit, or I'll desecrate your grave!"	
Vocations:	Grave Robber, Mercenary, Miner, Scavenger, Thief.	
Intelligence:	8	Dense
Willpower:	11	Indecisive
Charisma:	9	Annoying
Mystic:	9	Undiscerning
Strength:	14	Stalwart
Dexterity:	11	Handy
Fitness:	11	Sound
Appearance:	8	Homely
Health Points:	11	
Height:	4' 9" [1.4 m]	
Weight:	100 lbs [45 kg]	
Powers:	Talk to Corpses, Shapeshifting.	
Traits:	Aggressive, Curious, Macho, Malicious, Proud, Selfish, Superstitious.	



Goblin Special Traits + Powers

Though it is debatable what evolutionary benefit it brings, Goblins have the uncanny ability to ***Talk to Corpses within 24 hours of their death***. While an Elf would not be caught dead talking to a stiff, Goblins are

Typical Goblin Names (Roll 1d100)

Number Rolled	(Both Males and Females can have a Nickname.) Nickname	Male Names	Female Names
1 – 3	Ace	Andok	Anathea
4 – 6	Baby Face	Arrak	Arrakoor
7 – 9	Deadeye	Balflap	Bladabe
10 – 12	Dogbreath	Blogg	Blomerra
13 – 15	Fingers	Blork	Calnyn
16 – 18	Friendly	Bludok	Cyndarr
19 – 21	Gabbermouth	Corrok	Davlarr
22 – 24	Happy	Crakorr	Dottarr
25 – 27	Jaws	Darrok	Euinblea
28 – 30	Joker	Durrog	Evanorr
31 – 33	Killer	Egrrak	Farathea
34 – 36	Legs	Flaak	Ferrom
37 – 39	Lightning	Goblek	Gailarr
40 – 42	Lucky	Gorfegg	Giseltha
43 – 45	Mad Dog	Gorthar	Gresma
46 – 48	Monkey Face	Grakor	Huonabe
49 – 51	Nasty	Grogg	Hyndea
52 – 54	Noodles	Haraak	Isolmarr
55 – 57	Nosy	Kaazak	Jophorr
58 – 60	Nuckles	Kodog	Katyma
61 – 63	Pretty Boy	Krogg	Kurrynn
64 – 66	Ripper	Kulobb	Lualett
67 – 69	Screech	Lendig	Lynblea
70 – 72	Scumbag	Neborr	Matthea
73 – 75	Shifty	Niadek	Nyllatt
76 – 78	Sicko	Raaelo	Oolarr
79 – 81	Slasher	Radkor	Penaabe
82 – 84	Slimeball	Rakfarr	Rollatt
85 – 87	Sourpuss	Raknorr	Slavlatt
88 – 90	Thumper	Rankorr	Twnyha
91 – 93	Twitch	Snalk	Vophatt
94 – 96	Viper	Wegog	Yolthea
97 – 100	Worrywort	Zarak	Zarratt

more than willing to exploit this talent, especially when on the offensive, prompting them to shoot first, interrogate later. Of course, you can't *force* a corpse to speak back….

Some Goblins (**10%** chance) have the talent of ***Shapeshifting***. With a successful **WIL Roll** the Goblin is capable of physically altering their form (but not mass) to that of another animal or combination of creature features. A favorite form is that of a large ***black dog*** or ***wolf*** with glowing red eyes.

Goblin Language

The Goblin spoken language has a deep, harsh, throaty sound — not unlike the noise you might make if you gargled broken glass. It remains a significant drawback in the exporting of Goblin pop-stars and theater troupes.

Most Goblins are *illiterate*. Thus, writing is considered magical and sacred. Charms covering every purpose are written down on parchment and worn in lockets around the neck or elsewhere on the body in an effort to afford protection from a specific threat or induce a desired effect.

It is thought that the Goblins did not invent their own script, but that they acquired it through an extended process of swiping and simplifying Elvish and Dwarvish glyphs. Of course most Goblins deny this vehemently. Being impatient craftsfolk, Goblin letterforms are well suited to drawing with whatever liquid might be available, scratching on the surface of a rock, or into dirt, clay, or wax. Goblin culture has produced few stone or metal objects with letters carefully carved into their surface.

Nicknames are popular among Goblins. They're usually given by peers after witnessing a reaction or behavior which prompts the name. Naturally, once bestowed, a nickname is difficult to live down — unless of course you are one bad customer and everyone else knows it. Though they mostly apply to males, occasionally a female will be granted a nickname if deserving. Feel free to make up your own, or use those found on the **Typical Goblin Names** table (this page).

Goblin Geographic Distribution + Settlements

Goblins are widely scattered, with isolated pockets wandering as nomadic bands, establishing small tribal kingdoms, or claiming the cities of those they've conquered. Goblins prefer warm or temperate climes; they can tolerate tropical jungles, but dislike abundant rain. Their favorite climate is warm savannah, with scattered trees and occasional small rivers; they are also at home in mountains where the climate is not too cold.

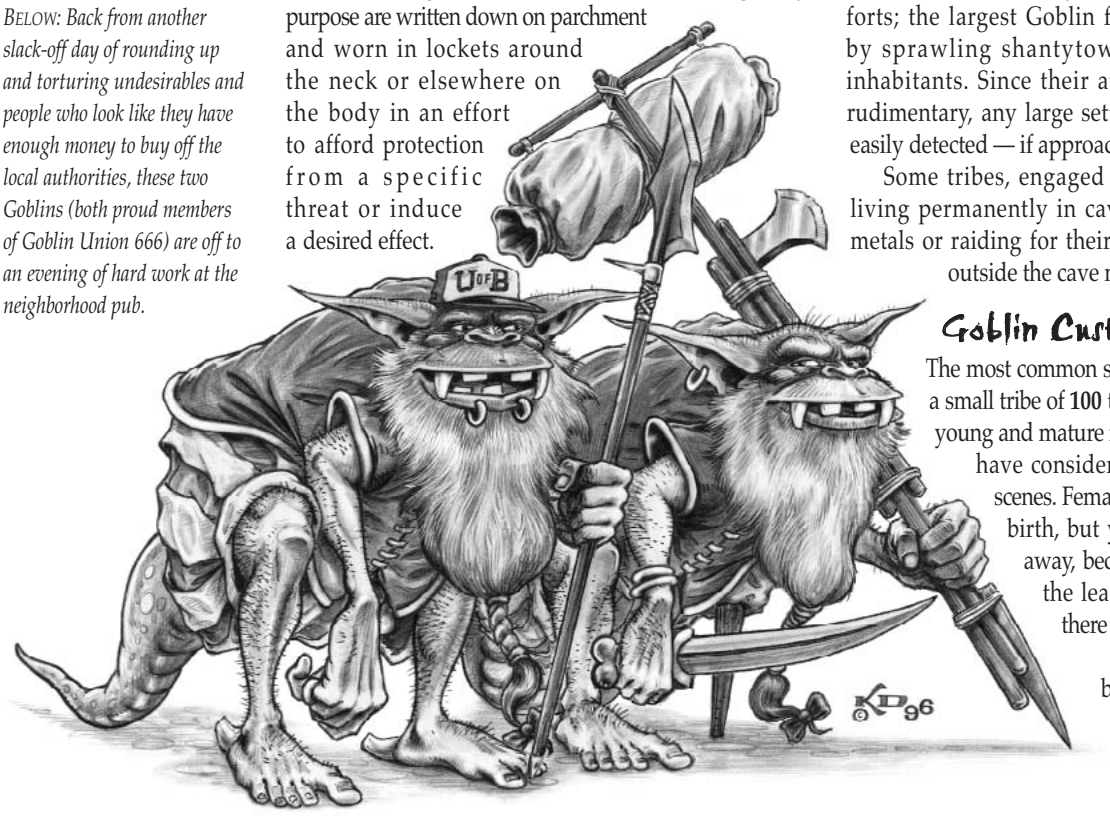
Goblin settlements range from crude brush shelters and hide tents to fairly substantial stone and timber forts; the largest Goblin fortresses are surrounded by sprawling shantytowns of several thousand inhabitants. Since their attitudes to sanitation are rudimentary, any large settlement of Goblins will be easily detected — if approaching from downwind.

Some tribes, engaged in mining, have taken to living permanently in caves and burrows, trading metals or raiding for their food, or cultivating areas outside the cave mouths.

Goblin Customs + Lifestyle

The most common social structure for Goblins is a small tribe of **100** to **500** members; the tougher young and mature males dominate, but females have considerable influence behind the scenes. Females remain with their tribe of birth, but younger males often move away, becoming bandits or vassals of the leaders of other tribes where there are available females.

Goblin tribes are nomadic by disposition, and the majority wander through an extensive territory of **20** to **30** square miles



Below: Back from another slack-off day of rounding up and torturing undesirables and people who look like they have enough money to buy off the local authorities, these two Goblins (both proud members of Goblin Union 666) are off to an evening of hard work at the neighborhood pub.

[51 to **77 sq km]** or more (depending on climate and terrain), feeding on anything edible that can be subdued with a few sharp blows. Mornings and evenings are spent relaxing, grooming, mating, and dueling. Males spend vast amounts of time building and maintaining friendships with females and their offspring, but rarely form deep friendships with other males — even when undertaking long military campaigns.

Goblins form consort pairs for breeding purposes. These may last for as little as one mating season, or continue for many years, depending on local cultural factors. Goblin leaders occasionally possess harems. Although males fight over females (about a **25%** chance, if there is disagreement) the females have a considerable say in the matter, particularly if the male is not a high-status one and the woman has a blunt object handy. All Goblins rush fiercely to the defense of females and young when attacked or imposed upon by an undesired male or someone from outside the tribe.

Cultural weaknesses include excessive drinking and an inability to resist challenges. Some tribes have strict guidelines determining who can challenge whom for what and when; other clans just say to hell with it and beat on each other at will. Regardless, duels (mostly between males) and competitions form a significant element of Goblin culture; deaths or serious woundings resulting from such engagements are the primary way the middle ranks jostle their position in the pecking order.

Young Goblin males spend a considerable amount of time either practicing with weapons or learning the niceties of the dueling code; feigned attacks, the baring of fangs, displays of ferociousness, etc. Often the most imposing Goblin will win a challenge through intimidation and threats, without actually engaging in combat.

Leaders achieve status through charisma and fighting ability. They gather a circle of lieutenants, who serve as their deputies and are expected to select a successor when a leader dies — although a series of challenges and duels is more common. A gifted leader may unite many tribes through war and challenge, leading them to conquer and enslave extensive territories, but such kingdoms are unstable and rarely outlive their founder.

Goblins *hate getting wet* and rarely bathe. Goblin foes often give away their hidden positions when a change in the wind results in a chorus of involuntary gasping and gagging.

Goblin Skills + Labor Practices

Though Goblins practice many trades and crafts, and some of the more advanced tribes have learned agriculture and winemaking (others just steal it), most are rather lazy, and have an entrenched abhorrence of hard, steady work.

I'm gradually becoming tired of being captured, humiliated, and threatened with death. This time, I was working my way towards the border of Tir Nan Bob when I was set upon by a troop of Goblins. Knowing of their predilection to shoot first and ask questions later, I decided to cooperate and answer all questions whether I understood them or not. I was beginning to worry that they would think me too cooperative.

The Goblin leader, wielding a red-hot poker, glared at me.

"I think yer bein' too co-op-rative."

Fine. I glanced thoughtfully at the sky. "Why shouldn't I be. It won't matter... we're all going to die... soon. There are signs... and portents."

"He's right, ya know," said one of the Goblins, wide eyed, "I saw a sign outside the last town that said, 'No Goblins Allowed on Pain of Death'."

"Yes!" I shouted, halting further comment, "And soon the sky will grow... dark!"

One of the Goblins tentatively raised an eyebrow.

"But doesn't the sky always grow dark at dusk?"

"Ah!" I shouted, my mind racing, "but can you be certain of that?"

The only Goblin wearing glasses spoke up, "Well, from a phenomenological point of view..."

"Ah, whadda you know, four eyes!" I hollered in his direction.

He was drowned out by a roar of laughter from his fellows.

"We must dance the Watusi and the Bugaloo to please the gods and forestall our destruction! Quick, untie me so that I may lead the sacred dancing!" The Goblins fell over themselves in their rush to untie me. The sky grew darker. I launched into the Watusi, followed by the Bugaloo, the Mashed Potato and every other wacky dance I could call to mind. Lightning cracked the sky and cool rain thundered down soaking us all to the skin as I shouted over the storm "Find the highest point you can and do the sacred Chicken Dance!"

Screaming and scrambling like idiots, they rushed to the crown of a nearby hill, where they started to flap their arms like giant poultry. I was just about to make a break for it, when a bolt of lightning struck their circle dead center, and I mean dead. The smell of cooked Goblin permeated the air. Almost immediately the sky cleared.

I was free, and I had learned an important fact: the gods hate the Chicken Dance just as much as I do.

— Sean Murphy.

Goblins are, however, enthusiastic if crude miners. While they lack the patience and fine artisanship of the Dwarves, their greed is just as great.

Goblins take *slaves* whenever possible, using them to till the earth, mine, and perform domestic chores. When enslaved themselves, Goblins require careful

supervision and are reluctant to work unless driven by the whip.

Though brave and warlike, their uncertain tempers, argumentative demeanor and treacherous nature make them unreliable and hard to manage. They are almost impossible to assemble into a cohesive army. They can be controlled somewhat through fear and violence — for they respect only the show of power. While some hire out as mercenaries in the conflicts of other intelligent races, they must be continually disciplined by their commanders, otherwise, unless the opportunity for gain is immediate, desertion through lack of interest is likely.



Above: Dottarr (Dottie to her friends) is adorned in the traditional attire of a young Goblin lass looking for Mr. Right.

In addition to an attractive frock, makeup, and other accoutrements, Goblin females typically rub themselves thoroughly with raw meat before heading out to seek a mate in the hope that a male will mistake them for food and follow them home.

Goblins enter battle as independent warriors displaying reckless courage but with little or no coordination in their attacks — resulting in high casualties and wars in which the outcomes are either overwhelming victory or total defeat. When an attack fails, their lack of discipline makes an orderly retreat impossible — they flee as a disorganized mob. There's a saying on Færie: Goblins are either at your feet, at your throat, or in your purse.

Goblin Religion + Superstition

Goblins are simple minded folk and extremely superstitious. On matters of the occult or the fantastic they believe almost anything they're told if it cannot be proven false — anyone discovered lying to them is put to death. This does pose a problem for the Goblin mind, since somehow they must now fit each new 'fact' into their already overburdened mythological cosmology. Thus Goblin beliefs have become an unfathomable mire of legends and rituals; if a newly acquired belief appears to contradict an established superstition, they will twist logic back on itself in an effort to make it compatible with established dogma.

Elves seem to be the only other race capable of appreciating this web of worship, through the creation of a genre of popular pulp adventure novels in the fantastic setting of Goblin religion. Elvish sociologists have written papers on the impact of these stories, which are inevitably incorporated into the ever-expanding mythos when told back to the Goblins.

One Goblin ritual requires that a 'blood sacrifice' be made at the initiation or termination of any dangerous or significant undertaking (e.g., a journey, a battle, a blind date). Since the source of the blood is not specified in the dogma most Goblins try to kill an animal (preferably not one of their own), though in difficult times, a clan's livestock can be exhausted after a few weeks of conflict.

Goblins, due to their power to talk to the dead, tend to worship those deceased members of their clans who have lead exceptional lives. Their tombs or graves become 'holy places' of pilgrimage; touching the dirt or grave objects (including the bones of the deceased) is desirable (except to the corpse's aghast relatives) as a way to attempt to 'absorb' some of 'power' that allowed the deceased to live an exceptional life. Of course 'holy men' often sell such artifacts (or convincing fakes) to Goblins who are unable to make the pilgrimage.

The greatest fear of all Goblins is the 'evil-eye'. This is a look of extreme envy or hatred given a Goblin by another respected member of the community. It is considered to be a form of curse and the harbinger of bad luck.

A 'wise' person is found in every community and is consulted frequently by both leaders and commoners in an effort to gain insight into possible outcomes of specific actions and activities.

The Buggane Goblin Clan

The name of this bunch of bandits sends a shiver up the spines of most other Goblin clans. Not because they are known to be meaner than anyone else, though they're nothing to snigger at, but because of where they live: *underwater.* Well, Bugganes don't actually live underwater — they'd drown, just like most everyone else — but they do *enter their dwellings* by passing through a watery entrance; something that effectively ensures that no other Goblin clan will raid them. Bugganes reside in caves which can only be entered by swimming through a deep and often opaque pool. They make their home in regions where sedimentary rock has been permeated by extensive water seepage.

Bugganes are a vicious and dangerous clan with a higher than usual percentage of ***shapeshifters*** (**60%**). When they leave their homes, a Buggane often adopts the form of a ***large black calf, horse,*** or ***humanoid with horse-like ears and hooves*** (requires a successful **WIL Roll**). They delight in destroying the works of others and attack settlements on a midnight raid just for spite. If possible, they bring back slaves.

Whenever anyone listens, they tell the legend of their clan, suggesting that their ancestors, the **Cughtagh** were once a noble and highly respected race, of Giant stature. Other Goblins scoff at this tale, suggesting that the Bugganes are simply lacking in Goblin pride.

The Erlking Goblin Clan

Dark and dense forests are the favored haunt of this Goblin clan. They establish tunnels under the roots of large trees and hollow them out into watchtowers and residences. They enjoy taunting and harassing travelers, raiding and stealing what they can. When possible they steal children to raise and sell to other clans as slaves.

The Gwyllion Goblin Clan

This is a terrible all-female clan of Goblins who live in the mountains. Little is know about their reproductive behavior. Some have proposed that they increase their numbers by buying or stealing female Goblin infants from other clans; others suggest that they kidnap males and/or keep their males hidden in some dark recess, visited only when necessary for procreation.

Like other Goblin clans, they survive by preying on weaker and poorly defended people; attacking travelers by night on mountain roads and descending from the hills to terrorize small villages and farms.

It is said that they are friend and patron to the goat, and can ***shapeshift*** into ***goat form*** (with a successful **WIL Roll**).

The Redcap Goblin Clan

This malignant band of Goblins wander the temperate northlands, taking up residence in old ruined keeps and towers they happen upon. Occasionally they serve notice to the residents of small forts and villages, returning the next day to kill any who remain. Though they acquire most of their possessions through pillage and or personal challenges, the clan gets its name from the practice of dying their caps in the blood of their victims. They also add blood to a home-brewed ale, of which they consume copious quantities.

At first sight, a Redcap warrior appears like a short, thickset old person, with long prominent teeth, skinny fingers, and large eyes set into a wrinkled, rounded, bony face. However, their nails are filed razor sharp, and their limbs are much stronger than they appear. Their favorite weapon is a pike or staff. Most are left-handed. They smell awful.

The Wryneck Goblin Clan

Even other Goblins consider the Wrynecks a bunch of crazed killers. They travel about in small tribal formations over the moors, low countries, and savannas, venting their hostility on any person or creature which crosses their path — and doesn't look like it would put up much of a fight.

They dress themselves in animal skins and feather headdresses, and make jewelry from the bones of their victims. This jewelry has become rather popular and is now a hot trade item when other Goblin bands encounter the Wrynecks — it also beats having to fight them. Then again, rumors abound that occasionally a Wryneck sells an item, then challenges the purchaser to a duel, only to kill them and sell the item again another day. The lesson: shop with friends.

The Hobgoblins

While not as outright nasty as the Goblins, to which, as members of the Hob race, Hobgoblins are distantly related, their presence can ruin a perfectly good day. Consider the behavior of a Hobgoblin to be something akin to that of a 'reformed' Goblin. Some say that when a Brownie goes bad, they become a Hobgoblin. Of course Brownies protest that such stories just aren't true: they *never* go bad. If you encounter a Hobgoblin, never let him or her out of your sight — if you value your possessions, that is.

Hobgoblins work equally well alone or in small gangs; they have none of the machismo hang-ups of Goblins. They roam about, until they happen upon a suitable mark — someone who is careless about protecting their goods, or someone who they think deserves to be harassed to the brink of insanity — and strike. Rarely do they make a plan, and when they do, it's more a vague agreement of who does what and when.

Occasionally they sneak into dwellings after dark and make a fire (hopefully for the resident, in a fireplace), just to warm up. On rarer occasions, they leave behind a small gift in exchange for the unoffered hospitality, and the swiping of something that caught their eye.

If they dislike a special someone or group, they may invoke a campaign of torments which begins with minor pranks and the making of strange noises in the night (e.g., howl pitifully, laugh, cause sudden lights, sling stones, rattle chains, open and shut doors, etc.) and build to more sinister acts (e.g., stealing goods, destroying property, kidnapping children and leaving a doll or carved lump of wood in their place). Part of the game is either to act without being seen, or to let only the victim see them, and then only in an illusionary form.

Their torments continue until a) they move on, having grown bored or found an new target; b) they are caught and punished; or in rare cases, c) they come to some sort of arrangement with the victim. It is rare that they take their sport to the point where the victim is killed; though some unfortunates have committed suicide out of desperation.

The Average Hobgoblin

Quote:	"Want to help us play a trick, little girl?"	
Vocations:	Jeweler, Luddite, Prankster, Spy, Thief, Wanderer, Weaver.	
Intelligence:	15	Bright
Willpower:	15	Willful
Charisma:	10	Likable
Mystic:	15	Perceptive
Strength:	8	Slight
Dexterity:	17	Nimble
Fitness:	12	Hale
Appearance:	9	Homely
Health Points:	9	
Height:	3' [1 m]	
Weight:	70 lbs [32 kg]	
Powers:	Cast Illusions (range: 100' [30 m])	
Traits:	Acquisitive, Careless, Curious, Playful, Resourceful, Sneaky, Spontaneous.	

Though there are numerous Hobgoblin troops, here are the names of but a few (with the relative location on Færie is in brackets): **Boggarts** (Lyonesse), **Boomen** (Argyle, Midgard, Vanaheim), **Brollachan** (Argyle, The Modest Lands, Slobbovia), **Dobbys** (Lyonesse), **Foliots** (Pummelo), **Glashan** (Angora), **Gull** (Land of Punt), **Hagge** (Dancia), **Nightmare** (Muspellheim), **Pokey-Hokey** (Verdentia), **Tengu** (Akimbo).

I've become quite a light sleeper — it's a survival trait.

As is my habit when low on cash, I was sleeping in the cheapest dive in town. Suddenly I awoke to the feeling of someone reaching into one of my pockets. I grabbed the thieving hand and was surprised to see that it belonged to a filthy human child of no more than ten years old.

A tiny Hobgoblin then emerged from the shadows. "Tsk, tsk, tsk." It shook its finger at the child. "Tell you I have to be careful with the pocketses."

"Who the hell are you?", I said, "Gollum?" The Hobgoblin looked confused for a moment. "Forget it," I said, turning back to the kid. "Were you kidnapped or something?"

Suddenly the child stopped struggling and his face lit up. "Yeah, I was kidnapped by Raoul here, and he makes me steal things. If only I had some money I could go home to my family!" With that the child broke into tears. I decided to kick the hell out of the Hobgoblin, but he'd already slunk back into the shadows.

Tears welling in my own eyes, I pulled out my wallet and gave the kid a few bills at random. "Here, this'll help you get home." I pulled him close and give him a hug, pleased to have rescued him from a life of shame. "Where do you live? I'll help you get there."

His eyes shining, he pulled away and said, "I'll show you!" and with that he ran to the door. Picking up my meager belongings, I prepared to follow him. When I turned, the kid had a huge grin on his face, the money I gave him in one hand, my wallet in the other. The Hobgoblin appeared at the child's side, smiling and croaking, "Excellent! Distraction, deception, quick thinking. Well you'll do!"

The kid looked at me and said, "My mum's a drunk, my dad's an accountant, and my brothers are brainless jocks. This is a hell of a lot more fun. Bye!" With that, he and the Hobgoblin were out the door, and I was left with my jaw hanging down around my navel.

I spent the next few nights sleeping in the woods — as is my habit when I'm flat broke.

— Sean Murphy.

Hobgoblin Physical Characteristics + Abilities

From a distance, Hobgoblins look like small thin children with long thin arms, feet, and hands, and huge oval heads with high cheekbones and pointed chins, mounted on short stalk-like necks. They range in height from **1'** to **4' [0.3 to 1.2 m]**, and weigh from **10** to **90 lbs [5** to **41 kg]**. They have large almond-shaped eyes of blue, brown or green, and complexions ranging from gray-brown to a pale blue-green. Their noses are long, pointed, and beak-like, occasionally exceeding the length of their heads. Long, thin, pointed ears protrude from straight, scruffy shoulder-length hair from brown to green in color. Though a few proudly display short thin beards (often no more than a clump of hairs extending from their chin), most are clean shaven. Their faces can contort into an assortment of weird expressions.

Hobgoblins are deemed 'adults' at age 12 and 'mature' by 26 (though their actions would suggest otherwise). A few rare individuals have survived as long as 200 years, though typically most die from 'legal complications' before their 50th birthday.

Hobgoblin Special Traits + Powers

Though some believe that Hobgoblins possess the talent of shapeshifting, it is not so. They can, however, ***Cast Illusions*** (with a successful **WIL Roll**), causing a nearby victim (range: **100' [30 m]**) to see them as they wish — as either an object or creature. They can also cast the illusion that they are throwing an object (e.g., stones) at the victim (range: **100' [30 m]**).

Hobgoblin Language

Though Hobgoblins have *no known written language*, they do have a spoken tongue, which sounds not unlike the laughter of a sinister maniac. Make of it what you will. Those who have spent some time in the proximity of other races have picked up enough words to permit basic communication in a few foreign tongues.

Hobgoblin Geographic Distribution + Settlements

Hobgoblins are the vagabonds of the **Hob** races. They wander from settlement to settlement, establishing a camp or underground 'Hobhole' nearby, and visit farmhouses or villages after dark. If they remain in an area for an extended period, they may try to lay claim to an abandoned building, or put more effort into renovating their Hobhole. When ready to move on, however, they either destroy that which they can't carry, or simply leave it, perhaps to return one day.

Hobgoblin Customs + Lifestyle

Overall, Hobgoblins are a rather aimless lot, seeking continual stimulation in the form of childish pranks and pausing in their wanderings only to investigate what catches their eye or whomever might serve as suitable victim for a prank. They are fond of drink, rich food, nice clothes, and jewelry — anything that can be consumed or easily transported.

When they establish a Hobhole or dwelling for themselves, they swipe whatever they can from settlements nearby to make it as pleasant as possible. However, they have no respect for the goods they seize and treat them with careless abandon. After all, they didn't pay

for them and they're easily replaced.

Though they'll take money when they find it, they are not driven by it. They see it merely as a means to an end.

Hobgoblins develop strong relationships with those they travel with. Though they don't have any arrangement such as marriage, they form extended friendships with one or more lovers and raise any children communally as part of the existing group. They are deeply loyal to their friends, for whom they'll even risk their lives. *Friendship* is the only real thing a Hobgoblin values.

Hobgoblins are especially fond of *children*, regardless of race, and attempt to get them to join in their pranks. Occasionally, they entice a child to join in their wanderings. Sometimes they steal small infants and raise them as their own. Such acquisitions to their gang are permitted to remain as long as they wish. When they want to leave the group, they are discouraged, but ultimately permitted to go with the group's blessing and continued friendship.

Hobgoblin Skills + Labor Practices

Though Hobgoblins are not much for labor per se, they are not without their talents. These typically involve the rough and ready skills attributable to a life in the outdoors, sneaking and swiping stuff, and jury-rigging and mending things that break. Occasionally they dabble in weaving and jewelry which can be worn, sold or traded as necessary.

Hobgoblin Religion + Superstition

Hobgoblins believe that *every natural thing is home to or representative of a nature spirit.* The larger the natural mass, the greater the presence of the spirit expressed there. It is thought that occasionally, in special places, the spirits *appear* and convey sacred truths to those who know where and how to ask for them.

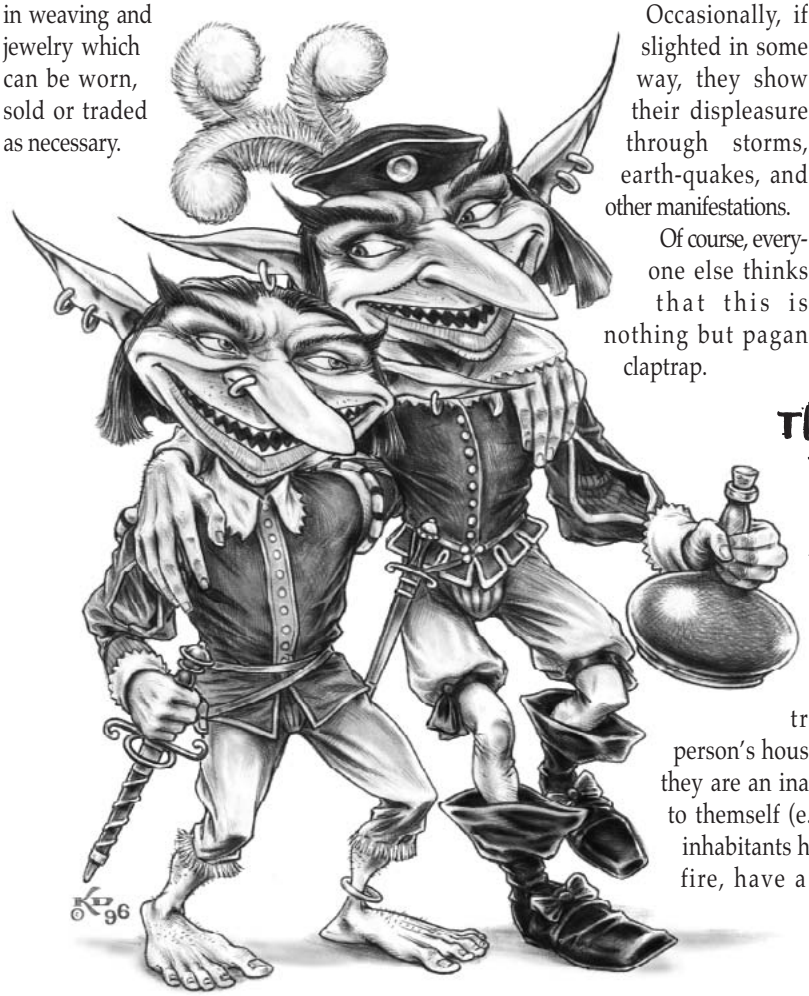
Any time a natural object is used as part of a manufactured item, it loses its connection to the natural world, and the sprits can no longer reach it. Thus, they harbor a negative feeling toward manufactured items, and always thank the natural spirits whenever they take a natural object for the purpose of using it as a tool or manufacturing it into an item.

For the most part the spirits of nature are benign. Occasionally, if slighted in some way, they show their displeasure through storms, earth-quakes, and other manifestations.

Of course, everyone else thinks that this is nothing but pagan claptrap.

Typical Hobgoblin Names (Roll 1d100)

Number Rolled	(Roll for First Name then Last Name for Male or Female) Male Names	Female Names	Last Names
1 – 3	Atley	Ailith	Barrow
4 – 6	Aykin	Arlea	Belbenoît
7 – 9	Berk	Aubine	Bishop
10 – 12	Bradin	Bertrade	Blood
13 – 15	Brock	Brooke	Cassidy
16 – 18	Byrn	Caidy	Clay
19 – 21	Cadby	Clover	Cordoba
22 – 24	Cleon	Corlee	Dalton
25 – 27	Daems	Daisy	Davis
28 – 30	Dayle	Dana	Dieudonné
31 – 33	Edric	Dawna	Dillinger
34 – 36	Euell	Dena	Ehrlichman
37 – 39	Ewart	Earla	Goldfinger
40 – 42	Fane	Ediva	Guiness
43 – 45	Farley	Edrea	Harris
46 – 48	Galton	Erlene	Hood
49 – 51	Garvin	Eydra	James
52 – 54	Grover	Fernleigh	LaJoie
55 – 57	Hadon	Godiva	LeMay
58 – 60	Ingo	Goldarina	Mitchell
61 – 63	Kirby	Harlea	Moss
64 – 66	Lyman	Hertha	Nelson
67 – 69	Max	Holly	Newman
70 – 72	Merton	Idina	Ocean
73 – 75	Ogden	Kellsie	Paddock
76 – 78	Orrick	Kendra	Parker
79 – 81	Osric	Luella	Peatty
82 – 84	Raoul	Meade	Peruggia
85 – 87	Saxe	Mercia	Power
88 – 90	Thane	Shirlee	Tafernier
91 – 93	Tilton	Udele	Thompson
94 – 96	Ulmar	Verlee	Updike
97 – 100	Yorke	Wanetta	Worth



The Brollachan Hobgoblin Clan

This merry band of thieving wayfarers tents to lurk about the hills and highlands of **Argyle**, **The Modest Lands**, and **Slobbovia**. Their favorite trick is to sneak into a person's house and create the illusion that they are an inanimate object similar in size to themself (e.g., a chair). Then when the inhabitants have gone to bed, they light a fire, have a snack, and rob the place blind. If caught they only speak two words: "Myself" and "Thyself."

Left: A common game amongst Hobgoblins is called 'Trust'. The game requires two Hobgoblins to take each other out, have fun and do as much for each other as possible. The first Hobgoblin to stab the other in the back wins.

If you say anything resembling 'Don't go away, I'll be right back,' or 'You go ahead, I'll be fine,' you probably won't.

The Gremlin Hobgoblin Clan

These little fellows are the smallest Hobgoblins, averaging only **1' [30 cm]** tall. They are especially fond of drink and frivolity, but what really turns their crank is *machinery*. Not that they are ***mechanics*** — in fact, they detest those who make and repair 'unnatural objects' more than anyone or anything. Gremlins see themselves as nature's representatives; they are *agents of entropy*. They do everything they can to dismantle and damage working machinery. The larger and more complex the device, the greater the challenge. They don't do it because it's performance art, they don't do it for fun, they do it because they believe that it makes the world a better place. They are a Technocrat's nightmare.

One dark and stormy night (I kid you not, and it was my birthday), a wagon I had 'liberated' broke an axle on a long and winding road just as it began to rain. I grabbed my rucksack and set off for an old manor on a hill I had passed a while back. Drenched to the bone, I could hear lively music from within as I approached. Something, however, caused my now highly attuned 'snafu sense' to go on alert. But being cold, wet, and tired, my body demanded that I proceed — I should have known better.

The bulldog-faced knocker made a firm rat-tat-tat. Did the eyes move? The music stopped and the door opened, apparently on its own, and a thin, middle-aged techno-geek welcomed me inside. Maxwell, a long-haired, purple-skinned, four-eyed Beatlegeusian seemed friendly enough, and after providing me with a warm bath and a hot meal, I was prepared to acknowledge him a life saver. Over dinner he asked me to describe my travels, any technology I had encountered, and curiously, the details of my medical history. Well, he was a doctor, so I supposed he simply wanted to add another profile to his database. Dinner over, I arose to go off to bed, when something silver whacked me on the back of my head.

I awoke strapped to a stone slab in a cluttered laboratory. Wires extended from a metal cap attached to my head to a huge throbbing machine and then to a large tank where a walrus, wearing a similar cap, looked indifferently in my direction. My snafu sense had kicked into fubar mode — I needed help, and fast — I had no desire to become the walrus. Besides, under his angora lab coat Max wore a black merry widow and high heels — this made me very nervous.

"Sadie, are the cables attached... is everything ready?" barked Max.

I twisted my head and made eye contact with one of the sexiest women I'd seen in the Dark Lands — if you could ignore the hump between her shoulders. She hesitated for a moment before responding, "Yes... master." Her gaze never left mine.

"Hel-lo," I said. Suddenly I felt the straps loosen. "Good-bye," she said, "run for your life!" I needed little encouragement.

"You lovestruck fool," bellowed Max, "that's the second time this month!"

As I leapt through the bathroom window and ran down the road, I turned to see Sadie looking at me from a window. Would we meet again? Tomorrow never knows.

— Sean Murphy.

The Kobold + Coblynau Hobgoblin Clans

This bunch average **18" [46 cm]** tall and lurk in mines seeking their fortune. They wear the garb and carry the tools of miners (having swiped and modified the necessary items), and whenever they're seen, always appear to be busy — an impression conveyed via illusion and the random rapping of tools on the walls. Thus miners everywhere have come to call such Hobgoblins **'Knockers'**, and have learned that the sound of their knocking indicates where the rich lodes are likely to be found. The truth is, though Knockers have a knack for finding promising veins of ore, they don't do any real work. When the hapless miners have dug the areas that they've indicated by their racket, they sneak in at night, swipe all the minerals and gems they can carry, and scarper. Occasionally they'll leave a bit of cobalt behind for the miners as a consolation. If mocked or threatened, they throw illusionary stones which do no real physical harm.

Occasionally Kobolds serve for brief stints as domestic help (often posing as Brownies). This is a tricky proposition at best since once employed they become possessive of the domicile and malicious to anyone disrupting the order of things. Until, of course, they move on and swipe the best silverware.

The Pwca Hobgoblin Clan

This traveling band prefers the wild and open country and rarely visit civilized places. Dense forests and rough hillcountry are favorite haunts. Depending on where they are, they are also known as **Pukjes**, **Pukis**, **Paras**, and **Pucks**. They usually stand about the size of young children, **2'** to **3' [61** to **91 cm]** tall.

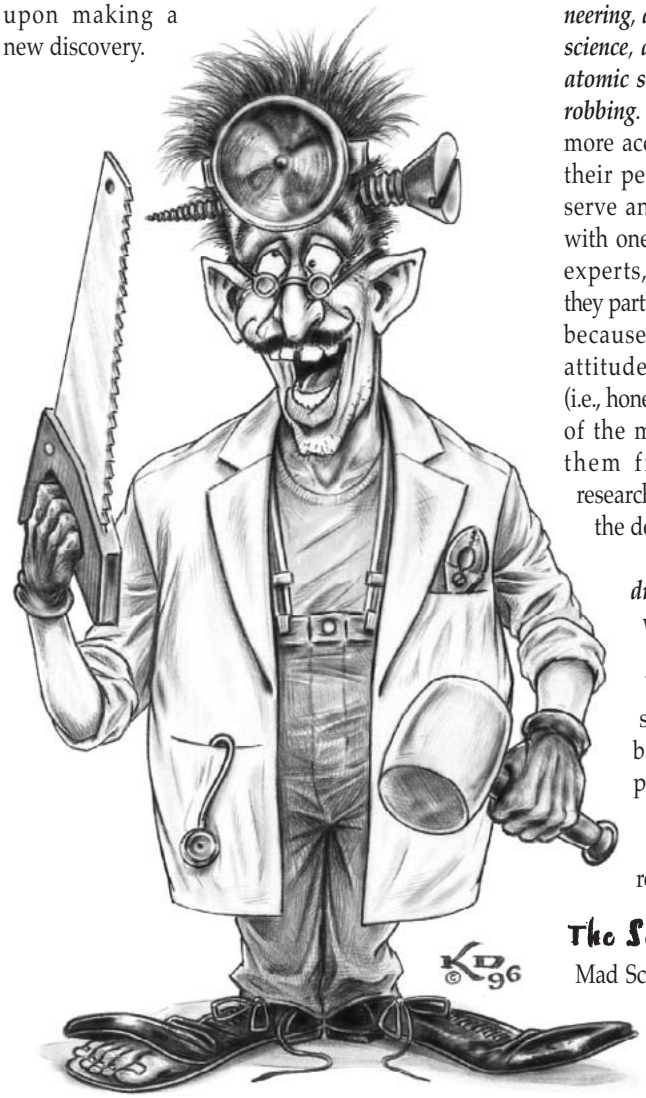
When travelers disturb their domain, they try to lead them astray. They rob those who offer them no respect, and leave them with nothing but the clothes on their backs, unless the Pwca are feeling especially nasty.

Pwca are powerful herbalists and illusionists. They also have the ability of ***Animal Transformation*** (physically transform partially or totally into the form of an animal and back again, once per day with a successful **WIL Roll**). Favored forms include that of a ***goat***, ***dog***, ***horse***, ***bull***, or ***eagle***.

The Mad Scientists or Occult Masters

OVER THE CENTURIES AND ACROSS THE MULTIVERSE many great legends of scientific discovery have been called 'mad', 'insane', or even 'daft' by their peers and detractors. Yet these same individuals have brought us the marvels which have enabled our civilization to attain its greatness: dynamite, atomic power, cellular phones….

Mad Scientists are devoted to their work. They tamper with the natural order and break with conventional practices in an effort to prove wild theories, manufacture impossible creations, and stroke their vain egos. One wonders what drives these monomaniacal maniacs: the atmosphere of the unkempt laboratories they keep, the inarticulate hunchback companions, their efforts to challenge the limits of reality, or the exhilarating feeling they get when yelling *'eureka!'* at the top of their lungs upon making a new discovery.



Mad Scientist Physical Characteristics + Abilities

The Mad Scientist (or Occult Master) can be of any race, though those with a greater sense of curiosity and inflated egos (e.g., Elves, Goblins, Humans…) are more likely to succumb. What few physical characteristics they share includes a fondness for wearing pocket protectors and dressing in lab coats, the tendency towards disheveled hair, and an unpleasant disregard for personal hygiene.

Mad Scientists are quite knowledgeable. Typically this is the product of an extensive formal education and/or informal study of a wide range of subjects which includes ***biology***, ***electricity***, ***mechanics***, ***engineering***, ***anatomy***, ***medical science***, ***aerospace science***, ***atomic science***, and ***grave robbing***. They are usually more accomplished than their peers. Often, they serve an apprenticeship with one or two brilliant experts, but ultimately they part company, usually because the traditional attitudes and practices (i.e., honesty and morality) of the mentor prevents them from pursuing research in the direction the desire (i.e., criminal or just plain wacko).

Finally, Mad Scientists have a knack for ***drawing conclusions from observed phenomena*** which their peers fail to grasp, and the desire to act on those conclusions. Whether this is because the mind of the Mad Scientist is simply superior (as they would have us believe), or due to their 'unique' way of perceiving the world, is debatable. What is certain, however, is that they rarely give any consideration to the practical impact of their research on the world.

The Average Mad Scientist or Occult Master

Quote:	"Now this won't hurt… much…."	
Vocations:	Self-employed inventors, sages, or disgruntled employees of tech firms.	
Intelligence:	18	Savvy
Willpower:	17	Confident
Charisma:	14	Engaging
Mystic:	16	Perceptive
Strength:	10	Adequate
Dexterity:	11	Handy
Fitness:	12	Hale
Appearance:	10	Plain
Health Points:	12	
Height:	5' 8" [2.7 m]	
Weight:	140 lbs [63 kg]	
Powers:	Hypnotic Gaze (Stare makes victim susceptible to commands; WIL Roll to resist).	
Traits:	Absentminded, Egotistical, Emotional, Forgetful, Inquisitive, Insecure, Knowledgeable, Paranoid, Resourceful, Sadistic, Sneaky, Vengeful.	

The Scientific Mind

Mad Scientists to see *themselves* as 'extraordinary' and *everyone else* as 'ordinary'. Through this perspective they justify their criminal deeds. In this philosophy, the extraordinary are not

Left: No medical problem is too great for Fritz Brainlag, mad scientist extraordinaire, to tackle. Whether he's had previous experience or not, he'll never turn down an opportunity for practical, hands-on research. After all, isn't experience the best teacher? Besides, he has a great slab-side manner. Just open wide and say "AAAARRGGHHHHH!!!"

If someone says 'Don't look,' you'll feel compelled to gaze in the forewarned direction.

bound by the morality of the ordinary to play by the rules and laws of the land; any injustice may be committed in proportion to the magnificence of the idea and the importance *they* perceive it to have. Even when being cordial to another person, the Mad Scientist always carries an air of superiority. He or she is a cultured and sophisticated person of science, with the soul of a poet. Their only concerns are to solve the problems of the work and achieve the desired outcome of the experiments.

Their indifference to the welfare and lives of those who cross their paths is complete. Indeed, victims of a Mad Scientist are usually uncultured, simple-minded, and thus beneath contempt. Only the victim's comprehension of the goals of the Mad Scientist will result in their being treated with any civility and kindness. The Mad Scientist always contends that their cause is just, and that others, including their hapless victims, should *sympathize* with their efforts… for the benefit of future populations!

Though Mad Scientists disdain practically everyone and care little what the neighbors think, they *care greatly about the opinions of their scientific peers.* They are desperate for the *professional recognition of their ideas and their personal brilliance* which they believe is deserved. This quest for peer approval, to prove how correct their theories are — to spite their critics — more than anything else, erodes their sanity. They have no use for pity; they want *respect!*

This lack of peer acceptance does produce a certain sense of *unconscious self-doubt*, which manifests as *paranoia* and a *veneer of cool professionalism* serving to thinly disguise the raging lunatic beneath. They like to think of themselves as rationalists, functioning solely on the basis of logic, but in fact, they are extreme *emotionalists*; they either love or hate, admire or despise, desire or detest. There is little middle ground. Most of the time they come across as *intense, brooding,* and *fanatical.* They seem as though their minds are continually pondering three things at once. Occasionally they do or say something which suggests that they might not be entirely all there; at times they also seem a bit… *dangerous.* They never forget a slight against them.

They dislike the establishment, and would like to tear it down, but unlike the anarchist, the Mad Scientist would replace it with a new world of their own design. They do not oppose the concept of authority, only the thought that someone other than themselves should be in charge.

Mad Scientists are terrible at managing their financial affairs. Simultaneously they desire the best and most expensive of everything. Fortunately, many are the offspring of wealthy parents, or have learned to enjoy macaroni and cheese. When money does arrive, it's quickly spent. Many have acquired a fine sense of taste as the result of expensive schooling, reading Ideal Laboratories magazine, and years spent touring abroad before settling down to conduct their research.

Mad Scientist Special Traits + Powers

Some Mad Scientists over time have developed a special power, the ***Hypnotic Gaze***. They **stare into the eyes of their victims** and via instant hypnosis (and a failed **WIL Roll** on the part of the victim), **command them to do their bidding**.

Other 'assets' typically possessed by Mad Scientists, while not supernatural, are equally valuable including: **a strong, loyal, and typically dim assistant, lots of bizarre chemistry and electrical equipment, and a threatening physical device of their own design and construction** (e.g., a huge syringe, a potion or elixir, an energy, a ray or gun, or a creature).

Mad Scientist Language

In addition to the language of their race, Mad Scientists pepper their conversation with words and phrases describing scientific principles, reactions, and devices which effectively serve to draw a window shade over the eyes and mind of the uninitiated listener.

Mad Scientist Geographic Distribution + Settlements

Mad Scientists are self-centered and aloof, locating their laboratories in isolated spots away from undesired 'distractions', which even include their few friends, family members and lovers. Old castles, keeps, mansions, or windmills are favorite residences; occasionally they employ a cave, mine, or tunnel complex. Only their assistants and peers have ready access to them. Often they work alone, caring nothing for the world except how it might serve their purposes.

Mad Scientist Customs + Lifestyle

Mad Scientists rarely relax. They are workaholics. When they treat themselves to a bit of R&R, they do it in style — if their budget permits. They often live and work in the same complex; occasionally, for those suffering hard times, in the same room.

Mad Scientists accumulate stuff. Lots of it. Sometimes it pertains to a current line of research — other times it's something that they think might eventually

Typical Mad Scientist Names (Roll 1d100)

Number Rolled	(Roll 1d100; Put Dr., Doc., or Professor before each name.) Male Names	Female Names	Last Names
1 – 3	Alwin	Agnes	Boehm
4 – 6	Basil	Delores	Caligari
7 – 9	Bela	Elaine	Coriolis
10 – 12	Boris	Elizabeth	Cyclops
13 – 15	Cedric	Elsa	Drax
16 – 18	Christopher	Evelyn	Edelmann
19 – 21	Clyde	Fay	Gogol
22 – 24	Colin	Francis	Heidegger
25 – 27	Conrad	Gloria	Kravaal
28 – 30	Dickie	Hazel	Lorentz
31 – 33	Ernst	Ingrid	Markov
34 – 36	Fredric	Jacqueline	Mirakle
37 – 39	Glenn	Jana	Moreau
40 – 42	Gustav	Jennifer	Mueller
43 – 45	Henrik	Kiwi	Ominous
46 – 48	Ian	Lana	Orloff
49 – 51	Jeffrey	Leila	Phibes
52 – 54	Karl	Lucy	Poelzig
55 – 57	Leo	Lyda	Pretorius
58 – 60	Lionel	Mae	Rigas
61 – 63	Lon	Maggie	Scapinelli
64 – 66	Michael	Miriam	Stendhal
67 – 69	Oscar	Narda	Strangelove
70 – 72	Percy	Patricia	Thorkel
73 – 75	Peter	Phyllis	Verdegast
76 – 78	Ramsay	Rose	Von Altmann
79 – 81	Roddy	Sally	Von Stroheim
82 – 84	Rondo	Sandra	Vornoff
85 – 87	Sidney	Veda	Xavier
88 – 90	Terrance	Virginia	Yogami
91 – 93	Vincent	Wanda	Zabor
94 – 96	Werner	Yvonne	Zarkov
97 – 100	Williard	Zita	Zorka

Mad Scientist Names

Located above is a table of Mad Scientist (or Occult Master) names. Though many famous Mad Scientists over the years have been male, given the funding and the necessary angst, a female can prove just as paranoid and delusional; thus names are provided for both sexes. The names may also be applied to an appealing *daughter* or *son* — often sympathetic to their parent's victims.

prove useful. They have difficulty throwing things out.

Since they rarely entertain guests, Mad Scientists usually dispense with housekeeping. However, they can put their finger on any given object within a moment or two — unless they are one of many who suffer from chronic absentmindedness. If they have a willing assistant they delegate the housecleaning, then scream and whine when something gets misplaced.

If a plate of food or a sweaty shirt has been neglected so long that it has developed into a new lifeform, it is simply ushered into the laboratory and given a full examination. When dining at a Mad Scientist's laboratory, always inspect the food *carefully*….

Mad Scientist Skills + Labor Practices

Mad Scientists frown on the mundane research of their peers (e.g., the sex life of fruit flies…), preferring to conduct experiments which has a greater chance of producing a big result with great consequences — for the glory of science (and themselves!). The research conducted by Mad Scientists includes: **the proving of a theory scoffed at by the rest of the scientific community, the means to cure the world of sickness and simultaneously rule over it**, **the quest for life eternal and the conquest over death, the revival of a deceased but valued person**, or **simple revenge**, achieved in the most inventive and unpleasant way imaginable.

When seeking revenge, however, the reasons for that revenge seem totally unreasonable to anyone else (e.g., spurned by a woman he is attracted to, the Mad Scientist becomes tortured inside and thus rationalizes that now it is only be fair for him to torture the woman… and anyone who stands in his way).

Mad Scientists have no qualms about using unwilling sentient subjects to prove their theories. Indeed, they *enjoy the pain and torture of others*. They conduct experiments of a gruesome nature just to observe and record the effects; administering bizarre drugs and concoctions, exposing the subject to strange energies, or transplanting body parts with household appliances.

Though Mad Scientists tell others that their work is intended for the benefit of the world, in fact its primary function is to stroke their own ego and vindicate them to their doubting peers. If their plans show signs of success, they may appear to take an interest in humanity at large, but only to the extent that they hope to control and punish it for the previous lack of respect they were given. "They said it couldn't be done! Well I've shown them, haven't I? Ha, ha, ha, HA, HA, HA!!!…"

Mad Scientist Religion + Superstition

Since most Mad Scientists are out to challenge the elements and essentially 'play god', few have any formal religious beliefs. However, that is not to say that they don't believe in things that the average professor on the street would deem superstitious. It's all a matter of perspective.

The Vampires

Want to live forever… sort of? Then become a Vampire — as long as you don't mind being in the dark most of the time. Of course, this is not a problem in the Dark Lands.

The term Vampire describes not so much a race as a collective of individuals who share a supernatural symptom: *eternal unlife* (at least until some enterprising and half-mad hunter with a thick Germanic accent drops by with a giant toothpick and destroys them). Though it was once thought that these folks possessed specific traits, all that has been thrown out with the holy water in recent years. They are not required to sleep in coffins containing their grave-soil by day, live in lonely isolation, nor wear formal evening attire (unless, of course, they want to).

Vampire Physical Characteristics + Abilities

Apart from the fact that most Vampires are simply mortals who have undergone a supernatural alteration to their physical state — namely, they're *dead* — they are quite unremarkable. Sure, they're rather pale, but everyone loses a bit of color if they stay out of the sun long enough. And they possess an unquenchable desire for blood. Other characteristics of the Vampire condition are more hit and miss, depending upon the individual: red or yellow eyes, sharp retractable fangs or jagged uneven teeth (often the result of thumb sucking), claw-like nails, animal-like features, coarse and wrinkled skin, hair loss or gain (typically in the most undesirable places). Nothing so out of the ordinary that it couldn't be claimed to be the unfortunate result of an sexually transmitted disease.

Which is precisely the point. In the old days, you could immediately spot a Vampire in a crowd — they were the only ones wearing tuxedos or black evening gowns to every occasion. They also had an unfortunate tendency to *stare* at attractive guests at social gatherings. Rather boorish and unsophisticated.

In recent years Vampires have spruced up their act and made a greater effort to blend in with the mainstream of modern culture. The most significant adjustments which permitted them to mingle unnoticed involved following the latest fashion trends, shrugging off any notion of social respectability, and engaging in numerous vices and acts of personal risktaking for the sake of a cheap thrill. After all, if you're partaking of degenerate nightlife amusements for centuries on end, you might as well be doing it with an upscale crowd. Still, even the rich like to slum-it from time to time. Thus, Vampires have even been seen dabbling in business and politics. Vampires *dislike limitations*. Physically they don't have many, other than a tendency to ***tan*** very



Gamemaster Tip

Creating Great GMC Villains

A great adventure demands great villains — the significance of the Characters' exploits can only be judged in comparison to the baddies whose evil schemes they defeat.

Villains are everything the Characters should detest: they lie, cheat, plot, terrorize, steal, murder, and worst of all — get their kicks from doing it! To be worthy opponents, Villains must be smart, knowledgeable, and powerful. However, it is this power, and their over-confidence in its use which ultimately leads to their downfall — most Villains simply can't perceive that the PCs (or their ilk) could possibly be of any threat to themselves or their plans. It's the Character's task to find a way to prove them wrong — in time to save the world, of course.

Vampires make great villains. They've lived long enough to have honed their talents and acquired the knowledge necessary to pose a threat. Plus, they're (usually) not afraid of a little gratuitous bloodshed.

quickly (applying **–1 HP** damage per second exposed to direct sunlight, plus a **10%** chance per second of *bursting into flames…*).



Vampire Special Traits + Powers

There are both advantages and disadvantages to being a Vampire. Upon being transformed into a Vampire, you immediately acquire a ***flattering hairstyle*** (and if appropriate a perm), plus, ***perfect makeup*** and a ***new wardrobe*** of gorgeous chiffon and lacy lingerie (if you're into that sort of thing). Other supernatural advantages include: ***Mental Control*** (over people and/or animals), ***Darksight*** (range **5000' [1524 m]**), ***Enhanced Strength*** (**+1d6 Character Points [CP]**), ***Enhanced Dexterity*** (**+1d6 CP**), ***Enhanced Fitness*** (**+1d6 CP**), ***Rapid Healing*** (**+1d6 per hour of rest**), ***Shapechanging***; and ***Sickness and Disease Immunity*** (death will do that for you).

The disadvantages include: **1d10** assorted ***Neuroses*** and ***Mental Disorders*** (it takes all kinds), a ***tendency to transform into random undesirable forms*** when excited or over-stressed (and occasionally stay that way: **1%** chance), and ***allergies*** to all sorts of bizarre substances (e.g., holy water, silver, garlic, herbal tea, etc.).

Responsibility is a dirty word to vampires; they prefer to act on passions and instincts rather than reasoned arguments and sober considerations. In fact, they've come up with a physiological response to responsibility: **Furor**. Whenever confronted by a situation which requires any kind of sober thought or consideration, the vampire is required to make a **Willpower Roll**. Failure means they loose their self-control and plunge into a state of Furor. The effects of this state vary with the individual: some become violent and attack nearby lifeforms in a blind rage; others embark upon an aimless shopping spree for the latest fads. Regardless of the specifics, no logical thoughts impinge on the Vampire beset by the Furor — once they have begun an activity (e.g., the drinking of blood or the purchasing of shoes), they will continue until they no longer have the means to persist (i.e., they are full, or they blow all their cash and credit).

I'd heard much about the City of Nawleans and its nightlife. Despite that, I decided to pay a visit, and dropped by the House of the Rising Moon, it's the hottest nightclub (and the ruin of many a poor boy).

The House of the Rising Moon is only open from dusk til dawn, and not just anyone is let in. As I waited in line, at least a dozen tourists from Eastern Akimbo were turned away, though the two fattest were escorted with great ceremony into a special entrance — I never saw them again. I was still wearing the threadbare remains of my Intergalactic Forces uniform at the time, and I guess it was hip enough to gain me entrance.

The place was a challenge to move about in, lit only with black lights. I eventually found the bar and ordered a beer, my choices being limited to red ale or a dark stout. As I hoisted my mug, a pale, emaciated Pixie woman, dressed in a clingy black gown, sidled up very close to me, and stared hard into my eyes.

"I'm Jazmin," she cooed, "you look like a man who's seen a lot of trouble."

I couldn't tear my gaze from her eyes. An overwhelming desire to tell her all my trials and tribulations flooded over me — and having been on this planet just over a year, I had lots to tell.

I began to babble uncontrollably: "First, my spaceship crashed into the sea…" "There was this Dwarvish bed and breakfast place…" "I lost everything I owned in Asgard…" "Did I tell you about the first time I met Bob?…" "The Nagas want to kill me…" I must have talked for hours.

Soon I was surrounded by others like Jazmin, their eyes closed, as they writhed in orgasmic ecstasy. After a time, though, they began to beg me to stop. "No, it's too much! We can't handle it!"

But I couldn't stop — it was though I was under a spell. "Did I mention Rakshasa women?…" "Let me tell you about the Reagombies…"

I finally snapped out of it when someone opened the front doors, and sunlight washed over the room. As the light touched my audience, they screamed in pain, and crumpled into piles of ash. In the doorway stood a Dwarf in a janitor's uniform with a large push broom over his shoulder. Surveying the grisly scene, he spat and said, "Damn late partiers… I'll have to get the big dust pan again."

Other than having an overwhelming desire to add up columns of numbers, I got away unscathed.

— Sean Murphy.

Vampire Language

Though Vampires have no special language, those who have been around long enough have become fluent in many of the world's written and spoken tongues. A few Vampires have developed and make use of a localized slang of Vampire-specific terms to describe various aspects of Vampire unlife. They consider it chic. Others consider it just more crap to learn to do the same old stuff.

Vampire Geographic Distribution + Settlements

Vampires can be found just about *anywhere*. Most of the younger ones (less than 500 years old) prefer the

hubbub of large urban centers. Older bloodsuckers retreat to the more respectable station of the rural landowner.

Vampire Customs + Deathstyle

Over time it has been discovered that there are societies of vampires who have adopted clan-like identities based on their physical and mental characteristics. Typically these associations offer social support and provide chums to go out to dinner with. Over the years they have divided into two distinct groupings called the **Caramels** and the **Sorbet** (see below).

Vampire Skills + Labor Practices

There are no skills unique to the Vampire condition. Vampires possess the skills they knew in life, plus any they acquire in their unlife. The ironic advantage to vampirism is that it rewards those with a love of life, by giving them an unlimited amount of time to engage in social interactions and self-improvement. Vampires never have to worry about settling on a sole vocation or lifestyle; they can follow their pleasure, returning to a topic of earlier interest at a later time. Regretfully, many of those who become Vampires are shallow and tire easily; thus after a brief explosion of rambunctious activity, their unlife becomes one long drawn-out bore.

Vampire Religion + Superstition

Though there are no specific Vampire religions or superstitions (being to many a superstition themselves), if an individual was religious prior to becoming a Vampire, they often retain their beliefs into their unlife. This is not surprising since most Vampires are quite ignorant about the power limitations of their deity. Most prefer to be on the safe side and continue worship. Some even contend that vampirism is a blessing in disguise (albeit a dark and bloody one).

However, this condition of continued worship also results in some of the bizarre contradictions of vampiric lore. Religious Vampires typically remain respectful of the symbols, rituals, and representatives of their faith; thus one Vampire may be repelled by one religious symbol but not another. The trick for Vampire Hunters, is to be up on their dogma and to carry the necessary trinkets.

The Caramels

Known by their tendency to stick together, the Caramels are more a social collective of clans than their rivals, the Sorbet. While this is the largest vampire association (or so they claim), some point out that they are not very discerning when it comes to their membership requirements. If you have a pointy sweet tooth, you're in.

They are fanatic organizers and have the souls of bureaucrats (a peculiar side effect of their type of vampirism, perhaps), making much of organizing great gatherings whenever a suitable excuse can be found. The typical member of a Caramel clan is gaunt and pale in skin coloring, with a tendency toward acne and tooth decay. The Caramels are made up of seven distinct clans: **Brittle**, **Gumdrops**, **Marzipan**, **Nougat**, **Torte**, **Truffle**, and most dreaded of all, the **Vanilla**.



The Sorbet

Originally believed to have begun its existence as a desert cult, the Sorbet is still occasionally referred to by its original cult name, the **Blackcurrents**. The Sorbet promotes an unlifestyle which involves the total embrace of decadence. They have little time for complex organizations and bureaucracy and thus are structured in loose associations of small groups. They travel about in 'parties', and revel in their uninhibited ways.

The two most famous Sorbet clans are the **Linzertorte** and the **Tiramisu**.

When they bring a new vampire into their cool collective, they typically require that the individual survive a ritual burial in a vat of lemon sorbet. If they can lick and swallow their way out of this icy grave, they are deemed one of the gang, and are immediately given a hot cocoa, an electric blanket, and a hardy pat on the back as a reward. Members of the Sorbet can be recognized by their gross obesity and icy fingers.

The Average Vampire

Quote:	"Been there, seen it, done that… centuries ago."
Vocations:	None, that's what minions are for.
Intelligence:	Race/Species Dependent
Willpower:	Race/Species Dependent
Charisma:	Race/Species Dependent
Mystic:	Race/Species Average x 2
Strength:	Race/Species Average x 2
Dexterity:	Race/Species Dependent
Fitness:	Race/Species Average x 4
Appearance:	Race/Species Dependent
Health Points:	Race/Species Average x 4
Height:	Race/Species Dependent
Weight:	Race/Species Dependent
Powers:	Produce Flattering Hairstyle & Makeup (as desired), Transmute Clothing, Mental Control (living creatures), Darksight (range 5000' [1524 m]), Rapid Healing (1d6 x normal rate), Shapechanging (into animal or insect); Sickness and Disease Immunity.
Traits:	Amoral, Bizarre Allergy (e.g., garlic), Condescending, Easily Bored, Fashion Victim, Irresponsible, Mental Disorder, Neurosis, Random Shapechange (when stressed), Selfish.

The Dreadheads

There is one clan of Vampires of which little has been written. Though their numbers are spread throughout the Dark Lands, they seem to be concentrated in the ancient southern city of **Nawleans**. In this timeless town lurks a group of undead who worship youth above all else, and through their feeding are able to preserve their youthful countenance for as long as they have prey to stalk. For instead of sucking the



BELOW: *Idol and promoter of Vampires everywhere, Marcus Reign•Hãagen-Dazs is the self-stylized "Vampire King" of the Dark Lands.*

His stated goal is to lead all Vampires toward Galacia, a new state of mind where cravings for sweets will no longer burden them (and they can eat as much ice cream as they want and not gain a pound). Most of his peers have some trouble believing in the last part.

His dark secret is that his favorite drink is actually a rootbeer float.

blood from their victims, as is the case with more conventional vampires, the Dreadheads *feed on the 'angst' of their victims.*

A typical Dreadhead victim is *young* (teenagers are preferred), *attractive,* and somewhat *aimless* in their pursuits, (other than partying). Thus, their activities provide them with a strong opportunity to encounter a Dreadhead. Typically, a Dreadhead stalks his or her victim for an entire evening, excited by the victim's torment over minor issues and anxiety over fleeting concerns. Eventually the Dreadhead introduces themself, and gaining their victim's confidence, they'll inquire after the victim's troubles. Typically this inquiry results in such a tumultuous outpouring of drivel and malaise that the vampire is quickly satiated, and goes on his or her way.

The truly horrible part however is that the Vampire's feeding effectively sucks the 'life' out of his or her victim. In the short period of the Dreadhead's feeding, the victim undergoes a terrible transformation: the victim is *transformed into a middle-aged accountant!* Worst of all, he or she seems content with their new condition. Naturally, Nawleans and indeed the Dark Lands is the greatest exporter of accountants and their services on Murphy's World — a distinction which is only rarely whispered about in dark lounges over liquid lunches.

Still even more bizarre is the discovery that the only apparent defense against the advances of this most malignant creature is the possession of **dreadlocks.** For some unknown reason they effectively repel all Dreadheads.

The Wannabees

Not so much a Vampire clan as a name given by Vampires to an odd assortment of individuals who *actively seek* to become the *prey* of Vampires while dressing up and playing the part of the undead. Wannabees favor sexy black outfits and apply pale makeup to their skin and wear false pointy teeth. Real vampires are of course only too pleased to have such a veritable smorgasbord of mortal delights volunteer for their sampling. Like lambs to the slaughter.



CHAPTER SEVEN

Folks You'd Rather Not Meet in a Dark Alley

The following Characters are examples and may be used by either the Gamemaster as a GMC or a player as a PC. When creating GMCs of your own, consider the following aspects of their Character: Name, Vocation, Race, Gender, Attributes, Traits, Special Powers, Physical Description, Possessions, Background, Current Situation (include a personal long-term goal or short-term objective), and Staging (how they can be used in an adventure and how they interact with the PCs).

Bill Bölverkr, The Happy Reaper

Quote:	"I'll take your soul just as soon as I finish this chapter."				
Vocation:	Assistant to Death/Temporary Reaper Replacement				
Race/Gender:	Skeletoid/Male (not that it matters)				
Intelligence:	16	Bright	Strength:	20	Mighty
Willpower:	75	Relentless	Dexterity:	20	Lithe
Charisma:	13	Engaging	Fitness:	(not really relevant)	
Mystic:	80	Pansophic	Appearance:	5	Repulsive
Health Points:	(not really relevant)		**Age:**	? (he's a skeleton!)	
Height:	6' [1.8 m]		**Weight:**	60 lbs [27 kg]	
Traits:	Bookish, Caring, Cheerful, Determined, Reasonable.				
Skills:	Sever Aetherial Lifelines			90%	Paramount
	Heal/Resurrect			80%	Masterful
	Ride Animals			70%	Expert
	Creative Writing			60%	Adept
	Cheer People Up			50%	Proficient

Physical Description: Bill is tall and skeletal, dressed in a black hooded shroud tied with a black sash about the waist.

Possessions: Bill carries a **lantern** which emits an *eerie green light that can penetrate any darkness* and a **scythe** which can *kill and capture a soul with a single blow.* He also rides **Zoilus**, a thin, but strong, and fearless pale horse.

Background: Bill is the younger brother of **Jakob**, commonly known as the **Grimm Reaper**. Recently Jakob suffered a nervous breakdown due to the morbid working conditions of his job as chief representative of Death. Bill, who was always a comfort to Jakob in life, was resurrected as a **Skeletoid** (an undead skeleton) and given the opportunity to take over while his brother rests up in the tropics. For his part, Bill has always been one to make the most of any situation and regardless of the task or circumstances and has always maintained a healthy attitude.

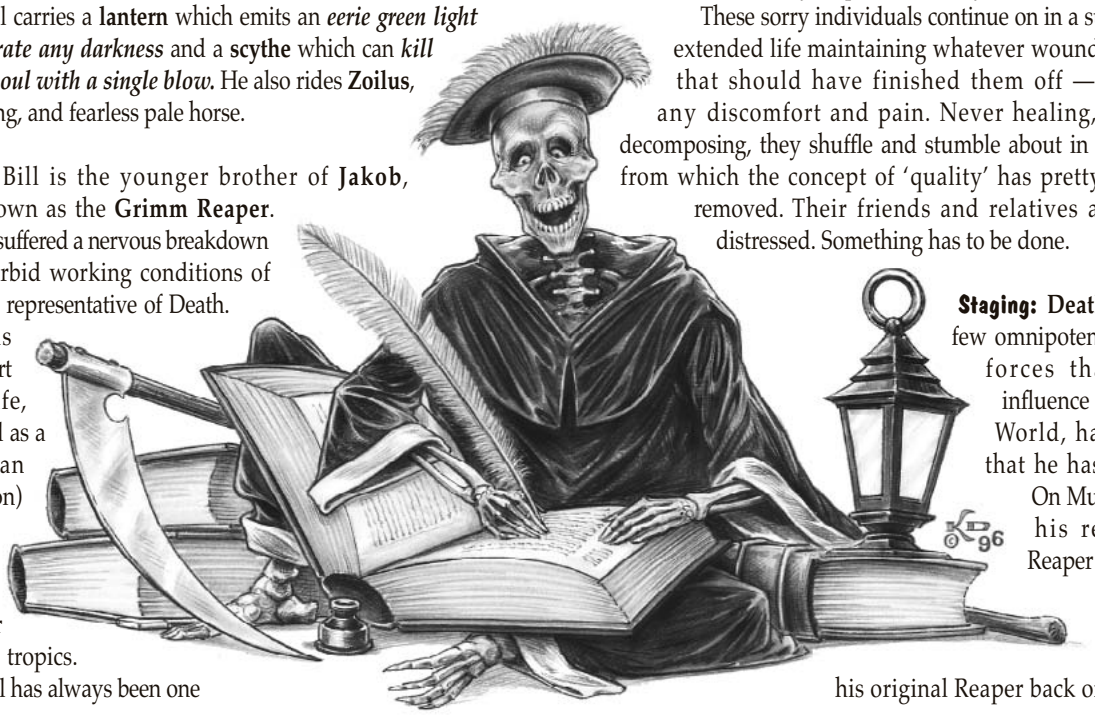
Thus, although his job involves severing the ætherial lifelines of countless inhabitants of Murphy's World, he does so with a smile on his face, and a song in his heart. Also, once he has brought his 'client' over to the other side, as it were, he asks them to relate their life story to him. Bill has decided to take the best of these stories and with his brother, edit them into a book. He is convinced he has the makings of a best seller on his hands.

Bill is the official (acting) 'Reaper' of Murphy's World. If you die, you'll meet him. If you're near death, or if you have a high Mystic value, you may be able to see him — smiling and patiently waiting, for his next assignment and opportunity to collect another life story.

After he's finished interviewing his clients, Bill has no idea where they end up wandering off to — he's never thought to ask. He assumes that after a long hard, or brutally short, life, they're simply looking for a place to lay down and have a nice quiet rest.

Current Situation: Although Bill is sincere in his desire to fill his brother's shoes, he has trouble maintaining his focus when it comes to the task at hand. Thus, since he has become progressively more caught up in his literary ambitions, his actual responsibilities have begun to slip. This has resulted in a backlog of people who should have died, but have not been officially dispatched as of yet.

These sorry individuals continue on in a supernaturally extended life maintaining whatever wounds or sickness that should have finished them off — along with any discomfort and pain. Never healing, and slowly decomposing, they shuffle and stumble about in a state of life from which the concept of 'quality' has pretty much been removed. Their friends and relatives are becoming distressed. Something has to be done.



Staging: Death, one of the few omnipotent multiversal forces that has any influence on Murphy's World, has realized that he has a problem. On Murphy's World his replacement Reaper is regretfully not working out. He must get his original Reaper back on the job.

Gamemaster Tip

Fear

If you want to strike fear into the hearts of the players' Characters, provide them with unexpected suspicious information that doesn't make sense and refuse to explain what it means or what's going on (e.g., "You *think* you hear a floorboard creak somewhere else in the house.").

Thus, when a Character suffers a blow or wound which brings them perilously close to their demise they are given a private audience with **Death** (the Reaper's supervisor). During this meeting they are instructed to head south to the tropics and locate the skeletal Jakob, do what they can to cheer him up, and rekindle his enthusiasm for his job as Reaper. Refusing this little assignment from Death could prove 'fatal' to the Character(s).

Once the Characters have cheered Jakob up, and he is feeling better about his job, he'll regain his sense of purpose and supernatural powers. He'll throw off the Hawaiian shirt and baggy shorts, don his old reaper garb again, and wander off to resume his duties. He'll keep his brother on as an assistant.

After successfully completing their mission, Death will award each party member with one **Death Recovery Wrist Band** — which informs any Reaper in the multiverse that instead of severing the Character's lifeline, they are to heal them and send them on their way. It is good for one use only — after which, the wrist band vanishes.

Boris the Spider

Quote:	"I won't get fooled again!"				
Vocation:	Spaceship Pilot, Pining Romantic, Recluse.				
Race/Gender:	Spider/Male (actually a transformed Alien-Technocrat)				
Intelligence:	16	Bright	**Strength:**	17	Brawny
Willpower:	17	Confident	**Dexterity:**	31	Adroit
Charisma:	10	Likable	**Fitness:**	12	Sound
Mystic:	8	Undiscerning	**Appearance:**	4	Repulsive
Health Points:	11		**Age:**	26	
Height:	5' [1.5 m]		**Weight:**	100 lbs [45 kg]	
Traits:	Curious, Generous, Gullible, Sincere.				
Skills:	Fashion Sense			90%	Paramount
	Weaving			80%	Masterful
	Spaceship Piloting			70%	Expert
	Sorcery			60%	Adept
	Mechanical Engineering			50%	Proficient

Physical Description: A glance through a copy of *Happy Jack's Who's Who of Murphy's World* reveals this sad story; Boris, a young sorcerer's apprentice through no fault of his own, suffered a terrible transformation. Though the **5' [1.5 m]** tall arachnid still has the mind of his original bipedal form, (albeit with a slight alteration of culinary preferences), his body is a 100% black, hairy, web-spinning, spider. There are a few advantages to being a giant spider: his eyesight has improved along with his field of vision, and he rarely ever has to worry about not having enough arms to carry something. Plus, he has a swell fashion sense and a taste for crushed velvet and fine silks.

Possessions: Boris has taken possession of a large mansion outfitted with a laboratory and resources suitable for conducting research into the ways of magic and technology. Among the cobwebs and other strangeness it contains a larder full of cans of baked beans, upon which Boris feasts when he does not have 'guests' for dinner.

Background: Not so long ago **Boris Entwistle** was just another hapless alien technocrat, marooned on Murphy's World. While on his way to the planet **Odorono** for a dinner date with his girlfriend **Lily**, his ship intercepted what it interpreted as a distress signal — no words — just a twangy rhythmic beat. After a change of course brought the craft closer to the signal's source, the sound grew louder and the entire ship began to vibrate. Unfortunately, young Boris realized his dilemma too late. Sucked in by Ludo's supernatural pull, his ship plummeted into a tranquil valley in southern **Belavista**.

Meanwhile, **Elton**, an Elvish wizard (who is actually more of an alchemist — but the locals don't really know the difference, so why correct them), suddenly received the first confirmation that his long-range communications system worked. Someone had answered his call. Grabbing his extendo-visor, he witnessed, with a few pangs of guilt, Boris' ship plunge through the amber-pink clouds, then scatter itself along a half-mile swath, in the valley below.

Boris survived the crash, but after a quick glance at the wreck of his ship, he knew that he was not going to make his dinner date. While he stood there, staring with disbelief at the wreckage, Elton, along with his Dwarvish assistant **Bernie**, appeared and tried to glean as much as possible from their new visitor. It took all of Boris' self-control not to rip out their spleens.

Elton, sensing that his initial approach was getting nowhere, and feeling a little fear mingled with his guilt, offered assistance to the alien astronaut (whom he thought looked like a radish with pseudopods protruding at odd places). The trouble was that neither Boris nor Elton had any real idea how the spacecraft worked, or fit together for that matter. Boris had a vague idea, after all, he'd learned how to do a tune-up in shop class. But that was about it.

So it was that Boris became Elton's apprentice, sort of (actually more of an unexpected houseguest). As for Elton and Bernie, well at least they could consider their experiment a partial success — until Boris' arrival, they couldn't be sure that anything existed beyond **Armenia, the City in the Sky**.

They studied and experimented. Eventually they decided that while they couldn't rebuild the craft, they might have enough raw material to bash together a teleportation device. The fact that neither had previously constructed anything remotely like it did not give them pause. In the months that followed, using Technocrat mail order catalogs, they sent away

for how-to books and parts, manufacturing whatever else they needed. Boris grew to like canned beans, Bernie's favorite food.

Over budget and six months later than originally planned, the device was finally completed. It consisted of two **12' [3.7 m]** high silver spheres attached to a large box with wires; one sphere for departures, one for arrivals; a button on the front opened a door to the interior of each. Preliminary tests seemed successful, a squeeze box, a mouse, then a chicken, were teleported safely. Finally the day came for Boris to try it. Everything went wrong.

Since the teleportation device was partly magical, while operating, it drew exorbitant amounts of magical power from the local environment. Much to their embarrassment, wizards around the countryside found themselves and their artifacts suddenly magically impotent. Thus, a few members of the local Conjurer's Guild decided to pay Elton a visit.

With the approaching wizards announced by Bernie, Boris knew that unless he used the teleporter now, he might never see Lily again. Thus while Bernie went to answer the door, Boris shut himself inside the Departure Sphere, yelled goodbye, while Elton hit the 'GO' button. A chorus of dings and bings complimented by flashing lights filled the chamber. Bernie did his best to stall the visitors and was trampled as the wizards rushed into the laboratory.

The wizards, bent on destruction, but drained of all power, could do nothing but beat on the Sphere with their fists (nobody thought to pull the plug...). The device tilted, and all the lights went out. Everyone froze as Boris' scream pierced the gloom around them. Finally, the door of the Arrival Sphere opened and in the eerie glow emanating from the sphere a long hairy leg emerged.

"It seems I was not alone," said Boris in a very sad raspy voice.

The wizards, including Elton, ran.

Current Situation: Boris hasn't given up on regaining his original form and returning home. He doesn't have much hope either. Mostly, he's lonely. Once a deaf, dumb, and blind fellow named **Tom** stopped by for a visit, but Boris didn't consider him much company, so he ate him. He's made the house as comfortable as possible, and spends most evenings curled up in front of the fire with a good book or the music of T-Rex on the stereo. The teleportation device is still in the cellar — he hasn't done any serious work on it since Elton left.

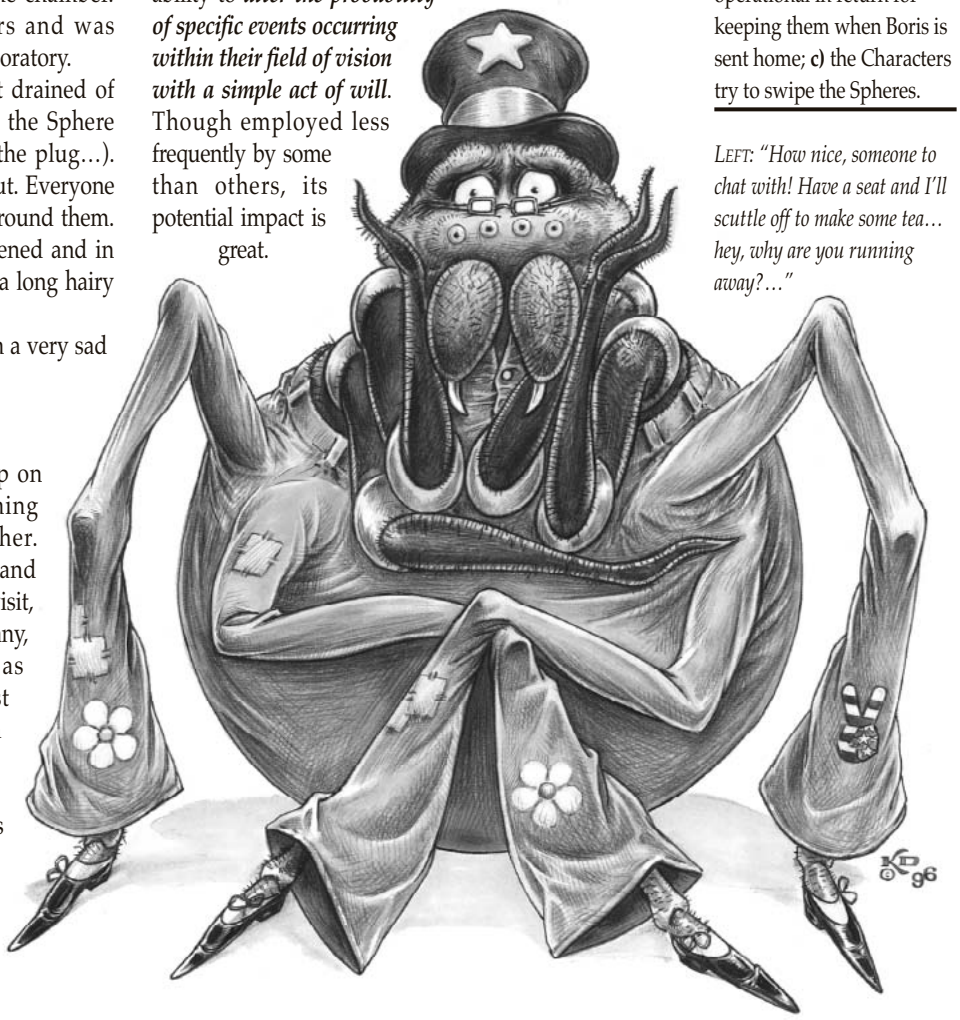
Once in a while he ventures out of the manor for extended journeys in the hope of meeting someone who might be able to help him with his situation. Since these trips freak out the local population, he usually travels by night.

Staging: When encountered, Boris is as hospitable as a gigantic homesick sentient turnip transformed into a spider can be. However, he gets bored with people screaming and won't stand for people trying to kill him; those he entwines with silk and devours at his leisure — a welcome break from canned beans.

The Four Horsepersons of the Improbable

Across the vast reaches of the Dark Lands they roam. Though many question their very existence, the lives of those who have encountered one or more of this incredible band, are irrevocably altered. It is not known from where they come, nor their ultimate objective. Their only constant seems to be a desire to mingle with mortal beings, to chat about odd bits of philosophical thought, and to take in the best food and entertainment wherever they roam. One sentiment is shared, however, by all they encounter: the wish that they would go and bother someone else.

Each of The Four Horsepersons, has the uncanny ability to ***alter the probability of specific events occurring within their field of vision with a simple act of will.*** Though employed less frequently by some than others, its potential impact is great.



Left: "How nice, someone to chat with! Have a seat and I'll scuttle off to make some tea… hey, why are you running away?…"

Adventure Idea

Boris The Spider

The Magic Spheres

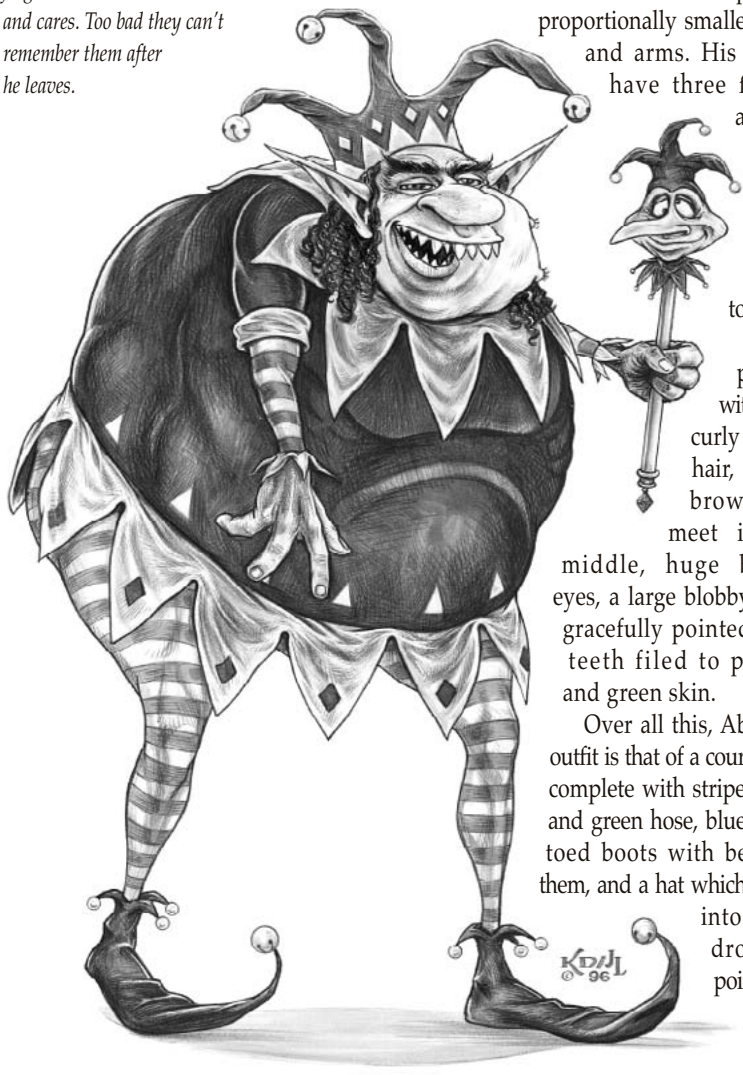
A GMC (possibly a wizard) has heard of the Magic Spheres which, when operating, render all magic within a **10 mile [16 km]** radius impotent. He will pay handsomely to have someone get them for him. He has a map showing the location of **Elton Manor**, but it does not mention Boris. **Possible outcomes: a)** the Characters visit Boris, strike up a 'friendly' relationship and reason that they didn't really need the wizard's money that much anyway; **b)** A technocrat in the PC's party offers to assist in getting the Magic Spheres operational in return for keeping them when Boris is sent home; **c)** the Characters try to swipe the Spheres.

The further you walk backwards the greater the chance you'll bump into something you'd wish you could have seen and avoided.

(Mr.) Absurd

Quote:	"It only matters if you want it to."				
Vocation:	Jester				
Race/Gender:	Giant-Pixie/Male				
Intelligence:	10	Sensible	Strength:	22	Powerful
Willpower:	21	Persistent	Dexterity:	10	Handy
Charisma:	25	Enchanting	Fitness:	30	Robust
Mystic:	33	Erudite	Appearance:	7	Ugly
Health Points:	100		Age:	? (Appears to be in his 50s)	
Height:	12' [3.6 m]		Weight:	800 lbs [360 kg]	
Traits:	Gregarious, Jolly, Unflappable.				
Skills:	Ride Animals			90%	Paramount
	Alter Event Probability			80%	Masterful
	Attract Attention			70%	Expert
	Encourage Cheery Attitude			60%	Adept
	Discover a Party			50%	Proficient
	Cause Forgetfulness			60%	Adept

Below: When Mr. Absurd rides into town, everyone forgets about their worries and cares. Too bad they can't remember them after he leaves.



Physical Description: This enormous, **12' [3.7 m]** half-Giant, half-Pixie is a grotesque sight, with long legs supporting a barrel-chested torso from which sprout a proportionally smaller head and arms. His hands have three fingers and a thumb; his feet have four toes. His face is pudgy, with long, curly brown hair, bushy brows that meet in the middle, huge brown eyes, a large blobby nose, gracefully pointed ears, teeth filed to points, and green skin.

Over all this, Absurd's outfit is that of a court jester, complete with striped gold and green hose, blue curly-toed boots with bells on them, and a hat which tapers into three drooping points.

A jolly soul, Mr. Absurd never lets anything get him down (then again, with his height, probably little could).

Possessions: Mr. Absurd rides **Bosch**, a massive kaleidoscopic, multi-patterned pony. If asked by his master, the pony performs tricks. It is intelligent, and can anticipate its master's wishes. Mr. Absurd's only other possession is a satchel, slung over one shoulder; anything he requires can be withdrawn from this bag (e.g., penny whistle, noise makers, silly hats, makeup, etc.).

One special item contained in the satchel is a small staff, at the top of which is mounted a cloth jester's head. When spoken to, this head comes alive and answers the speaker. It is brought out by Mr. Absurd when he requires counsel; the head offers suggestions as to the appropriate course of action. Typically these suggestions seem foolish or idiotic. Occasionally, they are cruel.

Staging: Whenever Mr. Absurd encounters another, he does his best to cheer him up and cause him to *forget* his troubles. Unfortunately 'forget' is the operative word. If a Character observes Mr. Absurd perform a humorous antic in an effort to cheer them up, the player must make a **WIL Roll**; success grants them the option to see humor in Mr. Absurd or not, with no further effect; failure results in a cheery disposition, plus, the Character ***no longer has any memory of the thing that was causing them to worry*** just seconds before. Who knows, this could be a *good* thing….

(Ms.) Dubious

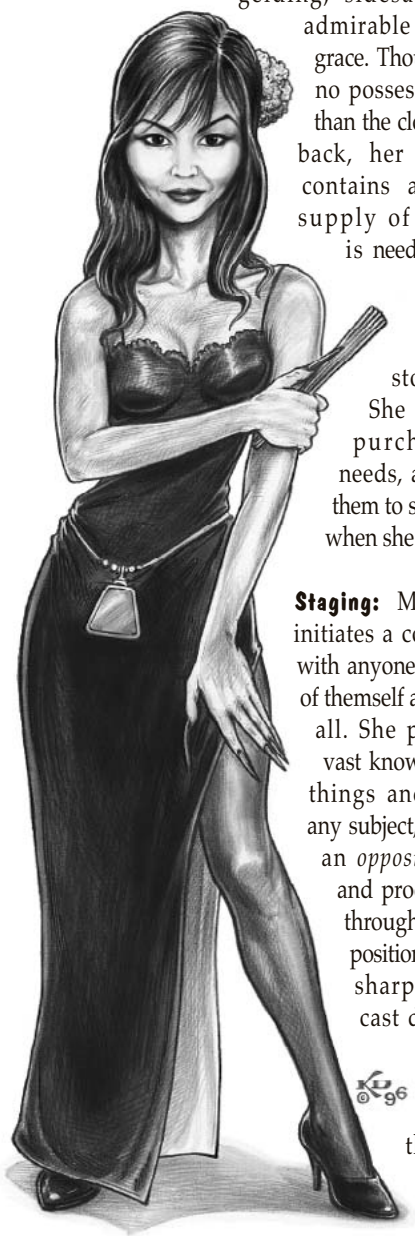
Quote:	"Are you absolutely certain about that?"			
Vocation:	Philosopher, Debater			
Race/Gender:	Elf/Female			
Intelligence:	35	Brilliant		
Willpower:	60	Staunch		
Charisma:	80	Mesmerizing		
Mystic:	40	Erudite		
Strength:	9	Slight		
Dexterity:	20	Lithe		
Fitness:	10	Sound		
Appearance:	65	Dazzling		
Health Points:	100			
Height:	5'6" [1.7 m]			
Weight:	115 lbs [52 kg]			
Age:	? (appears to be 26)			
Traits:	Canny, Graceful, Sharp Tongued			
Skills:	Debate/Argue Logically		90%	Paramount
	Alter Event Probability		80%	Masterful
	Ride Animals		70%	Expert
	Attract Attention		60%	Adept
	Enthrall		50%	Proficient

Physical Description: This Horseperson appears in the form of a beautiful oriental woman whose every movement exudes seductive charm. Long black hair frames a heart-shaped face with dark mysterious eyes, full red lips, high cheekbones, and delicate nose. She is dressed in a long red silk and gold dress, with a slit up the left side to the thigh. When traveling, she dons additional layered garments including a long purple and gold robe with wide sleeves, and a heavier black cloak with a pattern of gold trim.

Though she initially conveys the appearance of a seductress, Ms. Dubious is in fact a philosopher, interested only in conversation and debate… and freeloading.

Though nourishment is not needed to sustain this supernatural being, if offered food she always orders the best — expecting someone else to pick up the tab, of course.

Possessions: Ms. Dubious rides **Spinoza**, a large chestnut gelding, sidesaddle with admirable poise and grace. Though she has no possessions other than the clothes on her back, her belt-purse contains an endless supply of whatever is needed for trade (coinage, gold, precious stones, etc.). She makes any purchases she needs, abandoning them to someone else when she moves on.



Staging: Ms. Dubious initiates a conversation with anyone who thinks of themself as a know-it-all. She possesses a vast knowledge of all things and takes on any subject, striking up an *opposing opinion* and proceeds to cut through the other's position with razor-sharp logic and cast doubt upon everything they say. She does this *loudly* and in a *public place* to achieve the optimum *embarrassment* to the victim. If it happens that her debating partner demands to observe physical proof of the accuracy of one of Ms. Dubious' claims (regardless of how bizarre) she will concede and then alter probability to produce the outcome that supports her position. Of course, the victim may never experience this result again outside of her presence. It will, however, give them something to think about.

(Dr.) Eccentric

Quote:	"So tell me, what makes you so normal?"				
Vocation:	Snake Oil Salesman				
Race/Gender:	Brownie/Male				
Intelligence:	19	Cunning	**Strength:**	7	Weak
Willpower:	25	Persistent	**Dexterity:**	14	Deft
Charisma:	22	Enchanting	**Fitness:**	9	Frail
Mystic:	28	Illuminated	**Appearance:**	9	Homely
Health Points:	100		**Age:**	? (appears to be in his 70s)	
Height:	3' [1 m]		**Weight:**	60 lbs [27 kg]	
Traits:	Lonely, Curious, Friendly, Bizarre				
Skills:	Command Action			90%	Paramount
	Alter Event Probability			80%	Masterful
	Inspire Curiosity			70%	Expert
	Encourage Enthusiasm			60%	Adept
	Ride Animals			50%	Proficient

Physical Description: Eccentric is short and thin. His whiskered face is so gaunt and his frame so wiry he resembles a living skeleton. He has the appearance of a man old before his time — his actual age however, is difficult to determine. Though his skin is dry and wrinkled, his eyes burn with the intensity of youth. His personality reveals a lonely individual thirsty for companionship with a excited and curious disposition. Others who have observed him for extended periods conclude that he is afflicted by a kind of infectious madness, possessing a desire to continually experience new things.

His clothes, though tattered and dusty from extensive riding, are still clearly recognizable as the formal black evening attire of a gentleman. Additionally, he wears a black cape with red lining and top hat (which has been sat on and re-formed at least once).

Left: "Of course oxen fall from the sky! Statistics repeatedly report that many different bovine species plunge out of nowhere quite often in this region!… Of course I'm not making it up… What, you demand physical *proof?"*

— WHAM!!! —

"Oh, your poor head. That's gotta hurt… By the way, my drink is empty, be a dear and get me a refill…"

Possessions: Dr. Eccentric rides **Matilda**, an old white mare. He sits, hunched over in the saddle, apparently burdened with the weight of his years and experience. Between his saddlebags, the pockets of his jacket and waistcoat, his wallet, and top hat, he can bring forth just about any object.



Staging: Though his appearance initially suggests that he is a frail old gentleman who has become lost while

returning from a funeral, upon encountering people, Dr. Eccentric's disposition alters dramatically. Suddenly he is full of life and curiosity, his limbs appear stronger and his back straighter. He is a man of the moment, looking for a good time or a new experience, and someone to share it with. He is also full of ideas and proposals. He 'befriends' those who give him their attention, and will finance their pleasures for a while.



ABOVE: Dr. Eccentric will inform those he encounters that meeting him is always a great stroke of luck. If you believe that, he's got a bottle or two of Tonic to sell you.



Dr. Eccentric never refuses another companion or interested party. As the merriment continues, the good doctor begins to suggest alternative activities and pastimes. Anyone who has accepted one of his favors must make a successful **WIL Roll** to refuse to engage in the activities prescribed by Dr. Eccentric.

Gradually, as the evening (and possibly days) progress, Dr. Eccentric suggests ever more bizarre activities. Some even require leaving the current location and trekking across vast distances to complete. ***With each activity completed, Dr. Eccentric appears to become younger and more vital, while each of his companions age one year.***

If someone inquires about his title, he withdraws a bottle of **Dr. Eccentric's Amazing Wonder Tonic** from a pocket or saddlebag, and offer to sell it to the person at a very reasonable price (or even give it away free). Each sip of the Tonic ingested makes the drinker feel ***wonderful***, but imposes a **–5% WIL Roll** penalty for **10 minutes**.

(Miss) Unlikely

QUOTE:	**"I believe you'll discover that the odds are against you."**	
VOCATION:	**Philosopher, Troublemaker**	
RACE/GENDER:	**Human/Female**	
INTELLIGENCE:	**14**	**Rational**
WILLPOWER:	**61**	**Relentless**
CHARISMA:	**8**	**Annoying**
MYSTIC:	**50**	**Transcendental**
STRENGTH:	**9**	**Slight**
DEXTERITY:	**8**	**Awkward**
FITNESS:	**9**	**Frail**
APPEARANCE:	**14**	**Attractive**
HEALTH POINTS:	**100**	
HEIGHT:	**4'10" [1.5 m]**	
WEIGHT:	**95 lbs [43 kg]**	
AGE:	**? (appears to be 10)**	
TRAITS:	**Cynical, Doubting, Nosy, Pessimistic.**	
SKILLS:	**Ride Animals**	**90% Paramount**
	Alter Event Probability	**80% Masterful**
	Appear Cute & Innocent	**70% Expert**
	Attract Sympathy	**60% Adept**
	Persuasion	**50% Proficient**

Physical Description: This Horseperson takes the form of a young girl, with curly golden hair, rosy cheeks, and sparkling blue eyes. She dresses in a long white gown with puffy sleeves, trimmed with pink and lace, and a small bonnet tied with a pink ribbon. Over all she wears a red cloak and hood to keep out the chill. Surprisingly, her voice and personality belie her childish appearance; she talks and behaves like a cynical and confident woman of the world.

Though she can ingest food, and has quite a sweet tooth, she does not need nourishment to sustain herself.

Possessions: Miss Unlikely does not appear to carry much of value, however, she can retrieve anything she requires from her saddle bags, a belt pouch, a pocket in her cloak, or some corner of a room where a PC had not yet cast a careful gaze. Some may consider it is rather unusual that a small child would own many of the items that appear in her possession.

Her mount, **Dante**, is a large and intelligent black stallion with fiery eyes which is very protective of her. If approached by anyone with hostile intentions it attacks with its hooves and teeth. If taken captive, it does its best to thwart the plans of its captors and escape, returning to Miss Unlikely as soon as possible.

Staging: Miss Unlikely is known to present herself to those who have had an especially favorable run of successes and take it for granted. Taking advantage of

her appearance, she attaches herself to her intended victim, often in the guise of someone in need of their assistance, and proceeds to affect the probability of minor occurrences so as to cause his or her life to become a living hell. In this, she is something akin to Ludo's representative on the ground.

Gorgat, Goblin Emperor in Exile

Quote:	"I think I know a way we can help each other get what we want ."	
Vocation:	Would-be Goblin Emperor	
Race/Gender:	Goblin/Male	
Intelligence:	17	Savvy
Willpower:	17	Confident
Charisma:	14	Engaging
Mystic:	6	Unknowing
Strength:	17	Brawny
Dexterity:	12	Deft
Fitness:	16	Sturdy
Appearance:	8	Homely
Health Points:	14	
Height:	4'6" [1.4 m]	
Weight:	88 lbs [40 kg]	
Age:	37	
Traits:	Cowardly, Deceitful, Fear of Hair Loss, Lust for Power, Selfish, Vain.	
Skills:	Skulking	90% Paramount
	Persuading	80% Masterful
	Lying	70% Expert
	Stealing	60% Adept
	Backstabbing	50% Proficient

Physical Description: Gorgat is a conniving little twerp with beady yellow eyes and stained crooked teeth filed to a point. Though strong and sinewy, he stands with a slight hunch and travels in a hopping-skip, as though he might jump out of his skin at any minute. His hands and feet are elongated with sharp dirty nails. Gorgat speaks in a whispered nasal tone which after a while gives you the annoying impression that he is plotting something.

Possessions: Gorgat wears a black leather tunic and bracers beneath a black linen cloak. Concealed on his person, in his boots, belt, hat and in the lining of his cloak, are various weapons such as daggers, garrotes, and thermite grenades. From his belt hangs his ancestral sword: **Asteismus**. His calves are sheathed in thick riding boots.

Background: Gorgat believes himself to be the **Emperor of All Goblins**. Indeed, there is a slight possibility that he is descended from the legendary Goblin Emperors of the ancient past. Then again, given the natural laws of heredity and descent, all Goblins can claim an Emperor or two in their bloodline. This is why Goblin culture is so beset with continual bickering over heritage and 'right to rule'.

Current Situation: Unlike most other Goblins, Gorgat is determined to attain his birthright whether he deserves it or not. To this end, he has embarked upon a campaign of treachery and double-dealing excessive even by Goblin standards. (Considering that standards of loyalty and morality on Murphy's World pretty well reach their nadir with Goblins, this is really saying something).



Above: Though cute and adorable (in a saccharin sort of way), hanging around Ms Unlikely for too long has been the ruin of many successful folks. Whenever flipped coins start landing on their edges, run for the hills.

Gorgat will resort to any device, no matter how petty or low, to advance his ends. He'd sell you his parents — if he hadn't already sold them to someone else. Gorgat would make a splendid used car salesman — if he didn't already have his sights set on being a politician.

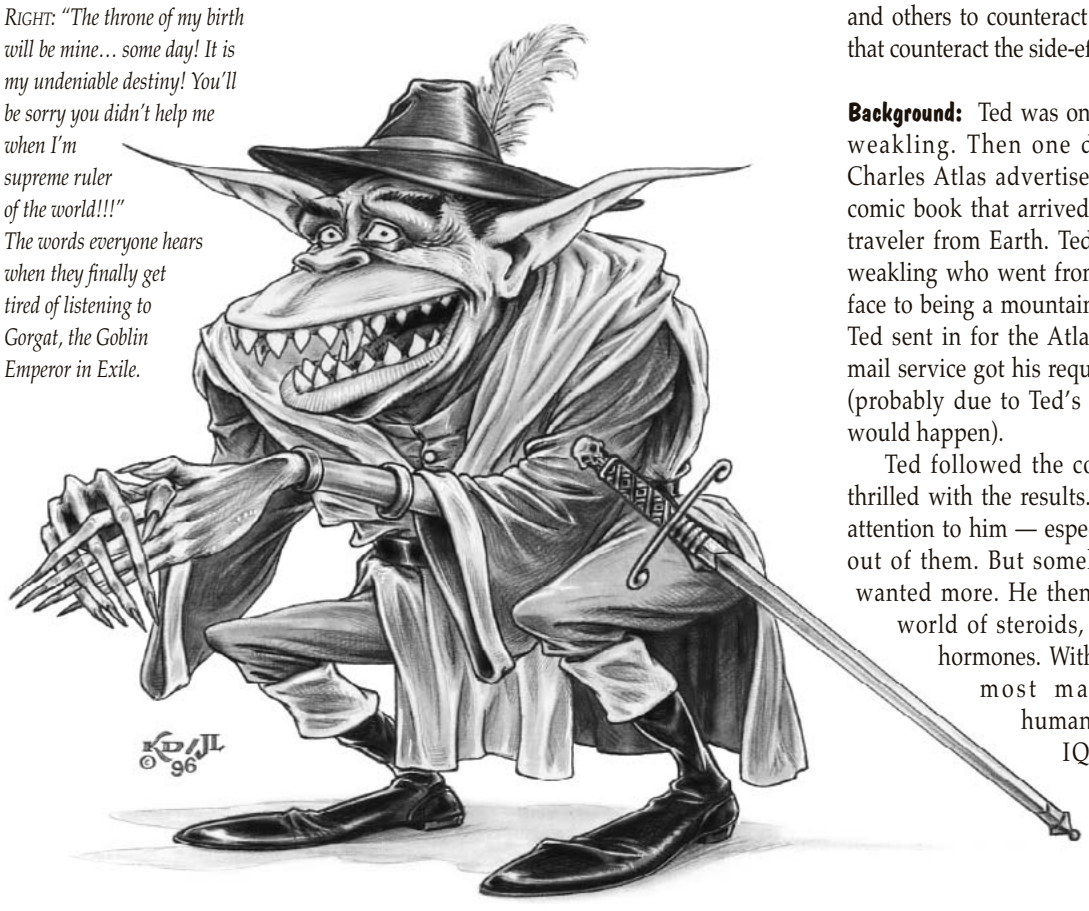
Despite the number of weapons Gorgat has hidden on his person, he is actually not much of a close-quarters fighter. He is, however, very good at quietly assaulting people when they are unarmed and unprepared.

Staging: Gorgat can be encountered just about anywhere — other than the lands of the Elves and other 'civilized' peoples. When he meets new people, Gorgat immediately sizes up their usefulness to his cause, and then does his best to get what he wants out of them. He presents himself in the best possible light — usually by casting a shadow of doubt on someone else — in a manner that best appeals to those he's dealing with.

His outward persona may change completely from one individual or group to another; sometimes brash and bold, other times pathetic and in need of assistance. To a greedy person, he promises vast riches, to a seeker after knowledge, he promises vast sources of information, to a power hungry person, he promises great resources. Of course, he can only fulfill those promises after they help him become Emperor….

Ted Testosterone

Quote:	"Enough talk, let's bash some brains!"				
Vocation:	Body-Builder, Bouncer, Minion of Bob, Thug				
Race/Gender:	Human, Male				
Intelligence:	6	Stupid	**Strength:**	40	Formidable
Willpower:	7	Impressionable	**Dexterity:**	20	Lithe
Charisma:	6	Obnoxious	**Fitness:**	30	Robust
Mystic:	8	Undiscerning	**Appearance:**	17	Handsome
Health Points:	21		**Age:**	30	
Height:	6'6" [2 m]		**Weight:**	280 lbs [127 kg]	
Traits:	Edgy, Gullible, Health Conscious, Malicious, Vain, Violent.				
Skills:	Unarmed Combat			90%	Paramount
	Armed Combat			80%	Masterful
	Intimidating Others			70%	Expert
	Voguing			60%	Adept
	Body Drug/Health Expert			50%	Proficient



Right: "The throne of my birth will be mine… some day! It is my undeniable destiny! You'll be sorry you didn't help me when I'm supreme ruler of the world!!!" The words everyone hears when they finally get tired of listening to Gorgat, the Goblin Emperor in Exile.

Physical Description: Ted is a paramount specimen of male humanity. He is an übermensch — a man amongst men. He is ruggedly handsome in a leading-man sort of way, with a strong, dimpled jaw, piercing blue eyes, aquiline nose, and brilliant white teeth. His massive muscles stand out in stark relief as though they were sculpted from marble and roll like boulders beneath his skin. Even his eyebrows are pumped.

Ted is extremely conscious of his appearance, and not shy about showing off his physique. He always poses for the best effect. With the exception of his long flowing head of hair, he keeps his body clean-shaven. Each morning he oils his skin to a glossy sheen, and dons an outfit consisting mainly of skimpy strips of leather. The only blemishes to his perfect physique are the many scars from the surgical removal of numerous Darkling mutations which continually sprout in conjunction with Ted's despicable deeds.

Possessions: Ted's cares little for material goods. His body is his temple, and he worships it constantly. To this end he has a fully equipped gym stocked with every conceivable exercise machine and device, though in a pinch he'll do military presses with the nearest boulder.

When away from home, he carries a large leather backpack full of a cornucopia of pharmaceuticals. He takes hundreds of drugs to enhance his physique, to counteract the side-effects of the enhancing drugs, and others to counteract the side-effects of the drugs that counteract the side-effects of the enhancing drugs.

Background: Ted was once a proverbial **98 lb [44 kg]** weakling. Then one day he stumbled across a Charles Atlas advertisement in the back of an old comic book that arrived on Murphy's World with a traveler from Earth. Ted thrilled to the story of the weakling who went from having sand kicked in his face to being a mountain of muscles for all the girls. Ted sent in for the Atlas course, and somehow the mail service got his request to 1960's Earth and back (probably due to Ted's overwhelming belief that it would happen).

Ted followed the course to the letter and was thrilled with the results. Now people started to pay attention to him — especially when he beat the crap out of them. But somehow, it wasn't enough. He wanted more. He then discovered the wonderful world of steroids, blood doping, and growth hormones. Within a year, he was the single most magnificent specimen of humanity on the planet. True, his IQ dropped 20 points, he suffered from emotional instability, and his urine turned blue, but he *looked* magnificent!

Unfortunately, his growing *aggression* and *ferocity* made him unwelcome in civilized areas. Even Pixies, not noted for being a mild-mannered group, found him too bellicose. Thus, Ted went to the one place on Murphy's World where his belligerence, instability, and uncontrollable temper are assets — the Land of Bob.

Current Situation: Ted is a trusted minion of Bob; a **Bobarian: Lackey: Soda-Jerk**. Bob admires Ted's method of handling problems (i.e., pulverizing heads), and his complete lack of morals. Bob especially enjoys watching Ted launch into one of his berserker rages — usually involving tearing some inoffensive bystander into tiny shreds with hands, teeth, and chain saws. Ted fights dirty. Sand in the eye, bomb in the bed, lawsuit in the mail; there is no trick so low, cowardly, or disgusting that Ted won't stoop to. Even Ogres, who don't exactly follow the Marquis of Queensbury rules, are nervous about tangling with Ted.

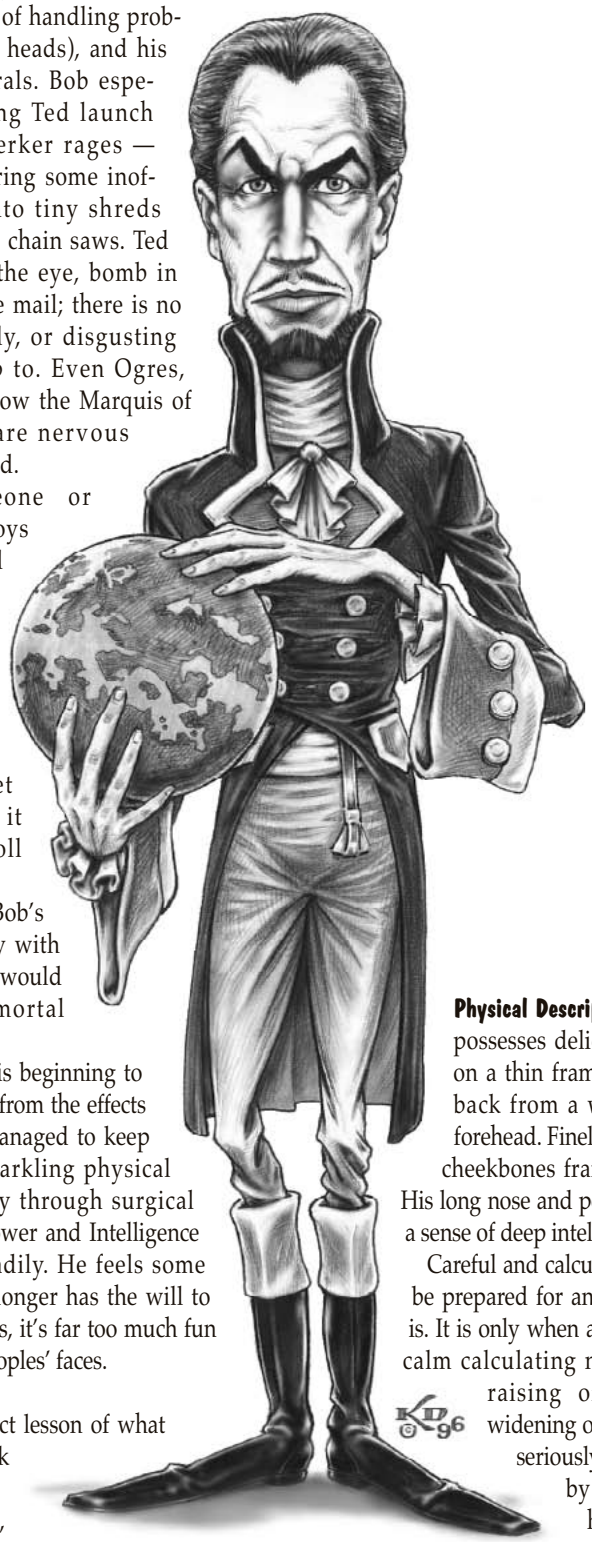
Whenever someone or something really annoys Bob, and he doesn't feel up to eviscerating them himself, he sends Ted to do the dirty deed. The fact that Ted usually decimates his companions along with the target suits Bob just fine — it helps keep the payroll trimmed.

Since Ted is one of Bob's favorites, he gets away with arrogant behavior that would have any lesser mortal dispatched post haste.

Unfortunately, Ted is beginning to show severe symptoms from the effects of serving Bob. He's managed to keep the most grotesque Darkling physical transformations at bay through surgical removal, but his Willpower and Intelligence have been falling steadily. He feels some unease at this, but no longer has the will to alter his lifestyle; besides, it's far too much fun kicking sand in other peoples' faces.

Staging: Ted is an object lesson of what happens when you work for Bob on an extended contract. The phrase, "Strong like ox, smart like streetcar," could have been invented for Ted.

Ted's actions can mislead the Characters. He's easily commanded and will just as happily beat on Bob's servants as anyone else. The unwary Character may think of Ted as an ally. Not so — Ted's only trusted friend is his bag of steroids. And of course, Bob, who pays the bills.



Uncle Vinnie (Vincent) of Corman

Quote:	"Can't we find a cheaper way of conquering the world?"	
Vocation:	Aristocrat, Art Collector, Despot, Gentry, Inventor, Military Commander.	
Race/Gender:	Human/Male	
Intelligence:	19	Cunning
Willpower:	16	Willful
Charisma:	17	Charming
Mystic:	15	Perceptive
Strength:	11	Adequate
Dexterity:	10	Handy
Fitness:	14	Hale
Appearance:	18	Handsome
Health Points:	14	
Height:	5'10" [1.8 m]	
Weight:	170 lbs [77 kg]	
Age:	38	
Traits:	Borderline Nutcase, Cheapskate, Cowardly, Dabbler in the Occult, Keeper of Dark Secrets, Monomaniacal, Romantic, Vengeful.	
Skills:	Scheming	90% Paramount
	Command Followers	80% Masterful
	Torture	70% Expert
	Armed Combat	60% Adept
	Sorcery	50% Proficient

Physical Description: Tall and erect, Vinnie possesses delicate hands and long limbs on a thin frame. His fine hair is combed back from a widows peak on his high forehead. Finely chiseled features and high cheekbones frame a long handsome face. His long nose and penetrating blue eyes convey a sense of deep intelligence and experience.

Careful and calculating, Uncle Vinnie likes to be prepared for any contingency, and usually is. It is only when annoyed or angered that his calm calculating nature is betrayed by the raising of an eyebrow and the widening of an eye. When his plans go seriously awry, or when threatened by power much greater than his own, then he displays a

Left: Baron Vincent of Corman (Uncle Vinnie to those who know and fear him well) is the fastest beating dark heart of Vinnieland. Once he's totally crushed all semblance of resistance from his rivals in Vinnieland he dreams of spreading his personal artistic-sadistic vision of compassion across the full expanse of the Dark Lands. But for now, that's a big secret… so don't tell Bob.

most pathetic *cowardice*. However, this has occasionally been a ruse to discover more about the behavior of an opponent or to cause their guard to slip.

Background: They say that psychopaths begin to reveal their natures as children. The signs include: having few friends, torturing small animals, and setting fires. Young Vincent did all this and more. He could get away with it, at least most of the time, because he was the eldest son of **Duke William of Usher**, one of the most powerful men in the eastern Dark Lands. Then one day he set fire to his father's pet **Moog**. After that it was thought boarding school was the best place for him (a viewpoint not eventually shared by the school which Vincent burned to the ground six months later).

Below: Cute as a button and soft to squeeze, but if you betray her affections, Valerie will leave you in stitches!



Finally, what was though to be an ideal solution was proposed: Vinnie would be granted the residence and lands of his grandfather, **Baron Corman**, long since dead from some terrible plague which wiped most of the northern upland population decades ago.

Vinnie seized on the opportunity to finally be his own master, away from the wrath of his parents. After a bit of research he discovered that old granddad was a bit of a sorcerer; he'd even won one or two duels in his day. The potential of discovering the secret to his grandfather's magic was more than enough to prompt him to leave **Castle William**, where he was raised and move, along with his retinue, to the **Poe Mountains**, which surrounded and sheltered his new abode.

When he first arrived the place looked a bit doubtful. Cobwebs covered all, and the main ballroom was knee deep in skeletons in fancy dress. However, after a bit of spring cleaning, an airing out, and a spot of paint, the old place was as good as new.

Eventually his father, the Duke, was killed in an accident while being shown the operation of a new torture device, and Vincent became the head of the family. This initiated a new sense of purpose into the activities of Uncle Vinnie (as he likes to be called by his devotees); he now had the resources to consider great strategies and plans of expansion. Thus he raised an army and proceeded to conquer most of the valuable territory of the northeastern Dark Lands, renaming it **Vinnieland**. This process continues today.

Possessions: Uncle Vinnie holds court at **Castle Corman** in the **Poe Mountains**. Occasionally he visits his mother and siblings in the **County of Usher** at **Castle William**. Many other counties and boroughs in the region now claimed as Vinnieland have been conquered and though nominally independent, pay annual homage to his estate. Uncle Vinnie of course, wants more.

Current Situation: Having felt that he's done his bit to inspire the troops, Uncle Vinnie has taken a breather from the front lines, leaving the crude task of bashing heads to those who prefer the active, outdoors life. As far as he is concerned, now that many of the finer things in life are his, he doesn't see why he shouldn't damn well enjoy them. After all, if well organized, you can prey upon the meek just as easily from indoors, sitting in a favorite chair, toasty warm in front of a big fire, with a glass of good port and a selection of fine cheeses. Today, Vinnie sees himself as an aristocratic landowner, and patron of the arts. Of course, 'art' to Uncle Vinnie is more of the 'tortured performance' sort. Still, he is a enthusiastic audience.

It's not that he *enjoys* the pain of others — well all right, just a bit — it's just that they can't seem to comprehend that *their* only purpose in life is to serve *his* every whim. Uncle Vinnie's greatest whim is that one day, he will rule all the Dark Lands. Bob, of course, may eventually have something to say about this.

Staging: If you enter Vinnieland, sooner or later you're bound to run into those who either fear or serve (often both) Uncle Vinnie. Depending on how the encounter is handled, you could end up either locked-up waiting your turn for formal instruction in performance art, or on the guest list for the next fête. A third, and rather ambitious option is to attempt to rouse the downtrodden in an all-out rebellion against Castle Corman and its lord. Who knows, if you show some spunk, perhaps Vinnie himself will attend your execution?

Valerie, the Voodoo Doll

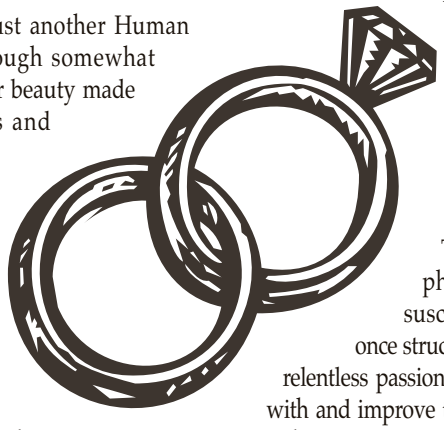
Quote:	"Sometimes ya just wanna stick it to 'em."	
Vocation:	Avenger of Broken Hearts, Relationship Counselor, Seamstress.	
Race/Gender:	Living Cloth Doll/Female (ex-Human)	
Intelligence:	11	Sensible
Willpower:	20	Determined
Charisma:	16	Appealing
Mystic:	14	Sensitive
Strength:	7	Weak
Dexterity:	13	Deft
Fitness:	9	Frail
Appearance:	19	Eye-Catching
Health Points:	8	
Height:	5'4" [1.6 m]	
Weight:	78 lbs [35 kg]	
Age:	25	
Traits:	Generous, Gullible, Incurable Romantic, Loyal, Persistent, Vengeful.	



Skills:		
Voodoo	90%	Paramount
Sewing	80%	Masterful
Relationship Counselling	70%	Expert
Romantic Courtship	60%	Adept
Romantic Objectivity	20%	Incompetent

Physical Description: From a distance Valerie looks like an attractive Human in a short burgundy dress and dark blue velvet hooded cloak lined with gold. Up close however, you begin to notice that she is made not of flesh, but of living cloth and thread. Skillfully sewn, with strawberry blonde wool hair and features embroidered on a creamy silk, she is a doll, lifesize, and quite animated.

Background: Valerie was once just another Human refugee on Murphy's World, though somewhat more attractive than the norm. Her beauty made her a curiosity in Elvish circles and eventually led to the unthinkable: a proposal from **Elvish Prince Randal**. Well it was the wedding of the millennium, everyone who was anyone was there. Unfortunately, Randy lived up to his name — Val caught him boffing a bridesmaid behind a hedge.



Well that was that. The pain of this embarrassment was too much for Valerie to live with, and since he was such a creep, she felt it only reasonable to take her unfaithful lover with her — in the most painful way possible. Drawing on the superstitions of her cultural background she carefully crafted two lifesize dolls representing herself and the Prince. Then via a midnight ritual, she focused her hatred on the dolls and proceeded to inflict a slow torturous death via twisting and the insertion of massive pins, impaling the figures together. With great effort she stuck the last pin through her own heart.

The experience didn't kill Randal, but it did knock the stuffing out of him for awhile and give him a case of prickly heat. Meanwhile, much to her surprise, Valerie awoke. Looking down on her twisted and crumpled body it quickly dawned on her that something was amiss. Somehow, her mind had been transferred into the body of the doll. In this form she could no longer feel pain. She then removed the pins which fastened her to the doll of her lover (it is said that Randal's screams could be heard in the next county…), and began anew.

Possessions: Valerie has acquired a horse and wagon, which she uses as her domicile and place of business. It contains all of the accouterments of her official vocation, seamstress, while also providing the materials necessary for her consultations with unhappy lovers. She has enough money to purchase supplies and luxuries as necessary.

Current Situation: Valerie travels from town to town, teaching her sewing skills to those she meets. Sooner or later, the subject turns to relationships. To those who have been wronged, she offers her special services (her charges altered to what the client can afford to pay). Typically, she leaves the next day. Her victims remain bedridden, moaning in agony for days, or longer.

Staging: Valerie can be encountered in a number of ways. A Character may be referred to her to obtain sewing lessons, or to receive relationship counselling and 'assistance'.

Alternatively, a male Character who flirts with her or performs an act of unexpected kindness risks having her fall immediately and deeply in love with him. Though she can no longer feel physical pain, Valerie is overly susceptible to cupid's arrows. And once struck, she pursues her new love with relentless passion, doing everything she can to be with and improve the lot of her love — whether he wants her attentions or not. The only way to cease her persistent affections is for the one she has chosen to give his affections to another. This, of course will gain her attentions of another kind, and unless she is somehow stopped, the Character will likely spend an evening, and the next few days in a very unhappy condition.

Adventure Idea

Valerie the Voodoo Doll

Be My Valentine

Valerie has just completed a stint in a town that the Characters are heading towards. Having determined the source of the attacks on several of the men of the town, some of their friends are in the process of trying to get their hands on Valerie to end her sorcerous practices. The Characters, just outside of town traveling along a dirt road, will see up ahead a what appears to be a defenseless woman being accosted by a mob of angry men. Who could resist such an opportunity to display their machismo? The locals, not warriors by any means, are easily frightened off, and Valerie will look upon the most 'manly' of her rescuers as her new 'true love'. Of course the heroic target of this affection will not get a decent glimpse of her until after the attackers have been chased off and Val has collapsed into his arms, hood effectively concealing her red hair and silky skin.

Potential outcomes:
a) the Character returns Valerie's affection and acquires a devoted (and easily repaired) lover;
b) the Character rejects Valerie's affections and thus becomes a target for her scorn (and inevitable punishments);
c) the Character plays it cool and tries to work something out, hoping that she will eventually lose interest in him and fall for another (it could happen…).

Adventure Idea

The Old Timers

Band on the Run

A POPULAR Beatnik Brownie band, Claws, has been kidnapped and impersonated by a group of Dæmons working for a cult who want to bring one of the Old Timers back to teach everyone a lesson in good manners and conservatism. In the lyrics of the band's 'new songs' are the phrases necessary to open the Gate for the Old Timer; however, the summoning requires a large assemblage of devoted 'worshippers' to provide the necessary psychic energy to bridge the void. The cult's plan is to have the monstrosity appear during an upcoming live performance. The Old Timer can then snack upon the fans as a sacrifice.

The PCs are contacted by the band's former manager — a real creep that nobody else will have anything to do with — who suspects that something is wrong and solicits their help to determine if all is well with the band (he actually cares about them — plus he had an affair with the keyboard player, the lead singer's girlfriend).

Potential outcomes:
a) discover the location of the real band and rescue them (a groupie has discovered this information but nobody will listen to her); **b)** before the concert summoning, replace the Dæmon phony band members with either the real band members or other look-alikes who will not sing the summoning songs; **c)** get as far away from the concert as possible before all hell breaks loose.

The Old Timers

The Old Timers are not so much a race, but rather a term describing an assortment of incomprehensible beings with vast powers and inhuman desires (think of federal politicians). If it's big, ugly, with a mean disposition, and certain to take thousands of tax dollars to get rid of, then it's probably an Old Timer. It is said that a millennia ago, give or take a Thursday, most, if not all, were driven from the face of Færie by powerful forces about which little is presently known.

At least that's the official story. Some postulate that these cosmic interventionists were the benevolent and immortal **'Elder Dudes'**, arch rivals of the Old Timers (though no less unfathomable to mortals). Others suggest that the Old Timers simply misread their horoscopes and left when they though the world was going to be destroyed by a huge ball of ice-cream hurtling through space. A few whisper that the true reason was that they felt unappreciated, and left after being snubbed at restaurants and public events.

Regardless, the Old Timers are typically mad, bad, and visually not the kind of beings you would want to bring home to meet your parents. Their even madder minions proclaim that the Old Timers now want to reclaim their previously vacated real estate. Furthermore they want to devour its current inhabitants, or enslave them, or do something which their followers and all the archaic tomes lying about in dank dusty crypts always seem to have trouble articulating. Anyway, it's sure to be unpleasant.

You Gotta Serve Somebody

You might wonder why someone would try to open a Gateway permitting even one of these horrible beings to gain any sort of landed status knowing that the Old Timers intend to wreak havoc on the population, which of course sooner or later must include the person who let them in. A simple answer — the sponsors are *insane*. No kidding. It happens.

Spend too much time traipsing around graveyards and tombs, pondering over old tomes, breathing in dust, you're bound to catch something. Furthermore, the supernatural information contained in the ancient books, and especially the pictures, are rumored to have the capacity to drive people bonkers. Naturally, the sponsors consume these volumes like trashy pulp romances. Plus, if you're unlucky enough to bump into one of the Old Timers or their progeny, well… it's the happy house for sure.

A few, it is said, are better at accepting the *truth* than others. Some get better with time. Others don't. They live out their days as babbling idiots in padded rooms, at least until an Old Timer or one of their servants comes for them. Those whose minds do heal often feel compelled to devote their lives to stopping the insane servants of the Old Timers from opening a Gateway and initiating a planet-sized dinner party.

If a Character encounters a description or illustrated reference (GM Discretion) to an Old Timer or Elder Dude, they must make a **WIL Roll**. Failure will result in the Character going temporarily ***insane***. Each player may offer a recommendation for the insane reaction; the GM will impose the one most *appropriate* to the circumstances. The greater the extent the WIL Roll was failed by, the greater *intensity* and *duration* of the reaction. Thus, if your **WIL Roll fails by: ≤10 = 1d10 seconds, 11–20 = 1d10 minutes, 21–30 = 1d10 hours, 31–40 = 1d10 days, 41–50 = 1d10 months, >50 = 1d10 years.**

If a Character encounters an Old Timer or Elder Dude *in the flesh*, in addition to their requiring to make a **WIL Roll** as described above to see if they can maintain their sanity, they will have to make an additional **WIL Roll** to see if they don't immediately become a **servant** of the being they've encountered (and it's master(s) if any). Upon becoming a servant of these cosmic creepies, the Character will immediately *lose* **1 Willpower Point** (adjust affected BAVs) and acquire **1 neurosis** permanently.

If a servant Character is *knocked unconscious* (**HP = 0**), upon awakening they are required to make a new **WIL Roll** to see whether they have regained their sanity and self-control. If they fail, they remain as they were prior to being knocked-out. It is possible for a Character to simultaneously serve *several* Old Timers or Elder Dudes.

Combating the Old Timers + Their Servants

Since the Old Timers are alien, and not subject to thought processes that most mortals deem rational, they are not affected by the symbols and talismans to which many mortals attribute supernatural power: crosses, mezuzahs, and sacred heads of lettuce named Ralph will *not* ward them off. However, such items *may* cause their servants to keel over with laughter.

The successful strategy in combating this otherworld menace requires subtle detective work, infiltration into cult groups and the discovery of dark doings, then swift action to foil the plans of the fanatics at the last minute. Failing that, drink copious amounts of alcohol, hang out in grim and dingy places, and attack the monsters or their servants on sight. However, make sure you're armed with something more than conventional firepower — while the servants typically make familiar gurgling chokes when snuffed, any attempts to defeat their masters in fisticuffs or thumb wrestling (especially difficult with those lacking digits) will end in tragedy. One final note, if you succeed, make sure none of the mortal bad guys are around to gripe, otherwise you'll have to watch your back for a very long time.

A few sample Old Timers are provided below. Feel free to invent as many more as you desire. Just make them foul, freaky, and formidable.

Caffiend

Quote:	"…I love the java jug and it loves me…"		
Vocation:	Parasitic alien Organism, Object of Worship		
Race/Gender:	Old Timer/Alien, Asexual		
Intelligence:	19	Cunning	
Willpower:	16	Willful	
Charisma:	12	Engaging	
Mystic:	16	Perceptive	
Strength:	1	Feeble	
Dexterity:	95	Contortionist	
Fitness:	40	Dynamic	
Appearance:	8	Homely	
Health Points:	37		
Height:	Nil; spreads out to cover surfaces.		
Weight:	Varies with quantity assembled		
Age:	Old on a cosmic scale.		
Traits:	Fluid, dark, aromatic, staining, expansionist		
Skills:	Stimulate Activity	90%	Paramount
	Occupy Host	80%	Masterful
	Command Host	70%	Masterful
	Attack by Drowning	60%	Adept

Physical Description: A dark umber mass of viscous, steamy, bubbling ooze, the Caffiend is one of the most pervasive, aggressive, and insidious of the Old Timers.

More than a single entity, the Caffiend is actually a living colony of sentient psionically linked organisms. One member or part of the colony may be destroyed through excessive heat and evaporation, or made dormant through freezing, but extinguishing the whole is practically impossible. It always seems to leave a slimy brown residue behind — the Caffiend is a survivor.

The Caffiend can lie dormant for years in a 'cocoon' form, expurgating its moisture and dividing itself into an assortment of small brown spores with hard, protective outer shells. These spores are often mistaken for plant seeds or beans and consumed by beings ignorant of the true nature of their sustenance.

If a spore is assaulted and reduced to a grainy powder, it will still be able to reconstitute if rehydrated through direct exposure to a liquid. Though spores may become separated and distributed across a wide area, each maintains its psychic connection to the larger colony.

Though it can move voluntarily, sloshing across surfaces through the expansion and contraction of minute pseudopod extensions of its central mass, such locomotion is an effort. Its preferred method of mobility is to enter the body of a living organism and then further spread itself through physical contact. The more sentient and mobile the creature the better. It sustains itself on caffeine, ingested in any way possible; it uses its host to acquire substances containing this chemical in ever increasing quantities.

Urged on by the Caffiend, the host continually seeks to consume more liquids and foods containing the prescribed substance. After the initial ingestion, the Character will experience a feeling of **euphoria** and **exhilaration**. This gradually wears off within an hour and as the Character becomes progressively dehydrated (as the Old Timer feeds). They begin to **seek less sleep** displaying signs of **edginess**, **anxiety**, and **excitability**, becoming **easily distracted**, while experiencing **shaking**, **headaches**, and **sore eyes** and **limbs**. Eventually they suffer **depression**, **irritability**, **aggression**, **paranoia** (not that there isn't anything to be paranoid about…), **hallucinations**, and **psychotic outbursts**.

The Domination (WIL) Roll

Having entered a host the Caffiend immediately engages in a battle of wills in an attempt to gain control over that creature's actions. **WIL Rolls** are made by both the Character 'host' and the Caffiend and compared; the *lowest* **number rolled**, which is also **less than the Willpower Stat** being rolled against, *wins* the contest.

If the **Caffiend loses,** it is rejected, must **immediately vacate** the host's body — percolating out of every orifice into a puddle, then oozing away to a suitable sanctuary.

If the result is a **tie,** the Caffiend remains in the PC's body but **exerts no control** over their thoughts and actions.

If the **Character loses**, the Caffiend remains in their body, **exerting control** over their thoughts and actions. Commands issued may include: halting the Character from informing someone else about their condition, coming into physical contact with another so that the Caffiend may infect them (e.g., kiss), avoiding sleep, etc.

Caffiend Compulsions

After a command is issued by the Caffiend the Character is immediately granted a **WIL Roll** to attempt resistance. If the Character **succeeds**, they may immediately make a new **Domination Roll** to try and rid themselves of the Caffiend. If they **fail**, a **–10% Will Roll penalty** is immediately applied (removed after **6 hours sleep**… or **unconsciousness**), then they must perform the action desired by the Caffiend (short of suicide).

Background: Once the dominant lifeform on the tropical planet **Valdez**, the Caffiend experienced an unexpected challenge when the planet unknowingly wandered into the path of a enormous comet and was blown to bits. As the planet congealed into a molten mass, the Caffiend (who refers to itself as **Juan**), assumed cocoon form and imbedded itself in the cooling rock which was then exploded throughout the cosmos as millions of as meteoroids. Upon landing on a new world as a meteorite, and gaining exposure to a liquid, the Caffiend percolates out of its dormancy, beginning its search for sustenance.

In this way the Caffiend pursues its dark design, spreading throughout the multiverse and extending its control over all living creatures who consume it.

Adventure Idea

The Old Timers

Wake Up + Smell the Coffee

CRIME HAS BEEN INCREASING in the Elvish city of Cappuccino while something has caused the police and watchmen to become sedentary and blasé, spending most of their time in donut shops. So observed agent Mouldy to his partner Skulky of the Færie Bureau of Investigation. After a preliminary investigation the agents uncovered the existence of the alien Caffiend — originally brought into Elvish territory by an infected merchant. The two investigators have since been on the case for several years, following leads as encountered, waging war against the parasite, and helping those under its control. Many were released with assistance from three (Mad) Scientist acquaintances of Moldy's employing an experimental scientific process: decaffeination. Eventually the Caffiend was expunged from Elvish lands and traced to the Dark Lands where a meteorite impact reveals its source and the surrounding region its greatest concentration.

Upon entering the Dark Lands the agents realize that this bru-ha-ha is too massive for them to challenge alone. They need the assistance of every non-infected person they can find, regardless of their other loyalties — this is for the survival of free will and the planet! Once the terrible truth is revealed to the PCs will they assist the Elvish agents? Or will they write them off as insane?

Current Situation: The next time you take a sip from a steamy mug of coffee, or chomp on a chocolate, consider for a moment whether you do so of your own free will.

A meteorite containing the Caffiend plunged into the forested wilderness of **Vinnieland**, south of **Byssinosis**, near the village of **Lovecraft**. The impact explosion was heard across the Dark Lands while the glow from the ensuing forest fires was seen for hundreds of miles.

Thereafter the people of Lovecraft seemed somehow *transformed;* the previously indistinct, isolated village, suddenly began promoting tourism. Naturally, outsiders were curious to see the remnants of the meteorite, and the damage it had done. This brought a vast assortment of victims… er, converts into contact with the Caffiend, and allowed it to spread.

Staging: In the dog-eat-rat-eat-corpse-eat-brain world of modern living, many of the "symptoms" of Caffiend infection are often deemed *desirable,* or at least "normal." This makes detection that much harder. The only certain way to tell if a person has been infected by the Caffiend is that their ***eyes turn dark brown*** (admittedly if their eyes were already brown this doesn't offer much help). Other signs are less certain: a ***sudden weight gain,*** an unusually high ***craving for junk food,*** and a preference for taking their ***coffee black***…

Hosts of the Caffiend are driven to seek out a steady intake of coffee, tea, chocolate, cola, and whatever other caffeine sources they can obtain. Many spend their days lurking in cafés, up-market dessert restaurants, tea houses, and all-night donut shops. This has resulted in Caffiend infection of the police forces and youths of several large cities from the Dark Lands west to Lyonesse.

The Caffiend's infected minions, have begun opening their own caffeinated establishments, throughout southern Vinnieland, using them as congregation centers and 'temples'. This permits a direct access to the Caffiend's required sustenance without excessive scrutiny from outsiders. There are even plans for a chocolate factory. Periodic gatherings are held at these sites to indoctrinate new members, allow physical communications between Caffiend infected hosts, permit the Caffiend to exchange hosts, and to pursue operations requiring collective participation. Some hosts have come to accept the parasite as desirable and even necessary.

The spread of the Caffiend continues. Not so fast as to draw unwanted attention, but rapid enough to be considered an epidemic — were anyone taking notice.

Bossy H'Olstein

QUOTE:	"Mmmooooooooooo!"				
VOCATION:	Consumer of the Multiverse, Object of Worship				
RACE/GENDER:	Old Timer/Alien, Heiferian/Female				
INTELLIGENCE:	1	Gormless	**STRENGTH:**	17	Brawny
WILLPOWER:	2	Mindless	**DEXTERITY:**	6	Clumsy
CHARISMA:	1	Loathsome	**FITNESS:**	95	Deity-Like
MYSTIC:	8	Undiscerning	**APPEARANCE:**	1	Disgusting
HEALTH POINTS:	155		**AGE:**	Old. Very, very old.	
HEIGHT:	30' [9 m]		**WEIGHT:**	12,000 lbs [5,443 kg]	
TRAITS:	Docile, Easily Excited, Hungry, Slow Moving, Slow Thinking..				
SKILLS:	Consuming the Multiverse			90%	Paramount
	Milk Production			80%	Masterful
	Inspire Followers			70%	Expert
	Teleportation			50%	Proficient

Physical Description: Known as the 'Friesian with a Thousand Udders', this female Old Timer resides in a vast milky lake on the planet **Heifer**, orbiting a white dwarf star in the constellation of **Jersey**. She is described by those who have lived to tell (keeping in mind that most were insane) as a mindless, hairy, blotchy, black and white, immense swirling mass, containing a mouth that chews incessantly. Her body is encircled by a multitude of cow bells and a rotating garland of daisies. From below droops a bulging udder which the source of a variety of mystical dairy products, including **Milky Whey**, **Milk of Magnesia**, and **Cheese Wiz**.

Background: Eons before mortals had even heard of cocoa mix, when the multiverse exhibited a more pastoral nature, Bossy H'Olstein grazed away at the fabric of reality, chewing up existence as cud, and trying to keep everything down in one of her four stomachs. One day she chomped on something that simply would not masticate and upchucked the whole shebang (an event astronomers later referred to as the *Big Shebang*). Gazing at the unappetizing mess suddenly nullified her appetite. Thus she retired to a cozy corner of the multiverse and took a nap. Of course mortals, being who they are, somehow found out about Bossy, woke her up, offered their worship, and started her eating again.

Current Situation: Bossy H'Olstein is recognized as the symbol of *fertility* and *motherdom* by her worshippers (who possess some rather warped views of maternalism). She can be summoned from her distant abode via appropriate spells. This is done so that she can be 'milked' of her mind-numbing fluids, used to perpetuate her cult on the Material Plane. Her worshippers and servants, the **Milk Mates**, continually crave her favor and her liquid rewards (typically taken warm, just before going to bed).

When ingested, her milk causes a ***loss of self-control***; if the drinker fails a **WIL Roll**, they become an

Adventure Idea

The Old Timers

Friesian Freak-Out

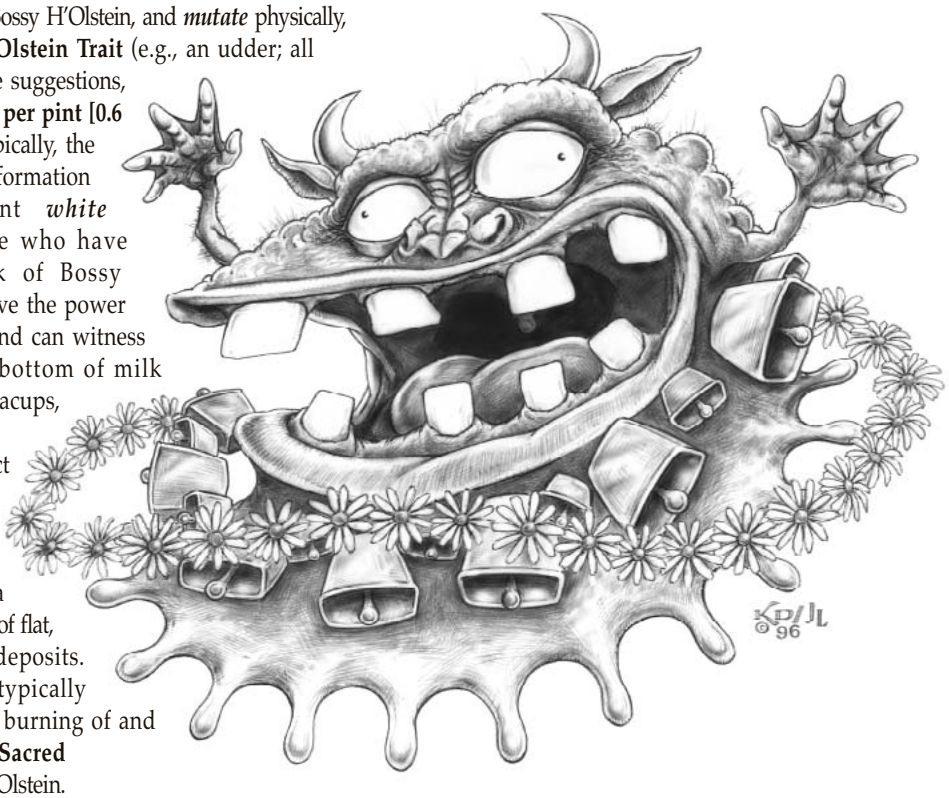
THE PCS ENCOUNTER a group of brave but lactose-intolerant monster hunters who have discovered the location of a cult intent on summoning the dreaded Friesian. Unfortunately, Bossy has already been summoned. Due to the copious reality devouring that has occurred and the Methane of Madness collecting in the area, as the party gets closer, things get weirder.

Potential outcomes:
a) the PCs find a way to feed Bossy something she just can't chew — the Friesian then retires to a more a more masticatable corner of the multiverse;
b) the PCs try to 'kill' the cow, thus causing it to leave this plane and return to **Heifer**;
c) the PCs are fed Bossy's milk and become **Milk Mates**, charged with spreading the cult to other regions of Murphy's World….

insane **servant** of Bossy H'Olstein, and ***mutate*** physically, acquiring one **H'Olstein Trait** (e.g., an udder; all players may make suggestions, GM has final say) **per pint [0.6 liters]** drunk. Typically, the first sign of transformation is a permanent ***white mustache***. Those who have drunk the milk of Bossy H'Olstein also have the power of **Udder Truth** and can witness ***portents*** in the bottom of milk bowls, buckets, teacups, and coffee mugs.

You can detect the site of a summoning by the total lack of grass in the area and an assortment of flat, brown residual deposits. Invocation rites typically involve the mass burning of and stomping on the **Sacred Spoor** of Bossy H'Olstein. The aroma from the Sacred Spoor, the **Methane of Madness**, collects in the area providing an ***ecstatic*** feeling (and **1d6** of healing HP) to Milk Mates while causing all others to ***retch*** then ***hallucinate*** their ***worst fear*** (**WIL Roll** to resist).

Motivated only by an unslackable hunger, Bossy H'Olstein desires nothing more than to graze Murphy's World, and the rest of the multiverse for that matter, right off the map. The result of her grazing is that nothing remains but an inky vacuum and an ever-increasing warping of reality. Thus whole communities, scenic vistas, and fast-food restaurants can be devoured and erased from existence.



LEFT: After a summoning, cultists of Bossy H'Olstein can typically be seen cavorting madly around the bloated form of the Great Cow Mother — until the time comes when she masticates them into oblivion.

Fajita-Nacho

QUOTE:	"Burn, baby, burn…"				
VOCATION:	Entrepreneur, President of Olé Frijoles Restaurants, Object of Worship				
RACE/GENDER:	Old Timer/Alien, Salsarian/Male (?!!)				
INTELLIGENCE:	19	Cunning	**STRENGTH:**	15	Burly
WILLPOWER:	65	Relentless	**DEXTERITY:**	1	Inept
CHARISMA:	5	Nauseating	**FITNESS:**	95	Deity-Like
MYSTIC:	35	Erudite	**APPEARANCE:**	5	Repulsive
HEALTH POINTS:	170		**AGE:**	Old. Very, very old.	
WIDTH:	20' [6 m]		**WEIGHT:**	15,000 lbs [6,804 kg]	
TRAITS:	Delights in Pain… Others, Hot Tempered, Scheming, Slow Moving, Sleepy.				
SKILLS:	Scheming			90%	Paramount
	Inspire & Command Followers			80%	Masterful
	Manage Restaurant Chain			70%	Expert
	Teleportation			60%	Adept

Staging: Bossy H'Olstein is only likely to be encountered if summoned, or if you suffer a spaceship crash very far away from home. Luckily, when summoned, she is ***slow moving*** and rather ***docile***, therefore easy to destroy (which in fact only sends her back to Heifer — still, better there than here!). Her Milk Mates direct her to some secret and secure spot where she can devour the fabric of reality without attracting too much attention, while providing mystic milk to her worshippers.

Physical Description: The embodiment of stomach upset, this Old Timer takes the form of a massive conglomeration of sentient guacamole, refried beans, hot peppers and salsa, with extra cheese; the quavering form is covered by an enormous wool poncho and sombrero. In ancient records scattered across the southern Dark Lands, Fajita-Nacho has been described by a variety of names including: **'The Unquenchable Fire', 'The Great Masochistic One',** and **'The Salsa Spawn'**.

Background: Sunburned scholars hypothesize that thousands of years ago, Fajita-Nacho was inadvertently summoned to Murphy's World when an unsuspecting

Adventure Idea

The Old Timers

Franchise Fanatics

THE CHARACTERS have somehow acquired some coupons entitling them to a 'buy one get one free' dinner at an Olé Frijoles family restaurant. Upon arriving it seems that the manager is looking for enterprising individuals to open new franchises. Everything is provided, including training and a temporary staff, loaned from another nearby site; all you need provide is a desire to excel and a willingness to have your life change for the better. Once things are rolling, all the Characters need to do is sit back and watch the cash roll in. You know what they say about offers that sound too good to be true?!!

Potential outcomes:
a) the Characters dine and succumb to the **Dread Trots**, possibly becoming servants of the **Salsa Spawn**;
b) the Characters avoid dining but attend a franchise seminar and use the information gleaned to prepare a plan to destroy the cult;
c) the Characters try to discover the location of Fajita-Nacho and destroy him by freezing him then breaking up the remains and tossing them into the magma of a volcano (while avoiding pursuing fanatics, of course…).

Adventure Idea

The Old Timers

Trip Trick

AT THE SUGGESTION OF a captured explorer, an act of desperation more than anything else, Haggis has arranged for a series of advertisements to be placed with the news sheets and criers of the main towns and villages of the Dark Lands. The ads state that **domestic help** is required for a scientific institute in the rugged heartland of the Chaney Commonwealth, with an **all expenses paid trip to a warmer setting** to follow. "Payment is generous and reflects experience." Of course the ad will draw all sorts of down and out types, just as intended — the Characters among them. As they get closer to their destination, the details of the ad are embellished by their (equally ignorant) fellow travelers until the offer seems absolutely fabulous.

Potential outcomes:
a) the **Woads** resent the sudden appearance of so many strangers in their territory and try to drive them out (if they discover that Haggis is to be moved south, they will go ballistic);
b) the Characters enter the snow-covered lair of the Old Timer, but fail to notice Haggis and must decide what to do with the apparently empty technological complex they find themselves in;
c) the Characters make contact with Haggis and agree to take him south — how do they do it? In return he'll offer to share his technocratic expertise.

Elvish chef experimented with recipes found in an old Mexican cookbook. What began as a benevolent burrito and tortilla buffet ended in the defiling of a large area of verdant countryside. Those unfortunates who consumed the foul feast were transformed into **'Quesadilla Monsters'** — soulless slaves in the service of the Salsa Spawn.

Fajita-Nacho and his Quesadilla Monsters took up residence in the south-western Dark Lands, on the shores of the **Sangria Sea**. Here, existing on a diet consisting solely of red beans and sour cream, they learned what they must do to fulfill their master's plan: ooze across the Dark Lands like spilled guacamole dip, establishing inexpensive cantina-style fast-food restaurant-temples, and inviting strangers to sample the burning delights of Fajita-Nacho. In times of crisis these would provide the means to summon and protect the faithful via their tall bell-towers and secret underground chambers. Eventually all mortals would serve The Salsa Spawn! Then, as Quesadilla Monsters, they'll seek out the Elder Dudes, serving as the vanguard in the final fiery cosmic showdown.

Unfortunately, before everything could be finalized, Fajita-Nacho burped, and a volcano arose from the seabed and transformed the entire area into a desert. Most of the Quesadilla Monsters were buried under boiling magma. Only a few survived to take up the cause and put the dark designs into motion.

Current Situation: Today **Olé Frijoles** fast-food restaurants are popping up throughout **Leeland**, **Agnosia**, and in the coastal resort towns of the **Vitriolic Sea**. No one is certain exactly where Fajita-Nacho lurks today. Many suggest he spends his time in prolonged siestas, from which nobody dares awaken him. Some claim to have seen him in the washrooms or dining area of an Olé Frijoles. Others say that those are doubles, and the *real* Fajita-Nacho is a recluse who rarely leaves the penthouse of the **Tequila Towers**, the corporate headquarters of Olé Frijoles in **Arriba**, except to engage in a hostile takeover.

Staging: Olé Frijoles restaurants are best avoided, unless you're keen on destroying a cult of fanatics who worship a giant sleeping mound of nachos dripping extra cheese. Those unfortunates who partake of the appetizing delights at an Olé Frijoles establishment must make a **FIT Roll**; failure results in an instant succumbing to the ***bane of Fajita-Nacho***, also know as the **Dread Trots** or the **Southern Skip**.

After a period of **1d10** embarrassing and dehydrating hours, a **WIL Roll** is made. Success results in ***no further effect***; failure will result in the Character becoming a **servant of the Salsa Spawn** — their ***skin becoming deep red***, while their innards suffer the **Eternal Burn** — a sensation not unlike swallowing hot coals which causes the victim to continually ***perspire*** buckets and require a steady supply of fluids to compensate. If a person so afflicted does not receive at least **8 ounces of liquid each hour**, they will begin to ***combust*** from the inside out. Each day that a Character remains a servant they will acquire one **Quesadilla Monster transformation** (e.g., begin oozing hot sauce, etc.).

Additionally, after successfully making a **WIL Roll**, the PC may touch another item (or being) and inflict **1d10 HP** of ***burn damage*** for each personal HP temporally expended.

A Character will remain a servant of the Salsa Spawn until they are able to regain their self-control (a new **WIL Roll** is granted after a mental shock: e.g., a stunning blow to the head, or if they can be made to recall themself as normal). Any acquired physical transformations will remain unless Fajita-Nacho can be defeated and banished from the Material Plane, or until some supernatural means can be found to cure them.

Haggis, the Unnoticed

QUOTE:	"… … " (The strong, silent type.)				
VOCATION:	Stranded Alien Starship Pilot, Object of Worship				
RACE/GENDER:	Old Timer/Alien Technocrat, Albainnian/Male (?)				
INTELLIGENCE:	15	Bright	Strength:	12	Stalwart
WILLPOWER:	17	Confident	Dexterity:	8	Awkward
CHARISMA:	12	Engaging	Fitness:	15	Sturdy
MYSTIC:	25	Illuminated	Appearance:	1	Disgusting
HEALTH POINTS:	175		Age:	Very, very old.	
HEIGHT:	12' [3.7 m]		Weight:	3,000 lbs [1,361 kg]	
TRAITS:	Authoritarian, Cold Vulnerability, Cranky, Depressed, Lonely, Loyal to Friends.				
SKILLS:	Supernatural Command		90%	Paramount	
	Starship Piloting		80%	Masterful	
	Technocratic Knowledge		40%	Capable	
	Mechanical Engineering		20%	Incompetent	

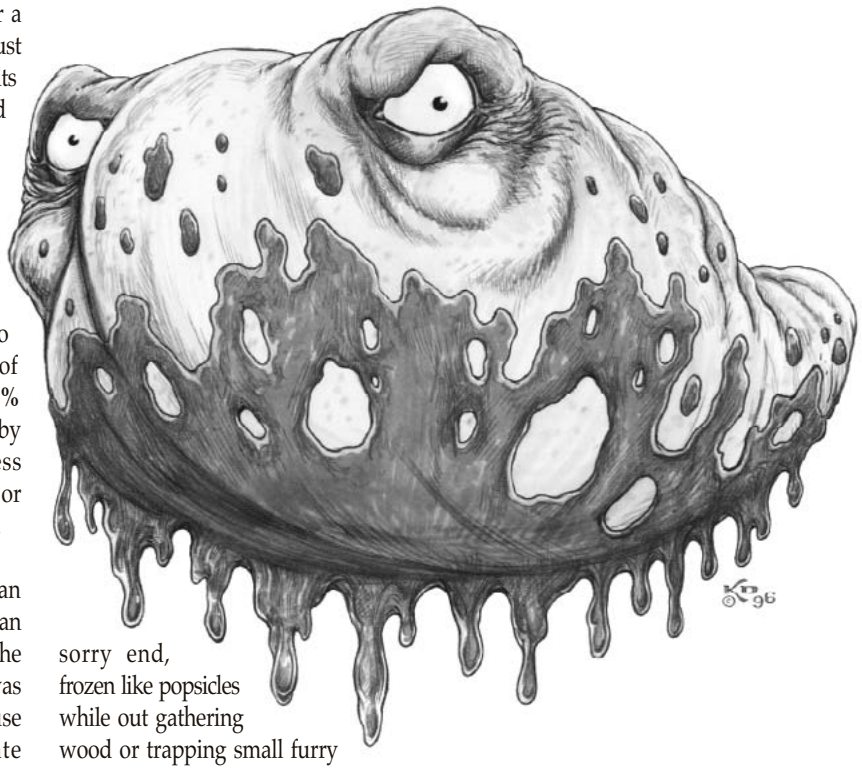
Physical Description: Much to his chagrin, Haggis attracts little interest from anyone. In fact, he's typically ignored. Even after announcing himself, and preparing a grand entrance, everyone is usually looking elsewhere or is somehow preoccupied. His less than appetizing appearance doesn't help much — a gigantic floating sheep's stomach leaking oatmeal, suet, and tripe wherever he goes.

Still, Haggis has one thing that he's very proud of: he can place a ***Command*** into the mind of a Character within **100' [30.5 m]** if they fail a **WIL Roll**; success results in no effect.

If a PC encounters Haggis, or one of his race, they must make a **WIL Roll**: success results in their *seeing him*; failure results in *something else catching their attention* a moment

before they would have noticed Haggis. If Haggis or a member of his alien race is actually seen, the viewer must make a **FIT Roll**: success results in no effect; failure results in the immediate ***upchuck*** of the most recent meal and the complete ***loss of appetite*** for the next **2d10 hours**.

Having made *eye-contact* with a Character, Haggis can attempt to transform them into one of his '**Sheep**'. If they fail a **WIL Roll**, the Character must serve Haggis until they're able to regain their self-control (a new WIL Roll is granted after a *mental shock*: e.g., a stunning blow to the head, or if they can be made to recall their 'normal' self). As a result of their loss of will, the serving Character will ***lose all appetite*** (**+10%** chance to pass out per day), and will ***not be noticed*** by others (thus Sheep are effectively *invisible*), unless some action is taken to attract attention to themself, or the observing Character makes a successful **WIL Roll**.



Above: Gazing upon the hulking and quivering form of Haggis is considered to be one of the most terrifying things in the multiverse. Thus it's a happy thing that most folks rarely notice the Old Timer, even when standing adjacent to him.

Background: Rumored to be the father and god of an alien race, records of Haggis were first unearthed in an ancient complex of tunnels beneath the icy waste of the **Chaney Commonwealth**. The work, unfortunately, was not completed (it is uncertain whether this is because the archaeologists ran afoul of some unfortunate accident or whether they simply lost interest). Thus, nobody really knows how powerful Haggis is, precisely where he lurks, or exactly what he or the other members of his lost race are up to. Few, it seems, lose sleep over it.

In ancient times the sun illuminated the north and the region was not so cold. Haggis and his people were spacefaring Technocrats marooned on Færie. Though the higher gravity of Færie made their native mode of movement, ***flying,*** more exhausting than on their rocky homeworld **Albainn**, over time they built a great civilization in the trench and area surrounding the original crash site.

However, when the sun was obscured by Ben (the moon), the temperature fell, and Haggis and his kin began to freeze. Gradually, everyone went into *hibernation* leaving only Haggis conscious (he lost every toss), in the hope that eventually someone might come along who could help warm the place up, or move them to a warmer clime.

When the last great conflict drove the other Old Timers off Færie, it seems that Haggis and his hibernating kin were overlooked — probably because they slept right through it. Haggis has spent the last millennia cold and soggy trying to gather assistance from whoever happens along to implement his plans for global warming.

Current Situation: Haggis has employed a bit of mind control on the mostly mindless savages wandering the hills. These wild-eyed, blue-skinned, long-haired lunatics call themselves **Woads**. They live in the cool northern highlands in drafty hovels of earth and stone, or occasionally, the ancient underground complexes originally occupied by the Haggis race. However, since they have a habit of prancing about in nothing but cotton shirts, long socks, and wool skirts with no underpants, each year a few more meet a sorry end, frozen like popsicles while out gathering wood or trapping small furry animals. Still, a few yet remain, and most are now **Sheep** in the service of Haggis. Unfortunately, their thick skulls, lack of technological learning, and tendency to attack each other at the slightest misunderstanding or provocation make them incapable of being much use for any extended period of time. However, Haggis has been able to teach them how to make a wicked single malt scotch.

Staging: Haggis and his kin remain deep within their subterranean complex beneath the northern wastes. Parts of this habitat still have power and heat, although due to the frequent freezing of the pipes, water is intermittent.

Haggis' new strategy is to employ the local primitives in an effort to bring him any being of superior intelligence who happens to be in the vicinity — *before* they kill them.

Being effectively ***invisible,*** the first task of the Woads upon encountering a foreigner is to get their attention. If they can't readily accomplish this, they'll simply make noises and throw rocks in an effort to herd them toward the tunnels and the weird and wonderful artifacts buried beneath the tundra… and Haggis. If the foreigners put up too much of a fuss, and won't enter the tunnels, the Woads will try to capture them and serve them for supper.

When encountered, Haggis will put on a formal display of his superiority to impress the visitor(s) and get them to do his bidding. Failing that, he'll employ mind control or simply threaten them with being devoured by his frostbitten servants. Should a Character encounter Haggis, maintain their willpower, and offer what appears to be their sincere *interest*, or better yet, *admiration*, they'll have gained a friend for life… however brief that life may be.

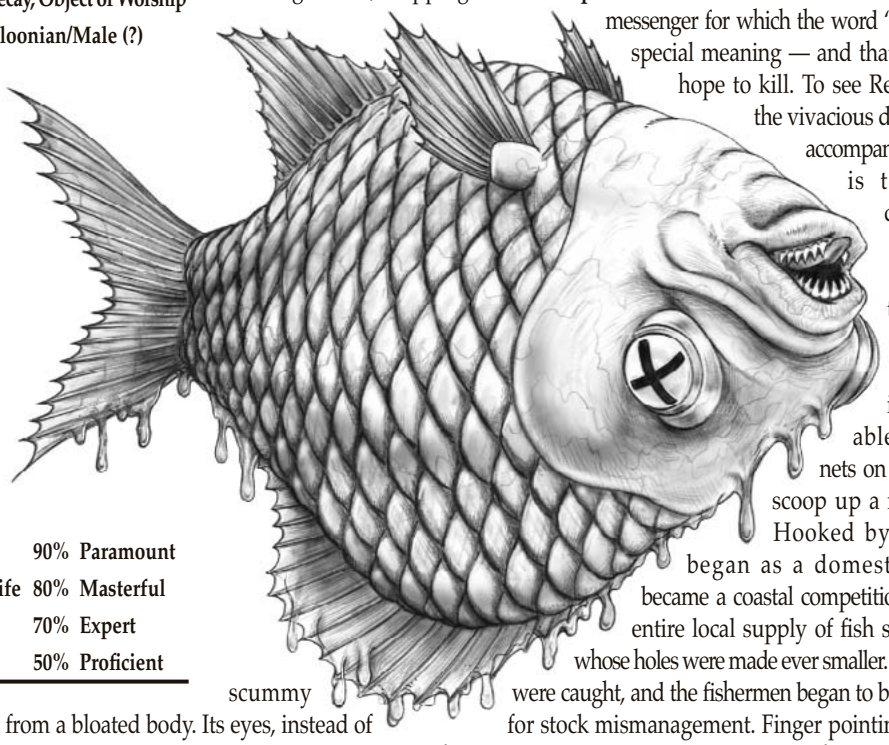
Gamemaster Tip

Paranoia

To increase your players' paranoia, ask them periodically "Where *exactly* is your Character standing?" or suddenly look at them and ask "What are you doing *right now?*" This should initially keep them on edge and alert, but over time they may begin to relax and drop their guard — that's when you hit them with a *real* threat.

Reeky

QUOTE:	"All right… who peed in the pool?"	
VOCATION:	Harbinger of Death & Decay, Object of Worship	
RACE/GENDER:	Old Timer/Alien, Babaloonian/Male (?)	
INTELLIGENCE:	17	Savvy
WILLPOWER:	6	Impressionable
CHARISMA:	9	Annoying
MYSTIC:	50	Transcendental
STRENGTH:	10	Adequate
DEXTERITY:	4	Klutzy
FITNESS:	12	Hale
APPEARANCE:	5	Repulsive
HEALTH POINTS:	37	
HEIGHT:	13' [3.9 m]	
WEIGHT:	5,000 lbs [2,268 kg]	
AGE:	Very, very old.	
TRAITS:	Smelly, Scheming	
SKILLS:	Pollute Water	90% Paramount
	Cause Death: Marine Life	80% Masterful
	Teleportation	70% Expert
	Sense of Rhythm	50% Proficient



Physical Description: This Old Timer takes the form of a huge, dead, upside down goldfish, dripping scummy water from a bloated body. Its eyes, instead of a pupil, feature an 'X'. His most noticeable quality is his smell, encountered long before he can be seen.

If someone is exposed to Reeky's stench, a **WIL Roll** must be made: success results in no effect; failure results in the Character becoming a **Reeky Recruit**, devoted to the cause of bringing about the death and decay of everything in the multiverse. Such recruits take a new name for themselves: the males all call themselves **'Fred'** while the women answer to **'Ethel'**. Immediately thereafter, and on each occasion that the recruit sniffs the stench of his or her master, the player makes a **FIT Roll** for the Character; success results in no effect; failure results in the Character acquiring one **Reeky Trait** (e.g., fish scales; all players may make suggestions, GM has final say).

Also, anyone who ***drinks from the water that drips from Reeky's body*** risks death. A **FIT Roll** must be made for the Character: failure results in a quick but foul ***death*** from drinking something akin to raw sewage; success results in the Character being granted one ***portent*** of the probable moment of the death of a person of their choosing, or the ability to ***revive from death*** a person of their choosing (i.e., with the invocation of this power any Character **≤1 hour dead** will instantly be granted **1 HP** and ***awaken.*** However, they will regain consciousness with a vague and somewhat terrifying recollection from the moment of their death of a pair of large flashing eyes, a mass of red hair, huge red lips, with a voice incessantly whining…).

Reeky's powers include ***teleportation***, the talent to ***cause all marine life within a* 1 mile [1.6 km]** ***radius to die***, and a winning smile with which to inspire followers.

Background: Though his precise origin is unclear, Reeky is the harbinger of death and decay, serving as the messenger of the Old Timers. In this guise he is sometimes known as the **Dispatcher** or the **Deadletter Carrier**. This is one messenger for which the word 'post' has a very special meaning — and that few have any hope to kill. To see Reeky or to hear the vivacious drumbeats which accompany his presence, is to know that death is but one 'oops' away.

In ancient times, fishermen paid homage to Reeky and in return were able to cast their nets on the waters and scoop up a massive catch. Hooked by greed, what began as a domestic boon soon became a coastal competition to secure the entire local supply of fish stocks with nets whose holes were made ever smaller. Soon all the fish were caught, and the fishermen began to blame each other for stock mismanagement. Finger pointing erupted into warfare, and enemies were caught and sunk at sea in weighted nets. Reeky simply smiled, as only a dead fish can.

Current Situation: Reeky's natural habitat is the planet, **Babaloo**, in an out-of-the-way corner of the multiverse which serves as the water treatment processing center for everywhere. Babaloo is a planet made up almost entirely of water, and its turbulent weather patterns and small rocky land masses make for an effective water filter. Once a quantity of water has become so foul that few would even recognize it as such, somehow it winds up on Babaloo.

Staging: Though he can be encountered on his own world (due to an unlikely bit of bad luck), Reeky is more likely to be seen or smelled when summoned by his minions. A summoning can only occur with the appropriate ritual and incantations. Experience has taught his conjurers that a gigantic fishbowl should be placed inside the magic circle at the spot where Reeky is expected to appear — or you risk a *very* damp floor. The ceremony to summon Reeky must be performed on a hot summer night, to the thumping of conga and bongo drums, with the secret words uttered in rapid succession: **"Reee–Caaar–Dohh,"** followed by the name of the planet from which the Old Timer hails, and then his name. When the racket builds to a crescendo, a sacrifice must be *drowned in polluted water* (typically some poor sod who is seized while walking home from a bender). When the conjurer wishes to dismiss Reeky they must offer another sacrifice while uttering the words: **"Looo-Seee."**

Adventure Idea

The Old Timers

Something Smells Fishy

THE FISH OF A HARBOR TOWN are turning up dead. After a week, a distinct smell permeates the air, as the PCs begin to notice a several individuals with fish-like traits (e.g., gills at the neck, etc.). Can the PCs track the **Reeky Recruits** to their lair?

Potential outcomes:
a) the PCs attempt to free a captive pal; **b)** the PCs destroy Reeky's tank and unless he can flop to another suitable body of water within **2d6 minutes,** he 'expires' and vanishes from this world; **c)** the PCs are overcome by Reeky's stench and *become* **Reeky Recruits,** then given the task of advancing to the next town and preparing the way for Reeky's arrival.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Things That Go Bump...
Wherever They Like!

Provided below are some bizarre creatures to encounter while touring the Dark Lands. Each includes the 'Location' where it is likely to be found, and 'Staging' hints to help you integrate it into an adventure. To add interest, give your creatures personalities, hopes, short and long term goals, concerns, and fears.

Carrion Cranes

The sight of these terrible birds circling overhead (or worse on the ground surrounding them) has caused many a traveler to despair. Standing **4' [1.2 m]** tall, with a blood-red head perched on a white neck and a long black body, this graceful harbinger of doom gathers around the dying and preys upon the newly deceased. The stare of its unmerciful white eyes pierce the darkness and penetrate the soul (upon making eye-contact a Character must make a successful **WIL Roll** or ***hesitate* 1d10 seconds**). Its long sharp beak is ideal for cracking bone and tearing flesh. Hunting in flocks, their call, announcing a prospective meal to others of their kind — in clear, articulate, language — can be heard for miles [kms].

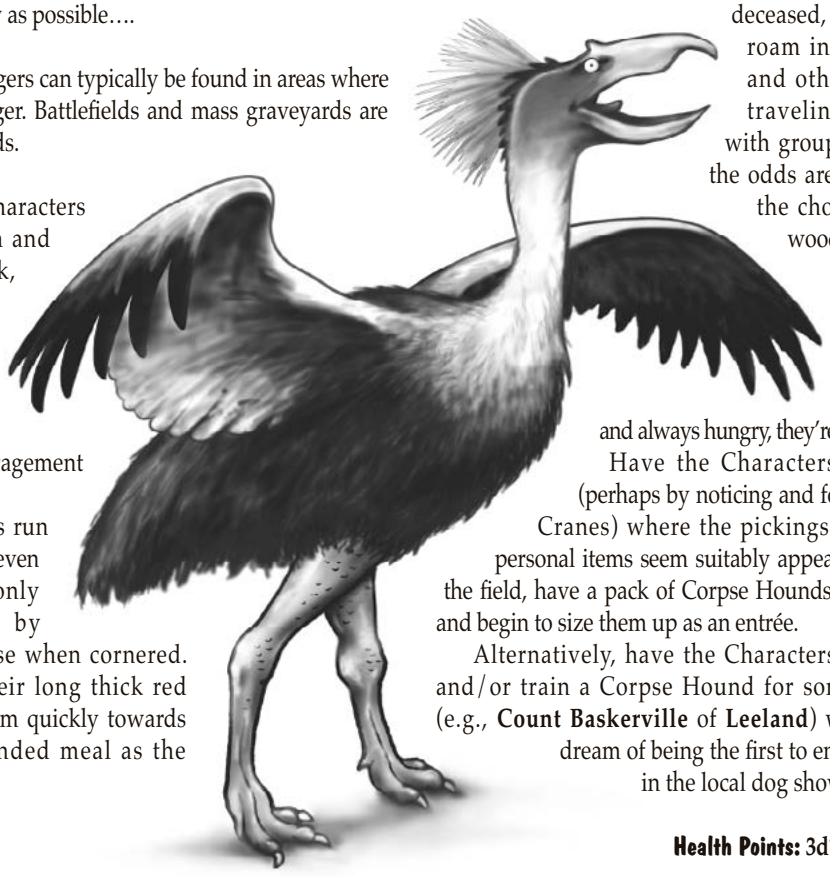
All that aside, Carrion Cranes are pathetic cowards. They'll never risk a thrashing by attacking a *living* being. If your life looks tentative, while circling overhead, they'll call down and try to convince you to despair and give up the ghost, or better yet, commit suicide — in a very polite and sympathetic way, of course — so that everyone can just "get on with it." Still, mistakes are possible. If you sleep in the open, always try to look as healthy as possible….

Location: These foul scavengers can typically be found in areas where people die of thirst or hunger. Battlefields and mass graveyards are also popular feasting grounds.

Staging: Whenever the Characters are in a desolate location and seem down on their luck, give them something worse to think about by having progressively more of these fiendish fowl begin circling overhead and calling in encouragement of a quick demise.

Carrion Cranes always run or fly away if attacked (or even approached). They will only attack living creatures by accident or in self-defense when cornered. When on the ground, their long thick red legs are able to propel them quickly towards or away from their intended meal as the circumstance necessitates.

Health Points: **2d6** (2 to 12).



Corpse Hounds

Unlike some other carrion consumers, Corpse Hounds are not as particular as to the health of their prey; if not yet dead, they're more than willing to finish the job.

With dark muscular bodies growing up to **6' [1.8 m]** long, glowing red eyes, razor sharp claws, and huge floppy ears, these creatures have not escaped the bizarre mutations inflicted by the Dark Lands. Therefore, the details of their appearance vary greatly — including the number of limbs and heads! But, one thing they share in common is a *very nasty temper.*

Individually it seems Corpse Hounds are like any other creature, desperate for affection, eager to please a dominant master, and easily fooled… once. They will chase sticks if tossed, and if commanded *firmly* enough, they'll sit, roll-over, give a paw, and play dead. Still, though some have tried, nobody is known to have ever tamed a Corpse Hound; meanwhile, these canines *have* developed a taste for trainers.

Location: Feasting on the flesh of the newly (and soon to be) deceased, these fearsome scavengers roam in packs across battlefields and other places of doom. When traveling, they avoid encounters with groups and won't attack unless the odds are well in their favor. Given the choice, they prefer sheltered woodlands to the open plains.

Staging: One Corpse Hound is a danger, two a serious concern… a whole pack is a nightmare. Tough, vicious, and always hungry, they're basically bad news incarnate.

Have the Characters encounter a battlefield (perhaps by noticing and following the circling Carrion Cranes) where the pickings for weapons, armor, and personal items seem suitably appealing. Once they're well onto the field, have a pack of Corpse Hounds appear, circle around them, and begin to size them up as an entrée.

Alternatively, have the Characters hired to capture, escort, and/or train a Corpse Hound for some wealthy deranged fop (e.g., **Count Baskerville** of **Leeland**) with money to burn and a dream of being the first to enter a trained Corpse Hound in the local dog show.

Health Points: **3d10** (3 to 30).

GAMEMASTER TIP

Gamemastering on the Fly

IF YOU ARE AN experienced GM, we encourage you to experiment with an approach to running adventures where only the basic plot directions are determined in advance. This means that you will have to create encounters on the fly, either through your imagination alone, or with the help of the various resources contained in this book.

Either way, this gives both you and your players great flexibility. The main challenge for you is to be sensitive to the players and the extent to which they view their visit on Murphy's World as an interruption of their regular 'serious' campaign. If, after a brief encounter or two, they want to get involved in local events, extend their stay to match their level of interest — and your ability to conjure up interesting and humorous incidents to amuse them.

The Garbage Scow

Sailors who've braved the high seas and survived to tell of their journeys, speak in low voices (albeit after someone else has bought a couple of rounds), of their encounter with a creature out of nightmares.

As the sun descends below the horizon and the evening sky blackens, the sails slacken and the waters turn unusually calm, the haunting sound of a deep, moaning horn is heard. Suddenly, the ship is enveloped by a *greenish fog* which seems to rise up from the water itself, and the crew are assaulted by a ***terrible smell,*** causing many to gag, double over, and retch on the deck.

Then something is seen, advancing through the mist. At first it looks like a long, low barge, drifting on the water. Waves can be heard smacking against its side. Closer scrutiny reveals it to be less regular in shape — a collection of flotsam, jetsam, and garbage dumped into the water by land-based settlements, floating on the sea.

Now is the critical moment: if the crew are silent, the ship is not leaking any oil or other fluids, and no debris is permitted to fall into the water, the creature may continue on its murky way. Any foreign substance touching the water after the fog has appeared will, however, attract the attentions of the creature, referred to as the *Garbage Scow.* This is a bad thing.

Once the Scow has been attracted (to a ship or swimmer), it ***surrounds its victim, breaking it apart through the crush and squeeze of solid refuse and the action of corrosive fluids.*** What remains is added to its ever expanding mass. Each Scow varies in appearance with its material composition.

If a crew attempts to outrun the Scow, they must escape the approximate **1 mile [1.6 km]** of fog and becalmed water which surrounds the creature. This can only be accomplished by rowing (swimming) — there is ***no wind*** for sailing. The Scow does not move quickly, however, it will still require significant stamina to beat it and get away.

Location: The Garbage Scow can be encountered on large lakes and bays, inland seas, and in the vicinity of ocean barrier reefs. It is almost always seen after sunset. It is *always* smelled first.

Staging: What was once thought to be little more than a sailors' story has assumed a greater credibility as more people have encountered the Scow. Some feel that it is a curse placed by the ancient gods of the sea. Others feel that the 'creature' is simply an excuse used to explain an unfortunate accident, and that if fewer captains were 'polluted' with rum such disasters would require less elaborate explanations.

The Characters could encounter the Garbage Scow as passengers on board a ship, while piloting their own ship, or through the tales of surviving sailors. They could also respond to a request for a brave crew to sail with the express purpose of encountering and destroying a Garbage Scow — by fire! Nose plugs are recommended!

Health Points: **20d10** (2 to 200).

The Hell-Hand

An experimental device developed for Bob's space program, this is one initiative that's truly gotten out of hand. At **10' [3 m]** long, this enormous foul smelling left hand, artificially constructed from the flesh of numerous corpses, was intended to aid Bobronauts in manipulating matter in hostile environments. Brought to life after years of work by **Dr. Orlac Fist**, Senior Distiller and project coordinator at Bob's Interplanetary Research Laboratory, the giant hand slipped its handcuff and groped its way to freedom.

Though at first it tried to be a friendly helping hand to those it met, they either fled in terror or attacked, prompting it to take a more heavy-handed approach to subsequent encounters. It now holds the countryside in the grip of fear. In truth it simply wants another hand to hold; a mate.

Lacking the higher intelligence that a brain might provide, it scurries about poking its fingers into everything, crushing anyone or anything that poses an obstacle, and generally behaving in an underhanded manner. Thus the terrorized populace dubbed the creature 'Hell-Hand'. They are desperate for someone to grapple with the problem.

Without the care of its creator, the Hell-Hand's skin is becoming dry and cracked, its nails chipped and broken, and its palm and fingertips callused. It is desperate for a manicure. Meanwhile, it just gets meaner.

Location: The Hell-Hand is on a rampage through **Tir Nan Bob**, heading west, toward the **Annwyfn Range** and **Karloffornia** beyond.

Staging: **Dr. Fist** and his assistant, **Dweebert Piker**, are desperately searching the countryside, hoping to recapture the Hell-Hand before Bob discovers it's missing. Their equipment includes a **manacle**, a **handbag**, and a gigantic self-propelled **restraining glove**.

The Hell-Hand is really an innocent; albeit one that is tough and darn hard to handle. If approached by strangers in a friendly manner it will respond in kind. Those who have previously acted hostile toward it will be given the finger, then the Hand will flee, typically leaving a trail of destruction in its wake. If cornered the Hell-Hand will fight.

If the Hell-Hand is encountered prior to hearing about its destructive past, it's possible that the Characters will act in a manner to permit friendship to occur. Of course, if they meet up with the locals, they'll have to think fast and talk faster, determining quickly whose side they're on.

If the Characters meet others who have seen the effects of the Hell-Hand's destructive might first, they'll probably be predisposed to destroying it. The locals, Dr. Fist, or Dweebert, may wish to hire them to help track and capture the Hell-Hand. Of course as hirelings they'll be expected to do all the handiwork.

Health Points: **4d10** (4 to 40).

S'mores

If you're up late at night in the wilderness, with a camp fire blazing, and you've ever committed an act of violence, be on your guard for the terrible oozing sound that foretells the approach of a S'more. The creature exists by *feeding on the psychic energy* emitted by beings who have committed *acts of violence* — the nastier the better. A S'more creeps up on its victim, then lashes out with pseudopods, holding it fast and silent while feeding. The victim must make a **STR Roll** to **break free** from the pseudopods. As the psychic energy is transferred the beast bloats up to three times its normal size. After **1d6 minutes**, the feeding ceases, and the victim must make a **WIL Roll** to **retain a memory of any violent act** they have committed and the circumstances surrounding it — otherwise these events are erased from their memory. The victim is also left with a sticky-gooey film all over their body.

The creature bears a distinct resemblance to a roasted marshmallow, with melted chocolate on top, squished between two **4' [1.2 m]** diameter graham crackers. But that's where the resemblance ends. The white marshmallow substance can extend sticky pseudopods to propel itself along the ground or grasp objects; the dark, gooey chocolate matter gushes forward to smother prey and feed upon its psychic energy; the outer cracker material provides a protective shell.

Location: S'mores lurk on the perimeter of populated areas and along wilderness trails where they are likely to encounter the campsites of potential prey. They usually hunt alone, but occasionally a pack of **1d6** cooperates. They always attack after sunset and use the undergrowth and shadows for cover.

Staging: It's likely that at least one person in the party has had a violent encounter. Consider the S'more a kind of payback to the most accomplished assaulter in the group; who knows, if they've suffered from a guilty conscience, they may even find relief through forgetfulness. Unless, of course, they have their acquaintances and/or victims to constantly remind them….

Health Points: **3d6** (3 to 18). In most combat encounters, a S'more will attempt to flee, but if cornered it uses its pseudopods to hold, strangle, or smother its enemies. If attacked, the cracker-shell absorbs **3 HP** per blow (but crumbles where struck). If struck in the dark chocolate area, it shudders, and will be incapacitated for **1 round**.

The Woozel

This carnivore can truly get you coming and going. A distant cousin of the Chimæra, it grows to **8' [2.4 m]** tall with the head and front legs of a bear (grizzly), the body and rear feet of a duck (mallard), and the tail of a poisonous snake (rattler).

Rather than stalk its prey, the Woozel positions itself on a path or game trail, then ***projects an illusion of itself as a harmless animal*** such as a rabbit or squirrel (or in urban areas, a pile of trash). When the prey comes within reach, the Woozel pounces, injecting its venom and tearing its prey to shreds with its claws and teeth. Tragically, the Woozel's hunting technique is sabotaged somewhat by flaws in its illusions. First, they tend to undergo *bizarre color shifts* and second, the illusion created *retains the size* of the Woozel invoking it. Eight foot tall chipmunks tend to make even the dumbest animals suspicious, if not downright nervous.

Location: Woozels are solitary creatures making their lairs in caves in hilly and mountainous regions. They only associate to challenge for territory or mate; the females raise the offspring. A few Woozels have been discovered (usually with regret) in urban alleys and abandoned buildings. Trash collectors in these towns skewer each bag of garbage with a spear before approaching it. Their rate of spillage is horrendous.

Wealthy inhabitants of the Dark Lands have been know to purchase young Woozels on the black market and train them to guard their property. They're very loyal to their masters; some even perform stupid pet tricks.

Staging: Woozels are ferocious predators; they hunt and eat small defenseless creatures. The **venom** of the Woozel does not of itself kill. Rather it makes the victim feel slightly ***dizzy*** and ***intoxicated.*** Usually this is more than enough to incapacitate the prey until it can be finished off by the beast's other end.

Characters could encounter a Woozel either on the trail, or when clandestinely approaching any property with large suspicious piles of trash or gigantic innocent-looking animals.

Health Points: **3d10** (3 to 30).



GAMEMASTER TIP

Roleplaying

DURING GAMEPLAY, emphasize conversation and description. Always remember that your words are the players only link to the world you've created for their Characters to inhabit. You must clearly provide their PCs with the information that a person normally receives from their five (or in some cases six) senses. Only require Action Rolls when absolutely necessary to represent the element of random chance when a Character attempts a significant action.

BELOW: Large, playful, and very, very, deadly, a Corpse Hound would make the perfect pet for a tyrannical despot or someone who is simply extremely antisocial. That is, if someone were able to train and control them — a feat which has yet to be conclusively documented. So far, the only command which a Corpse Hound has been confirmed to obey is "Eat."

CHAPTER NINE

Frightfully Neat Stuff

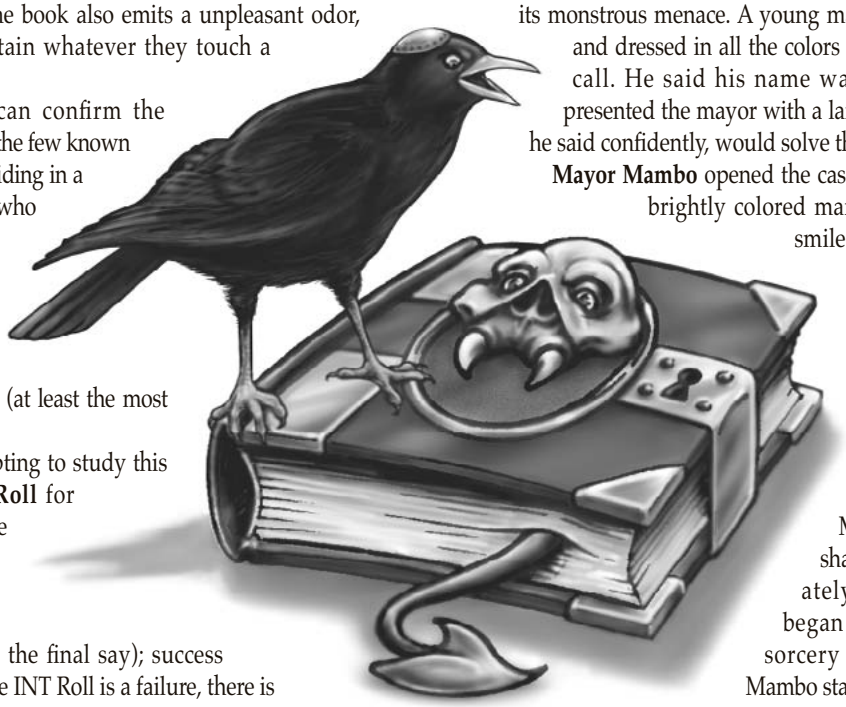
Listed below are artifacts with unique powers and silly characteristics. Each includes the 'Location' where it is likely to be found, and 'Staging' hints to help you integrate it into an adventure. Spread stories and rumors about famous artifacts throughout your adventures, this will add to their 'myth' and desirability.

The Dreckonomicon

Written by **Morty Chutzpah** after a poker game in which those attending agreed that they could make more money through the creation of a cult than by writing literature, this tome was originally designed as a self-help book. The idea was that the shlock inside the book would get the shnooks to join Morty's new cult and provide him with enough disposable income to purchase a yacht and a small island in the **Southern Sea**.

The content for the book came to Morty after an especially lucid dream in which a mad Arab revealed what was supposedly the occult lore of the ancients; it seemed like just the right stuff — it was totally incomprehensible. Morty had 666 copies printed in yak's blood and bound with pig skin. He then hired salesmen to shlep the tomes from town to town. Initial sales indicated that he had a best seller. That is, until reports arrived that those who read more than a few paragraphs in one sitting went completely *insane*. The 'authorities' then collected all known copies of the book burned them, along with Morty and his staff. However, as in every purge, a few escaped the flames.

Today the Dreckonomicon remains one of the most feared tomes in the Dark Lands. A rare copy can be recognized by its crumbling cover (it seems the pig skin wasn't cured long enough), fragile binding (the pages tend to fall out), a relief fanged skull on the front and crudely etched image on the back of what appears to be a volcano, exploding a magma of happy faces. The book also emits a unpleasant odor, and the interior pages stain whatever they touch a yucky brown color.



Of course nobody can confirm the contents of the book, since the few known to have read it are now residing in a loony bin. However, those who have read passages and retained their sensibilities (so they say) confirm that this legendary tome **reveals the names and secrets of the Old Timers** (at least the most popular ones).

Any Character attempting to study this text must make a **WIL Roll** for **each page read:** failure results in the Character acquiring ***one neurosis*** (let the players make suggestions, the GM has the final say); success requires an **INT Roll**. If the INT Roll is a failure, there is no further effect, if a success, the Character will question whether what they've read is in fact badly written fiction.

Location: A copy of the Dreckonomicon might be found in any out of the way spot, but the library of an eccentric lord, or the garbage bin of a skeptic are two of the most likely places. Old dusty book or curio shoppes are also excellent candidates for copies. Also, the secret libraries of mad cultists should not be overlooked.

Staging: The Characters could become informed of the existence of a copy of the Dreckonomicon and its purpose by a fellow hunter of Old Timers and their cults who assures them the book is needed to discover how to return a fiend to its own dimension. This could initiate a quest to obtain a copy of the tome. Of course, once the book is possessed, *someone* must read it….

The Monstrous Maracas

The lively town of **Marimba** on southeastern coast of **Leeland** had a bit of a monster problem. In fact they were overrun; the fiends were everywhere. Disrupting café lunches, ruining twilight masques, and making a terrible mess of the flower beds. They also killed people.

The mayor sent out a call for a sorcerer who could rid Marimba of its monstrous menace. A young man wearing a huge sombrero and dressed in all the colors of the rainbow answered the call. He said his name was **Juan Fandango**, and he presented the mayor with a large leather case, the contents, he said confidently, would solve the town's problems.

Mayor Mambo opened the case. Inside were a pair of large brightly colored maracas. 'Monstrous Maracas', smiled Juan. The Mayor frowned and had Juan immediately lynched.

Still, the menace continued. One night, more out of curiosity than anything else, Mambo opened the case and withdrew the Monstrous Maracas. He gave them a little shake. A catchy *rhythm* immediately ensued — and Mambo began to sing. Compelled by the sorcery contained in the Maracas, Mambo staggered out into the street and

began to *dance.* Then, gradually, the town's monsters appeared and joined in — slaves to the rhythm. In one massive conga-line Mayor Mambo musically marched the monsters from his town… and was never seen again.

Music really does soothe the savage breast, at least on Murphy's World, and the Monstrous Maracas have the power to do it. When played, the Maracas will draw to them, pacify, and lead away all the ill-tempered creatures and beings in a **1 mile [1.6 km]** radius. To stop playing, the musician must make a **WIL Roll**. However, this will also cease the magical pacification imposed on the monsters who have followed the player. Hopefully they can make time as well as music.

Location: Mayor Mambo was not, in fact, much of a runner. Thus the Monstrous Maracas became lost when he suffered an untimely death by multiple monster mashing after he stopped playing. As for the Maracas, they were picked up by a drifter and sold to a pawn shop, where they were eventually purchased by **Piedro Salsa**, the willful leader of a traveling mariachi band, **Piedro and the Pistoles**. To date they've never noticed the effects of the Maracas since Piedro has never had a problem ceasing to use them and no monsters have been in the audience.

Staging: The Characters just happen to be traveling through a town where Piedro and the Pistoles are playing. This also just happens to be the first time that there are monsters within earshot. Naturally they are drawn to the rhythm.

Oppression

If you want to dominate that special someone in your life, this is the fragrance for you — Oppression perfume by **Caudillo Crudel**. Just dab some of this clear, fresh smelling elixir on your skin and for the next hour everyone within **10' [3 m]** radius must make a **WIL Roll**: success results in no effect; failure will require them to follow ***one command*** you utter for **1d10 minutes** (except self-injury or suicide).

After **one hour** the perfume wears off and to continue the effect you must again apply some Oppression to exposed skin.

As might be expected, the effects of this fragrance only work when worn by a *female* — a *male* who applies the liquid must make a **WIL Roll:** success results in no effect; failure requires that they ***obey the next command they hear uttered by a female*** for the next **1d10 minutes.**

Location: Oppression can't be purchased just anywhere. Only the most exclusive alchemists and fashion shoppes carry it. And even then you have to ask for it discretely.

Staging: Recently there has been a clamp down on Oppression (the perfume) in Tir Nan Bob. **Maitre d' Ahriman** had decided that this fragrance is just to powerful to allow on the free market. Thus anyone caught with it is in big doo-doo. Naturally, all merchants of the supernatural scent are desperate to dump their stock. Thus a Character, ignorant of the recent injunction, will either purchase the fragrance (at a great price) or have it simply appear among their possessions after browsing an alchemist's wares. Initially they may not realize what they have. If they put some on, however, they'll quickly become the center of attention.

The Orb of Og

Og Canard, a Bobarian Ogre, was one of Bob's favorite Chefs. Until, of course, Bob killed him for not correctly predicting the past — which you might think would be the easiest sort of augury. Og also saw it that way, and accumulated bags of wealth from Bob through weekly sessions of gazing into an old polished bowling ball and telling him things he already knew, such as how powerful he was, how everyone feared him, and which of his other Chefs hated him the most. As might be expected, Og accumulated enemies.

But Og was an excellent liar, and very adept at convincing Bob that his version of reality was the *correct* one. Plus, the Orb (i.e., bowling ball) over time actually started to reveal on its scuffed black surface ***images of events past***. Thus Og began to provide Bob with ever more extensive information (all slightly dated), about his subjects, his lands, and his progress in global conquest.



GAMEMASTER TIP

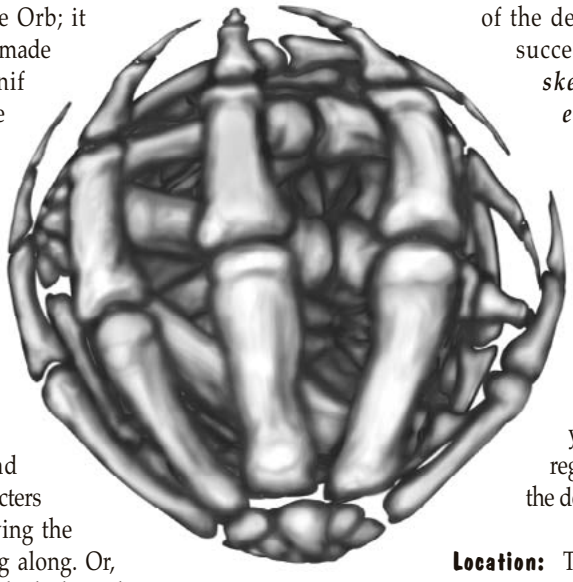
PCs From Other Places

Murphy's World can be used as a humorous break in an ongoing serious campaign for Characters from another game setting. Such PCs can be transported to the planet via a Dimension Gate, a magical (backfire) effect, a suddenly malfunctioning space-craft, or even a bad dream or drug trip. An adventure on the planet can last a single session or for an entire campaign. Then they can be booted off via a similar but different method to their arrival.

One day the other Chefs got permission to be present for one of Og's sessions. They also arranged for Og's Orb to be swiped the previous night. Now everyone knows that Bob doesn't like excuses and disapproves of those who can't keep track of their stuff, so Og did what any terrified trickster would do: he found another bowling ball and hoped for the best. R.I.P.

Meanwhile, the **Scullery Maids** are aware of the stolen Orb and have quietly launched an investigation into the incident. If they find the culprit and his accomplices, there'll be hell to pay.

Location: After the theft, **Gonif**, a Steward-Baker, in the secret employ of **Chef Lelwani** of **Bobistan**, looked into the Orb; it revealed that Lelwani had made arrangements to kill Gonif upon handing over the stolen item. Naturally, Gonif ran. He headed southwest, hoping to eventually leave the Dark Lands… alive.



Staging: The Characters encounter **Gonif** and his cherished bowling ball on the trail. After discretely gazing into the Orb and determining that the Characters are his best shot at surviving the Dark Lands, he asks to tag along. Or, if he thinks they can be bought, he hires them to protect and escort him out of the Dark Lands. Gonif, a Steward in the Land of Bob, appears relatively wealthy and in fact has a fair amount of cash on hand. He'll use his rank as necessary to bluff the locals during the trip. If the Characters are captured in the company of Gonif by the **Scullery Maids**, their goose is cooked.

GAMEMASTER TIP

Encounters that Work

MAKE YOUR ENCOUNTERS do more than eat up the time and energy of the Characters en route to the finale. Encounters are a great way to feed the PCs information through GMCs, objects they've picked up or places they've seen. Vary the nature of the encounters which make up an adventure so that each serves to highlight different qualities possessed by the PCs. Such encounters could test their attributes, skills, or special abilities. Encounters should not only further Characters' goals but give their personalities a chance to develop. Each encounter should reveal something new about the environment, the lifeforms, or the cultures of the area.

The Skeleton Key

Ever have a desire to unlock the secrets of the dead? Or bring back an old acquaintance? Or throw a party with a few people who haven't been seen in public for a while? Then this is the artifact for you.

To someone searching for the Skeleton Key the name may be a bit deceptive, for it actually looks nothing like a key at all, but rather a **3" [7.6 cm]** sphere of polished human finger bones formed into a porous shell; smaller spheres can be seen contained within — one inside the other. The Key is employed by shifting and sliding movable segments of the external sphere, causing the configuration of external and internal spheres to re-align. Once an appropriate alignment combination of the spheres has been achieved, a low and breathy moan is heard. At this point the Character must expend **1 Health Point** (regained through rest). The Skeleton Key will then slowly *peel apart*, and when placed on the ground reform into a **3' [1 m] portal** to the **realm of the deceased.**

To control the portal (and what emerges from it) the user must concentrate on the individual they wish to emerge. A **WIL Roll** must be made: success results in the ***desired skeletal corpse emerging*** from the portal back into the realm of the living; failure results in an ***undesired corpse***, with a Willpower greater than the user of the Key, employing the portal to access the living world (the GM can have fun with this — make the corpse especially nasty and obnoxious or dweeby and clingy).

To return a corpse to the realm of the dead requires a **WIL Roll**: success results in the ***desired skeletal sinking into the earth;*** failure results in an ***undead corpse who knows you've tried to send him/her away.***

Even if the corpse you desire emerges, the Skeleton Key provides no *control* over them… that is left for you to establish, in whatever way you can. Keep in mind, regardless of what you hear, the dead are rarely grateful.

Location: There is only one known Skeleton Key, and it is in the possession of **Stephen Barker**, a Darkling mercenary, adventurer, and struggling fiction writer. He has assembled an assault team consisting of some of the nastiest killers that ever lived — now back again in his service. He is retained by **Maitre d' Churrasco Ahriman** as a special operations force, on call to deal discreetly with any troubling concerns that require a speedy and decisive response at arms length.

Staging: Unless the Characters have really screwed up and committed an offense that has brought them to the attention of Maitre d' Ahriman, they will most likely encounter Barker as accidental observers. If fortunate, they'll see him use the Skeleton Key to summon a squad of soldiers and/or see them in action — and if lucky enough not to be observed by Barker, live to ponder their next move.

After every mission Barker will dismiss his 'surviving' warriors back to their underworld realm until they're needed again, and stash the Key in a 'safe' place. Unfortunately for Mr. Barker, he has a tendency to misplace and forget things, then panic when he can't find them. Observant Characters, with half-decent memories will thus have an opportunity to swipe the Key.

CHAPTER TEN

Roleplaying Made Easy!

Player Character Creation

To participate in a roleplay game each player needs at least one **Player Character (PC)**. A player can create their own unique PC using the rules below, use one of the Racial Average Stat Templates (provided throughout Chapter Six; to make unique, alter Stat values by 1–2 points, keeping same overall total), or bring to Murphy's World an established PC from another roleplay game. To create an instant **Gamemaster Character (GMC)**, used by the Gamemaster (GM), see page **119**.

1. Personal Characteristics (Player Choice)

A player can make up anything they want. They can be as detailed and creative as desired, as long as their PC remains playable, logical, consistent, compatible, and capable with respect to other Characters and the adventure setting, and acceptable to the GM. Give each Character a **name** and if desired, a **nickname**.

A. **Race (Species):** Based on the Race descriptions found in this book, designate the **race (species) type**, **abilities** and/or **qualities**. Races and Species not detailed in this book, may be used with GM approval.

B. **Physical Characteristics:** Each player must choose their Character's **age, height, weight, hair colour, eye colour, skin tone,** etc. Anything reasonable for the setting and circumstances is acceptable.

C. **Traits:** Invite each player to embellish their PC with up to **10** (**positive + negative**) Traits. These may include **physical and mental qualities, special powers** and **Abilities, personality quirks, attitudes, opinions, and outlooks** (see **Character Attributes**, below). Traits will help a player to create and roleplay an interesting Character. Each specific Trait chosen doesn't matter as much as what the player does with it when portraying their PC.

D. **Personal History: Background, relationships, friends, lovers, tutors, mentors, enemies,** etc. The more details invented the better.

E. **Personal Goal/Ambition:** Establish a specific **short-term goal** and a **long-term ambition** or **desire** for the Character.

F. **Possessions: Items** and **cash** on their person and/or immediately available. Don't worry about what each player initially ask for. If a PC's wealth seems to unbalance the adventure party, one simple mishap can correct it: objects break… thieves are everywhere… magic fails… pockets have holes….

2. Character Attributes (or Stats)

To generate a new Player Character, roll **1d10** for each of the eight Primary Attributes: **Intelligence (INT), Willpower (WIL), Charisma (CHA), Mystic (MYS), Strength (STR), Dexterity (DEX), Fitness (FIT),** and **Appearance (APP). Subtract the *total amount rolled* for *all* Attributes from '130' Character Points (CP)** for heroic Human PCs (use **100 CP** for *average* Human Characters).

Trait acquisition affects the number of CP available to define a PC's Attributes. Each Trait, when proposed by the player, should be judged by, a) its ***Significance*** relative to the other PCs and the setting (choose as desired or roll **1d10**: 1–2 = **Little**: **1**; 3–4 = **Minor**: **2**; 5–6 = **Serious**: **3**; 7–8 = **Major**: **4**; 9–10 = **Extreme**: **5**, and b) whether it has a ***positive*** or ***negative*** impact on the PC. Positive Traits impose a CP ***reduction***; negative Traits grant a CP ***increase***: equal to the **Trait Significance number (+/–)**. Apply to the CP subtotal any CP increase or decrease resulting from the designation of Traits.

Finally, **divide all remaining CP as you like between the eight Attributes**. When the allocation process is complete, each Attribute will have a value from '**1**' to the maximum value allowed by the GM. **Human** Characters typically have Attribute Values ranging from **1 to 20**. Other races have different ranges, but usually ***less than* 40** in any category. It is possible to have super-beings with Attribute Values up to **100** or more! (GM discretion.) The values listed in the **Average Stat Templates** for each Race description, found in the first half of this book, will give you an idea of what is reasonable for a Character of a specific Race, Species, or type.

3. Health Points (HP)

Health Points, a Secondary Attribute, determine the amount of physical or mental punishment a PC can take before passing into unconsciousness or dying. Calculate a PC's initial number of Health Points as follows:

HP = Fitness Value (FIT) + Willpower Value (WIL) + 1d10 + Weight Modifier (WM) + Age Modifier (AM)

HP Weight Modifier: If the PC is: ≤**120 lbs**, apply **–1 HP per every ≤20 lbs** ***lower*****;** if 121 to 199 lbs, no HP modifier; if ≥ **200 lbs +1 HP per every** ***additional*** **≤200 lbs** (this assumes the extra mass is *muscle,* not fat).

HP Age Modifier: –1 per ≤20 years of age (maximum **–10**).

☞ Every conscious Character or Creature must have a minumum of ***at least*** **1** Health Point.

☞ A Character falls ***unconscious*** when their HP total is reduced to **zero (0)**.

☞ Temporarily lost HP are regained when the PC 'rests' (i.e., non-Action or sleep) at a rate of **1 HP per hour** of gametime. HP acquired through rest may only *replenish* those lost and may not exceed the original HP total from which the points were initially reduced.

☞ A Character ***dies*** when their HP value is reduced to a ***negative number equal to their normal positive HP total.***

4. Skills

A Character begins with a minimum of **10 Known Skills** plus **1** ***additional*** Skill for every **5 years** of Character age (maximum total starting Skills: **30**; designate PC's age prior to starting gameplay). Skill titles and functions may be suggested by the player, but should reflect the background and experience of the Character. Each **unarmed combat** style or **weapon** type is considered a distinct Skill.

Attribute/BAV Table

Attribute (Stat) Value	Base Action Value (BAV)
1	5 %
2	10 %
3	15 %
4	18 %
5	20 %
6	22 %
7	24 %
8	26 %
9	28 %
10	30 %
11	32 %
12	34 %
13	36 %
14	38 %
15	40 %
16	42 %
17	44 %
18	46 %
19	48 %
20	50 %
21 – 22	52 %
23 – 24	54 %
25 – 26	56 %
27 – 28	58 %
29 – 30	60 %
31 – 32	62 %
33 – 34	64 %
35 – 36	66 %
37 – 38	68 %
39 – 40	70 %
41 – 42	72 %
43 – 44	74 %
45 – 46	76 %
47 – 48	78 %
49 – 50	80 %
51 – 54	82 %
55 – 59	84 %
60 – 64	86 %
65 – 69	88 %
70 – 74	90 %
75 – 79	92 %
80 – 84	94 %
85 – 89	96 %
90 – 94	98 %
≥ 95	100 %

The Base Action Value table above is used to determine the percentabe value of an Attribute or Known Skill (based on the Attribute it is derived from). Locate the numeric value for the Attribute in question in the left column; slide across to the right column: it lists the comparable percentage value.

Dice Notes

Term	Dice Type
1d6	One 6 sided die
2d6	Two* 6 sided dice
3d6	Three* 6 sided dice
1d10	One 10 sided die
2d10	Two* 10 sided dice
3d10	Three* 10 sided dice
*(rolled together; the results are added).	
1d100	Two 10 sided dice
(rolled together: one die represents 'tens', one die represents 'ones').	

Determining BAV for Initual Known Skills

Each Known Skill possessed by a Character must have a numeric **Base Action Value (BAV)** — a percentage value (**1 to 100%**) that is derived by assigning one of the Character's eight Primary Attributes to each Known Skill (e.g., Persuasion = Chrisma). Choose the Attribute that *you* think best reflects the *physical or mental process* your PC must employ to attempt the Skill (it's ok if some players choose a different Attribute for a specific Skill, as long as the choice is reasonable; GM discretion). Most hand-held mobile weapons (e.g., Rapier, Pistol) will use **Dexterity** for their BAV, however, some crushing and cleaving weapons (e.g., 2-Hand Axe) may use **Strength.** Ultimately it's the player's choice, but once made, it can't be changed. Record the chosen **Attribute** on your Character Sheet adjacent to the Known Skill.

Known Skill BAV: To determine each Known Skill's BAV, locate the numeric value for the assigned Attribute in the left column of the **Attribute/BAV Table**, page **110**; the percentage number in the right colum is the initial Base Action Value (1 to 100%) for the new Known Skill (e.g., Skill: Longsword: Dex 16 = 42% BAV).

Known Skill Age Bonus: for each **one** (**1**) **year** of PC age when created, apply a +**1% bonus** (max. **50%**) to the BAV of initial Known Skills (e.g., 24 years = 24% bonus). List the **BAV** for each Known Skill on your Character Sheet.

Acquiring New Known Skills

A PC can acquire a new Skill if they a) ***see it in use by someone else,*** b) ***have a creative inspiration*** (**INT Roll** required), or c) ***experience a desperate circumstance*** where the Skill would be a ***survival necessity*** (GM discretion). The player then a) gives the Skill a descriptive **name**, b) defines its **function** and **limits** (GM discretion), c) records an **initial BAV** based on the appropriate choice of an Attribute upon which to base the Skill (see above; no Skill Age Bonus is applied to acquired Skills).

The accomplishment of any Action or task (e.g., Tracking) not specifically covered by a currently Known Skill is resolved via an Action Roll based on a (GM approved) assigned **Attribute Value** (e.g., Intelligence).

Roleplay Game Rules

The purpose of rules in a roleplay game (RPG) is to provide the players with an objective means of determining the success or failure of their PC's Actions during gameplay. The greater the level of seriousness and realism represented by the setting and adventure plots the greater the need for detailed rules — to justify and explain the Action limitations and Wound Effects imposed on the PCs.

One of the best things about a humorous setting is that both the GM and players can take liberties with the level of 'realism' in the game. On Murphy's World, GMs are encouraged to allow PCs great latitude in the type of Actions they can attempt and the amount of harm they can sustain before passing into unconsciousness or dying.

Where Character **death** is concerned, we suggest that the GM permit a PC to die only when their Actions, or the plot, *really* justifies it. Once the player realizes that their PC can survive extraordinary wounds or embarrassments, and they're much tougher to kill than the typical GMC, they'll take increasingly greater risks, acting in a more heroic manner. This, in turn, will provide the GM with fodder for new adventurous and humorous situations.

Some Fast + Simple Rules

Simple rules allow the players to focus on roleplaying. If you want to run a fast, free-flowing game without spending *any* time consulting Attribute or Skill values, in most circumstances, just *let things happen.* This option requires that the player(s) trust the GM to offer reasonable responses to their PC's desired Actions.

If you need to resolve an Action which can't be dealt with by verbal interaction or you want to use dice for objective randomness, use the method below.

Have the Active player roll **1d10:** the ***lower*** the result (**5 or below**), the ***better*** the success — the ***higher*** the result (**6 or above**), the ***worse*** the failure:

1 rolled	**=**	**Exceptional success***
2 – 5 rolled	**=**	**Success**
6 – 9 rolled	**=**	**Failure**
10 rolled	**=**	**Disastrous failure***

* When these 'Critical' success or failure results are rolled, have something *special* happen to the Character.

Action Resolution

Characters exist in the game through their Actions. Provided below is a more rules-based and 'realistic' form of Action Resolution that takes into account the Character's Attribute, Skill, and Ability Values. There are two general types of Actions that a PC can attempt:

1. Routine (Automatic) Actions

In circumstances deemed 'routine usage' the GM may rule that the successful accomplishment of the desired task is ***automatic*** (i.e., no Action Roll is required).

2. Uncertain (Action Roll) Actions

Under conditions of *stress*, or if *inexperienced* in the attempted task — where the result of the Action attempt is uncertain, an **Action Roll** (**1d100**) is required. Action Rolls apply to the attempted *use of* and *resistance to Attributes, Skills (including Skill vs Skill Actions), and Abilities (depending upon the function of the* ***special power*** or ***supernatural talent,*** GM discretion), *to accomplish tasks.*

A Character can attempt two types of Uncertain Actions:

A. Attribute (Non-Skill/Ability) Actions

When a Character desires to attempt an Action that requires a Known Skill or Ability that they do not currently possess, the player may choose an **Attribute that reasonably reflects the type of Action** they desire to attempt (GM discretion; e.g., catching: if no Known Skill, default to Dexterity Attribute).



Use the **Attribute/BAV Table** to determine the Attribute Value expressed as a *percentage* (from 1 to 100; e.g., Charisma Value 14 = 38%).

Die rolls made using Attributes are collectively called **Stat Rolls** and individually referred to by their Attribute name (e.g., Strength Roll, Intelligence Roll, etc.); they're all still just **Action Rolls** (Action Modifiers may be applied before the die roll is made, see page **112**).

B. Known Skill or Ability Use Actions

If a Character has a Known Skill or Ability that they want to use to attempt an Action (including Combat), there are two types for consideration:

Unopposed Actions: describe situations where a Character attempts an Uncertain Action that affects their *environment* or when *another Character or Creature welcomes* the PC's effort to assist or influence them.

Opposed Actions: describe situations where a Character attempts to use their Skill, Ability, or Attribute as an *offensive* or *unwanted* Uncertain Action against another Character or Creature (e.g., **combat, physical challenges** or **mental influence** — any Action taken against the desires of another individual).

The following steps are followed for all Uncertain (Unopposed or Opposed) Action attempts:

1. **Determine Initiative Order**
2. **Describe the Action & Means of Attempting It**
3. **Apply Applicable Action Modifiers (Optional)**
4. **Make an Action (Attack) Roll**
5. **Defender Makes Opposed Action Resistance Roll**
6. **Critical Results (Optional)**

Opposed Action: Skill vs Skill (Non-Combat)

Should two or more PCs wish to compete head-to-head with the same Skill, Attribute, or Ability (e.g., mind control, beer chugging…), both must make a simultaneous **Action Roll** (after factoring in any applicable Modifiers). A failed roll indicates an unsuccessful use of the Skill, Attribute, or Ability; if more than one succeeds, the ***lower number*** rolled indicates the ***superior*** performance.

Opposed Action: Heroic Combat

Combat on Murphy's World should be thrilling, but not necessarily 'real'; add a touch of melodrama and slapstick. It is the 'heroic tradition' to suffer great wounds (or embarrassments) and still be able to act.

Regardless of the type of attack, before engaging in combat, record a separate **Skill BAV** for *each* **Weapon Skill** (e.g., dagger) or **Unarmed Combat Skill** (e.g., Karate) possessed by their PC, for easy reference.

Gametime: Rounds + Turns

Gametime allows the GM to expand and contract time so that events can be *sped up*, *omitted* (e.g., using the toilet), or *slowed down* (e.g., like slow-motion movie action). Only concern yourself with precise time measurement during *intense* action — such as combat, when each instant counts. This produces a cinematic, free-flowing style of action and keeps things moving.

Gametime is divided into (combat) '**rounds**'. During a round each player will take at least one **'turn'** during which the GM is focuses his or her attention on them; their PC is deemed 'Active' and can attempt to initiate or continue with **one Action**. A round begins with the PC with the highest Action Initiative (see below) and concludes when the last PC has completed their last turn for that round. For most Actions consider a round to represent **1– 3 seconds**; the more critical the events occurring, the shorter the round recommended. Some Actions may take many seconds (i.e., rounds) or longer to accomplish.

1. Determine Action Initiative Order

Whenever the order in which one Character acts might affect the Actions of another, each Character's **Action Initiative (AI),** a Secondary Attribute, must be determined. An AI number is established for each Character by *adding* their **Willpower** + **Dexterity** values. This need only be done *once* for any Character unless their Willpower or Dexterity Attributes are somehow altered during the course of gameplay, in which case a new calculation is required to reflect the change.

During gameplay the AI values of all Characters are compared; each round the Characters take their turn in order from the ***largest* AI number to the *smallest*.**

When a Character's AI number comes up in the turn order the player can choose to **take their turn or pass** to the *next lower number*; they may jump in after any Character

Random Probability Table (GM Option)
(Choose or Roll 2d10)

Number Rolled (2d10)	Likelihood of an Event Occurring (of Whatever Nature)	Percentage Chance of Event Occurring
2	Probable	90%
3 – 4	Very Likely	80%
5 – 6	Likely	70%
7 – 9	Fair Chance	60%
10 – 13	**Average Chance**	**50%**
14 – 16	Poor Chance	40%
17 – 18	Unlikely	30%
19	Very Unlikely	20%
20	Improbable	10%

Above: Use the **Random Probability Table,** as a reference tool or to randomly determine the Liklihood and/or Percentage Chance of an Event of any sort occurring. This is especially useful when you want to quickly establish the chance of either some unplanned Event or a GMC knowing some specific item of information during an ongoing adventure.

Below: Use the **Universal Modifier Table,** to randomly determine any ***Action Modifier.*** First, decide the Significance of the Modifier affecting the PC: Little, Minor, Serious, Major, Extreme. Then, roll on the appropriate column for the modifier effect: Positive, Negative, or if you haven't decided, Uncertain. Cross-reference to the Significance column selected and the percentage value shown is the Action Modifier.

Universal Action Value Modifier Determination Table (GM Option)
(Decide AADR: Choose or Roll: Positive, Negative, or Random; Decide AV Modifier Significance; Use Matrix to Get +/–AV% Modifier)

Action Attempt Difficulty Rating (AADR) (Skill [Attack, Spellcast] Ability, or Attribute Use)	Choose or Roll for AADR Type			AV Modifier based on Modifier Significance (Choose or Roll 1d10)				
	Positive (1d10)	Negative (1d10)	Random (2d10)	Little 1 – 2	Minor 3 – 4	Serious 5 – 6	Major 7 – 8	Extreme 9 – 10
Effortless: You could do it sleeping.	1	—	2	+ 5 %	+ 10 %	+ 15 %	+ 25 %	+ 50 %
Simple: No problem.	2 – 3	—	3 – 4	+ 4 %	+ 8 %	+ 12 %	+ 20 %	+ 40 %
Easy: A walk in the park.	4 – 6	—	5 – 7	+ 3 %	+ 6 %	+ 9 %	+ 15 %	+ 30 %
Routine: Not a big deal.	7 – 10	—	8 – 10	+ 2 %	+ 4 %	+ 6 %	+ 10 %	+ 20 %
Challenging: It's worth a shot.	—	1 – 2	**11 – 13**	– 1 %	– 2 %	– 3 %	– 5 %	– 10 %
Difficult: But not unsurmountable.	—	3 – 4	14 – 15	– 2 %	– 4 %	– 6 %	– 10 %	– 20 %
Hard: It'll take a bit of concentration.	—	5 – 7	16 – 17	– 3 %	– 6 %	– 9 %	– 15 %	– 30 %
Formidable: You've tackled worse.	—	8 – 9	18 – 19	– 4 %	– 8 %	– 12 %	– 20 %	– 40 %
Impossible: Almost certain to fail.	—	10	20	– 5 %	– 10 %	– 15 %	– 25 %	– 50 %

Damage Resistance Value (DRV) Table

Armor Type	DRV
Low-Tech Materials	
Street Clothes/ Light Fabric	1
Canvas Cloth/ Heavy Fabric	3
Thin 1/16" Soft (Dressed) Leather	4
Thin 1" Padded (Quilted) Garment	6
Thick 1/8" Soft (Dressed) Leather	8
Woven Cord	10
Thick 2" Padded (Quilted) Garment	12
Heavy 1/4" Layered (Shoe/Belt) Leather	15
Hard 1/4" Wood Scale	20
Bone/Horn 1/16" Scale	25
Hard 3/8" Leather	30
Chainmail	40
Scale 1/32" Mail	45
Banded Chainmail	50
Lamellar (1/32") Metal	55
Laminated 1/32" Plate	60
Double (Bar) Chainmail	65
Med. 1/16" Sheet Plate	75
Thick 1/8" Sheet Plate	100
High-Tech Materials	
Heavy Plastic 1/2"	20
Resistweave Cloth	25
Kevlar Light	50
Kevlar Heavy	70
Lastar (coating; reflects 80% laser *only* damage)	100
Light Composite Armor	200
Med. Composite Armor	500
Heavy Composite Armor	900

with a lower AI has finished their turn. A PC with a higher AI number always has the option of going first.

The Character taking a turn is called an '**Active Character**'; During their turn they may attempt **one (1) Action** (which may include continuing with their current Action), or do **nothing** (i.e., be still and 'rest').

2. Describe the Action + Means

When an Active PC wants to attempt an Action, the player must describe it to the GM (and any players whose PCs can reasonably detect them): *what they're attempting to accomplish, how they intend to do it* (what **Known Skill, Ability,** or **Attribute** they intend to use and how) and *how long they intend to continue it* (if applicable). Descriptions should be brief, and compliment the PC's current Attack Mode (see below), behaviour and circumstances. If applicable they can also include what they *intend to do next* if their Action is successful, or not.

3. Apply Action Modifiers (Optional)

Action Modifiers can be used to increase the sense of realism by introducing the effect of environmental and situational influences on a Character's Action attempt (during combat Action Modifiers are called **Attack Modifiers**; they're essentially the *same* thing).

The players should agree whether to use Action Modifiers before starting gameplay. If Action Modifiers are used, before an Action Roll is made, both ***positive*** (adding 1% or more to the BAV *favorable* situations, e.g., attacking from behind) and ***negative*** (decreasing the BAV by 1% or more for *unfavorable* conditions, e.g., wet ground) modifiers are now considered (GM discretion determines the quantity and significance of all Modifiers). Once all Action Modifiers are applied to a BAV it is then called the **Action Value (AV)** for that specific Action attempt.

Combat Critical Failure Table (GM Option: Roll 1d100)

Number Rolled	Critical Failure Effect on Attacking Character (Choose or Roll 1d100; apply any Action Modifier (AM) to your next Action Roll)
1 – 5	A flock of birds passes overhead. Suddenly you feel the distinct 'plop' of a direct hit on the top of your head. Make a successful WIL Roll or lose concentration and suffer a –1% AM.
6 – 10	Your weapon slips from your hand, tumbles through the air, and lands at your opponent's feet.
11 – 20	You accidentally hit yourself in the foot. Apply the appropriate Damage to yourself.
21 – 25	In your enthusiasm you forget to look where you're going: stub your toe for 1 HP Damage. Make a successful DEX Roll or fall on your face; –10% AM next Action.
26 – 30	You catch your pants (or skirt) on a sharp object (e.g., twig, sword, etc.) and rip them off.
31 – 40	The belt (or other support) holding up your pants (or skirt) snaps and they plunge around your knees. Movement is cut in half until you pull them up; –10% AM next Action.
41 – 50	As you attempt a sarcastic repartee with your foe, a large bug flies into your mouth. Spend 1d10 rounds in embarrassing discomfort while you try to cough up your spleen. Make a WIL Roll to swallow and carry on as normal; –10% AM on your next Action.
51 – 60	The momentum of your maneuvers causes you to lose your balance and fall on your back.
61 – 70	Suddenly you sneeze on your opponent. They're *not* pleased. Apply –5% AM next Action.
71 – 80	You miss your opponent and your wild attack accidentally strikes your nearest ally. Apply Damage to them as per normal. Also, apply a –5% AM on your next Action.
81 – 90	You catch your shirt (or garment) on a sharp object (e.g., twig, sword, etc.) and rip it off.
91 – 95	Your attack may have missed your opponent, but has accidentally killed an innocent game animal who just happened to be in the wrong place at the wrong time; –5% AM.
96–100	It suddenly dawns on you that you've wet your pants. Oh the shame…. –5% AM next Action.

GM Designated Action (or Attack) Modifiers

To apply Action Modifiers to an intended Action a GM will:

1. **Consider the circumstances** and describe any significant details that might result in the appliation of a *positive* or *negative* Action Modifier. Occasionally a **Stat Roll** might be required to determine whether a Modifer is imposed (e.g., a **Morale Check** is made with a **WIL Roll**: success results in no effect; failure results in a –10% AV penalty and/or the desire to flee).
2. **Consider the Action** as described by the Active player and its *relative degree of* ***Difficulty*** *or* ***Significance*** relative to the current game circumstances.
3. **Choose a positive or negative number for each applicable Action Modifier** after considering the circumstances of the situation and the intended Action (choose as large or small a number as desired or consult the **Universal Modifier Table**).
4. **Apply any *positive* and *negative* Action Modifiers** toward the BAV for the Skill, Ability, or Attribute being used by the Active PC as applicable.

Other Action/Attack Modifier considerations:

- Reward detailed, entertaining, and even outrageous descriptions of Action attempts or Attack maneuvers and strategies. Description should suit the PC's personality, current Action (Attack) Mode, and circumstances.
- Skill use requires *knowledge* and often a *tool* or *item*. Apply a ***negative*** Action Modifier for any tool or item a PC intends to use that they are unfamiliar with.

Option: Player Designated Action Modifiers

The GM may permit the player with an **Active PC** to suggest ***positive*** Action (or Attack) Modifiers based on any immediate circumstance that they think provides *their* Character an *advantage*. However, the **other players** may then offer suggestions for ***negative*** Action (or Attack) Modifiers to be imposed upon the Active PC. To be valid, a Modifier must be applicable to the current situation faced by the PC (e.g., it's raining, so the ground is *slippery*). Only the GM may designate the positive or negative numeric percentage value of an Action Modifier.

Option: Action (Attack) Modes: Action Modifiers

Action Modes are a simplified way of describing how boldly or cautiously a Character will attempt any **Opposed Action (Attack)**. At the start of a new round, in the established Initiative Order, each participant declares their PC's Action (Attack) Mode for their intended Action: **Heroic, Cautious,** or **Fearful** and applies the applicable Action Modifiers (see below). If a player doesn't select an Action Mode, no Action Mode Modifiers apply to them or their opponents this round.

- **Heroic:** The Active Character, not concerned about their safety (or defense), applies **+20% BAV Modifier** to any Opposed Action (Attack), and a

+10 Damage bonus, but may make *no* **Resistance Roll**. Opposing Characters gain a **+10% BAV Modifier** to any Opposed Action directed against the Heroic Character; they receive no Damage bonus.

☞ **Cautious:** The Active Character, receives *no* Action (Attack) Modifier (however, a Modifier may still be applied due to an *opponent's* Action Mode). Opposing Characters apply a **–10% BAV Modifier** to any Opposed Action directed against the Cautious Character, but they receive a **+1d10 Damage** bonus if they hit.

☞ **Fearful:** The Active Character, doing everything they can to protect themselves, applies **–10% BAV Modifier** to any Opposed Action (Attack), but no penalty on Unopposed Actions or Resistance Rolls. Opposing Characters apply a **–20% BAV Modifier** to any Opposed Action directed against the Fearful Character, but they receive a **+1d10 Damage** bonus if they hit.

4. Making the Action (Attack) Roll

This is the most important phase of Action Resolution:

1. **Note the Action Value:** Once all applicable positive and negative Action Modifiers (if any) are applied to the BAV for the Skill, Ability, or Attribute (Stat) being used to attempt the current Action a final '**Action Value**' (or **Attack Value** for combat) is established (a percentage number from 1 to 100).
2. **Make an Action (Attack) Roll:** Roll **1d100** (two d10 dice rolled simultaneously—one represents the 'tens' result and the other represents the 'ones'): if the number rolled is *equal to or less than* **the Action Value**, the Action attempt is ***successful*** (the defender may now attempt an **Opposed Action Resistance Roll**, see **5.** below); if the number rolled is *greater than* **the Action Value**, the Action Attempt is a *failure*.

☞ **Player Character vs Gamemaster Character:** The player rolls *openly* and announces their roll, while the GM rolls for the GMC *secretly*.

☞ **Player Character vs Player Character:** Both players roll *openly* in the presence of the GM (this includes Combat Attacks).

3. **GM Interpretation:** The GM interprets the outcome, noting any Critical Successes or Failures see **6.** below), and describes the results; good or ill. The ***lower*** the number rolled, the more ***successful*** the result should be; the ***higher*** the number rolled above the Action Value, the greater the interpretation of their failure.

☞ **Action (Attack) Failure:** If the (Opposed or Unopposed) Action or Attack was a failure (i.e., a miss) the PC with the next highest Action Initiative may now take their turn.

☞ **Action (Attack) Success:** If the (Opposed or Unopposed) Action or Attack was a success (i.e., a hit), apply the successful result or Damage based on the weapon used (see **Weapon Damage Table** and **Wound Effects Table**).

5. Opposed Action Resistance Roll

Whenever successfully targeted by an Opposed Action or some undesired external influence or assault, the victim can attempt an **Opposed Action Resistance Roll** (i.e., a special Action Roll using one of their Attributes [unless they possess a specific appropriate Known Skill or Ability]), even though it is not their turn and regardless of whether they're resisting an Action inflicted via a Skill (e.g., a combat Attack), an Ability, or an Attribute.

The player selects an **Attribute** deemed most appropriate (GM discretion) for resisting under their present circumstances (e.g., **Willpower** to resist a ***supernatural influence*** such as a spell, a ***mental influence*** such as a persuasive suggestion, and the effects of ***fear, shock,*** or other ***mental abnormality***; **Dexterity** to ***dodge an attack***; **Strength** to ***break free*** of a hold or bindings; **Fitness** to ***resist a disease or poison***.

Then make an **Action Roll**; to succeed the number they roll must be ***equal to or less than*** **their Attribute's BAV** ***and less than*** **the Action Roll** ***number rolled by the attacker***.

If the PC *fails* their Resistance Roll, the undesired influence or Opposed Action (e.g., combat hit) takes effect.

6. Critical Results (Optional)

The players can agree to use Critical Results, enhancing the results of specific Action Rolls (or any d100 roll).

Critical Success

Successful Die Roll Ends in '0': Each time a player makes a *successful* **Action Roll**, if the number rolled *ends in a* **zero** (**0**), they have rolled a 'Critical Success' and achieve the following effects:

Attack Damage Table

Weapon Type	Damage
Unarmed Attack	
Punch, Kick, etc.	1d10÷2*
*Round-up Result.	
Hand-Held Weapons	
Small (e.g., Knife ≤11")	1d10
Medium (e.g., Rapier)	1d10+2
Large (e.g., Longsword)	1d10+4
Extra-Large (e.g.,Halberd)	1d10+9
Projectile Weapons	
Small Mass, Low Speed (e.g., Sling Stone)	1d10
Medium Mass, Low Speed (e.g., Arrow)	1d10+2
Small Mass, High Speed (e.g., Handgun)	1d10+3
Medium Mass, High Speed (e.g., Light Machinegun)	2d10
Large Mass, Low Speed (e.g., Ballista/Boulder)	3d10
Large Mass, High Speed (e.g., Light Field Gun)	5d10
Explosives & More	
Grenade/Dynamite (8 oz) (Radius: 20 to 40 ft)	3d10
Blast/Concussion Grenade (Radius: 10 ft)	4d10
Flame-Thrower (Napalm) (Radius: 10 ft)	10d10

Player Tip

Once you've determined the Base Action Value for a specific Stat record it on your Character Sheet.

Wound Effects Table (GM Option)

Damage Inflicted from One Attack	Seriousness of Wound, Suitable Exclamations & Cumulative Effects (Roll 1d10: 1–9 = apply effect 'A' only; 10 = apply both effects 'A' & 'B')
1 – 2	**Minor:** pain, redness, shallow cut, graze. Suitable Exclamation: **Ow; Oh crap.** A. Make a successful WIL Roll or stunned 1 round. B. Make a successful DEX Roll or drop object(s) held.
3 – 5	**Moderate:** pain, swelling, deep cut, flesh wound. Suitable Exclamation: **Yeow, ooh, aaah; I'm all right, it's just a flesh wound.** A. Make a successful DEX Roll or fall down. B. Lose the use of a wounded limb or a sense (e.g., arm); for 1d10 rounds.
6 – 8	**Acute:** pain, swelling, blood loss, puncture, further activity and movement is painful and impeded by wound. Suitable Exclamation: **Eeeeeehh! Oooooh! Aaaaahh!... *Now* I'm mad!** A. –10% Attack Penalty due to distracting pain of wound; lasts until wound treated. B. Until treated, apply only *half normal* damage when Character successfully hits.
9 – 15	**Serious:** pain, swelling, extensive blood loss, severely reduced use of motor function or a wound suffered to one of the Character's senses. Suitable Exclamation: **Ahhhhhhhhh!... That *hurts!*** A. Lose the use of a wounded limb or a sense (e.g., sight); for 2d10 rounds. B. –1 HP per minute (many rounds) due to blood loss; continues until wound treated.
≥ 16	**Severe:** pain, swelling, extensive blood loss, total loss of motor function or use of a sense (e.g., hearing) depending on the location of the wound. Suitable Exclamation: **Come *back* you coward! I want a rematchawkkk...ugh...!** A. –20% Attack Penalty due to distracting pain of wound; lasts until wound treated. B. –1 HP per second (round) due to blood loss; continues until wound treated.

Random Mishap Table (Roll 1d100)

No. Rolled	Mishap*
1 – 5	Dust in eye
6 – 10	Stub toe
11 – 15	Step in puddle of mud/dung/ water, etc.
16 – 20	Sudden panic, WIL Roll or flee.
21 – 25	Tool or device being used breaks.
26 – 30	Suddenly unable to think straight.
31 – 35	Object held slips from hand and rolls/slides to least convenient place.
36 – 40	Trip forward.
41 – 45	Slip backward.
46 – 50	Bite tongue.
51 – 55	Bite lip.
56 – 60	Bite inside cheek.
61 – 65	Catch item of clothing on twig & rip it off.
66 – 70	Split seat of pants.
71 – 75	Lace or button fastening important item or clothing breaks.
76 – 80	Swallow a bug.
81 – 85	Sneeze.
86 – 90	Get a stone or sand in footwear.
91 – 95	Bombarded by bird crap.
96 – 97	Small furry animals are suddenly drawn to the Character.
98 – 99	Predatory animals are suddenly drawn to the Character.
100	Acquire a Dark Law as a temporary personal 'curse' (see page **126**).

* All **mishaps** result in a temporary **1d6 second hesitation** or interruption (incapacitation if appropriate) of the normal actions of the Character affected. **Painful mishaps** inflict **1 HP** (or more) damage (GM discretion).

☞ **Double Effect:** *double* the normal effect of their efforts including Damage and any physical or mental feats (numerical impact or GM interpretation as applicable).

☞ **DRV Halved:** if the PC's Action was an Attack, the object or armor struck has its **DRV** *reduced* by ***half*** its current value (until repaired by an expert as applicable).

☞ **Action Bonus:** the Character receives a **+10% bonus** the next time they attempt the use the same Known Skill, Ability, or Attribute to perform a similar task.

Mixed Success

If a player rolls *exactly* their **Action Value** number, while their intended Action is successful, *something should not quite go their way.* The PC should be left in a 'disadvantaged' position or compromised situation.

Critical Failure (Blunder)

Failed Die Roll Ends in '0': Each time a player makes a ***failed*** **Action Roll**, if the number rolled *ends in a* **zero (0)**, they have rolled a 'Critical Failure' (i.e., bad luck occurs); *something 'bad' happens* with the following effects:

☞ **Something Physically or Mentally 'Bad':** an opportunity to interject a humorous calamity or an unlikely circumstance; it may include tripping, dropping an object, stubbing a toe, breaking a weapon, shield, or if fighting bare-handed, a limb, etc. (Consult the **Random Mishap Table**, or if engaged in combat, the **Combat Critical Failure Table**.)

☞ **Action Penalty:** the Character receives a **–10% penalty** the next time they attempt the use the same Known Skill, Ability, or Attribute to perform a similar task.

Resolving the Effects of a Successful Attack

1. Attack Damage — Unarmed & Weapons

There are many ways to account for the amount of pain and suffering sustained by the victim of an Attack. The **Attack Damage Table** (page **113**) covers most weapon types and can be extrapolated as necessary. When successfully hit, the amount of HP Damage actually incurred by the flesh of the victim (i.e., not absorbed by Armor or Shields, see below) determines the seriousness of the blow and any Wound Effects.

2. Damage Resistance (DRV): Armor & Shields

Any material that is worn (Armor) or that comes between the attacking object and the body of the target (Shield, held or self-standing) provides protection in the form of a **Damage Resistance Value (DRV)** which represents the amount of Damage ***absorbed*** (i.e., negated) per body area.

☞ **Bruise Damage:** For every **5 HP** inflicted on any garment protecting a body area, **1 HP** is applied to the PC, passing through the Armor in the form of ***bruise damage*** (*round down*). (Example: a Character is struck on a shoulder covered by a chainmail byrnie [DRV: 40] by a weapon inflicting 17 HP Damage. 3 HP are passed through the garment and on to the PC in the form of bruise Damage; the remaining 14 HP are simply disregarded, having been 'absorbed' by the Armor.

☞ **Minimum Damage:** A *minimum* of **1 HP** Damage is always inflicted upon a Character successfully hit by an opponent, regardless of any Damage Modifiers, Armor, or Shields (it may be considered bruising).

3. Suffering Damage: Wound Effects

Wound Effects can be: **Immediate** (e.g., stun, HP loss), **Temporary** (e.g., broken bone), **Ongoing** (e.g., blood loss until treated), or **Permanent** effects (e.g., loss of limb). They should be based on the specific details of the Attack and the Damage inflicted; the **Wound Effects Table** provides some examples — invent your own.

Action Points (AP)

As a way to enable Character growth, at the end of a session of gameplay, a player should be rewarded by the GM with an **Action Point (AP)** for *exceptional roleplaying, consistent characterizations, interesting and entertaining Action descriptions*, and whenever a they successfully complete an Action that achieves a *significant* and *positive impact* (relative to their goals). Example Actions: *heroic deeds, creative ideas, problem solving and inventive undertakings, co-operative achievements and teamwork*, and the *successful and appropriate use of Known Skills, Abilities, and Attributes.*

A Character begins with **zero (0) Action Points**. Record ('bank') awarded AP on your Character Sheet.

☞ **Turn Failure into Success:** After making a *failed Action Roll* (or any die roll), spend **1 Action Point** to transform any single failed Action (Attribute, Skill, or Ability use) into an ***instant*** Mixed Success (page **114,** Critical Results). The maximum AP a PC can spend to avoid failure per 24 hours is ≤ **their Mystic Value** (e.g., MYS 9 = 9 AP max. expenditure per day).

Action Points may also be spent to improve a Character's Attributes and Skills (see below).

Character Improvement

There are three options for developing your PC:

A. Let the GM Take Care of It, or
B. Use the Method From Your Favorite RPG, or
C. Improvement Via Action Points

☞ **Improving Known Skills: Spend a number of Action Points equal to the current Base Action Value (BAV)** of a specific Known Skill. Then, roll **1d10** and **add the result to Skill's current BAV**.

☞ **Improving Attribute Values:** An Attribute can be improved (up to a *maximum of* ***double*** *its original value)* by spending Action Points as listed below.

- ☞ '**Physical**' **Attributes** (**STR, DEX, FIT**): spend **50 AP** *per each point increased*. Bonus: **+1 HP per +1 FIT** point and **+1 APP per +2 FIT** points.
- ☞ '**Mental**' **Attributes** (**INT, WIL, CHA, MYS**): spend **100 AP** *per each point increased*.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Gamemastering in the Dark Lands

WE FIGURED THAT THERE WAS NO HOPE in seriously expecting players to leave the Dark Laws for the Gamemaster's eyes only — we knew you'd look anyway. However, players — we *know* you're reading this — consider this fair warning that the rest of the book is *really* intended for the Gamemaster only. If you choose to pry further you do so at your own *peril.* Some things are best left unseen; at least until you decide to take on the role of GM and run an adventure. So don't look any further!

Sigh… well, you were warned…. *Bob will speak with you later!*

That Uneasy Feeling

While the overall effect of Murphy's World is to keep an adventure party, regardless of experience, somewhat *off balance,* the effect of the Dark Lands is to keep them *afraid* at the same time. Afraid of what, you ask? The worst possible thing, and something far more terrifying than a horrible death. The persistent fear that they will become transformed physically or mentally in some hideously unredeemable way, and that everyone else will laugh at or avoid them. For in the Dark Lands, all this and more is possible. And the likelihood of transformation depends upon the behavior and actions of the victim. Each being is in command of their own destiny — unless of course they meet Bob.

New Optional Rules for Adventuring in the Dark Lands

In an effort to spice things up a bit while visiting the Dark Lands, some optional rules are provided below. They include **The Faith Factor** (or how several normally sane people can be convinced of the strangest of things…), **Sensibility Syndrome** (or what happens when you you're in a stressful situation and your common sense goes for a walk, without informing you first…), **Brain Blight** (or how you too can become a Lunie), plus **Bobbitization** (or what happens when you spend too long out of the sun…). Some are short and simple; others are more involved. Use them as you wish.

Like we said, these are all *optional* — for the GM!

The Faith Factor — Group Believability

When three or more Characters are informed of something of *questionable validity,* to keep things interesting, take the **highest Intelligence value** of those present, apply a **–1**% penalty for ***each* Character present,** then make a **single INT Roll for the group: failure** results in ***everyone present totally believing whatever information or tale they've just been told;* success** leaves it *up to the individual(s)* to believe what they will.

If This is Your First Time Gamemastering a Roleplay Game, Look Here!

WELL LUCKY YOU. You've been *conned* into running a roleplay game. During a roleplay game all participants gather in close proximity (usually sitting around a table). One is assigned to be the **Gamemaster (GM)** while the others are **players.** The players generate **Player Characters (PC)** with which they participate in adventures much like the lead characters of a film or novel. As GM, you create and administrate those adventures. An adventure advances as you provide the Player Characters with the information that each requests in turn about what their Character's senses can detect (see, hear, smell, feel, taste, plus any supernatural senses).

You can bet your players are pretty smug knowing that you must spend *every waking hour* before the first game concocting *every detail of the entire planet* right down to where left socks and loose buttons go when they vanish.

Well, piffle to all that! You need remember only two things:

- **You're all playing this game first and foremost to *have a good time* (that means you too!) and,**
- **The Gamemaster's word is *final.***

The amount of time and energy you invest in the production of adventures, setting details, Gamemaster Characters, creatures and strange items, is entirely up to you.

Now here's the really good news. If you develop a knack for monitoring the action of the adventure and noticing opportunities to exploit where a silly element (whether a new character, item, or event) might be injected, you've got half the battle won. The only other thing you need to develop is a sense of whimsy and appropriateness so that the elements you inject not only entertain but actually serve to advance the plot. Admittedly, this can be a challenge. However, we've provided an assortment of **Random Generation Tables** for various elements which you can consult either in preparation for an adventure, or during the action.

A roleplay game is a highly social, interactive form of group entertainment. Roleplay games can be compared to live theatre, but the participants are simultaneously the writers, actors, and audience. This can be one of the most satisfying forms of recreation you can enjoy. ***Good luck!***



Sensibility Syndrome — Doin' the Stupid Thing!

While visiting the Dark Lands, whenever a Character is in a 'crisis' situation where they are required to **make a decision relying on 'common sense'** (GM discretion), they must make an **Intelligence Roll** (e.g., the lights have gone out — should they volunteer to go downstairs to fix the fuse?). A successful **INT Roll** permits the Character to act as they desire; a failure results in the Character suffering a ***temporary loss of their sensibilities,*** and is immediately required to offer to do the most unreasonable, foolhardy, reckless, and possibly suicidal act they can think of (e.g., "I'll go down to repair the fuse — the rest of you wait here…").

Just in case the player is unable to quickly offer a silly course of action for their PC, the *other players* may make suggestions, or use the **Sensibility Failure Actions Tables** below, providing some typical situations and possible reactions by the PC. For the sake of moving the action along, you are invited to have the player roll **1d100** for the appropriate situation, or you may choose a suitable action — or make up something appropriate for the PC as you see fit. Naturally we leave it up to you, the GM, to take full advantage of the adventure possibilities of this uncharacteristic behavior of the Character.

Sensibility Failure Actions Tables (Situations and Possible Responses; Roll 1d10)

1. Stupid Actions for Any Fearful Situation or Event (Roll 1d100)

1 – 10	*Drop* whatever you're holding.
11 – 20	*Stand still,* dumbfounded in shock, eyes wide, mouth open — you cannot command your limbs or lips to move for **1d6 seconds**.
21 – 30	You can't help it; you begin *stuttering, babbling* and/or *mumbling* nonsensically for **1d10 seconds** — or until someone 'snaps you out of it'.
31 – 40	You can't help it; you *raise your hands* and *scream* (for help, mama, Abbot, etc.) for **2d10 seconds** — or until someone 'snaps you out of it'.
41 – 50	You can't help it; you *raise your hands to your eyes* and begin to *sob/cry* in fear for **3d10 seconds** — or until someone 'snaps you out of it'.
51 – 60	You can't help it; you *stretch your hands in front* of you, and in a daze, begin to *walk backwards* **1d10 seconds** — or until someone 'snaps you out of it'.
61 – 70	You immediately turn and *run away* in a blind panic for **2d10 seconds** (engaging in no other activity while doing so).
71 – 75	Without stopping to tell anyone where you are going, or to get supplies, weapons, etc., you will *set off,* blindly following your curiosity in an attempt to 'investigate'.
76 – 80	You immediately *suggest that everyone split up and investigate,* and without waiting for an answer, *set off,* blindly following your curiosity.
81 – 85	Without stopping to tell anyone where you are going, or to get supplies, weapons, etc., you will *set off,* in an attempt to get and bring back others who can help.
86 – 90	You immediately *suggest that everyone split up and go for help,* and without waiting for an answer, *set off.*
91 – 95	You immediately *try to calm down everyone else* by suggesting that they're imagining things.
96 – 97	You tell yourself that you are imagining things and don't speak of it to anyone else; you do however become progressively more *paranoid,* listening intently for weird noises/voices and/or watching for strange events to the point of distraction.
98 – 99	You can't help it; you *faint* for **3d10 seconds** — or until someone 'wakes you up'.
100	Roll on a **Character Traits Table** (e.g., *Murphy's World* book, page **66**) to give your Character a new quirk (or simply make one up), then *roll again* on this table.

2. Stupid Actions When a Strange Noise or Beckoning Voice is Heard (Roll 1d100)

1 – 20	You *call out* to see if it might be someone you know and/or attempt communication.
21 – 40	You *freeze,* and cannot command your limbs or lips to move for **1d6 seconds**.
41 – 60	Without stopping to tell anyone where you are going, or to get supplies, weapons, etc., you will *set off, blindly* following your curiosity, to where you think you heard the sound/voice in an attempt to 'investigate' it.
61 – 70	You immediately *suggest that everyone split up and investigate,* and without waiting for an answer, *set off,* blindly following your curiosity, to where you think you heard the sound/voice.
71 – 80	You immediately *try to calm down everyone else* by suggesting that they're imagining things.
81 – 90	You tell yourself that you are imagining things and don't speak of it to anyone else; you do however become progressively more *paranoid,* listening intently for weird noises and voices to the point of distraction.
91 – 99	You are *mesmerized* and until someone else 'snaps you out of it' you will remain motionless, listening, or if there are any instructions, you will follow them explicitly.
100	*Roll again* on this table, and on table **1**.

3. Stupid Actions When an Unknown or Hostile Door/Portal is Encountered (Roll 1d100)

1 – 30	Immediately, without the slightest hint of subtlety, you boldly *try to open it* and *walk through.*
31 – 60	*Knock* or *bang loudly* on the door, *asking if anyone is inside.*
61 – 99	*Try to bash it down* with whatever is at hand (or foot).
100	*Roll again* on this table, and on table 1.

4. Stupid Actions When Confronted By a Menacing Antagonist (Roll 1d100)

1 – 20	You *attack* immediately, throwing yourself at your antagonist and pummeling (somewhat ineffectively) with your hands/fists.
21 – 40	Without looking, you *grab the nearest object* and *attack.*
41 – 50	You will immediately *seek out the biggest, baddest weapon* you can get your hands on and then set off to *track down the antagonist* to destroy him/her/it — alone, or with anyone else who will join you right now.
51 – 60	You can't help it; you *stretch your hands in front of you,* and in a fearful daze, begin to *walk backwards* **1d10 seconds** — or until someone 'snaps you out of it'.
61 – 70	You immediately turn and *run away* in a blind panic for **2d10 seconds.**
71 – 80	Without stopping to tell anyone where you are going, or to get supplies, weapons, etc., you will *set off,* in an attempt to get and bring back others who can help.
81 – 90	You will immediately *suggest that everyone split up and go for help,* and without waiting for an answer, *set off.*
91 – 99	You will immediately *try to calm down everyone else* by suggesting that they're imagining things.
100	*Roll again* on this table, and on table **1**.

5. Stupid Actions When Running or Being Chased (Roll 1d100)

1 – 30	You can't help it; the terror causes you to *scream/moan/sob loudly* as you run.
31 – 60	You can't help *looking behind you* and *stumble,* losing **1d6 seconds** regaining your balance.
61 – 80	You can't help *looking behind you* and *trip,* falling to the ground, and wasting **2d6 precious seconds.**
81 – 90	You can't help l*ooking behind you* and you *run into something/someone.*
100	*Roll again* on this table, and on table **1**.

There is a further wrinkle. Each time a Character *fails* an **INT Roll**, they apply a **–1**% penalty toward their *next* **INT Roll**. However, each *success* affords a **+1%** bonus toward their *next* **INT Roll**. All penalties or bonuses to a Character's INT Rolls are *nullified* after a minimum of **1 hour sleep** or **total rest.**

Brain Blight — The Dark Lands Derangement

The lower a Character's Willpower the more vulnerable they are to Brain Blight, a supernatural affliction which rots the mind, imposing madness… and a desire to live on flood planes and in snow belts. What begins as the unnoticed accumulation of mild neuroses develops into complete Lunacy over the course of a year or so.

Catching Brain Blight

Though proof has never been offered, when asked about the cause of this affliction many point the finger at Ben, the moon. It was only after Ben arrived that **Lunies** (what politically incorrect folks call those who show signs of Brain Blight affliction), began appearing.

The first time a person goes to *sleep* or *loses consciousness* in the Dark Lands they become vulnerable to Brain Blight. A **WIL Roll** is required: success results in no effect; failure means the Character has contracted **Brain Blight** and acquires **1 new neurosis** (the players may suggest suitable neuroses, but the GM always has the final say).

Those unaffected by Brain Blight now only have to make a **WIL Roll** if they *involuntarily lose consciousness* (i.e., are knocked out) while in the Dark Lands: success results in no effect; failure means the Character has contracted **Brain Blight** and requires that they acquire **1 new neurosis.**

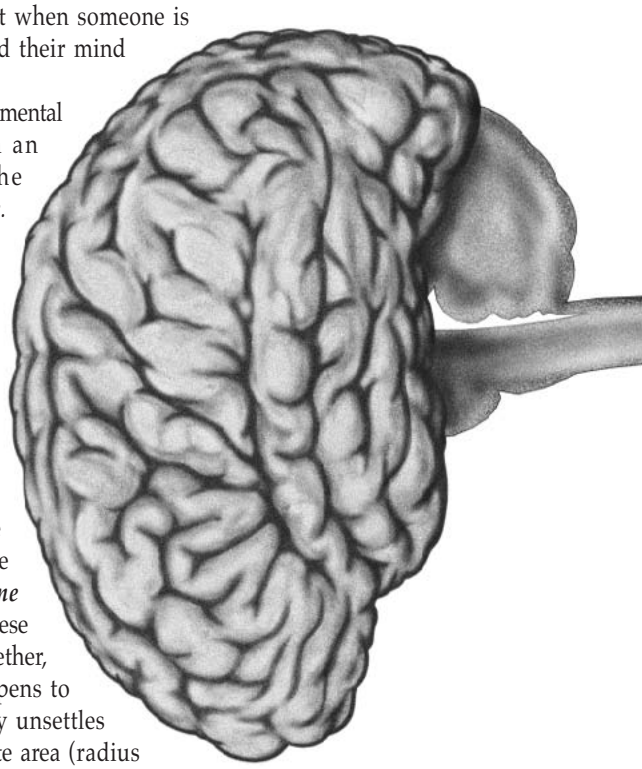
Those affected by Brain Blight must make another **WIL Roll** each time they go to *sleep* or *lose consciousness* while in the Dark Lands. As before, each failure requires they adopt **1 new neurosis**. As the Characters neuroses accumulate it becomes more difficult for them to hide their affliction. Soon they will be labeled a Lunie.

Once a Character has been identified as a **Lunie**, have them make a **WIL Roll each day:** success results in no effect; failure means they begin to adopt ***antisocial*** and ***paranoid*** behavior while experiencing a ***compulsion to find others afflicted by Brain Blight***. Gradually, they will feel that only other Lunies can really be trusted.

The Impact of Brain Blight on the Environment

In addition to the personal toll, Brain Blight poses an even greater environmental concern. On Murphy's World the radiation emitted by the planet's sun Ludo disrupts the natural laws of the multiverse and replaces them with a condition akin to 'majority rules'. Thus, the environment experienced by most people is the direct result of their *own personal expectations and desires* weighed against those of the sentient beings around them. This actually works out rather well, since by-and-large, most people agree on what landmarks they've seen in a settled area from one day to the next. This acts as a *stabilizing influence* on the terrain of civilized areas and settlements.

Wilderness regions are quite another matter. When no conscious mind is present to exert a stabilizing influence, the geography may transform wildly from one type to another at random. The same can occur, to a lessor extent when someone is *asleep* in the wilderness, and their mind wanders while dreaming.



The most extreme environmental fluctuations occur when an area is subjected to the conscious mind of the *insane.* While their consciousness permits them to exert an influence on the energies of Ludo, their insanity causes their influence to be irregular, inconsistent, and as might be expected, downright irrational.

Those seriously affected by Brain Blight become complete basket cases and are ***unconsciously drawn to one another.*** When a bunch of these afflicted individuals get together, you can imagine what happens to the scenery. Their proximity unsettles the 'reality' of the immediate area (radius **5' [1.5 m]** per Lunie) experienced by everyone else. In extreme cases an army of Lunies could transform even a civilized settlement into an unpredictable morass of structures and objects. This is the dire consequence of Brain Blight for the sane peoples of the planet, and the greatest fear of those who are at all concerned about long-range forecasting and property values.

The environmental effects of the Lunies can be overcome only by a firm application of concentrated Willpower by more mentally stable individuals. (Each Character attempting to stabilize the environment must agree with the others on the details and then each must make a **WIL Roll:** failure results in no effect; success produces a stable area with a radius of **10' [3 m]** per sane person.

Curing Brain Blight

Though no cure is known to exist, there is hope. Some scientists (don't call them 'mad' if you want them to do something for you), are rumored to be working on cures which range from shock therapy to elixirs of sanity. Caveat emptor!

Gamemaster Tip

Using Murphy's World

The beauty of Murphy's World is that you can use it as a break or change of pace from a regular campaign. Once the 'weird trip' is over, you can return the PCs to their normal setting. However, while on Murphy's World you can feed the PCs information on what's important to them in their 'serious' campaign as well.



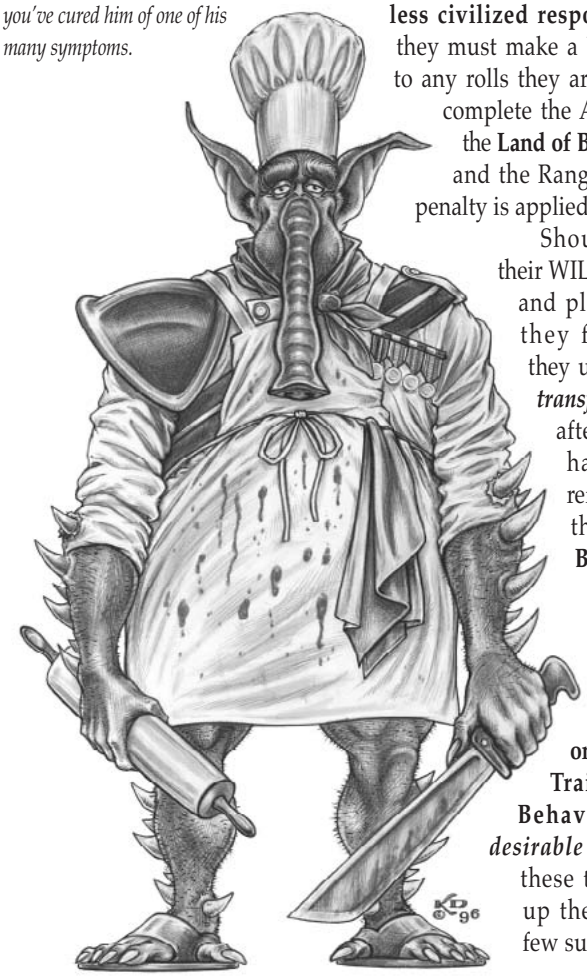
The Bane of Bob — Dark Lands Supernatural Transformation

The Choice is Yours

While in the **Dark Lands**, each time a Character (or any sentient creature who should know better), is confronted by a situation which clearly presents the option of taking a *benevolent* and *considerate* Action, as opposed to a *inconsiderate* and *violent* Action, and the Character chooses the latter, **less civilized response** (GM discretion), they must make a **WIL Roll** (in addition to any rolls they are required to make to complete the Action itself). While in the **Land of Bob** proper (Tir Nan Bob and the Ranges), a **–10% WIL Roll** penalty is applied.

Should they succeed in their WIL Roll, nothing happens and play continues. Should they fail their WIL Roll, they undergo a ***supernatural transformation*** immediately after their current action has concluded. Some refer to this alteration as the **'Bane of Bob'**, or **Bobbitization**.

Below: One of the best ways to gain the attention of Bob and be promoted to Chef status is to perform a medical miracle and convince the Lord of Evil that you've cured him of one of his many symptoms.



Above (Continued): A word to the wise — Bob has never been willing to settle for just one miracle — you had better have a talent for repeat performances… Yet many continue to dream, and practice on friends and slow acquaintances.



Cha-Cha-Cha-Changes...

A Character failing their WIL Roll acquires **one *undesirable* Physical Trait, one *undesirable* Behavioral Trait,** and **one *desirable* Darkling Trait.** How these traits are allocated is up the GM, but we have a few suggestions:

A. Give the *player whose Character is affected* the chance to suggest suitably interesting Traits. You may veto those deemed too favorable to the Character or permit the other players the opportunity to do so on a thumbs-up/down basis. You may wish to consult the Character Traits table (pg. **66**, *Murphy's World*) for some ideas here.

B. Let *each player in turn* suggest one *desirable* and one *undesirable* Darkling Trait for the afflicted Character. Once the suggestions are done, let the affected player choose from among them, pick them out of a bag, or allow all the players to vote on the Traits assigned to the Character.

C. If everyone is stumped for ideas, *choose or roll randomly* (see table on next page) the following:

1. *one* **Undesirable Physical Transformation** (13 tables to choose from),
2. *one* **Undesirable Behavioral Transformation** (1 table to choose from), and,
3. *one* **Desirable Transformation** (2 tables to choose from).

These tables can be found in the section on **GMC Darkling/Bobbling Creation** (see page **119**).

After the Character has been assigned their new Darkling Traits, the player must make one final **WIL Roll**. If successful, nothing happens; failure requires that the player **subtract 1 point from their permanent Willpower Attribute total** (adjust all affected BAVs). Thus making their next Bobbitization transformation that much easier….

Living With Change

A Character who has been *noticeably transformed* in this way is deemed a 'Darkling'. This is not considered a compliment (unless, of course, you work for Bob). It indicates that the person so described is on their way to becoming a mindless minion (admittedly for some, a welcome step up), in the service of anyone who can use their Willpower to dominate them.

Should a Darkling receive a command from a **Chef** or any superior in Bob's organization, they must apply a **–10% WIL Roll** penalty toward their WIL Roll to attempt to resist the command. If **Bob** himself commands them, apply a **–20% WIL Roll** penalty.

The physical or mental transformations undergone must not be ignored by the afflicted Character during gameplay. Also, the GM should make sure GMCs react to their physical and behavioral alterations in some way. Characters may suffer physical or behavioral alterations so great that they become *feared* or *hunted* as monsters.

Losing Darkling Traits

It is possible, though rare, for a Character to transform back into a non-Darkling, or at least a more benign form. Each time the Character successfully completes an **act of unselfish consideration which has a meaningful impact on the life of another individual(s)** (e.g., the Character risks his or her life to save another), the Character may make a **WIL Roll**. Failure causes no change; *success* results in the **loss of one Darkling Trait.**

To determine which *type* of Trait is lost the affected player rolls **1d10**: if an **odd** number is rolled, an **undesirable** Trait is lost; if an **even** number is rolled, a **desirable** Trait is lost.

Once the *type* of Trait has been determined, if the Character has more than one Trait of that type, the **other players decide by vote which specific Trait to remove** from the Character. This process will encourage the other players to take an interest in the Characters of their fellow players and extend everyone's involvement in the game. As usual, the GM always has the final say.

Gamemaster Character (GMC) Darkling/Bobling Creation

Though we encourage you to employ your twisted imagination to develop your own Dark Lands inhabitants, we thought we'd provide some random generation tables that you can use as you like.

Darklings are simply normal humanoids who have spent a bit too long in the Dark Lands and have acquired mutations that reflect their darker behavior and lower Willpower. The extent to which any one individual displays such hideous alterations to their form and behavior depends on their length of stay in the Dark Lands, and their tendency to perform acts of senseless violence.

Those unfortunate enough to be **born in the Dark Lands** begin life as normal examples of their species or race with the exception that they **acquire one Darkling physical and mental trait from each of their mutated parents.**

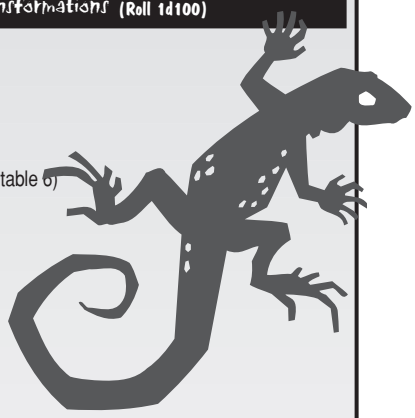
Boblings are simply Darklings who reside within the Land of Bob and suffer the indignity of being toadies and cannon fodder to Bob and his authorized representatives. Boblings are the 'Minions of Bob' and include in their ranks **Bobbits, Bobgoblins,** and **Bobarians** (see page **65** for more details).

- To create a **GMC Darkling** or other **Humanoid Monster** either make it up, or designate a race for the GMC, then roll randomly *once* on all of the following tables except for tables **18**, **19,** and optionally, table **3**.

Darkling Transformation Options Table

A. Darkling Undesirable Physical Transformations (Roll 1d100)

1 – 30	Horrible Humanoid Traits (Roll on table 2)
31 – 35	Body Form (Roll on Table 3)
36 – 40	Body Size (Roll on Table 4)
41 – 45	Body Coloring (Roll on Table 5)
46 – 50	Skin Surface & Body Composition (roll on table 6)
51 – 52	Feeding Behavior (Roll on Table 7)
53 – 55	Head Shape (Roll on Table 8)
56 – 60	Nourishment Intake (Roll on Table 9)
61 – 65	Eye Type (Roll on Table 10)
66 – 70	Ear Type (Roll on Table 11)
71 – 75	Nose Type (Roll on Table 12)
76 – 90	Other Head Features (Roll on Table 13)
91 – 100	Other Body Appendages (Roll on Table 14)



B. Darkling Undesirable Behavioral Transformations (Roll 1d100)

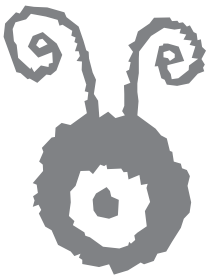
One Choice:	Undesirable Traits/Special Vulnerabilities (Roll on Table 15)

C. Darkling Desirable Transformations (Roll 1d100)

1 – 60	Special Characteristics, Abilities, & Defenses (Roll on Table 16)
61 – 100	Offensive Abilities/Special Attacks (Roll on Table 17)

- To create a **GMC Creature or Monster** (a being merely a bit less social and a tad more ravenous than Darklings) either make it up, or roll randomly *once* on all but table **2**. Monsters are supernatural or artificially created humanoids or Creatures.

- To impose the **Bane of Bob** on an existing Character, imposing a wretched Darkling transformation and supernatural boon, roll *one* a) **Undesirable Physical Transformation** (13 tables to choose from), *one* b) **Undesirable Behavioral Transformation** (1 table to choose from), and *one* c) **Desirable Transformation** (2 tables to choose from). Omit tables **1**, **18** and **19**.



Below: Use the **Instant Gamemaster Character Creation Table,** to randomly generate any GMC humanoid, creature, or monster.

Instant Gamemaster Character (GMC) Creation Table

1. Gamemaster Character Attributes (Roll as Indicated for GMC Type Chosen*)

Attribute		Typical GMC	Formidable GMC	Lunie (Brain Blight)	Darkling/Bobling	Creature (Natural)	Monster (Supernatural)
Intelligence	(INT)	3d6	3d6+2	2d6	3d6	1d6	2d6
Willpower	(WIL)	3d6	3d6+2	1d6	2d6	2d6	3d6
Charisma	(CHA)	3d6	3d6+2	2d6	2d6	1d6	3d6
Mystic	(MYS)	3d6	3d6+2	3d6	3d6	2d6	4d6
Strength	(STR)	3d6	3d6+2	3d6	3d6	4d6	4d6
Dexterity	(DEX)	3d6	3d6+2	2d6	2d6	4d6	2d6
Fitness	(FIT)	3d6	3d6+2	2d6	2d6	4d6	4d6
Appearance	(APP)	3d6	3d6+2	2d6	1d6	3d6	1d6
Health Points**	(HP)	FIT + WIL +1d10	FIT + WIL +1d10	FIT + WIL +2d10	FIT + WIL +2d10	FIT + WIL + 2d10	FIT + WIL + 3d10
Action Initiative	(AI)	WIL + DEX	WIL + DEX	WIL + DEX	WIL + DEX	WIL + DEX	WIL + DEX

*If you desire a GMC that is especially large, or superior in a specific Attribute, add an extra 1d6 or more to your roll.

**Health Point Modifiers: WEIGHT: If the GMC is >200 lbs, apply a +1 HP per every additional 200 lbs; AGE: –1 HP per ≤20 years of age.

A. Darkling Undesirable Physical Transformation Tables (13 Tables, 2 – 14)

2. Horrible Humanoid Traits (Roll 1d100)

No. Rolled	Humanoid Trait
1 – 2	Become the carrier of a new illness (each player suggests a symptom, then vote, GM discretion).
3 – 4	Body becomes excessively hairy.
5 – 6	Body develops fine fur.
7 – 8	Body loses all flesh; skeletal form.
9 – 10	Body loses all skin; muscles and veins show.
11 – 12	Body part(s) grows 1d10 inches (each player suggests a part [e.g., arms], then vote, GM discretion).
13 – 14	Brow ridge becomes prominent.
15 – 16	Ears grow into a point.
17 – 18	Ears grow 1d10 inches.
19 – 20	Emit an offensive smell (1d10' radius) causes incapacitation for others, coughing 1d10 seconds.
21 – 22	Extra arm emerges from each shoulder.
23 – 24	Extra finger develops on each hand.
25 – 26	Extra toe develops on each foot.
27 – 28	Eyebrows become pointed.
29 – 30	Eyebrows become pointed and bushy.
31 – 32	Eyebrows become thick and join in the center.
33 – 34	Eyebrows become thin and arched.
35 – 36	Eyes become cat-like, with slit pupils, and reflecting light at night.
37 – 38	Eyes glow a color (each player suggests a color, then vote; GM discretion).
39 – 40	Eyes lose color vision; color blindness.
41 – 42	Eyes show no pupil; vision remains normal.
43 – 44	Eyes vanish, leaving sockets; vision remains normal.
45 – 46	Eye whites change color (each player suggests a color, then vote; GM discretion).
47 – 48	Face bones become excessively pronounced.
49 – 50	Face becomes smooth and fleshy — bones are covered by thick skin.
51 – 52	Face becomes excessively hairy.
53 – 54	Face develops fine fur.
55 – 56	Hair changes color (each player suggests a color, then vote; GM discretion).
57 – 58	Hands become lumpy and hideously misshapen.
59 – 60	Head loses all flesh and becomes a living skull.
61 – 62	Movement reduced to 1/2 normal speed; walk with a limp — one leg drags.
63 – 64	Movement reduced to 1/2 normal speed; walk with a swaying-limp.
65 – 66	Movement reduced to 1/2 normal speed; bound about in a stooped crouch.
67 – 68	Movement reduced to 1/4 normal speed; bound about on all fours.
69 – 70	New body part grows (each player suggests a part, then vote; GM discretion).
71 – 72	New tail grows to a length of 3d10 inches.
73 – 74	New head grows beside existing head.
73 – 74	Skin appears to glow flame red and ignites combustibles that touch it.
75 – 76	Skin appears baggy and sags.
77 – 78	Skin appears dry, wrinkled, flaking and cracking.
79 – 80	Skin appears lizard-like, shiny, and scaly.
81 – 82	Skin changes color (each player suggests a color, then vote; GM discretion).
83 – 84	Skin develops a permanent state of rot and putrefaction.
85 – 86	Skin develops open sores on body and face.
87 – 88	Spike-like horns protrude through the skin 1d10 inches.
89 – 90	Spine develops massive hunchback which causes head to lower.
91 – 92	Spine develops protruding fin-like bony plates.
93 – 94	Teeth become irregular, hideously deforming the mouth and speech.
95 – 96	Teeth become pointed and fang-like.
97 – 98	Tongue becomes forked.
99 – 100	Roll twice again on this table.

3. Body Form (Roll 1d100)

No. Rolled	Body Composition (anything not stated, not possessed)	Attacks/Second
1 – 5	Single mass (no appendages): spherical	1
6 – 10	Single mass (no appendages): elongated oval	1
11 – 15	Single mass (no appendages): cone-shaped	1
16 – 20	Single mass (no appendages): barrel-shaped	1
21 – 25	Single mass (no appendages): composed of minute geometric/crystalline shapes	1
26 – 30	Single mass (no appendages): in a state of constant seething flux	1
31 – 35	Single mass (no appendages): long and worm-like	1
36 – 40	Single mass (no appendages): vertical tree-like cylinder	1
41 – 45	Single mass (no appendages): smoky form/cloud-like	1
46 – 50	Single mass (no appendages): puddle of living matter	1
51 – 55	Single mass (no appendages): orb of living plasma	1
56 – 60	Head*, abdomen (no limbs)	1
61 – 65	Head*, abdomen, legs (or arms, not both)	1
66 – 70	Head*, abdomen, legs, other appendages	2
71 – 75	Head*, abdomen, legs, thorax, other appendages	2
76 – 80	Head*, torso, legs, arms: similar to a Human	1
81 – 85	Head*, torso, legs, arms, other appendages	2
86 – 90	Abdomen (face part of body), legs	1
91 – 95	Abdomen, (face part of body), legs, arms	1
96 – 100	Abdomen, (face part of body), legs, arms, other appendages	2
	* roll on Head Tables (7 – 12)	

4. Body Size (Roll 1d100)

No. Rolled	Height/Length (Adult)	Weight (Adult)	Health Points (HP)
1 – 5	1d10 inches	1d10 oz	1d6
6 – 10	5" to 1'	1d10 lbs	2d6
11 – 20	1' 1" to 2'	1d10 x 5 lbs	3d6
21 – 40	2' 1" to 4'	1d10 x 10 lbs	4d6
41 – 70	4' 1" to 6'	1d10 x 20 lbs	5d6
71 – 95	6' 1" to 10'	1d10 x 50 lbs	6d6
96 – 99	10' 1" to 25'	1d10 x 100 lbs	7d6
100	Above 25'	1d10 x 500+ lbs	8d6+

5. Body Coloring (Roll 1d100)

No. Rolled	Dominant Coloring*	No. Rolled	Dominant Coloring*
1 – 5	White	51 – 55	Bright violet
6 – 10	Stormcloud gray	56 – 60	Dark blue
11 – 15	Greenish-gray	61 – 65	Watery blue-green
16 – 20	Pale blue	66 – 70	Forest green
21 – 25	Pale yellow	71 – 75	Sandy tan
26 – 30	Bright yellow	76 – 80	Chestnut brown
31 – 35	Sunset orange	81 – 85	Jet black
36 – 40	Blood red	86 – 90	Metallic (silver, gold, etc.)
41 – 45	Flamingo pink	91 – 95	Iridescent blue-green
46 – 50	Deep purple	96 – 100	Special: chameleon (can change skin color/pattern at will)

*Also roll for a 30% chance (1 – 6) of a secondary color; if so, roll 1d20 with the following results:
1 – 10 large patches [often underbelly]; 11 – 16 small spots; 17 – 20 stripes.

A. Darkling Undesirable Physical Transformation Tables (13 Tables, 2–14)

6. Skin Surface and Body Composition (Roll 1d100)

No. Rolled	Skin Surface Type	Body Composition Type* (Roll 1d10)
1 – 10	Feathers	Tissue & Bone
11 – 20	Scales	1: Rock/Mineral, 2 – 8: Tissue & Bone, 9 – 10: Gelatinous Mass
21 – 30	Plated exoskeleton	1: Rock/Mineral, 2 – 8: Tissue & Bone, 9 – 10: Gelatinous Mass
31 – 40	Dense needle-like quills	1: Rock/Mineral, 2 – 8: Tissue & Bone, 9 – 10: Gelatinous Mass
41 – 50	Leathery hide	1: Rock/Mineral, 2 – 7: Tissue & Bone, 8 – 10: Gelatinous Mass
51 – 60	Dense fur	1 – 9: Tissue & Bone, 10: Gelatinous Mass
61 – 70	Lightly haired	1 – 8: Tissue & Bone, 9 – 10: Gelatinous Mass
71 – 80	Smooth, hairless skin	1 – 8: Tissue & Bone, 9 – 10: Gelatinous Mass
81 – 90	Rubbery/fatty skin	1: Rock/Mineral, 2 – 6: Tissue & Bone, 7 – 10: Gelatinous Mass
91 – 95	Thin membrane exofilm	1 – 3: Liquid, 4: Plasma, 5: Tissue & Bone, encasing fluid, 6 – 10: Gelatinous Mass
96 – 99	Skinless/exposed muscle	Tissue & Bone
100	No tangible surface	1 – 5: Gaseous, 6 – 10: Formless Consciousness
	*Body Composition Type will affect damage resistance as appropriate.	

7. Feeding Behavior (Roll 1d100)

No. Rolled	Feeding Behavior Type (Appetite)	Movement Rate (ft/sec: Creatures) Walk	Sprint
1	Autotroph (synthesize food energy)	1d6	3d10
2 – 25	Herbivore (plant eater)	1d6	4d10
26 – 35	Omnivore (gatherer/forager)	1d6	3d10
36 – 45	Omnivore (hunter/stalker)	1d6	3d10
46 – 55	Carnivore (hunter/stalker)	1d6	4d10
56 – 60	Carnivore (ambusher/trapper)	1d6	4d10
61 – 65	Carnivore (siren; hypnotic call)	1d6	2d10
66 – 70	Carrion (sharing/stealing a kill)	1d6	3d10
71 – 75	Carrion (scavenging/reclaiming)	1d6	1d10
76 – 81	Parasite (feeds on living host)	1d6	1d10
82 – 83	Supernatural, Restricted to: blood	1d6	1d10
84 – 85	Supernatural, Restricted to: bone marrow	1d6	1d10
86 – 87	Supernatural, Restricted to: dirt	1d6	1d10
88 – 89	Supernatural, Restricted to: eyeballs	1d6	1d10
90 – 91	Supernatural, Restricted to: insects	1d6	1d10
92 – 93	Supernatural, Restricted to: internal organs	1d6	1d10
84 – 95	Supernatural, Restricted to: living flesh	1d6	1d10
96 – 97	Supernatural, Restricted to: raw meat	1d6	1d10
98 – 100	Supernatural, Restricted to: cold dead flesh	1d6	1d10

8. Head Shape (Roll 1d100)

No. Rolled	Overall Head Shape	No. Rolled	Overall Head Shape
1 – 5	Circular	51 – 55	Elephant-like
6 – 10	Ellipsoid/Oval	56 – 60	Lizard-like
11 – 15	Barrel-shaped	61 – 65	Bird-like
16 – 20	Horizontal: star-shaped	66 – 70	Fish-like
21 – 25	Horizontal: triangular	71 – 75	Octopus/Squid-like
26 – 30	Horse-like	76 – 80	Toad-like
31 – 35	Bull/Cow-like	81 – 85	Worm-like
36 – 40	Dog-like	86 – 90	Insectoid
41 – 45	Cat-like	91 – 99	Humanoid
46 – 50	Ape-like	100	No apparent Head (apply the Head features to either limbs or the body mass)

9. Nourishment Intake (Roll 1d100)

No. Rolled	Means of Nourishment Intake	Mouth (Bite) Damage
1 – 10	Mouth without teeth (gums only)	1d6 ÷2
11 – 20	Sucker-like mouth	1d6
21 – 25	Small sucker-mouths on limb(s)	1d6
26 – 30	Mouth/sucker on stalk/appendage	1d6
31 – 45	Mouth with square teeth (eg. human)	1d6
46 – 50	Beak (bird-like)	2d6
51 – 60	Mouth with thick lips & pointed teeth	3d6
61 – 75	Mouth with thin lips & pointed fangs	3d6
76 – 85	Mandibles & mouth	3d6
86 – 90	Vertical toothed slit down center of head	3d6
91 – 99	Slimy slit/hole in skin	—
100	Absorbent skin	—

10. Eye Type (Roll 1d100)

No. Rolled	Eye Appearance Type
1 – 10	One large inset eye
11 – 30	Small inset eyes (e.g., humanoid)
31 – 45	Bulbous moist eyes (e.g., fish-like)
46 – 60	Multi-faceted eyes (e.g., insect-like)
61 – 75	Protruding eyes (e.g., lizard-like)
76 – 95	Eyes on independently moveable stalks or tubes
96 – 99	Light sensitive patches on skin
100	No eyes; visually blind

11. Ear Type (Roll 1d100)

No. Rolled	Ear Appearance Type
1 – 20	Small rounded ears (e.g., human-like)
21 – 40	Small pointed ears (e.g., elf or cat-like)
41 – 50	Small floppy ears (e.g., dog-like)
51 – 60	Large floppy ears (e.g., elephant-like)
61 – 70	Extendible pseudopods (tentacle-like)
71 – 80	Small slits/holes in skin
81 – 90	Skin flaps over ear holes
91 – 99	Small vibration-sensitive patches under skin membrane
100	No ears; deaf

12. Nose Type (Roll 1d100)

No. Rolled	Nose Appearance Type
1 – 30	Nose (human-like)
31 – 50	Short snout (dog-like)
51 – 60	Long snout (horse-like)
61 – 70	Trunk (elephant-like)
71 – 80	Small scent sensitive patches on skin
81 – 99	Small slits/holes in skin
100	No nose; no sense of smell (or taste)

The more crazed the look in someone's eyes, the more likely they're crazy.

A. Darkling Undesirable Physical Transformation Tables (13 Tables, 2–14)

13. Other Head Features (Roll 1d100)

No. Rolled	Other Head/Face Features	Bonus Attack Damage
1 – 10	Gills (breathe under water)	—
11 – 20	1d6 Antennae (+10% all DEX Rolls)	—
21 – 30	Long (worm-like) neck	—
31 – 40	Plate carapace behind head	—
41 – 50	Thick hairs surround eyes and mouth	—
51 – 55	Tube-like sensory feelers cover entire face	—
56 – 60	Tube-like sensory feelers cover entire head	—
61 – 70	1d6 Whip-like stingers	1d6 (each sting)
71 – 80	Acid-like saliva	2d6 for 1d10 rounds
81 – 90	1d6 Tusks/horns/antlers	3d6 (impact/impale each)
91 – 99	Roll twice again on this table	—
100	No other head/face feature	—

14. Other Body Appendages (Roll 1d100)

No. Rolled	Appendage Type	Attack Damage
1 – 5	Hundreds of thick tentacle legs at base of body (or torso)	—
6 – 10	Hundreds of crystalline forms at base of body (or torso)	—
11 – 15	1d6 Webbed humanoid feet	1d6 (kick)
16 – 20	1d6 Humanoid feet with claws	1d6 (kick)
21 – 25	1d6 Thick elephant-like legs; clawed webbed feet	2d6 (kick/crush)
26 – 30	1d6 Leaping legs (kangaroo or frog-like)	1d6 (kick)
31 – 35	1d6 Humanoid arms with sharp claws	1d6 (grasp/claw)
36 – 40	1d6 Pincers on arms (crab-like)	2d6 (grasp/crush)
41 – 45	1d6 Retractable claws on arms/legs (cat-like)	2d6 (grasp/crush/claw)
46 – 50	1d6 Talons (bird-like)	2d6 (grasp/crush/claw)
51 – 55	1d6 Hair-like grasping feelers	1d6 (squeeze)
56 – 60	1d6 Thick, grasping tentacles with suckers	1d6 (squeeze/suck body fluids)
61 – 65	1d6 Thick, ribbed, cylindrical (branch-like) arms	1d6 (grasp/crush/squeeze)
66 – 70	Cloven Hooves (horse or goat-like)	2d6 (kick)
71 – 75	Tail (whip-like or grasping/hurling)	1d6 (strike/squeeze)
76 – 80	Tail (with poison stinger or barbs)	1d6 for 1d10 rounds
81 – 85	Tail (horned/club-like)	2d6 (strike)
86 – 90	Wings (2, appearance as desired)	1d6 (strike)
91 – 99	Roll twice again on this table	—
100	No other body appendage	—



B. Darkling Undesirable Behavioral Transformation Table (1 Table Only, 15)

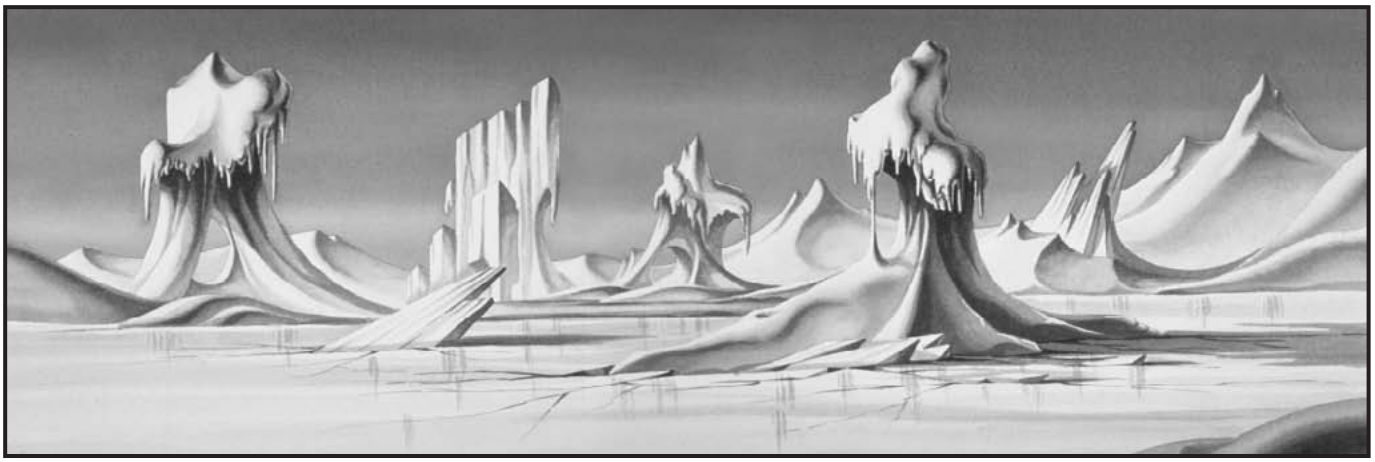
15. Undesirable Traits/Special Vulnerabilities (Roll 1d100)

No. Rolled	Undesirable Behavioral Trait/Vulnerability
1 – 3	Breathing becomes heavy, panting between sentences or phrases.
4 – 6	Breathing makes a gurgling sound.
7 – 9	Choose: one substance (e.g., silver), if touched it inflicts on the Character 1 HP damage per second.
10 – 12	Communication in rasping breaths.
13 – 15	Constant sound: soft slobbering & sucking noises; may be heard within 15'.
16 – 18	Constant sound: barks, whines & howls; may be heard within 30'.
19 – 21	Constant sound: gibbering & mumbling; may be heard within 30'.
22 – 24	Drinking prompts retching (vomiting) action.
25 – 27	Eating prompts retching (vomiting) action.
28 – 30	Excitement, nervousness, or fear, prompts fits of animalistic growls.
31 – 33	Excitement, nervousness, or fear, prompts fits of animalistic howling.
34 – 36	Excitement, nervousness, or fear, prompts fits of emitting strange noises.
37 – 39	Excitement, nervousness, or fear, prompts fits of excessive self criticism.
40 – 42	Excitement, nervousness, or fear, prompts fits of fascination with violence and the infliction of pain.
43 – 45	Excitement, nervousness, or fear, prompts fits of furor and rage.
46 – 48	Excitement, nervousness, or fear, prompts fits of incapacitating seizures.
49 – 51	Excitement, nervousness, or fear, prompts fits of mad laughter.
52 – 54	Excitement, nervousness, or fear, prompts fits of relishing the discomfort and pain of others.
55 – 57	Excitement, nervousness, or fear, prompts fits of self mutilation (i.e., pain = pleasure).
58 – 60	Excitement, nervousness, or fear, prompts fits of shaking hands (–5% penalty on all DEX Rolls).
61 – 62	Excitement, nervousness, or fear, prompts fits of stuttering.
63 – 64	Excitement, nervousness, or fear, prompts fits of talking about intimate experiences.
65 – 66	Excitement, nervousness, or fear, prompts fits of twitching spasms (–10% penalty on all DEX Rolls).
67 – 68	Excitement, nervousness, or fear, prompts sudden negative comments or opinions about strangers.
69 – 70	Excitement, nervousness, or fear, prompts the altering of all objectives to destructive ends.
71 – 72	Excitement, nervousness, or fear, prompts unexpected dramatic mood changes.
73 – 74	Excitement, nervousness, or fear, prompts unexpected motivations and personality change.
75 – 76	Excitement, nervousness, or fear, prompts unexpected switching objectives in mid-stride.
77 – 78	Intense cold (e.g., icy wind); creature freezes: 2d10 HP Damage/second.
79 – 80	Intense heat (e.g., fire); creature burns: 2d10 HP Damage/second.
81 – 82	Intense light (e.g., sunlight); blinding.
83 – 84	Intense light (e.g., sunlight); creature sizzles: 1d10 HP Damage per second.
85 – 86	Intense pressure (e.g., 100' underwater); creature dies within 2d10 seconds.
87 – 88	Intense vacuum (e.g., space); creature dies within 2d10 seconds.
89 – 90	The first sight of the full moon prompts animalistic howling.
91 – 92	Touching food or drink spoils it (consuming it will inflict 1 HP damage per swallow).
93 – 94	Touching food or drink transforms its appearance into something awful.
95 – 96	Weak willed; may be tamed/controlled by a strong will (–10% all WIL Rolls).
97 – 98	Brain Blight: Make 1 WIL Roll each 24 hrs; failure requires you adopt 1 new neurosis.
99 – 100	Roll twice again on this table.

C. Darkling Desirable Physical Transformation Tables (2 Tables, 16–17)

16. Special Characteristics, Abilities, etc. (Roll 1d100)

No. Rolled	Special Characteristic, Ability, Power, or Defense
1 – 2	100% Magic resistance (defense). Sorcery spells have no effect.
3 – 4	100% Poison resistance (defense). Poisons have no effect.
5 – 6	100% Psionic resistance (defense). Mind powers have no effect.
7 – 8	Acquire a supernatural creature as a 'familiar' companion.
9 – 10	Breathe as normal in noxious smelling environment.
11 – 12	Burrow tunnel (3' x 3') through soil and soft rock with claws at 1d100 inches per minute.
13 – 14	Climb any wall/surface and cling, including upside down.
15 – 16	Communication Skill: choose one type of being with which you can communicate: sentient culture, animal, corpse, undead being.
17 – 18	Comprehend the meaning of the call/behavior of a specific animal or creature (e.g., wolf, buzzard, tarantula spider, wasp, etc.).
19 – 20	Cybermind: can interact with electronic devices by thought; range 20' from access point.
21 – 22	Damage immunity: choose one of: cold, heat, noxious gas, corrosive chemicals, electricity, pressure, vacuum.
23 – 24	Danger Sense: experience a tingling when a potential threat is imminent and/or within 10'.
25 – 26	Darksight 1d10 x 100'.
27 – 28	Detection Ability (radius 1d10'): choose one of: direction, invisibility, lifeforms, magic, movement, tracks.
29 – 30	Do not need to: choose one of: breathe, drink, eat, excrete or discharge bodily waste, sleep.
31 – 32	Drinking blood replenishes 1 HP per pint consumed.
33 – 34	Energized: body can store or drain electrical energy like a battery, can also invoke a shocking touch which will stun 1d10 seconds.
35 – 36	Fly, in any direction, at will; each direction change requires a WIL Roll (cost: 1 HP per minute).
37 – 38	Gradual mutation of other creatures. Those who spend many weeks around creature will begin to experience random (Darkling) transformations.
39 – 40	Imitative learning ability: for any new Skill acquired via the observation of another using the Skill apply a +10% bonus to initial BAV.
41 – 42	Invulnerable: can be rendered unconscious, but can't be killed except via a Special Vulnerability (choose one place on the Character's body which if struck would cause a quick death).
43 – 44	Jump and leap twice normal height or distance for a being of this size.
45 – 46	Levitate (up or down) at will; each direction change requires a WIL Roll (cost: 1 HP per minute).
47 – 48	Limb regeneration: limb grows back in 1d100 minutes.
49 – 50	Limb replacement: can replace limb with any other object — it will bond until removed.
51 – 52	Longevity: immune to old age, disease, starvation, (death by natural causes). Can only die by violent trauma.
53 – 54	'Play dead'; appear totally deceased (i.e., no pulse or breathing) to an observer (cost: 1 HP per minute).
55 – 56	Quick healing: heal 1 HP per second.
57 – 58	Recognized (or mistaken as) a deity and worshiped; locals may offer sacrifices, perform rituals, etc.
59 – 60	Run: 1d10 times normal speed (cost: 1 HP per second).
61 – 62	Shape-change: alter body form into any creature or object of equal mass. Transformation takes 1d10 seconds.
63 – 64	Shape-change: alter body form to ooze through small cracks and crevices. Transformation takes 1d10 seconds.
65 – 66	Shape-change: alter external appearance at will. Transformation takes 1d10 seconds.
67 – 68	Shape-change: alter size (not mass) of body: enlarge up to twice normal size. Transformation takes 1d10 seconds.
69 – 70	Shape-change: alter size (not mass) of body: shrink up to half normal size. Transformation takes 1d10 seconds.
71 – 72	Skin: constantly bubbles & froths; +10% Resistance Roll (physical contact).
73 – 74	Skin: constantly producing eyes; can't be sneaked up on.
73 – 74	Skin appears to glow flame red and ignites combustibles that touch it.
75 – 76	Skin: constantly producing pseudopods, +10% to all DEX Rolls.
77 – 78	Skin: constantly vibrating & shaking; +10% Resistance Roll (physical contact).
79 – 80	Sonic Stun: can emit a sound which incapacitates for 1d10 seconds (range as per normal).
81 – 82	Sound Mimic: can reproduce any sound or voice already heard (range as per normal).
83 – 84	Supernatural ability (choose one) which does not permit direct harm to others.
85 – 86	Supernatural ability (choose one) which may directly harm others (1d10 HP damage per second; cost: 1 HP per second).
87 – 88	Touch food or liquid — transform it into poison (inflicting 1 HP per swallow) at will.
89 – 90	Touch corpse ≤24 hours deceased to raise the dead once per 24 hours (cost: 1d10 HP per use).
91 – 92	Transfer a specific ability to another being at will (cost: 1 HP per transfer, GM discretion).
93 – 94	Travel to other Planes of Existence at will (cost: 1 HP per minute).
95 – 96	Turn invisible (or visible) at will (cost: 1 HP per minute).
97 – 98	Undead: won't bleed, feel extreme sensations (e.g., pain), or any emotions (including fear).
99 – 100	View into other Planes of Existence at will (cost: 1 HP per minute).



The more calm, kind, and sophisticated someone appears, the more dangerous they are (unless, of course, they're a fop).

C. Darkling Desirable Physical Transformation Table (2 Tables, 16 – 17)

17. Offensive Abilities / Special Attacks (Roll 1d100)

No. Rolled	Special Attack & Effect on Victim(s)/Target(s)
1 – 3	Blood: corrosive, acid-like blood inflicts 2d6 HP Damage for 2d10 seconds (unless washed away sooner).
4 – 6	Breath attack: fiery hot blast instantly inflicts 2d10 HP Damage to everything within a 20' radius.
7 – 9	Breath attack: icy cold blast instantly inflicts 2d10 HP Damage to everything within a 20' radius.
10 – 12	Breath attack: noxious smell; victims make a WIL Roll or incapacitated, gagging 1d10 seconds, 1d10' radius.
13 – 15	Breath attack: noxious smell; victims make a WIL Roll or incapacitated, coughing 1d10 seconds, 1d10' radius, 1d10 HP Damage per second.
16 – 18	Breath attack: sucking gale force wind; draws everything in a 20' radius toward attacker, unless victim makes a STR Roll to resist.
19 – 21	Breath attack: blowing gale force wind; everything in a 20' radius blown away from attacker, unless victim makes a STR Roll to resist.
22 – 24	Command a specific type of animal or wild creature (e.g., snakes, bats, cockroaches, dogs, hawks, ravens, spiders, wolves, etc.).
25 – 27	Command a specific type of undead creature (e.g., zombies).
28 – 30	Gaze, eye contact: induces incapacitation. If the victim fails a WIL Roll to resist, they'll be frozen motionless for 1d10 seconds.
31 – 33	Gaze, eye contact induces stunned state (uncertainty/confusion), lasting1d10 seconds — if the victim fails WIL Roll.
34 – 36	Gaze, eye contact & grimace induces fear and the desire for the victim to flee, lasting 1d10 seconds.
37 – 39	Gaze, eye contact induces charmed state, lasting1d10 seconds. If the victim fails a WIL Roll, they'll accept *one* command (except suicide).
40 – 42	Gaze, eye contact induces charmed state. If the victim fails a WIL Roll, they'll accept *simple* commands (except suicide) for1d10 seconds.
43 – 45	Gaze, eye contact induces insanity, lasting1d10 minutes. If the victim fails a WIL Roll, they'll acquire *one* neurosis (GM choice).
46 – 48	Gaze induces damage. For each second of eye contact the victim must make a WIL Roll, failure results in a loss of 1 HP damage per second.
49 – 51	Gaze, eye contact induces unconsciousness (victim collapses, sleeps, lasting1d10 minutes — if the victim fails WIL Roll).
52 – 54	Nails become retractable claws; inflicting 1d10 HP damage per attack.
55 – 57	Scream/howl induces incapacitating stun for 1d10 seconds, 50' radius, unless the victim makes a WIL Roll to resist.
58 – 60	Saliva: gobs of sticky corrosive goo; 1d10 damage per round until washed away.
61 – 63	Saliva: if ingested by another, causes contagious supernatural disease: lycanthropy.
64 – 66	Tongue attack: creates hole in flesh; 1d10 damage per round until tongue-tube removed.
67 – 69	Touch attack: burning grasp; 1 HP per second; burn at place of contact.
70 – 72	Touch attack: freezing grasp; 1 HP damage per second; frostbite at place of contact.
73 – 75	Touch attack: health draining grasp; drain 1 FIT Point per second held.
76 – 78	Touch attack: vice grasp, 1d6 HP damage per grip and squeeze.
79 – 81	Bite: poison in fangs; 1d6 HP damage per bite.
82 – 84	Can expand mouth and throat to swallow something 3x normal mouth size.
85 – 87	Shoot out cords of sticky webbing to bind prey or make web-like traps.
88 – 90	Skin: oozes poisonous pus; 1 HP per second Damage until cleaned.
91 – 93	Skin: engulf/swallow victim; 1 HP per second Damage.
95 – 96	Skin: can invoke self immolation in flames and combust objects touched; 1 HP Damage per second.
97 – 98	Transfer consciousness: may switch minds with another lifeform (sentient or otherwise) if the victim fails a WIL Roll.
99 – 100	No offensive ability or special attack.

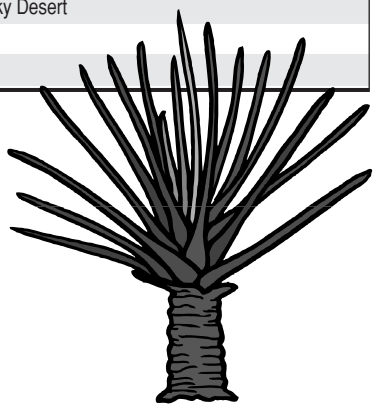
Creature Creation Characteristics (2 Tables, 18 – 19)

18. Creature's Behavior When Encountered (Roll 1d100)

No. Rolled	Behavior of Creature	Why it Behaves That Way
1 – 3	Attacks immediately	Protection of territory
4 – 9	Attacks immediately	Hunger
10 – 19	Attacks immediately	Character between mother and young
20 – 29	Turns, growls slowly: may attack	Inviting contact: taunting, baiting, toying
30 – 39	Turns, growls fiercely: may attack	Warning: protecting nearby young
40 – 49	Turns, growls fiercely: may attack	Warning: eating/protecting a recent kill
50 – 59	Turns & watches intently	Eating/protecting a recent kill
60 – 69	Turns & watches intently	Trying to decide whether to attack
70 – 72	Writhing in pain/sobbing	Has thorn in foot (or other suitable place)
73 – 75	Laying bleeding from wounds	Recently lost a fight
76 – 78	Afraid	Uncertain of own abilities
79 – 81	Waits for surprise attack	Sentient: wants to eat and grow
82 – 84	Waits for surprise attack	Sentient: wants to destroy all that is 'alive'
85 – 87	Waits for surprise attack	Sentient: wants to destroy all humanity
88 – 91	Waits for surprise attack	Sentient: wants to subjugate humanity
92 – 94	Waits for surprise attack/action	Sentient: wants to cause misery, death
95 – 97	Waits for surprise attack/action	Sentient: wants to gain ultimate power
98 – 100	Approaches enthusiastically	Curious/seeking companionship

19. Natural Habitat of Creature (Roll 1d100)

No. Rolled	Habitat
1 – 5	Graveyards, crypts
6 – 10	Tunnels beneath cities/ruins
11 – 15	Underground burrow, tunnels, caves
16 – 20	Deep trenches beneath the ocean/seas: salt water
21 – 25	At the bottom of deep lakes/underground seas: fresh water
26 – 30	Under waterfalls: fresh water
31 – 35	Ice Sheet/Polar Desert
36 – 40	Cold Tundra
41 – 45	Highland Moor/Mountain
46 – 50	Cold Coniferous/Boreal Forest
51 – 55	Mixed Woodland & Grassland
56 – 60	Midlatitude Deciduous Forest
61 – 65	Temperate Wetland/Swamp
66 – 70	Monsoon Deciduous Forest
71 – 75	Rainforest/Tropical Jungle
76 – 80	Tall-grass Prairie & Savanna
81 – 85	Short-grass Steppe & Plains
86 – 90	Rugged Badlands/Rocky Desert
91 – 95	Flat, Sandy Desert
96 – 100	Interstellar space



CHAPTER TWELVE

The Monster as a Character

THIS SECTION IS PROVIDED TO HELP THE GM develop monstrous GMCs as well as provide some suggestions should a player want to create and play a monstrous PC. Just because a Character is a monster doesn't mean they can't have a personality, feelings, or plans for retirement. Remember, monsters are people too — just very *weird* people that you'd probably rather not meet.

The Monster's Appearance

Monsters usually take the form of hideous or distorted humanoids, an incomprehensible blob, or combined mass of parts from the most feared or revered animals. For the purposes of creating the physical aspects of a monster, refer to the **GMC Darkling/Bobling Creation** (see page **119**).

Occasionally, however, a monster appears deceptively normal or even attractive, with their amoral psychopathic personalities and actions making them horrific.

The Mind of the Monster

Monsters are more than a collection of horrible parts directing themselves down a path of riotous destruction. They have personality. True, in many cases it is buried deep in their psyche, but if you look close enough, it is there.

Typically, the monster personality manifests itself through a series of 'urges' which drive his, her, or its physical actions. When it comes right down to it, these urges are not so different from everyone elses'.

Monster Basic Behavior Tables (Roll 1d10 on Both Tables)

No. Rolled	Primary Urge (Main driving force in the monster's life.)
1	A desire for companionship (someone to share in the misery).
2	A desire for knowledge (perhaps to discover how to become 'normal')
3	A desire for love and affection (…oh, baby!).
4	A desire for nourishment (always hungry).
5	A desire for really great sex (always… well, you get it… hopefully).
6	A desire for respect ("…I am not an animal… I am a human being… sort of.").
7	A desire for wealth (wants as much stuff as possible — perhaps of a specific type).
8	A desire for power (always trying to dominate everyone else).
9	A desire to travel ("I just wanted to see the world…").
10	Roll again on the Primal Urge table and then roll for a Secondary Urge.

No. Rolled	Secondary Urge (An objective for the monster.)
1	A desire for revenge for a 'injustice' done to it — to make things 'right' again.
2	A desire to complete a specific task(s) — to make things 'right' again.
3	A desire to retrieve a specific object(s) — to make things 'right' again.
4	An urge to steal any device left unattended.
5	An urge to destroy any device left unattended.
6	A mad desire create and set elaborate traps and tortures for victims.
7	A mad desire to kill those who are attractive, those who have had sex in the last three days, those who are overweight, and those who take their clothes off — simply because it feels good.
8	A mad desire to kill everyone encountered — simply because it feels good.
9	A mad desire to destroy everything and everyone in sight — simply because it feels good.
10	Roll twice again on the Secondary Urge table.

What sets monsters apart, beyond their often grotesque appearance, is a ***childlike lack of understanding of the significance of their actions, a limited span of attention, a failure to experience remorse or empathy,*** and/or ***a complete ignorance of their physical or mental limits.*** They also tend to be unfamiliar with the customary standards of social decorum.

Consider ways of making the monster sympathetic to others. There should be an event in the creature's past or an aspect of their psyche which provides an explanation for his, her, or its current behavior. This will not, of course, make their rampaging ok, but it may provide the 'monster hunters' with the key to transforming the creature back to 'normal', or into a more socially acceptable beast, or at the very least offer the resource material for a suitable eulogy.

Whether the monster Character is run by the GM or a player, they will experience the 'urges' of their monstrous condition (see the **Monster Basic Behavior Tables,** this page). You as GM may permit them the ability to temporarily override these compulsions with a successful **WIL Roll**. The urges exert themselves again when the Character is under stress (GM discretion). Each failure results in a **–1**% toward the Characters next **WIL Roll** until they have been transformed back into their normal state.

Some Monstrous Adventure Ideas

An entire game could consist of the players taking the role of the *monsters* instead of their usual adventurous band. This could result in a number of adventurous situation, some of which are outlined below:

A Bizarre Transformation

Due to a faulty access gate to Murphy's World, or some other supernatural or technological effect, all the Characters are transformed into hideous monsters. The Characters are required to live as monsters until a cure can be found to return them to their original form — or they're destroyed by a mob of peasants.

The Monster Among Us

Something has transformed one or two of the Characters into 'monsters'. The remaining members of the party are prompted into fighting for their lives while attempting to find a cure for the transformation (or a good crematorium). Meanwhile, other locals may hear about the creatures and round up a posse to destroy the foul fiends before they can do further harm. It's situations like this where you learn who your friends are….

Hunted at Home

The PCs have been monsters all their lives, and live with other monsters as a communal society in a cave system or abandoned castle where they've established individual dens where personal belongings and accumulated treasures are stashed. Naturally some of these items have been taken from those who have passed nearby, but these liberations are simply a toll for travelers using the local trail.

Thus it may come as a surprise when a small band of hostile adventurers arrive and launch an assault on the commune, attempting to steal any treasure, and bring the Character's heads home as trophies. Can the bloodthirsty invaders be repelled? It's clobbering time…

The personality of a supernaturally transformed person (e.g., Lycanthrope) typically reflects the normally hidden inhibitions of their usual form.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

The Dark Laws of Murphy's World

Though Sean Murphy had already recorded a number of phenomena while touring the planet, upon entering the Dark Lands he became aware of a number of effects unique to this region — often to his exquisite discomfort. Further investigation could provide no explanation as to the source; speculation included Bob, Ben, or the bizarre mindset of the inhabitants of this gloomy territory. Murphy decided to call his new collection of observed phenomena the 'Dark Laws of Murphy's World'.

How the Dark Laws Can Affect Gameplay

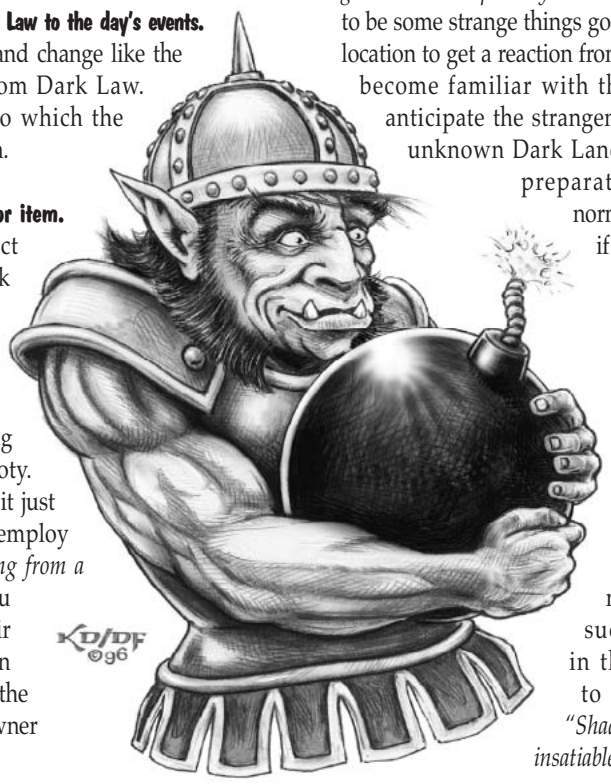
As with the Murphy's Laws presented in the book *Murphy's World (PGN 0101, available from Peregrine),* the Dark Laws are intended to serve as a Gamemaster's aid. Thus, if you're reading this, and you're a player, shut your eyes and close the book *now.* If you're a player and you're still reading this, consider yourself *very naughty.*

The Dark Laws are a tool which the GM may use to bring about unexpected plot twists. They can be chosen or rolled randomly and employed as often or as infrequently as you like. Make up your own as desired. The following suggestions are provided to help you get started using Dark Laws:

A. While in the Dark Lands, apply a new Dark Law to the day's events. Dark Laws could be environmental, and change like the weather. Each day, roll for a random Dark Law. Whenever a circumstance occurs to which the Dark Law can be applied, let it happen.

B. Apply a Dark Law to a specific location or item. When the Characters enter a distinct and unfamiliar area, apply a Dark Law. The Dark Law may trigger an event(s) or may come into effect only when triggered by specific circumstances.

Characters are always exploring dark tombs and swiping ancient booty. Some call it "archaeology." To others it just another form of "recycling." If you employ the Dark Law: *"If you swipe something from a dead being, they will want it back,"* you can be sure that the smiles from their treasure hunting expedition will soon be replaced by screams prompted by the sudden appearance of the original owner wanting to collect… with interest.



C. Apply a Dark Law to a Character. On Murphy's World, if a Character is having a good day (e.g., achieving many successful action attempts, etc.) their day should actually *improve* (i.e., the GM should give them an Action Attempt Bonus). Conversely, if things are not going well, the application of a Dark Law as a cloud over their head should really make things go right down the toilet. Whenever they engage in an Action to which the Dark Law may be applied… zing them.

Thus, if the Dark Law prescribed to the Character states: *"'Weird stuff' is most likely to reveal itself when you're alone or your companions are looking elsewhere,"* then whenever the Character becomes isolated from the others, let them see, hear, or discover something bizarre — which may actually serve to drive the plot forward. This could be an opportunity for humor, since the Character may notice things even when the others are present but just looking elsewhere.

D. Let a Dark Law suggest how events may occur or how GMCs might act. If ever you're not sure what to do, consider consulting a Dark Law. It may provide the plot twist you need to keep things moving in an exciting and amusing direction.

Let's say the Characters have just arrived at a very small, isolated village. If you apply the law: *"The smaller the settlement the greater its susceptibility to 'weirdness',"* it is clear that there is going to be some strange things going on. You need not apply it to every location to get a reaction from the Characters. Once the Characters become familiar with the Dark Laws, they may begin to anticipate the strangeness before it begins — their fear of unknown Dark Land dangers prompting them to take preparatory actions that they might not normally take upon entering a settlement if located elsewhere on Murphy's World.

Resisting the Effect of a Dark Law

When a Dark Law is applied to a Character, they have a chance to resist its influence by making a successful **WIL Roll**. Failure results in their acting (or things happening to them) as the Law suggests (e.g., *"Shadowy figures and strange noises invoke insatiable curiosity"*).

The Dark Laws

(Select the option closest to the gameplay situation, or roll 1d6)

1. **Places of Mystery Laws** (Strange Sites & Their Effects)
2. **Perceptions & Reality Laws** (Sense & Sensibility)
3. **Actions & Effects Laws** (Dire Consequences)
4. **Antagonist Behavior Laws** (What the Bad Guys Do & Why)
5. **Monsters & the Dead Laws** (The Function of Foul Fiends)
6. **Things & Devices Laws** (How & When Things Are Likely to Fail)

1. Places of Mystery Laws

Strange Sites & Their Effects (Roll 1d100 or Choose)

1 – 5	If your vehicle ceases to operate at night in a deserted location, the first old house or hotel you see is the *worst* place to seek assistance.
6 – 10	When lost or adrift on an ocean, at the *moment of greatest despair,* a 'mysterious island' will appear offering a place to land.
11 – 15	The more *isolated* the location, the more likely something *terrible* will happen (e.g., lakeside camp, woodland cabin, bayou shack).
16 – 20	If a location's *name* blatantly *describes an unsettling concept* (e.g., Devil Dog Ditch), it is likely to prove an *unsettling place.*
21 – 25	The *nastier the history* of a location, the greater the chance that a mechanical or electrical failure will occur, resulting in your being *stranded* there until a service person or part can arrive.
26 – 30	The stronger the *emotional intensity* of an event (e.g., a violent murder), the greater its chance of *psychically imprinting* itself on the physical setting of the occurrence (prompting supernatural disturbances and manifestations appropriate to the nature of the imprint).
31 – 35	The more *innocent sounding* the location name, the more *sinister the events* likely to occur there.
36 – 40	If you encounter an apparently *deserted settlement,* consider that it may be vacant for a reason — *leave immediately* if you value your life.
41 – 45	The *smaller* the settlement the greater its susceptibility to *'weirdness'.*
46 – 50	The more *wholesome* the appearance of a settlement, the *darker the secrets* it hides.
51 – 55	The more *appealing* the home, the greater the chance that it is *haunted* or *possessed.*
56 – 60	The greater the number of *nooks and crannies* a home has (e.g., an attic) the greater the chance of *supernatural* (or a mad relative) habitation.
61 – 65	The more *attractive* the flower garden the greater the chance that one or more *bodies are buried* beneath it.
66 – 70	The *smaller* the graveyard, the *less* 'peaceful' it is.
71 – 75	The *closer* you stand (or reside) to the resting place of the dead (e.g., grave, tomb, crypt), the *greater* your chance of making unexpected acquaintances.
76 – 80	The closer your *dwelling* is located to land that was once a cemetery, a site used for black masses, or the place where individuals either went mad, committed suicide, or died horribly, the greater the chance some *dire influence* will attempt to impose itself on you.
81 – 85	The more *cramped and cluttered* the place (e.g., basement) and *dimmer* the available light (e.g., a match because the power has gone out), the more *likely* that something horrible will happen.
86 – 90	The *stronger your suspicion* that a needed shop, inn, or means of transport just conveniently 'appeared', the greater you should *reevaluate your need.*
91 – 95	Structures that *resemble* hostile lifeforms are likely to *be* hostile lifeforms.
96 – 100	The more *numerous* or *dangerous* the inhabitants of an insane asylum, the greater the chance it will be *run* by madmen.

2. Perceptions and Reality Laws

Sense & Sensibility (Roll 1d100 or Choose)

1 – 3	The greater your vanity, nerdity, sensuality, or reluctance to *accept* what your senses or friends tell you to be true, the greater your chance of *doom.*
4 – 6	The *larger* and *nastier* the group, the greater the (natural) *disaster* it will attract.
7 – 10	If you *expect* terrifying and terrible things to occur, they probably *will.*
11 – 15	If you *don't expect* terrifying and terrible things to occur, they just *might* anyway.
16 – 20	'Weird stuff' is most likely to *reveal itself* to you when you're *alone* or your companions are looking *elsewhere.*
21 – 25	The *scarier* the events described in a legend, story, hypothesis, or dream the more *likely* they will (or did) occur.
26 – 30	Shadowy shapes and strange noises will invoke *insatiable curiosity.*
31 – 35	Things seen in mirrors are *closer* than they *appear.*
36 – 40	If you *believe* you saw something 'weird', or heard a voice, you probably *did.*
41 – 45	The more you *look* at it, or *think* about it, the more *reality* you give it.
46 – 50	If while searching for something you hear a strange noise, then catch sight of a familiar pet, you may assume that the noise was *not* made by the pet.
51 – 55	Animals who become *'spooked'* (suddenly behaving in a suspicious or fearful manner) are usually doing so for a *good reason.*
56 – 60	If you suddenly think you smell a rotting corpse, you're probably just *downwind* from an unpleasant surprise.
61 – 65	The more *insistent* someone is that you've imagined something, the greater the chance it is *real.*
66 – 70	If there is someone at the door, regardless of what you've been told, you'll feel compelled to *open* it and see who it is.
71 – 75	The 'authorities' (e.g., police, etc.) will fail to comprehend that someone they know and like could be a public threat; they will have to *see* a crime taking place before *believing.* Until then, they will entertain the most bizarre of *excuses* and *alibis* for the antagonist.
76 – 80	The more excited *you* are, the more dangerous the *monster* will seem.
81 – 85	A hopeless situation can always be overcome by brute determination — unless of course it really *is* hopeless.
86 – 90	The *less hope* you have, the more likely you'll suffer *defeat.*
91 – 95	If you *abandon all hope,* you are most likely to *die.*
96 – 100	*'True Love'* between two people *may* conquer all — or at least offer an opportunity to die with a smile. (Characters who share True Love may apply a **+10% Action Roll** modifier, plus a **+30% WIL Roll** modifier.)

3. Actions and Effects Laws

Dire Consequences (Roll 1d100 or Choose)

1 – 4	The more *dire* the warnings given by an 'old coot' the more likely they're *valid.*
5 – 7	The more you *deny* an account or legend, the greater the chance it is (or will become) *true.*
8 – 10	If through your fears or actions you treat an inanimate object as if it is *sentient* (with intentions of its own) it *will* be.
11 – 13	The more *keen* a hero is on you, the more likely you'll be a *target* for the attentions of an antagonist (e.g., kidnapping, threatening, assault, murder).
14 – 16	The more *heroic* you are, the more likely the monsters will *incapacitate,* rather than kill you.
17 – 19	If you volunteer to perform a task or investigate something *alone,* you probably won't be alone for long.
20 – 22	If you state something with *firm conviction* (e.g., "I'll be right there") something will occur to *break* your commitment.
23 – 25	If you say anything resembling "Don't go away, I'll be right back," or "You go ahead, I'll be fine," you probably *won't.*
26 – 28	If you're told to *stay* and perform an important task (e.g., "Watch this door," behind which the antagonist is captive) you inevitably *won't;* something will compel you to *wander off* and do something else.
29 – 31	If someone says "Don't look," you'll feel compelled to *gaze* in the forewarned direction.
32 – 34	The more *slimy, sticky, gooey* or *disgusting* something is, the more it will *arouse your curiosity* (even though you may be repulsed by it).
35 – 37	In an unlit place, rather than look for a light switch or local source of

	illumination you'll feel compelled to use whatever light you have *at hand,* no matter how inadequate (e.g., matches).
38 – 40	If alone and afraid, and you think you *hear* someone/thing, you'll feel compelled to *call out* to inquire who is there (thus giving your position away).
41 – 43	The greater your feelings of *jeopardy* or *fear,* the harder it is to *move silently* (i.e., you'll step on a dry twig).
44 – 46	The greater your fear while being *chased,* the more likely you'll travel in a *straight line,* taking no evasive maneuvers.
47 – 49	The further you walk *backwards* the greater the chance you'll *bump into* something you'd wish you could have seen and avoided.
50 – 52	While *fleeing* an antagonist you'll feel compelled to *look back* to see how far behind he/she/it is.
53 – 55	The longer and more frequently you *look back* while fleeing an antagonist, the greater your chance of *tripping*.
56 – 58	When fleeing an antagonist, the moment you *pause* to rest, you'll *hear* him/her/it close by.
59 – 61	If you succeed in disabling the antagonist and he/she/it has a weapon, you'll feel compelled to *leave the weapon* alone and *run away*.
62 – 64	When you desperately want to hide, the more *stupid* the effort, the more *likely* it will work.
65 – 67	The more *precautions* you take to 'lock yourself in', the greater the chance that the antagonist is already somewhere *inside*.
68 – 70	The more *divided* a group becomes, the more likely each individual will meet with *disaster*.
71 – 73	Any *reunion* (e.g., school) of 4 or more old (e.g., childhood) friends is likely to include at least one *psychopath*.
74 – 76	If you're contacted by member of the *family* (whether you know them or not), you're likely to find out something you would rather *not* know.
77 – 79	Any medication being offered 'to make you feel *better*' will usually do *no* good.
80 – 82	The more *critical* the information that someone/something is about to reveal, the more likely they'll (or it will) immediately be *silenced* (incapacitated, killed, destroyed).
83 – 85	If you *cheat* or *lie*, you are most likely to *die*.
86 – 88	If you *reveal secrets* 'not meant to be known' to bad people you're likely to *die horribly*.
89 – 91	If you read or speak a *spell summoning* aloud, even as a joke, you're likely to make a new and *undesirable acquaintance*.
92 – 94	If you come across a 'puzzle' which when solved will initiate a terrible result (e.g., open a portal to an evil place) you will feel compelled to try and *solve it*.
95 – 97	The acolytes of the horrifying are likely to die horribly.
98 – 100	The more *powerful* a person in life, the greater the chance their dying/tomb curse will *work* as intended when deceased.

4. Antagonistic Behavior Laws

	What the Bad Guys Do & Why (Roll 1d100 or Choose)
1 – 4	The *greater* the power, the bigger the ego, the grander the scheme, the *nastier* the demise.
5 – 7	The more *crazed* the look in someone's eyes, the more likely they're *crazy*.
8 – 10	The more *calm, kind,* and *sophisticated* someone appears, the more *dangerous* they are (unless, of course, they're a fop).
11 – 13	The personality of a supernaturally transformed person (e.g., Lycanthrope) typically reflects the normally *hidden inhibitions* of their usual form.
14 – 16	Dysfunctional *loners* either a) have powers that can *save the world* (and really hurt those who annoy them) or b) are *agents of evil*.
17 – 19	If a child (or other familiar acquaintance) begins to speak to you in an ancient language which you're certain they do *not* know, they're probably *possessed* (consider *killing* them immediately — with the nastiest weapon available — *burning* usually works well).
20 – 22	The greater the amount of *persecution* a geeky adolescent receives from their peers or parent(s), the greater the chance they'll develop formidable and dangerous *supernatural powers*.
23 – 25	The *nicer* the old person seems, the more likely they're hiding a *dark secret*.
26 – 28	The *nicer* the antagonist is to you, the more likely they need you to get to someone else — expect to be *discarded* (i.e., knocked out or killed — usually in a horrible way) once you've performed your desired task.
29 – 31	The *nastier* the antagonist, the more *grandiose* the evil scheme and *flashier* the wardrobe.
32 – 34	The *nastier* the antagonist, the larger the *ego,* and likelihood they'll *underestimate their opponents*.
35 – 37	The *nastier* the antagonist, the larger and nastier their *'pet'*.
38 – 40	The *uglier* the antagonist, the more terrible their *deeds*.
41 – 43	The antagonist will always try to keep the hero *alive* until the time when they can deal with him or her… *personally*.
44 – 46	Once the antagonist believes the victim(s) is *under their control,* they'll feel compelled to *explain their plans* and motivations.
47 – 49	While explaining their plans and motivations, the antagonist will become totally *self-absorbed,* offering the victim(s) their best chance to attempt to *free themselves* then attack and/or escape.
50 – 52	If you spend enough time in the *presence* of an superstitious crackpot, you'll start to see things *their way*.
53 – 55	Mad scientists are equal opportunity exploiters — *everyone* is at *risk*.
56 – 58	The efforts of hunchback assistants are typically *valiant* but *fruitless*.
59 – 61	Hunchback assistants express a *passionate dedication* to *hopeless tasks* (e.g., raking leaves on a windy day).
62 – 64	Hunchback assistants tend to speak in *monosyllables* until they've received at least one sharp blow to the head — after which, if alive and conscious, they'll speak *normally*.
65 – 67	Hunchback assistants easily become *jealous* of their master's creation — they'll maliciously torment and hurt it when no one else is looking.
68 – 70	Hunchback assistants *eat with their fingers* and typically can't get through a meal without *spilling something* (usually on themselves).
71 – 73	Hunchback assistants, when sexually aroused, *throw up*.
74 – 76	After knocking an antagonist *unconscious,* you'll feel compelled to *investigate…* at which point he/she/it will likely awake and attack.
77 – 80	Once you think you've triumphed, as soon as you *relax,* the antagonist will *revive* and wage one final assault.
81 – 84	Once the antagonist looks defeated, you'll be able to do nothing but *stare,* at which point the antagonist will *revive* and attempt one more assault with its dying breath.
85 – 88	The *nastier* they are, the *harder* they are to kill.
89 – 91	There is *always* a chance of *survival* and *escape* (for both the protagonists and the antagonists).
92 – 94	The *nastier* the they are, the *greater* the chance that they will *survive* to *return…* after a suitable delay.
95 – 97	The antagonist will always *forget* or *overlook* something *critical* which can ultimately be invoked to defeat and/or destroy him/her/it.
98 – 100	Any 'body' not totally *destroyed,* has the potential to *return* to the land of the living either dead or alive (typically via a story sequel).

5. Monsters and the Dead Laws

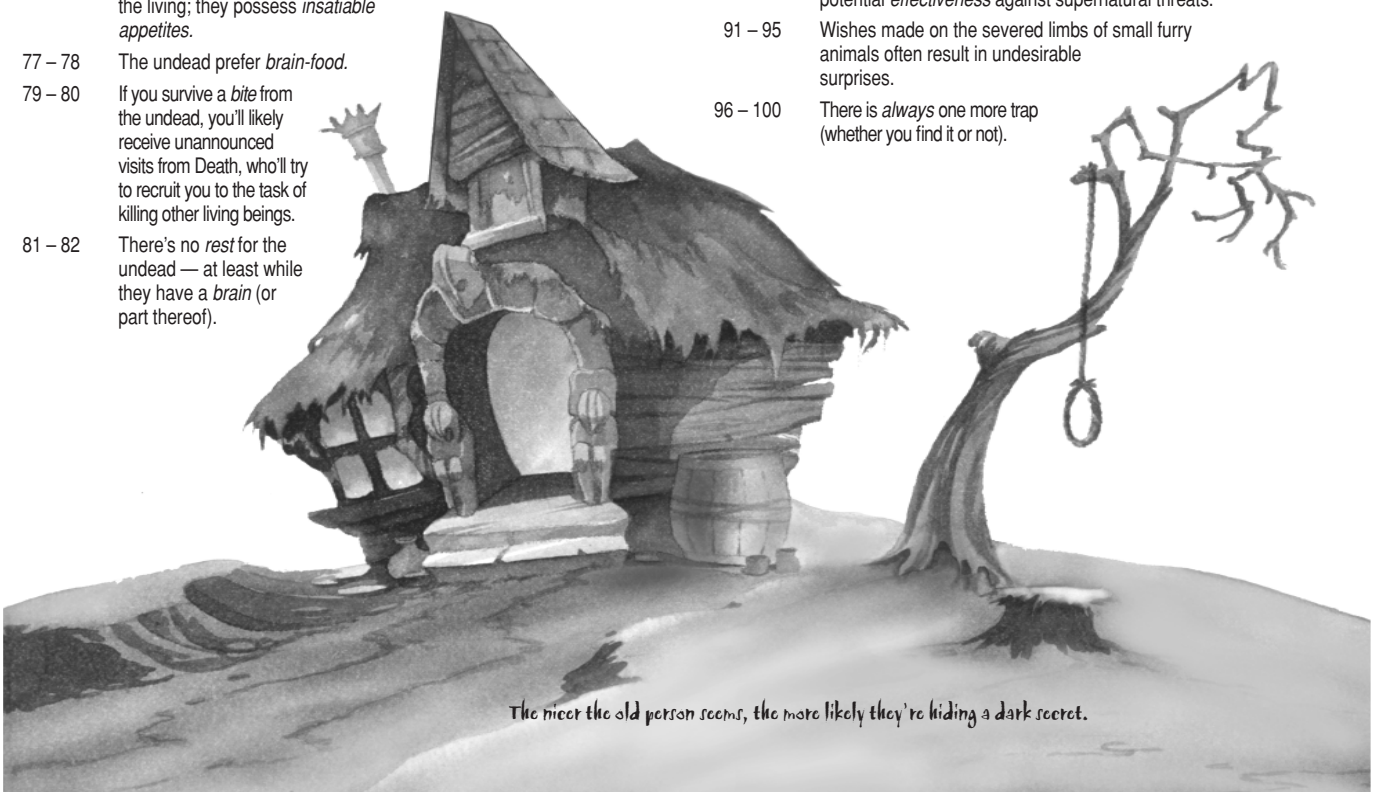
	The Function of Foul Fiends (Roll 1d100 or Choose)
1 – 2	The more *disgusting* the appearance and behavior of the monster, the more likely it will have *fanatical followers* somewhere trying to establish the right conditions for it to manifest.
3 – 4	The *spilling of blood* tends to *attract* horrific things….
5 – 6	The *less clothing* you're wearing (e.g., bathing suit; naked, taking a shower or skinny-dipping), the more likely you'll *attract* a monster.
7 – 8	The *uglier, larger,* or more *alien* the monster, the more likely they will desire and seek out *beautiful women* (though for what exact purpose remains unclear…).
9 – 10	Giant apes (and many other monsters) are only *happy* when *holding a woman*.
11 – 12	The *larger* the ape the greater its preference for *blondes*.
13 – 14	Monsters are capable of falling in 'love' (or lust) with an intended victim.
15 – 16	If a monster is asked to *hurt* the woman (or thing) that he loves, he will *reject* the order, and turn his wrath on the person who uttered it.
17 – 18	Monsters will usually respond favorably to *kindness* — if they're evil, however, their response will likely be, "Hm… a tasty snack!"
19 – 20	Monsters consider *lawyers* to be synonymous with *lunch*.
21 – 22	Monsters typically do *not* know their own strength are not careful about *where* they step when walking.

23 – 24	The *less* you want of the monster's attention, the *greater* the chance you'll get it.
25 – 26	Just as you're trying to determine how *large* (or some other daunting physical detail) the monster is, the most skeptical person present will *see* it.
27 – 28	Monsters rarely see *themselves* as vile wretches.
29 – 30	Monsters drawn to children tend to hide *under the bed* or *in the closet.*
31 – 32	Monsters who attack children will try to drag them through a Dimension Gate, located under the bed or in the closet.
33 – 34	If a monster is *displayed publicly,* on stage or at a carnival, even if it appears deceased, it will likely *awake* and try to gain freedom before the night is over.
35 – 36	Monsters usually prefer *darkness* to daylight.
37 – 38	Monsters tend to be highly *flammable* (thus they don't like *fire*).
39 – 40	Monsters typically are most afraid of peasant mobs with torches and pitchforks (or airlocks).
41 – 42	When *threatened,* monsters will typically try to *climb* something.
43 – 44	Having 'dispatched' the monster, you'll feel compelled to *check* if it is really dead.
45 – 46	If you *check* to see if the monster is really dead, it will likely *revive.*
47 – 48	You can't keep a good ghoul down.
49 – 50	Respect the dead, and they *might* respect you.
51 – 52	Do not bother the dead, and they may not bother you.
53 – 54	Those who make fun of the dead typically have no more fun.
55 – 56	If a dead person is going to return to the land of the living, it's likely they'll do so within *seven days* of their death — unless there are 'complicating factors' slowing them down….
57 – 58	Given enough time, the undead will *always* be able break out of their coffins and claw to the surface.
59 – 60	If you *revive* the evil dead (and stick around to become a pal), you must be *'worthy',* or you will pay horribly.
61 – 62	Those who the evil dead deem 'unworthy' become a sacrifice to the Lord of the Dead (or some other such person), in exchange for the release of a deceased soul.
63 – 64	If you swipe something from a dead being, they will want it back.
65 – 66	You can't *fool* the 'evil dead'.
67 – 68	The undead *react badly* to those who have *lied* to them.
69 – 70	If you confess a *lie* to an undead corpse you will *rarely* be forgiven.
71 – 72	The evil dead are *never* grateful.
73 – 74	If you *betray* the living to the dead, hoping to avoid pain and suffering, once you've outlived your 'usefulness' you will *suffer* greatly.
75 – 76	The undead typically want to lunch on the living; they possess *insatiable appetites.*
77 – 78	The undead prefer *brain-food.*
79 – 80	If you survive a *bite* from the undead, you'll likely receive unannounced visits from Death, who'll try to recruit you to the task of killing other living beings.
81 – 82	There's no *rest* for the undead — at least while they have a *brain* (or part thereof).
83 – 84	The greater the exposure to *radiation,* the greater the chance of spontaneous *mutations* and/or *gigantism* (especially with regard to insects or plants).
85 – 86	The greater the quantity of *unfamiliar plants* consumed, the greater the chance of *mutation* and *physical transformation.*
87 – 88	The more *beautiful* the unfamiliar plant, the more *deadly* it's likely to be.
89 – 90	The *larger* and more *mobile* the plant, the greater its appetite for *death* and *destruction.*
91 – 92	The plant most likely to exert *mind control* on humanoids is mutant (alien) *fungi.*
93 – 94	An outbreak of *humanoid body duplication* is most likely to be the result of *space spores* (or unregulated cloning).
95 – 96	The *nastier* the alien plant, the more vulnerable they are to *natural water* (e.g., rain).
97 – 98	The *nastier* the alien being, the more vulnerable they are to *common viruses* (e.g., a cold).
99 – 100	When looking for *subjects* to kidnap, examine, and probe, aliens prefer *rednecks* and *white trash.*

6. Things and Device Laws

How & When Things Are Likely to Fail (Roll 1d100 or Choose)

1 – 5	Archaeologists are *most likely* to discover 'things *not meant* to be discovered'.
6 – 10	The *bigger* the container, the *badder* the surprise (most of the time).
11 – 20	The *rarer* and more *'interesting'* the selection of goods in a shop, the more likely that some are of *supernatural* origin and that the owner is not exactly what he seems.
21 – 30	The more you need a device to work *flawlessly,* the more likely you will have a *problem* getting it started, or operating it for an extended period.
31 – 40	If household appliances start *moving* or *operating by themselves,* consider this a sign that it's time to start searching for a new residence.
41 – 50	If you enter a room with a lockable door and *don't* prop it open, an unseen force (e.g., the wind) will cause it to *close by itself,* locking you inside.
51 – 60	The more *elaborate* the security measures, the greater the chance that they can be supernaturally *overcome* and *possessed.*
61 – 70	The *closer* the monster or apparition the greater the chance that the recording device will *fail.*
71 – 80	If you're *carrying* a weapon, just before you need it, you'll feel compelled to *put it down* or *drop it.*
81 – 85	Normal weapons *will* distract, subdue, incapacitate, wound, and anger monsters, but *not* permanently kill or destroy them.
86– 90	The *weirder* and more *incomprehensible* the device, the greater the potential *effectiveness* against supernatural threats.
91 – 95	Wishes made on the severed limbs of small furry animals often result in undesirable surprises.
96 – 100	There is *always* one more trap (whether you find it or not).



The nicer the old person seems, the more likely they're hiding a dark secret.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Creating Dark Lands Adventures

THIS CHAPTER DISCUSSES SOME OF THE WAYS you can transport the Characters to the Dark Lands. It also offers some plot suggestions to torment them during their stay. Adventures on Murphy's World and in the Dark Lands can range from a stopover of a few hours, a visit of several months, or a campaign of many years. As Characters explore the planet they should encounter unusual geography, bizarre ecology, and history unlike anything they've seen on cable television. Let your imagination wander freely — *anything goes!*

Transporting Characters to the Dark Lands

This is the *easy* part. Feel free to employ one of the following methods, or make up your own:

1. Crashed Spaceship

Sean Murphy and countless others — aliens from all over the multiverse — have been marooned in this way. As a spaceship enters the solar system it comes within range of the sun Ludo's chaotic radiation. Unexpected things begin to happen to the ship (e.g., anything on the verge of malfunctioning… *will*); such mishaps force the crew to immediately seek a environmentally friendly planet to orbit or touch down on and effect repairs — it just happens that one orbits this very star! As the ship gets closer to Ludo, the level of catastrophe increases. Just as it achieves an orbit around Murphy's World, every possible thing that can go wrong with the ship will. The ship will crashland somewhere in the Dark Lands. A reception party may or may not be waiting….

2. Teleportation Gate

They can be found anywhere, appear as anything (e.g., from a large black monolith to invisible), and function in any manner you like (many are on the fritz). Some can be opened as needed via hand-held or worn devices. Others travel about, scooping up unwitting travelers and plonking them down in unfamiliar territory miles or lightyears away. Anything is possible!

3. Supernatural Effect

This could be the result of a spell, elixir, curse, or a magical backfire effect. Regardless of which way it is initiated, and the special effects accompanying the journey (anything from a vortex of stars to an actual flight through space), the Characters wind up at their destination with the same questions as everyone else; "Where am I?" "How did I get here?" "Why me?" "How can I get home?" "Who are those guys with clubs and spears coming over that hill…?"

4. Unconsciousness

It is entirely possible that Characters in a serious adventure are rendered *unconscious* (e.g., a blow to the head, a supernatural force, a drug, a gas, an electric shock) or simply suffer a *nightmare.* Either way they can have an adventure on Murphy's World and awake back in their serious world (probably tied up and under guard) with the entire experience being written off as a bad dream; unless, of course, you permit them to bring back something acquired in Murphy's World — it may be useful or totally useless.

What to Do in the Dark Lands

Like anywhere else, take a look around, chat with the natives, buy a few postcards, then get the hell out before the local government conscripts you into their army. Or, if you're an ambitious type, you can try to establish a presence, raise followers, and carve out a domain of your own. Anything is possible — though in the Dark Lands you should always expect the worst!

As to why one might want to visit *voluntarily,* consider the following incentives and dangle them like carrots in your adventure plots:

1. Money

Bob is rich. After all, he's overlord of a vast region of cutthroat thieves and mineral wealth with a practically unlimited supply of slaves…er, subjects to work the mines and refine the ore. Since Bob is rich, he has little concept of the value of things, He is careless with cash, leaving piles of loose change and bundles of bills lying about where anyone willing to risk a swift execution can swipe them. Also, Bob is willing to pay exorbitant amounts to loyal subjects for useful services rendered — successfully. Those disloyal (and this includes those who fail) are given a 'kill fee'.

2. Artifacts

Bob has been looting and warehousing booty for years. He's got so much stuff that even his loyal staff are uncertain of everything in storage. If you're in search of a 'lost' supernatural artifact, Bob, or one of his Chefs, might just have it. Alternatively, the Dark Lands are a strange and mysterious place where numerous plants, creatures, and occult sites can be investigated. Of course once a Character finds what they what they want, they'll have to figure a way to smuggle it out….

3. Power

If you're willing to put up with the smell, the unpredictable mood swings, and a really lame sense of humor, being a friend (or even a highly placed employee) of Bob can get you practically anything you desire in the Dark Lands. Including your own private army of Darklings!

However, to survive the political landscape of the Dark Lands, a Character had better be an expert at the art of back scratching, butt kissing, and character assassination. A bit of *real* assassination skill doesn't hurt either.

4. Knowledge

Bob has huge libraries of books, old tomes, scrolls, data disks, CDs, LPs, you name it, collected from anyone from anywhere who was unfortunate enough to be robbed or captured in the Land of Bob. While Bob himself can barely read a soup label, let alone an ancient collection of occult works, his librarians are fanatical in their efforts at cataloging, preservation, and repair. After all, Bob would kill them if they weren't.

5. Romance

Bob keeps a lot of prisoners, slaves, and courtesans. Some are still attractive and sane. A few may even be wealthy aristocrats, diplomats, merchants, or sons and daughters of the same. Most would be eternally grateful to be rescued by an equally attractive adventurer (or anybody who feels up to it). This is the chance for a Character to be a true romantic hero (or very, very dead).

6. Tourism

"The Dark Lands is a place full of great things to see and fun things to do." At least that is how the 'Club Bob' travel brochure describes it. Bob is keen on tourism and always interested in hearing new ideas to bring in more tourists. It helps to improve the gene pool while supplying more subjects to lord over. Unfortunately for the tourists, Bob hasn't yet caught on to the idea that they are 'temporary' visitors. Bon voyage!

7. Darkling Supernatural Powers

By taking an extended visit to the Dark Lands and then behaving like model minion of Bob (i.e., a really nasty person) it is almost certain that a Character will experience a transformation which will grant them supernatural powers. Unfortunately they transform physically and mentally as well. Such are the risks of the **Bane of Bob** (see page **118**).

8. Concentrated Evil

In places throughout the Dark Lands where especially dirty deeds have been done (but not necessarily dirt cheap), or nasty persons have been killed or entombed the very soil is transformed into concentrated Evil. This material can be mined, collected, transported, and artistically worked like a mineral. Bob and most of his senior minions are already so evil that they have yet to pay any real attention to this material or its effects.

Anyone touching the material directly sees ***smoke*** and feels an intense ***burning*** sensation, with their skin turning pure ***black*** where contact was made.

The material applies a **+1 Mystic** bonus and *radiates* an ***evil effect*** with a range of **1' [25 cm] per ounce [28 g]**, which requires that whenever a person within the area of effect experiences a problem, they choose the ***nastiest method available*** to resolve it. To resist this effect, the Character must make a successful **WIL Roll**.

A 'Grand Scheme' For Your Dark Lands Campaign

If you play several adventures in the Dark Lands, you can link them via a subtle, ongoing plotline — a *grand scheme*. The Characters may not initially notice this element of your game, but gradually, through their actions and the people they affect, they will not only become aware of this political plot, but be very much a part of it whether they intend to or not.

The following listings provides suggestions for grand schemes for your Dark Lands adventure campaign:

1. To Boldly Go...

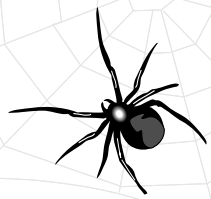
The Characters are 'accepted' into Bob's space program as Bobronauts and launched toward Ben to make diplomatic overtures and determine who or what the moon actually is and what it wants. Naturally, there is a society of Moon Maidens on the moon who have plans of their own. The Characters, just by being there, get caught in the middle and have to play both sides to stay alive. Surprisingly, they discover their greatest ally is… Ben.

2. The Minions are Revolting!

A large number of disgruntled minions from across the Land of Bob have been secretly plotting a revolt for years. Through a Darkling mutation a Character acquires a power which makes him or her a highly desirable ally for the revolution. The question is, does the Character want to participate as a major player in a massive and complicated uprising which is most likely to end in a slow painful death, as opposed to the glorious overthrowing of Bob's dictatorial regime?

3. Techno Terror!

There are numerous technocrats in the Dark Lands. Many find employment as Mad Scientists, Astro Engineers, or Junk Collectors. Some have been recruited by the Trow (**Dark Dwarves**, see *Murphy's World*, page **23**) to develop gadgets which will extend their influence over the planet. The Characters happen to come across a shipment of these devices which were abandoned in an especially nasty thunderstorm when the cart flipped and the driver was killed. With the shipping information in hand, the Characters will be able to track the Dark Lands supplier and the middle-man recipient waiting in Leeland. Do they try to thwart the plans of the Trow? Do they try to sell the devices (and attract attention to themselves)? Regardless, someone will have seen them with the wrecked cart and assume that they precipitated its interruption and that the Characters must be working for someone….



Gamemaster Tip

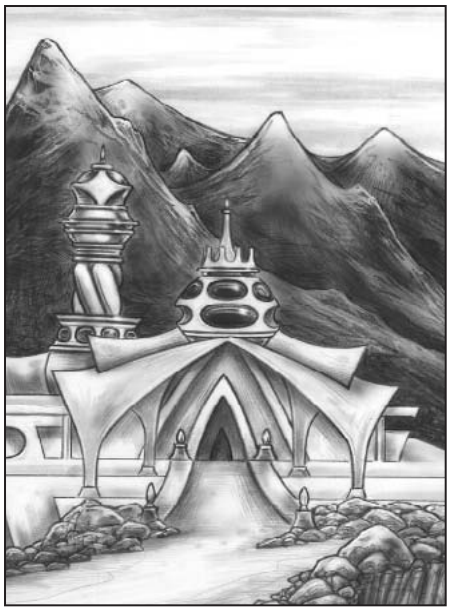
Adventure Plots

Adventures, as is the case with most things in life, are about problem solving. In a good adventure, the specific cause or nature of the problem may not be clear, or the solution may not be obvious. Usually this will mean that more information is required — often the first step to solving any problem. It is while the adventurers go about acquiring the needed information that they will begin to encounter obstacles in the form of hostile situations and dangerous adversaries with goals very different from their own. The larger the obstacles to overcome and the more there is at stake should the problem not be resolved, the greater the adventure!

A DARK LANDS ADVENTURE

Bob's Horizon
(or On a Mission From Bob)

BOB'S HORIZON IS AN ADVENTURE for 3 or more Player Characters (PC) of varying skills and experience. The PCs are given the task of locating and claiming a crashed spaceship on behalf of Bob, Lord of Evil. Since the events described take place in the Dark Lands, there's a chance that one or more PCs may not survive the adventure… but that's what happens when you live on the edge. However, only those who display an extreme lack of resourcefulness and problem-solving creativity (or suicidal tendencies) should be at risk of an untimely demise.



In an effort to make your job as GM easier, the text is divided-up by the type of information being provided: Background, Area, Event, Encounter, Encounter Option, or Plot Option. When presented with multiple Plot Options, choose the one which supports the actions taken by the PCs offset by the direction you think the adventure should take. Don't feel bound by the situations described — feel free to alter, disregard or invent your own plot twists if you feel it will result in a more personalized and enjoyable game. You may also add encounters and events to increase the length and complexity of the adventure; these may either be invented or drawn from some resource (e.g., the stand-alone items provided in this book).

Expect that the actions of the PCs may require you to improvise and embellish the story as it progresses. Try to concoct potential (and, if possible, alternative) situations and events a couple minutes ahead of where the PCs actually are in the plot; this will allow you the flexibility needed to respond quickly and naturally to the whim of the PCs. Don't try to force PCs to go places and engage in activities against their desires. If a PC proposes an inspired solution to a problem, even if it seems a bit ludicrous, run with it. Murphy's World is a humorous setting; bending the laws of physics to improve the entertainment value of the game is fine.

If you want to make the adventure longer, simply take advantage of the large distances being traveled by the Characters and require more days to cover the terrain while adding as many additional encounters as you like.

Most of all, make your interpretation of this adventure uniquely yours and fun for all, especially yourself.

THE MAIN CHARACTERS

PROVIDED BELOW in order of appearance are descriptions of the main Gamemaster Characters (GMC) appearing in this adventure (other than those already provided in this book). The Skills provided include only the Character's best (assume a 80% chance of successful use), you are encouraged to add other less proficient Skills as appropriate to fill out their personality.

The Darklings (from the Court of Bob, Lord of Evil)

SOMMELIER PAWKY, *Bobgoblin Steward of Bob, Lord of Evil*

Quote: "I knew that with a little physical coaxing you'd see things my way…."

Role: Ensures that the Characters behave in the presence of Bob, and that Bob remembers to give them the task of retrieving the spacecraft — as opposed to simply killing them.

Vocation: Bob's court administrative chief and assistant to Maitre d' Ahriman… for now.

Race/Gender:	Bobgoblin/Male		**AGE:** 421	**HP:**	16
INTELLIGENCE:	19	Cunning	**STRENGTH:**	13	Stalwart
WILLPOWER:	15	Willful	**DEXTERITY:**	14	Deft
CHARISMA:	17	Charming	**FITNESS:**	15	Sturdy
MYSTIC:	12	Sensitive	**APPEARANCE:**	5	Repulsive
HEIGHT:	6'8" [2 m]		**WEIGHT:**	230 lbs [104 kg]	

POWERS: DARKLING: Detect Invisibility, Immune to damage from cold, 'Play Dead'.

SKILLS (80%): Supervising, Commanding, Negotiating, Torturing, Investigating, Reporting.

TRAITS: Always Considering Political Implications, Firm, Ruthless, Soft Spoken, Vindictive.

PERSONALITY: Proud, powerful (and very aware of it), Pawky is one of Maitre d' Ahriman's top assistants. Having backstabbed his way to the top, he now basks in the fine robes of office and lives the life he thinks he deserves — while keeping his butt firmly covered in case of a political mishap. A perfect bureaucratic toady.

DESCRIPTION: Darkling mutations have made Pawky unusually tall and long in limb for a Bobgoblin, with a wide nose and mouth, protruding lower fangs, and spiraling horns emerging from the top of his head. Further horns protrude from the sides of his head, bearded chin, shoulders, forearms, calves, and ankles. His hands and feet are clawed. He wears a long sleeved kimono over a tunic with a dagger hung from a belt at this waist.

HOST NUDNIK, *Bobgoblin Escort & Spy, for Bob, Lord of Evil*

Quote: "Just consider me the shifty left hand of Bob's diplomatic efforts."

ROLE: Someone to keep the PCs focused on the task at hand. Imposed on the PCs by Sommelier Pawky as their "official escort and representative of Bob's authority' in the Dark Lands," Nudnik's other unspoken function is to serve as the eyes and ears of Bob, watching the PCs and making sure that they do as they've promised. If the PC's threaten him, he'll run off but continue to observe the PCs from a safe distance. If the PC's deviate from their pledge, he'll run off and report back, raising the alarm and an army of minions to track down the Characters and bring them back to face Bob's wrath. If the PC's lead him to the spaceship but delay in their attempt to seize the craft, he'll try to take it and pilot it back to Bob himself (an effort that will likely fail).

Vocation: Spy for Bob.

Race/Gender:	Bobgoblin/Male		**AGE:** 78	**HP:**	13
INTELLIGENCE:	15	Bright	**STRENGTH:**	10	Adequate
WILLPOWER:	17	Confident	**DEXTERITY:**	7	Clumsy

The Main Characters

Charisma:	10	Likable	**Fitness:**	13	Hale
Mystic:	8	Undiscerning	**Appearance:**	8	Homely
Height:	4'4" [1.3 m]		**Weight:**	98 lbs [44 kg]	

Powers: Darkling: Corrosive Blood: 2d6 damage for 2d10 seconds, Sleep Not Required.

Skills (80%): Deductive Reasoning, Skulking, Observing, Investigating, Reporting.

Traits: Avoids Physical Conflict, Likes to Press Buttons, Observant, Self-Preserving, Treacherous.

Personality: A survivor of many dangerous missions 'behind enemy lines', Nudnik is cool under pressure and will try anything to accomplish the mission… and survive, of course.

Description: Shorter than the average Bobgoblin, wiry, and plain — perfect for not standing out or being recognized. Like all Boblings, he has assorted random protrudances, but nothing remarkable. Nudnik will often dye his hair to confuse those who are trying to keep track of him. He wears a black hooded cloak over a dark green tunic, belt, and short sword. He is custodian of a sack of 20 gold Bobloons, available as ready cash for expenses and possibly to purchase the ship.

Gubbins, *Bobbit Technocrat in Training*

Quote: "It'll work… but you have to *truly believe* it will work."

Role: A random factor which may help or hinder the Characters. A self-taught Technocrat, Gubbins is desperate for recognition and admittance into the Technocrat community of Murphy's World. He'll try to tag along with the Characters as a tech 'expert' with the goal of stealing the spaceship and delivering it to the Technoids, a technocratic group rumored to have established an island base somewhere in the southern hemisphere. Of course, Gubbins hasn't the *slightest idea* how to pilot a spaceship….

Vocation: Self-taught Technocrat, Pack-rat, Junk Collector.

Race/Gender:	Bobbit/Male		**Age:** 38	**HP:**	10
Intelligence:	13	Rational	**Strength:**	8	Slight
Willpower:	14	Vacillating	**Dexterity:**	17	Nimble
Charisma:	12	Engaging	**Fitness:**	10	Sound
Mystic:	6	Unknowing	**Appearance:**	9	Homely
Height:	3'7" [1.1 m]		**Weight:**	65 lbs [29 kg]	

Powers: Darkling: 100% Magic Resistance, Breathe as Normal in Noxious Environment.

Skills (80%): Discovering Good Junk, Guessing Which Wires to Touch or Button to Push, Jury-Rig, Tinkering.

Traits: Daring, Insecure, Lonely, Nosy, Observant, Loves Junk Food, Shy, Sneaky.

Personality: A scavenger and pack-rat, totally fascinated with technology; a true believer in its potential work wonders. His goal is to learn and experience more of these wonders. He has limited understanding of or concern for other living creatures. As a survival tactic Gubbins attempts to make himself appear as defenseless and miserable a person as possible so as to lower the defenses and encourage the sympathy of those he meets. If pressed however, he will defend himself or exact revenge with a number of weapons he has stashed on his person. He is actually quite crafty in his own twisted way.

Description: Short, squat, tubby, and pimply, with matted hair and a noticeable body odor. He wears thick black glasses (not because he needs them), a white shirt with an old pocket protector, brown polyester pants, and running shoes.

The Borsanerans (Under the Command of Chef Djall)

Crudel, *Confectioner of Borsanera*

Quote: "You're so sweet I'd like to dip you in boiling chocolate!"

Role: Political complication. Attempts to get Characters to retrieve the spaceship for him, so he can present it to his master Chef Djall, who in turn can present it to Bob.

Vocation: Senior Confectioner, Borsanera Range.

Race/Gender:	Draconian/Male		**Age:** 4,752	**HP:**	55
Intelligence:	17	Savvy	**Strength:**	19	Mighty
Willpower:	19	Determined	**Dexterity:**	7	Clumsy
Charisma:	15	Appealing	**Fitness:**	17	Athletic
Mystic:	16	Perceptive	**Appearance:**	8	Homely
Height:	14'2" [4.3 m]		**Weight:**	1,800 lbs [817 kg]	

Powers: Dragon: Shapechange into animal form, Fly, Toxic Breath. (MYS Roll required to use power, victim can resist with WIL Roll.)

Skills (80%): Deal Making, Interrogation, Intimidation, Recognizing Opportunities, Tactical Planning.

Traits: Ambitious, Egotistical, Glutton, Malicious, Plotting, Sneaky, Sweet-Tooth.

Personality: A sociopath who is aware that he can get what he wants more easily if others think he wants to be liked. Ruthless, and capable of switching moods in an instant, yet generous to those who serve him loyally — and know their place.

Description: Tall and stocky, a massive figure of muscle covered with folds of flab. Huge reptilian wings, claws, and a reddish, scaly skin betray his Dragon mutations.

Prince Dinkum, *Dragon Prince of Borsanera*

Quote: "I've never been much for mayhem and mutilation."

Role: Provides a means for the Characters to get away from Crudel and Chef Djall by taking him along to at least the Border of Borsanera.

Vocation: Prince, Borsanera Range, Son of Chef Djall.

Race/Gender:	Draconian/Male		**Age:** 32	**HP:**	34
Intelligence:	18	Savvy	**Strength:**	18	Brawny
Willpower:	17	Confident	**Dexterity:**	17	Nimble
Charisma:	17	Charming	**Fitness:**	30	Robust
Mystic:	15	Perceptive	**Appearance:**	15	Comely
Height:	12'4" [3.8 m]		**Weight:**	870 lbs [395 kg]	

Powers: Dragon: Shapechange into animal form, Fly, Fire and Smoke Breath. (MYS Roll required to use power, victim can resist with WIL Roll.)

Skills (80%): Swordsmanship, Personal Combat, Climbing, Skiing, Estimate Value, Pickpocketing.

Traits: Compassionate, Daring, Enthusiastic, Optimistic, Seeking Adventure.

Personality: Though raised to follow in his father's brigand brogues, Dinkum has seen how nasty it can make people, and wants to try to live life in a kinder, gentler manner, at least for the time being.

Description: Tall, handsome (for a Draconian), and dressed in the clothes befitting a prince of thieves.

The Mannerite Dæmons of Shangri-La-La

(See descriptions: Dæmons, page **59;** Poughvidds, *Murphy's World*, page **55**)

Role: Mannerite High-Council: Want to employ the spaceship as a bomb to blow up the moon to bring light to the Dark Lands again. Will try to use a Character's brain as the artificial intelligence for the ship. If the other Characters make trouble they'll be sealed aboard for the doomed flight.

Mannerites Against Destruction (MAD): Having determined that blowing up the moon might bring about the end of the Dark Lands (as huge chunks plunge to the planet's surface) they want to use the Characters to redirect the ship away from its lunar target.

Vocation: Managers and Senior Staff of Shangri-La-La

Race/Gender:	Dæmons/Male & Female		**Age:** Various	**HP:**	12 (average)
Intelligence:	15	Bright	**Strength:**	10	Adequate
Willpower:	12	Vacillating	**Dexterity:**	9	Awkward
Charisma:	13	Engaging	**Fitness:**	12	Sound
Mystic:	16	Perceptive	**Appearance:**	1	Disgusting
Height:	5' [1.5 m]			16	Comely (in
Weight:	160 lbs [72 kg]				Poughvidd form)

Powers: Dæmon: Illusions, Talk With Dead, Throw & Alter Voice. (MYS Roll required to use power, victim can resist with WIL Roll.)

Skills (80%): Business Sense, Lying, Persuading, Polite Conversation, Technocrat Skills, Winning Smile.

Traits: Condescending, Entrepreneurial, Fear of Losing Business, Polite, Scheming, Technocratic.

Personality: All have been fully indoctrinated in Mannerite philosophy and are thus excellent sales and service people. They've also sacrificed most of their personality to achieve those skills. Only the members of MAD retain any real compassion and self-expression; unfortunately it typically reveals itself as an almost insane determination.

Description: As Poughvidds: With a serene and regal bearing, the Mannerites present themselves as a friendly, sagely, slightly mystical people whose only desire is to share their happiness with others. They wear robes, kimonos, sashes, of silky materials and bright colors. Everything is soft, luxurious, and designed for style and comfort.

As Dæmons: In the secret underground complex, the Mannerites employ their true form and wear practical coveralls, pants, shirts, smocks, and lab coats, as appropriate for the task and colored to reflect their rank in the scheme of things. Security forces wear black.

The Secondary Characters, Creatures & Canon Fodder

The Land of Bob (Tir Nan Bob & the Ranges)

Mr. Nichols, *Grocer, Bob-Mart, Fortress of Bob*

(See generic Grocer description, page **15**)

Role: An employee of Bob-Mart. Responsible for giving the Characters whatever nearest substitute is available for the supplies they want for their adventure.

Health Points: 12 **Height:** 4'2" [1.3 m] **Weight:** 62 lbs [28 kg]

Traits: Bored, Desires 'Nice Things', Impatient, Lazy, Lonely, Self-Centered.

Sauraclod *(Reptilian Beast of Burden/Mount)*

Role: If the Characters are smart enough to ask for a means of transportation, this is what they'll get. May also include a cart or wagon (if they think of it).

Health Points: 13 **Height:** 7'2" [2.2 m] **Weight:** 3,000 lbs [1361 kg]

Movement: Walk: 5 mph [8 km/h] (max. 20 hours before rest), Sprint: 24 mph [38 km/h] (max. 1 minute)

Traits: Cowardly, Docile, Punishes Those Mean to It, Serves Those Who Dominate It, Stubborn.

Description: Huge, hump-backed lizard with a long thin neck and tail. Its top scales are green-blue and its underside is yellowish; its six clawed legs are stubby and strong.

Bobbits: Booger, Doofus, Fob, Mooch, Runt, *Prisoners*

(See generic Bobbit description, page **65**)

Role: If the PCs free these Bobbits, they'll have done a good deed (remove one Undesirable Darkling Transformation), and acquired some new friends.

Health Points: Generic: 3, Booger: 3, Doofus: 4, Fob: 5, Mooch: 6, Runt: 2. Use also for Crudel's Lackeys: 6.

Height: 3'6" [1.1 m] **Weight:** 60 lbs [27 kg]

Traits: Disgusting, Jittery, Paranoid, Slimy, Sneaky, Toadying.

Description: Chain Gang: Worn prison garb, caps, ankle chains.

Crudel's Lackeys: Baking outfits or black military uniforms.

Bobarians: Hack & Slash, *Guards;* Candy, *Draconian Warrior*

(See generic Bobarian description, page **66**)

Role: Hack & Slash: Guards of the Bobbit chain-gang road repair team. If attacked, they'll put up just enough of a fight to save face, then scram to get help.

Draconians: hired thugs working for Chef Djall and Crudel in Borsanera.

Candy: Crudel adds her to the party to ensure that they return the spaceship to him.

Health Points: Generic: 17, Hack: 16, Slash: 18, Draconian: 22, Candy: 24

Height: 6' [1.8 m] **Weight:** 200 lbs [90 kg]

Powers: Darkling: (Optional: Roll on Darkling Desirable Transformations Tables, page **112**).

Traits: Alcoholic, Touchy, Vicious, Obstinate, Vain

Skills (80%): Fighting, Bullying, Gambling, Intimidating, Robbing, Extortion.

Description: Hack & Slash: Worn leather armor over cloth tunics and breeches. Whips and knives.

Draconians & Candy: Large, bulky, muscular, reptilian humanoids. Dry scaly skin, clawed hands and feet, and pointy teeth. They dress in black laminated armor with robes and capes. Weapons used include long swords, daggers, spears, halberds, etc.

Grog the Ogre, *Proprietor of Grog's (Roadkill) Diner*

(See generic Ogre description, *Murphy's World* gamebook page **37**)

Role: A chance for the PCs to make a new friend (or enemy), acquire some stuff, and possibly have a meal that will cost them a Darkling Transformation.

Health Points: 28 **Height:** 11' [3.4 m] **Weight:** 1,000 lbs [454 kg]

Traits: Aggressive, Always Looking for Customers, or Food, Easily Confused, Limited Curiosity.

Description: Grog wears the apron of a short-order cook so completely stained that it's uncertain what color it was originally. He also wears a paper hat (though hair in the food is the least of your worries with Grog's cooking). Under his apron is a old T-shirt and cutoff shorts. Leather sandals with gooey soles cover his feet.

Borsanera Range

Skeletoid, *Undead Skeleton (Corpse)*

Quote: "Help Meeeeee… I need a good person to hellllp meeee…." [Whispered.]

Role: A hostile encounter. If a traveler assist the Skeletoid down from his perch, the Skeletoid will attack, arming itself with the pike and using the wooden sign as a shield. If it survives the encounter, the Skeletoid will simply re-impale itself, awaiting the next traveler.

Vocation: Sign-post and guardian of the borders and roads throughout Borsanera.

Race/Gender:	Skeletoid/Male (or Female)	**Age:**	Varies	**HP:**	16
Intelligence:	1 Gormless	**Strength:**	17	Brawny	
Willpower:	1 Mindless	**Dexterity:**	15	Dexterous	
Charisma:	15 Appealing	**Fitness:**	16	Sturdy	
Mystic:	10 Aware	**Appearance:**	1	Disgusting	
Height:	5'8" [1.7 m]	**Weight:**	90 lbs [40 kg]		

Powers: Darkling: Body parts will function when separated and attempt to reattach; must be destroyed by crushing into harmless pieces.

Skills (80%): Fighting With Pike and Shield (sign), Pretending to Be in Jeopardy.

Traits: Appear Wretched, Elicit Sympathy, Mindlessly Dedicated to Role, Ruthless, Unrelenting.

Personality: Enthusiastic, fearless, taunting, wise-cracking.

Description: Decaying corpse clothed in rags mounted on a pike at the side of the road, holding a sign proclaiming the present location and any other useful information (e.g., population size, etc.). If the **ebony ring** is removed from the second finger of its left hand, the Skeletoid will cease to be animate and crumble to dust.

Foobar, *Bobgoblin Draconian Warrior Leader & Squad*

(See generic Bobgoblin description, page **66**)

Role: Leader of a squad of Draconian Bobarians who capture the Characters and escort them to the dungeons of Draconis, fortress of Chef Djall, in Borsanera.

Health Points: Generic: 11, Foobar: 13 **Height:** 5'3" [1.6 m] **Weight:** 130 lbs [59 kg]

Traits: Ambitious, Bossy, Smarmy, Shifty, Untrustworthy, Vindictive.

Description: Tall and muscular (for a Bobgoblin), in black leather armor with polished brass fittings and other personal adornments. Carries a spear, a short sword, and a dirk.

Yeti Mountains & Shangri-La-La

The Yeti & Piegrande, *Cold & Warm Climate Simian Humanoids*

Role: Yeti: The Yeti Chalet provides the PCs with an opportunity for rest, a meal, to purchase some goods, and find out where the spaceship has gone. Alternatively it provides an opportunity to pick an unnecessary fight.

Piegrande: Indigenous people of Shangri-La-La, now serving the Mannerites.

Vocation: Yeti: Operators of the Yeti Chalet. Piegrande: Mannerite domestic help.

Race/Gender:	Yeti/Piegrande (both genders)	**Age:**	Varies	**HP:**	55
Intelligence:	11 Sensible	**Strength:**	25	Powerful	
Willpower:	8 Receptive	**Dexterity:**	10	Handy	
Charisma:	16 Appealing	**Fitness:**	25	Robust	
Mystic:	14 Sensitive	**Appearance:**	9	Homely	
Height:	12'6" [3.8 m]	**Weight:**	900 lbs [408 kg]		

Skills (80%): Arts & Crafts, Ignoring Sarcastic Comments, Delivering Services, Salesmanship.

Traits: Compassionate, Curious, Entrepreneurial, Friendly, Helpful, Patient, Pleasant.

Personality: An amiable race which seem to want to get along with everyone. However, if they are under the sway of another people (e.g., Dæmon Mannerites), they can easily be transformed into mindless, dedicated footsoldiers.

Description: Yeti: Large primates covered in shaggy white hair with lifestyle that favors lederhosen, embroidered shirts, skiing, beer festivals, hats with feathers in them, and oom-pah-pah music.

Piegrande: Similar to Yeti in mass, with deep tans and short black hair on the head, forearms, and chest. Garb includes large brim hats, black waistcoats, ponchos, white shirts, breeches, white stockings, and a colored sash at the waist to hold weapons, etc.; females wear long colorful skirts with black lace-up bodices. When working for the Mannerites they wear robes and kimonos with sashes at the waist — rank is designated by color; security forces wear black with gold trim.

Snowmen, *Supernatural Servants of the Yeti*

Role: Supernatural guards who rise up out of the snow at the bidding of the Yeti. If bashed apart, they will reform in 1d10 minutes (HP regenerate). Missing features will reappear from within their snowy form. If their hat is removed, they will revert to inanimate snow, defeated.

Health Points: 20 (Intense heat will melt them.) **Height:** 6' [1.8 m] **Weight:** 220 lbs [100 kg]

Skills (80%): Fling Iceballs (1d6 damage) at Targets Designated by their Masters (the Yeti).

Traits: Cool Under Pressure, Loyal, Relentless, Unquestioning.

Description: Humanoid Snowmen, made of black snow. Each has a top hat, a corn-cob pipe, a button (or carrot) nose, and two eyes made out of coal.



Part 1
GM Background
The Premise & Dilemma

1.1 Background: Fly Me to the Moon

In an effort to open a dialogue with his perceived nemesis Ben, the moon which hovers over the Dark Lands, Bob initiated a space program. While the Plain of Plungers attests that up to this point it's been a colossal failure (unless you count the demise of vast numbers of Bob's envoys as a success), Bob is not one to lose faith — nor to recognize defeat. Thus he continues to subject 'volunteer' Bobronauts to certain death, forcing them into or onto doomed contraptions built by enslaved Technocrats, enthusiastic Distillers, and the aeronautical division of the Reagombie corporation, GDM.

Recently a party of Hosts returning from a mission abroad reported that they heard of a *real* spaceship, recently crash-landed in a relatively uninhabited mountainous region in the northeast, near the border of **Borsanera** and **Vinnieland**. The precise whereabouts of the spaceship are presently unknown — some reports suggest it fell in an uninhabited region and has yet to be located.

Predictably, Bob became obsessed with the news, and immediately ordered his **Scullery Maids** to be on the lookout for suitable candidates to attempt a recovery of the craft so that it may be used in the conquest of Ben. Bob considers anyone in possession of the spacecraft, other than his own agents, to be a *rival* and an *enemy* (Bob's universal term for anyone with something he wants). Unless of course they intend to make it a present to him.

1.2 Background: A Spaceship Up for Grabs

Bob isn't the only one with an eye to the sky and an ear to the ground. Some of the Chefs and nearby tinpot dictators of the Dark Lands are also aware of the craft — and its potential value. Many have sent salvage crews of their own to the site in an effort to claim the rocket either to sell to another Chef, or provide it to Bob as a gift in an effort to win favor. Independent Technocrats may also be drawn to the site, along with the merely curious (GM: Add as many groups as you like — an opportunity for competitive tournament play!).

1.3 Background: Finders, or... Buyers Keepers

For centuries the **Mannerites**, a community of painfully polite **Dæmons**, inhabiting an isolated valley in the **Yeti Mountains** have grappled with the problem of how to remove Ben, the moon, from the sky to permit the light of Ludo to make the Dark Lands bright again. Then the spaceship appeared; a blue streak in the sky and a plume of smoke on the horizon. The impossible became the possible. Having acquired the ship from the local **Yeti** clan (whose chicken and ribs restaurant was also suffering from the lack of tourist traffic) they now had the means to put their plan into action.

Mannerite Technocrats intend to use the fuel and armaments of the ship, along with some nuclear warheads purchased from a traveling merchant of Reagombie ordinance (see *Murphy's World*, page **57**), to blast Ben out of the sky. Alas, the Mannerites are, for the most part, a collective of cowards who detest new experiences, especially those of a suicidal nature. Thus they intend to 'reprogram' the brain of one of the pilots (or some other suitable candidate) to guide the craft to its destination and sacrifice his life for the greater good — at least that's the way *they* see it.

Anticipating that other 'salvagers' may have noticed the crash, they have posted Piegrande 'reception committees' in observation posts around the snowy rim of the valley and halted all travel to the outside world. Their intention is to stall such 'guests' via first-class hospitality, or failing that, incarceration until they can be sealed aboard the 'bomb-ship' and sent on a short trip to the moon.

In an effort to dispel any thoughts that there is something of interest in the valley while the ship is being prepared for launch, the Dæmon Mannerites have currently adopted the *illusionary guise* of **Poughvidds** — considered by many to be among the most uninteresting peoples in the multiverse. Any Character familiar with Poughvidds (see *Murphy's World*, page **55**), however, will be able to detect that something is wrong if they happen to spot a Mannerite say something *amusing*, or worse, *laugh* — a behavior that would kill a normal Poughvidd (actual Poughvidd's live in fear of humor).

1.4 Event: Unexpectedly Volunteered

The Characters may begin the adventure as either minions of Bob, *'honored guests'* (any non-resident not in prison) in the Land of Bob, or *prisoners*.

If they've been in the Land of Bob for some time and are considered residents and loyal subjects of Bob they're '**minions**'. They probably have a rented room in a local inn in Bobston and have a general idea about the what's expected of them as a citizen of Tir Nan Bob.

If they're new to the Land of Bob and have somehow managed to stay out of custody — via appropriate behavior, rank, or bribes — they're '**guests**'. It's likely they've somehow convinced the minions they've met that they have something of value to offer Bob, whether it be an item or service. Perhaps they've lied, seeing it as the only way to avoid being taken prisoner. Or, perhaps they really do feel that they have something that will interest Bob. Regardless, they've been waiting in a luxurious but guarded suite days (or weeks) for an audience.

If they have been incarcerated by Bob's minions for some perceived infraction (e.g., not having the correct papers, political influence, or sufficient funds to make a bribe), they're '**prisoners**'. For the past few weeks they've been languishing in the dungeons beneath the Fortress awaiting their turn to suffer some terrible torment or meet with a horrible death in one of several gladiatorial arenas.

Over the past few days, rumors about the spaceship and Bob's desire to claim it will have spread throughout the Land of Bob. Also mentioned is Bob's desire for talented volunteers from either his minions, prisoners, or guests and vague promises of vast rewards for those who return with the ship intact.

Regardless of whether they are currently a minion, guest, or prisoner, *someone else will volunteer them* to the authorities as ideal candidates for the mission. Once 'volunteered', nothing they say can alter their now inevitable audience with Bob. Alternatively, they may not even know why they're suddenly being escorted to an audience with Bob. Any talk by the Characters of their inexperience or inappropriateness will simply be taken by officials as modesty. Of course, the Characters may want to serve Bob. *It takes all kinds….*

1.5 Event: To Do or Die — Horribly

Under guard (for their own protection), the Characters will be escorted through gloomy halls of the Fortress of Bob to the massive double doors leading to the **Throne Room** (see description page **28**). Horrible screams will be heard emanating from within the chamber. Members of another

party standing ahead of the Characters will be visibly nervous; especially after a few bodies and a sack oozing blood are dragged out just before they're asked inside. After a few more screams, the doors will open again and the Characters will be commanded to enter.

Bob, surrounded by cronies and plates of what can only be presumed to be food, will be devouring something which is still squirming as he gulps it down. A Steward, **Sommelier Pawky**, will turn his attention to the Characters by announcing their presence. Bob will comment to his attendants that he's becoming tired of reviewing prospective candidates and that these better be the 'right' ones. The Characters may sense the tension in the air.

When he finally turns his attention to the Characters, he will initially seem unimpressed with what he sees. He'll ask a few questions of each individual, offer a name change if appropriate (see **Names Assigned by Bob Table**, page **11**), and as long as the answers are not totally disrespectful, he'll give his approval of these new 'volunteers' congratulating them on their courage, initiative, and sense of reckless sacrifice. Any Character to behave rude or violently while in the presence of Bob will be seized by the many minions in the room and immediately subjected to 'conditioning' by being subjected to a torture device in the middle of the room until the meeting is over.

Sommelier Pawky will now step forward and provide the Characters with the following information:

"We have been informed that a flying ship has crash-landed in an uninhabited mountain region of northeast Borsanera, Chef Djall's Range. You have been recommended as the best candidates to recover the ship for Bob. You will locate this ship, and having determined the best way to transport it back here in one piece, ensure that it arrives intact. This is your mission. If you succeed you will be duly rewarded. You will not fail."

This is a crucial scene. Depending on their status and the way they handle themselves during their audience with Bob, the Characters may leave the encounter as trusted heroes or commanded minions with a do-or-die proposition.

Bob will not entertain the possibility that the Characters were unfairly 'volunteered' for the mission — he'll assume that they're trying to change their minds, and after stating **"…Indecisiveness is one of the characteristics I despise most in a minion…."**

Sommelier Pawky will ask if they're still uncertain of their commitment, then offer a simple choice: retrieve the spaceship and receive Bob's gratitude, or have their fingers slowly crushed, eyes ripped out, spleens impaled, viscera sliced to ribbons… you get the idea. The Characters will not leave the throne room (alive) without agreeing to bring the spacecraft back to Bob. If on the other hand they prefer death, well… some adventures are shorter than others.

Bob, however, will express some disappointment when the party chooses to go after the spaceship stating, **"*A real man* would relish having his spleen impaled!"** If the Characters agree to serve Bob before being threatened with death to do so, they each acquire a **Darkling Transformation** (see page **119**).

1.6 Event: A Visit to Bob-Mart

Now that the Characters are officially on the job, Pawky will see that they're escorted to the **Bob-Mart** outlet in the Fortress. Pawky will permit the Characters to ask for whatever they want to outfit themselves for the mission. No item the Characters ask for will be in stock. However, the friendly (but very stupid) Grocer, **Mr. Nichols** (see Stats page **134** and generic Grocer description, page **15**), will offer less desirable alternatives which are available.

1.7 Event: An 'Official Escort'

Once the Characters have collected their supplies and assembled in the courtyard ready to leave, Pawky will introduce them to **Nudnik**, a wiry and weasel-like Bobgoblin assigned as their 'official escort' for the trip. Nudnik has been briefed on the general location of the downed spacecraft and will lead the Characters to the area where it was last reported seen.

Now, with only the Grocers and their assistant Lackeys to wish them well, an armed escort will see the Characters to the border of Tir Nan Bob where they can begin the long hike northeast into the gloomy mountain valleys of Borsanera and on to the site of the crash.

If they were smart enough to request them, they may have mounts and even a wagon or coach to aid their travel. The mounts will be **Sauraclods**, docile lizard-like creatures with six clawed legs, long tails, and a scaly hide that sheds every two weeks. Their tails will easily fall off if pulled and grow back in a month. They will feed on practically anything put in front of them, and will take orders from anyone who sounds like they mean it. Being natural cowards, if threatened by anything — and we mean *anything* — they will panic and bolt. The creatures will be harnessed with a bridle, saddle, and saddlebags. They wiggle when they walk, and drool when happy.

Part 2
The Adventure Begins

2.1 Encounter: On the Road to Ruin

The road leading from **Bobston** through **Tir Nan Bob** toward **Borsanera** appears to be white cobblestones, but is in fact made from countless sand-filled *skulls* laid on a foundation of crushed bones, and held together by bone-white cement. Glass eyes placed in skulls lining the edge of the road will reflect any light carried by the Characters, effectively preventing them from losing their way at night, while providing the feeling that they're continually being watched.

As the party comes over a hill they will see a chain-gang of **Bobbits** overseen by two **Bobarians** repairing potholes in the road with fresh body parts from a large wagon. The Bobarians, **Hack** and **Slash** (for Stats, see page **134**), really enjoy their work and take great pleasure in playing noughts and crosses on the backs of the prisoners with their whips.

If the Characters make no physical effort to stop the torture of the Bobbits, Hack and Slash will simply order the Bobbits out of the way and let the party pass. Any verbal request the Characters make for Hack and Slash to stop their punishments or set the Bobbits free will be refused via sarcastic quips. Nudnik will advise the Characters not to get involved.

If the Characters intervene physically to free the Bobbits, Hack and Slash will put up a half-hearted fight, then run off, cursing and swearing that the Characters will be punished by Bob for their actions. Nudnik will say nothing.

The Bobbits meanwhile will be overjoyed and unless told to go away by the Characters, will remain with the party as servants until for the rest of the adventure. (Five Bobbits: **Booger**, **Doofus**, **Fob**, **Mooch**, and **Runt**; for Stats, see page **134**). They will be enthusiastic until things get dangerous, then make themselves scarce until it's safe to cheer the Characters on again. Characters attempting to free the Bobbits will each ***lose one*** **Darkling Transformation** (see page **119**).

2.2 Event Option: Criminal Critters

If during the course of the trip, the party decides to make camp in the open air (or even in an abandoned structure), once most of the Characters have fallen asleep they will be raided by a number of small, furry, and sickeningly cute, animal bandits. These creatures (similar to chipmunks, squirrels, rabbits, etc.) will quietly approach the camp and attempt to sneak off with as much booty as they can take, before they're discovered by anyone on watch, or a Character who is awoken by a noise made during the heist. They will take anything they can get, but will be especially attracted to shiny objects (e.g., coins, metal pots, weapons, etc.). If attacked they'll run (use the following Critter Stats: **STR: 3, DEX: 18, HP: 2**).

2.3 Event: Stormy Weather

Once the Characters have traveled some distance, with the road winding through forests of contorted thorn bushes and open fields of tall dead grass, the sky will become clouded and darken in the west. The air will seem charged and the wind will gust in random directions. The ominous rumble of distant thunder will be heard and the jagged strikes of lightning will be seen on the horizon. Then, as the sky turns black, hail stones will begin to fall. Initially the size of peas, they will rapidly increase until they are baseball size and larger — easily capable of knocking someone senseless or if really unlucky, killing them.

Looking about the Characters will note that they are in a bleak moor-like terrain with several *menhir* (standing stones) rising from the grassy hills. The only obvious shelter will be an ancient *dolmen* (roofed stone structure) standing on the crest of the hill. The dolmen is a 'passage grave' with a **30' [9.2 m]** entry corridor leading to an inner circular crypt **15' [4.6 m]** in diameter. If the Bobbits are present, they will only enter after the Characters, and then with reluctance.

Inside the dolmen, though the pounding of hail can still be heard through the roof stones, it will seem distant. The air inside smells *stale* and *ancient.*

In the center of the crypt will be a stone sarcophagus with a sealed lid. The rest of the tomb will contain no relics or grave objects. If the Characters leave the sarcophagus undisturbed, they will experience nothing extraordinary while waiting out the storm. Should they attempt to remove the heavy lid, after some initial resistance, a touch will release a mechanism and the lid will open, to reveal a stone stairway leading down into darkness beneath the hill.

2.3.a Plot Option: The Coffin Club

If the Characters descend the steps within the sarcophagus they will begin to hear faint *music* from below (not heard by anyone still in the crypt above). Descending further and they'll come to a locked door. A knock on the door will result in the Characters being observed through a horizontal slit in the door, and then the door slowly opening to reveal a *nightclub of the dead*. This looks like a popular place; anyone who was anyone is either present or has a signed portrait on the wall. After receiving an initial look-over from a few of the guests, the Characters are treated as if they were any other patrons. An undead woman at the coat-check to the immediate right will offer to take any extraneous garments or weapons. A cigarette-girl (whose blackened lungs can clearly be seen through her rotting chest), will offer matches or smokes. They will begin to notice the air is smoky and catch occasional whiffs of incense and perfume.

A congenial host will then ask if they are interested in dining or drinking in the bar, directing them to a table in the area of their choice. The longer they remain in the nightclub, the more 'alive' the place will seem. The corpses, ghosts, and ghouls will no longer look repulsive, and as the music picks up, the atmosphere will become quite lively. Some of the Human 'people' in the bar might be famous (e.g., Salvador Dalí, the Marx Brothers, Al Capone, Kurt Cobain, Che Guevara, Jimi Hendrix, Billie Holiday, Marilyn Monroe, Keith Moon, Andy Warhol, etc).

Anyone who consumes any food or drink must make a **WIL Roll:** success will result in no effect; failure will cause them to ***lose their desire to leave*** the nightclub. Another WIL Roll may be permitted if another PC (who has not consumed anything yet) suggests they leave. However, with ***each drink or dish consumed*** the patron must apply a **–1**% penalty to their **WIL Roll** and ***roll for a* Darkling Transformation** (see page **119**). Characters of course may be dragged out by unenchanted party members. If they are still present at 'closing time' (dawn), they will be ***deceased,*** like the other patrons — and continue their existence as rotting, undead corpses.

2.4 Event: Rivals on the Horizon

Once the storm has abated and the party has begun their journey they will pass a few road signs announcing **'Grog's Diner'**, just up ahead, along with a mediocre painting of some unidentifiable meal. These signs will continue for several hours of travel.

Eventually they will pass a fork in the road; one route continuing *northeast* (toward **Borsanera**, the correct way), and another *southeast* (toward **Manqué**, the wrong way — time wasted). If they search about, they will find that the road sign has been recently ripped up and tossed behind a rock.

As they continue, a Character with keen eyes will notice a figure on the horizon get up from behind a rock and scurry away. (The progress of the party is being watched from a distance).

2.5 Encounter: The Road Kill Diner

The Characters' route will take them through a winding narrow pass with steep, rocky, treeless hills on either side. Another Grog's Diner sign will offer encouragement that at least some kind of 'civilization' is not far away.

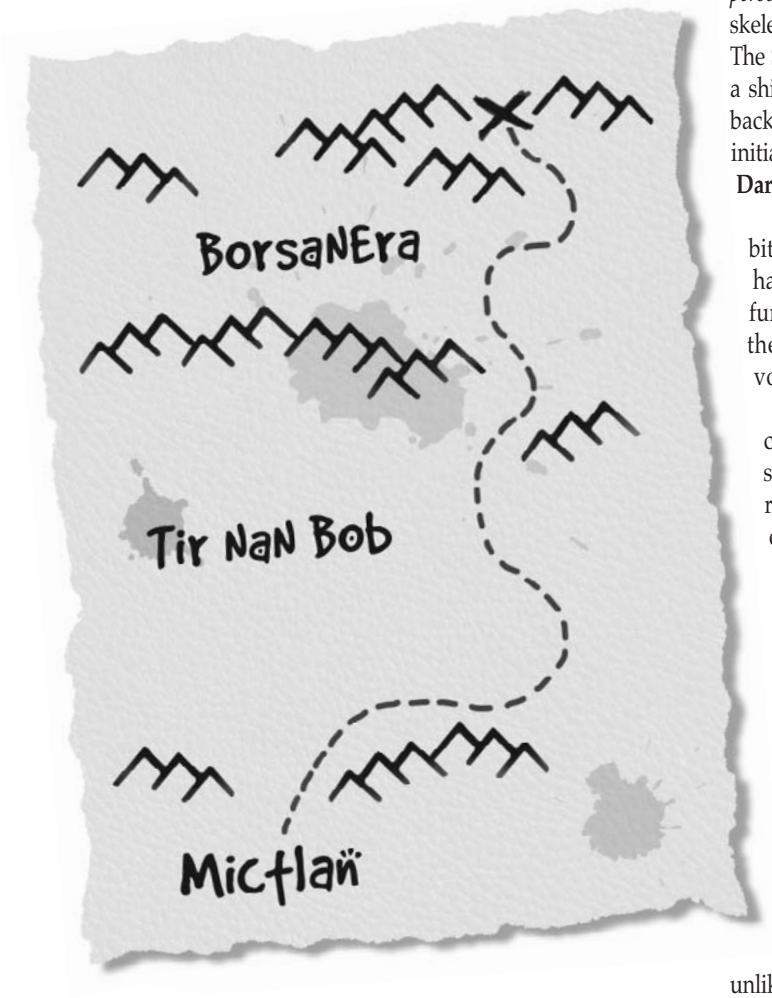
From up ahead they will hear a rumbling sound and several screams of fear and pain. If they choose to investigate they will see a large **Ogre** (Grog), coming down the hill dressed as a short-order cook and overjoyed with his 'catch' — five adventurers crushed by rolling logs and tumbling stones. If he notices the party **Grog** will gleefully confide, **"Didya see that? I musta got most all of 'em! Maybe one got away, but dat's ok. I'm Grog. Are you here fer dinner? My diner is jus' up dis hill. Boy are we gonna eat good tonight!"**

If the Characters agree to dine at Grog's, he will ask them to help carry the bodies up the hill (if the Characters ask, he'll offer them a discount for doing so), to the Diner. Once inside the crudely built stone and wood restaurant they'll be treated to typical diner fare, with the exception that the meat is very fresh. Any Character who ***eats*** at Grog's acquires ***one* Darkling Transformation** (see page **119**).

If the party refuses politely Grog will simply carry on collecting the bodies, adding optimistically **"Maybe you drop by anodder time den."** If the party is rude to Grog, expresses some indignation at his methods of acquiring game, or physically threatens him, he will say, **"Grog thinks maybe you make better appetizer than customer,"** then attacks, brandishing a huge *fork* and *spatula.*

If any Character takes the opportunity to inspect the bodies of Grog's victims (either when carrying them up the hill, or after defeating Grog in combat), they will discover the following:

- The party is made up of an **Elf** (female), two **Dwarfs** (male and female), a **Human** (male), and a **Brownie** (male).
- Each wears a **pendant** with the crest of **Mictlan.**
- Each wears an **obsidian dagger** in addition to other personal weapons.
- Each carries a pouch with **2d10 Simoleons**.
- One carries a **map** indicating the route to the area where the spaceship was said to have crashed (see **2.5.a** below).



This is a *rival party* in the employ of **Chef Mictlantecuhtli** of **Mictlan** also in search of the crashed spaceship. Nudnik will express some concern at this evidence that the other Chefs have people seeking the craft. He will encourage the party to press on.

2.5.a Item: Follow the Dotted Line...

Let a Character find this map (see illustration on this page) either on one of the victims, or, if they search the area where they were killed after the bodies have been removed, on the ground.

The map will be crudely drawn and not to scale, but will show a *dotted line* leading from a place marked **Mictlan** to an area in the **Yeti Mountains** — indicated by an '**X**' as the crash site of the spaceship.

Once the Characters pass over the next hill, they will plainly see that on the ground, in an arc *extending from to southern to the northeastern horizon* (and continuing for the rest of the trip) are *large black dashes.* If touched, they will find that the dashes have the texture of wax crayon; the wax can be collected and melted to make candles or crayons.

Part 3
Borsanera, Range of Rapacity

3.1 Encounter: A Sign of Danger

The travelers come across a battered sign stating "**Welcome to Borsanera — Where Greed is Golden**" held in the hands of a grinning skeleton, clothed in rags, and mounted on a pike. If the traveler gets within **2'** of the skeleton, they will overhear it whispering for a "**good person**" to assist it down from its predicament. However, since *good persons* are *not welcome* in Borsanera, anyone who helps remove the skeleton will be ***attacked*** by this **'Skeletoid'** as an enemy of the state. The Skeletoid will arm itself with the pike and use the wooden sign as a shield. If it survives the encounter, the Skeletoid will simply climb back up and re-impale itself, awaiting the next traveler. Characters initially involved in attempting to free the Skeletoid will each ***lose one*** **Darkling Transformation** (see page **119**).

The Characters can defeat the Skeletoid either by bashing it to bits, or by removing an **ebony ring** from the second finger of its left hand; it is this ring that animates the skeleton and commands it to function as it does. Severing the hand or finger is not enough — the limb and body will merely continue to move of their own volition until pulverized.

If the Characters take a good look at the ring, they will see that contains the crest of **Chef Djall, Overlord of Borsanera:** a Dragon sleeping atop a hoard of treasure. Anyone who wears the ring will receive ***life beyond death,*** but will ***lose their will*** to act in any way other than in the service of Chef Djall and ***take up arms*** and act against any 'good' intruders into his realm.

3.2 Encounter Option: Gubbins, Technocrat in Training

Gubbins can be *encountered at any time;* on the road, not-too-discretely following the Characters, scrounging the remains of a deceased body, in a prison cell, or any rest stop the Characters take.

Gubbins is a **Bobbit** who has succumbed to the spell of technology. He has spent the last few years collecting technological junk with the hope that someday he'll encounter a *real* Technocrat who will introduce him to the mysteries of technology and the wonders it can produce. In the meantime he's made some earnest attempts at assembling some random parts to produce some unlikely looking devices with even more unlikely functions (they work only because of Gubbins faith in them). Some of his devices on hand include:

- A **fire-starter** with a range of **4' [1.2 m]**
- A **metal detector** with a range of **10' [3 m]**
- An **Infra-Switcher** (changes TV channels, opens electronic locks, etc.)
- A **bio-feedback/mood pendant** (must be worn; emotion determines color)
- A **Bag O' Laughs** (novelty audio product from Earth, found intact)

Since his vocation requires that he remain a nomad, Gubbins *carries all of his possessions in a massive backpack* that towers above him. Unless threatened, in which case he will always attempt a hasty retreat, Gubbins is cautious but friendly, and always enthusiastic when meeting someone who appears to be a Technocrat or who might be able to tell him the whereabouts of a technocratic settlement.

If he determines that one or more of the Characters may be from a

technologically advanced culture, or if he discovers that the Characters are looking for a downed *spaceship* (even though he's not *exactly* sure what that is), he'll ask to tag along, offering his services as appropriate, and try to learn more.

If rebuffed, Gubbins will try to *secretly follow* the Characters anyway (until chased off through threats of physical violence). He may even appear suddenly and help them out if they get into a jam. If he makes it to the spaceship before the Characters (see **6.12**), he'll attempt to launch it himself with the intention of flying to a settlement of Technocrats he's heard about in the southern hemisphere.

3.3 Area: A Hamlet Called Hostility

The Characters' journey through Borsanera will take them into a wide rolling valley flanked by high mountains with peaks shrouded in dark clouds. Over the next hill, they'll notice in the valley below a small subsistence farming community consisting of little more than a few wood and thatch-roofed buildings clustered about a main street. It appears to be a picture-perfect place to spend the night.

As the party approaches they will realize that the settlement appears to be engaged in some sort of festival. A large bonfire is lit in the center of town; *music* and *singing* can be heard and people can be seen *dancing*.

Just outside the settlement they will see a skeleton mounted on a pike clutching a battered sign which reads "**Welcome to Hostility, Population 42**" (if the PCs interact, Play as in **Encounter 3.1**). They will also notice that towering above the bonfire, on stilts engulfed in flame, is a huge wooden structure which to anyone with a technological background will look like a mock-up of a flying saucer. Additionally, distinct from the singing and music already mentioned, they can hear the sound of desperate *screams* coming from within the wooden saucer.

If the Characters choose to *watch and wait*, or circle and *avoid the town*, see **Encounter 3.4**.

If the Characters choose to *enter the town*, they will be immediately noticed by the locals who will stop their activities and turn their attentions to them. The screams from those trapped inside the burning spaceship will still be heard.

The people of Hostility are superstitious, irrational, and prone to lying unless confronted about it. They also take offense easily. If asked about the screams they will initially *deny* hearing them until pressed. Gradually, they will admit that those being burned alive are a party of strangers who entered the town a day ago, behaved rudely to some of the locals, and now by local custom must be offered as a sacrifice to the fertility goddess. If asked about the spaceship, after some denial, they'll reveal that they built the sacrificial vessel in the form of a vessel that the strangers said they were seeking. This way, the strangers could meet their fate knowing that they had acquired the thing that they had been seeking — symbolically at least.

If the Characters *attempt to rescue the burning strangers* or *physically threaten the locals*, the Characters will immediately be surrounded by **Draconian Guards** (see **Encounter 3.4**). Nothing the Characters say about the locals burning strangers alive will make any impression on the Draconians. As the Characters are escorted away, the wooden spaceship will plunge into the bonfire and the locals will cheer and revive the festivities. Characters attempting to free the strangers will each ***lose one*** **Darkling Transformation** (see page **119**).

If the Characters peacefully *join in the festivities* they will be treated to food and drink and offered a place to sleep in a stable. If the Characters do nothing to attempt to rescue the burning victims, will each ***acquire a*** **Darkling Transformation** (see page **119**). Once most of the party is asleep they will be surrounded by **Draconian Guards** (see **Encounter 3.4**).

3.4 Encounter: Draconian Measures

Regardless of the actions of the Characters in **3.3**, at some point they'll be surrounded by an overwhelming force (use as many as you need to intimidate) of **Draconian Bobarians** led by a Bobgoblin, **Foobar**. They will accuse the PCs of whatever trumped-up charges that could be applied to the circumstances (e.g., loitering, disturbing the peace, interrupting a public festival, attempting to assault the peaceful members of an important farming community, and if they do anything other than comply, resisting arrest). Accepting no explanations, they will arrest the party, using force if necessary. If the PCs protest, **Foobar** will suggest they, "**Tell it to Chef Djall — ifff you live that long….**" The Bobarians will then chuckle knowingly among themselves. Any PC currently wearing an ebony Skeletoid Ring will assist the Draconians (and thereafter be treated as a comrade but still escorted to Draconis).

If the Characters are determined to fight the Draconians, let them get in a few good licks, then have them soundly thrashed. Those who are unconscious will be thrown into the back of a wagon (which incidentally is full of booty), while those conscious and capable of walking will have their wrists manacled and then be linked together via chain passing through a loop in each prisoner's pin-locked iron neck band and attached to the back of a wagon.

3.5 Encounter Option: The Brodie Bunch

Several other sorry looking prisoners of assorted races will be chained ahead of the Characters. Their ragged clothes and whipping wounds will suggest they've been prisoners for some time (actually the wounds are make-up to give the impression of piety). If the Characters don't initiate a conversation, one of the Brodies will do so. The Brodie will be *pleasant*, *understanding*, *compassionate*, and *totally pessimistic*.

The Brodies are a *suicidal religious cult* (their founder ended his life jumping off a bridge). Their thesis, which they will try to foist on anyone who isn't beating them into unconsciousness, is that this world is a load of crap, so why not die and be done with it. If asked why they simply don't just kill themselves, they will explain that it is their lot to make the personal sacrifice of *living* in order to spread the word, otherwise the message will be lost. Naturally, they *keep all the wealth* of those who die in their presence to help fund the cause.

This wealth, incidentally, is the reason they were seized by the Draconians in the first place — they were traveling with a wagon full of riches — the one they are now chained behind.

If asked, they will gladly inform the Characters that a few days ago they encountered a party of **Blackguards** who were on their way to the **Yeti Mountains** to claim for **Noirvana** something that had fallen from the heavens. This they will offer this as a further sign of the eminent end of the world and another reason for everyone to kill themselves.

The Brodies may simply be used as a conversational distraction to bide the time en route to **Draconis**, the fortress of Chef Djall. Upon arrival the Characters might never see them again. Alternatively, they could be placed in the cell next to the Characters, to continue their annoying and self-serving proselytizing. Additionally, Chef Djall might find them useful and let them go, with the understanding that they're working for him — thus the Characters might encounter them on some other occasion.

Part 4
Prisoners of Chef Djall

4.1 Area: Draconis, the Opulent Underground Fortress of Chef Djall

The prisoners are led through misty valleys up into a region known as the **Draconai Peaks**. Their journey takes them through a steep canyon with guards observing the group's passage from above, and eventually to the massive gatehouse of an opulent golden palace, extending out from the cliff wall. Above the entrance a number of smiling skeletons are suspended clutching between them a massive sign which reads: "**Welcome to Draconis — What's Yours is Ours!**" Centered between the two phrases on the sign is the crest of Borsanera: A red Dragon sleeping atop a hoard of golden treasure on a black background.

As each of the Draconians passes through the gate they will recite (in a rather bored fashion) the Draconian Motto: "**Greed issssth good, wealth issssth better.**"

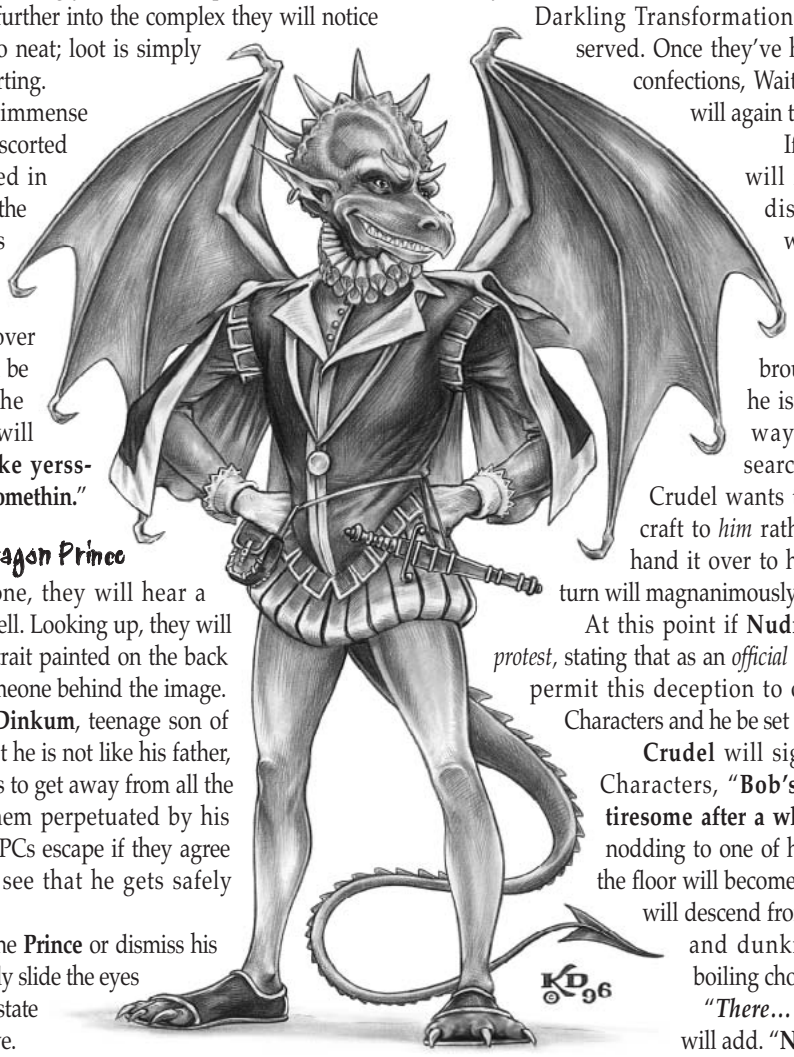
The wagon to which the Characters are chained will be halted in a large courtyard just inside the gatehouse. Here they will be unhooked from the wagon and led deeper into the palace, which they will realize is actually hollowed out of the cliff wall. Everything the Characters can see on their way to the dungeons will be highly valuable, ornate, and stolen. If it's plush, shiny, sparkley, or silky, it's here, lining the walls or sitting on the floors of this seemingly endless complex of halls and rooms. As the Characters get further into the complex they will notice that some corridors are not so neat; loot is simply stacked in corners awaiting sorting.

After traveling down an immense spiral stairway they will be escorted into the dungeons and placed in what is literally a *gilded cage* — the bars and most of the fittings will be made of solid gold! Gold coins will be scattered on the floor, silken sheets will cover the beds, and objects d'art will be stacked in the corners. As he leaves, the Draconian **jailer** will turn and say, "**Try and make yerss-selves ussseful — polisssh sssomethin.**"

4.2 Encounter: The Dragon Prince

Once the Characters are alone, they will hear a *whisper* from the rear of their cell. Looking up, they will notice that the *eyes* of the portrait painted on the back wall are *real* and belong to someone behind the image. The voice belongs to **Prince Dinkum**, teenage son of Chef Djall. He will explain that he is not like his father, and that he desperately wishes to get away from all the greed, dishonesty, and mayhem perpetuated by his family. He'll offer to help the PCs escape if they agree to take him with them and see that he gets safely beyond his father's territories.

If the PCs are insolent to the **Prince** or dismiss his offer of assistance, he will simply slide the eyes of the painting back in place, state "**You'll be ssssorry…**" and leave.



If the Characters agree to the Prince's terms, he will tell that he will walk around to a secret door and open it for them. However, a moment after the Prince slides the eyes of the painting back in place, but before he can reach the secret door, a squad of armed Draconian Guards will arrive and command the Characters to accompany them to an audience with Crudel, the Confectioner of Draconai.

4.3 Encounter: Crudel, the Confectioner of Borsanera

The Characters will be hustled through a maze of twisting corridors until they enter a large open chamber whose elaborate interior decor has a theme of candies and deserts (e.g., candy-cane columns, etc.). There will be numerous cauldrons for dipping things into, racks for drying, and a number of Draconian Bobbits in white smocks hard at work. Sitting on a raised platform, on a large candy-red throne, studded with bright colored gems, is the hulking frame of **Crudel, the Confectioner of Borsanera**. When he bids them welcome and asks that they approach up on to the lower level of the raised platform, the Characters may mistake Crudel for a jolly, insignificant fellow; in fact he is very powerful with a talent for cruelty. The Guards will withdraw a few respectful paces.

Crudel will initially treat the Characters as welcomed guests, offering them the opportunity to sample some excellent candies and deserts. If the Characters *accept* the offer, tall-backed gem-studded chairs will be brought for the Characters, then Bobbits will approach with trays of excellent treats (which will not be harmful, nor lead to a Darkling Transformation). Chilled wine will also be served. Once they've had the chance to sample the confections, Waiters will clean up and Crudel will again turn his attention to business.

If the Characters *refuse*, Crudel will feign disappointment, then dismissing his Waiters with a wave of his hand, he'll turn his focus to the business at hand.

Crudel will now reveal why he had the Characters brought to him. He'll reveal that he is aware that they are on their way to the Yeti Mountains in search of the downed spaceship. Crudel wants the Characters to deliver the craft to *him* rather than Bob. He in turn will hand it over to his master, Chef Djall, who in turn will magnanimously present it to Bob.

At this point if **Nudnik** is present he will *loudly protest*, stating that as an *official representative of Bob* he can not permit this deception to occur, and demand that the Characters and he be set free at once.

Crudel will sigh and casually state to the Characters, "**Bob's Hosts do tend to become tiresome after a while, don't you think?**" while nodding to one of his own minions. Immediately the floor will become sticky, and a large metal claw will descend from above, plucking Nudnik up and dunking him into a large vat of boiling chocolate.

"***There*… that's *much* better**," Crudel will add. "**Now, where were we….**"

4.3.a Plot Option: A New Master... For Now

If the Characters immediately agree to serve **Crudel**, he will smile warmly and add that though he doesn't question the integrity of the Characters, he'll add a minion of his own to the party — "...**just to ensure things go as planned**...." A huge female Draconian Bobarian, **Candy**, will step forward. Pleasant, thick as a brick, and practically impossible to kill, she will show her enthusiasm for the mission by flashing a wide smile revealing pointed gold teeth.

They will then be asked if they require any supplies — these will be given as available (GM discretion). An interesting characteristic about any items provided by the Draconians — they will all be covered in gold or other valuable metals and lavishly ornamented with decorative details and jewels; unfortunately these items are intended more to be admired than used and will thus prove heavier and less sturdy than normal items of a similar function and design.

The party will then be escorted to the main gate, pointed in the direction of the Yeti Mountains, and permitted to continue their journey.

4.3.b Plot Option: Back to the Cell

If the Characters hesitate, ask for time to think things over, or refuse, Crudel will pleasantly state that he empathizes completely with the Character's predicament and so will permit them to return to their cell until *tomorrow* when an answer must be forthcoming. He adds that he hopes for the Character's sake that it is the *right* one. The Characters will then be escorted back to their cell. If the Characters break free of their escort, or escape their cell without outside assistance, see **4.4.a**.

4.4.a Plot Option: Breakout

If the Characters successfully find a way to escape their guards, or break out of their cell *unassisted,* they will still have to find a way out the labyrinthine underground corridors and chambers of Djall's palace. At some point they will become lost, then will hear a familiar voice and be invited into a *secret passage.* Here **Prince Dinkum** will offer to show them a way out if the PCs will let him join their party.

If the Characters express reluctance to have the Prince along, he will threaten to betray them to his father's troops unless they agree to take him along.

If they reject or threaten the Prince, he will flee, and shortly the tunnels will be full of armed Draconians — capture will be almost certain. If captured they'll be brought to Crudel, and given the choice of going on with Candy, or dying in a vat of Chocolate.

4.4.b Plot Option: With a Little Help From a Friend

If the Characters *do not escape on their own,* after their initial meeting with Crudel, **Prince Dinkum** will appear at the portrait and offer to lead them out if they promise that they'll permit him to join their party — at least until they near the border of the **Borsanera Range**. With their agreement, Prince Dinkum will lift a lever, opening a passage behind the wall, permitting the Characters to slip into a *narrow tunnel.*

The tunnel will meander through the mountain until it emerges on the far side requiring that they shuffle along a ledge which overlooks an active volcano. Indicating the bubbling lava below, Prince Dinkum will offer, "**This is where daddy puts people who *really* annoy him.**"

Once beyond the next ridge they will be able to see on the horizon, the dark, snow capped peaks of the Yeti Mountains, their destination.

Part 5
The Yeti Mountains

5.1 Area: Jagged Peaks of Black Ice and Ebony Snow

What may surprise the Characters is that the snow of the Yeti Mountains is not white, but the deepest of *black,* and thus much more treacherous for travelers. Unlike white snow, the black snow of the Yeti Mountains absorbs what little diffuse sunlight can penetrate the clouds of the Dark Lands and the shadow of Ben, thus compounding the problems of careful movement and possibility of losing acquaintances in drifts and sudden avalanches. It also obscures many of the dashes stretching across the landscape indicating the route on the map.

As the party treks northeast across a vast plateau, black snow will begin to fall. Rivers will be covered with ice (but not necessarily frozen *solid*), trees will be bowed over with the weight of their frozen branches, and the ground will be slippery and covered in ever deepening snow. (Periodically each PC should make a **DEX Roll** or ***slip*** and ***lose an item*** in the fall.)

After a few hours the snowfall will cease, but he thigh-high drifts will make travel difficult. The temperature will gradually drop as the wind howls and bites into exposed flesh. It will become apparent that unless shelter can be found, a night of exposure to the elements may kill them.

Then, from their high vantage point they'll notice something which could not be discerned earlier from below: *a wide and long depression in the drifts of the valley floor ending in huge mound of snow.* If a Character looks carefully, they will see a large '**X**' over the depression where the spaceship came to rest. Further inspection will reveal a number of huge footprints and massive sled-marks leading up into the mountains. *Someone has found the spaceship and hauled it off!*

Pursuit will require quick action — following the impressions in the drifts before the next snowfall. Their journey will lead them through hip deep drifts, cross ice bridges spanning dizzying chasms, and force them to lean into the freezing wind.

5.2 Encounter: Are We There Yeti?

The Characters will suddenly hear an inquiring voice from above, "**Yoo-Hoo! I say, hello, down there! Are you friend or foe?**" It will be unclear precisely where the voice is coming from. Any Boblings present will try to hide in a snowdrift. If the PCs scan the cliff above, they will just barely be able to make out the shaggy and massive form of a white-furred Yeti.

5.2.a Plot Option: A Warm Reply

If the Characters respond in a friendly manner the **Yeti** will instruct them to wait right there, then turn and yell, "**Hey everybody, we have visitors!**" The Characters will then hear a long clear note made by a horn. Unfortunately this greeting will cause a significant quantity of snow above the Characters to shift and plunge in an avalanche, covering them. The last thing they will hear before succumbing to a snowy unconsciousness is the Yeti's apologetic "**Oh my! Sorry about that**...." (go to **5.3**)

5.2.b Plot Option: A Cool Response

If the Characters fail to respond within **10 seconds** the voice will call again, "**Now don't try to hide, I saw you perfectly well, show yourselves and tell me what it is you want. I'm not one for games**." If the Characters now emerge and chat, see **5.2.a.**

If the Characters persist in hiding, or if they act in any way that is other than friendly, the **Yeti** will say, "**Well, have it your way**," and then yell, "**Intruders! Sound the alarm! Send out the *Snowmen!***"

At this point the mountainside will ring with the sound of sleigh bells and large black figures will emerge on the ledges above and fling themselves down the hill, tucking and rolling like huge snowballs. Upon landing on the ledge where the Characters are standing, they will reconstitute as humanoid **Snowmen** and attack, flinging iceballs at the Characters until they are stunned unconscious. The party will then be taken up to the Yeti snowfort (go to **5.3**).

5.3 Area: Yeti Chalet

The Characters will awake in front of a large fireplace, wrapped in blankets, and surrounded by friendly Yetis (dressed in lederhosen and embroidered shirts), who hospitably offer brandy, mulled cider, and chocolate to munch. They are in the Yeti snowfort, which appears more like a ski chalet than anything made of blocks of snow and ice. Their footwear is being dried out by the fire, and their possessions are piled up along the wall.

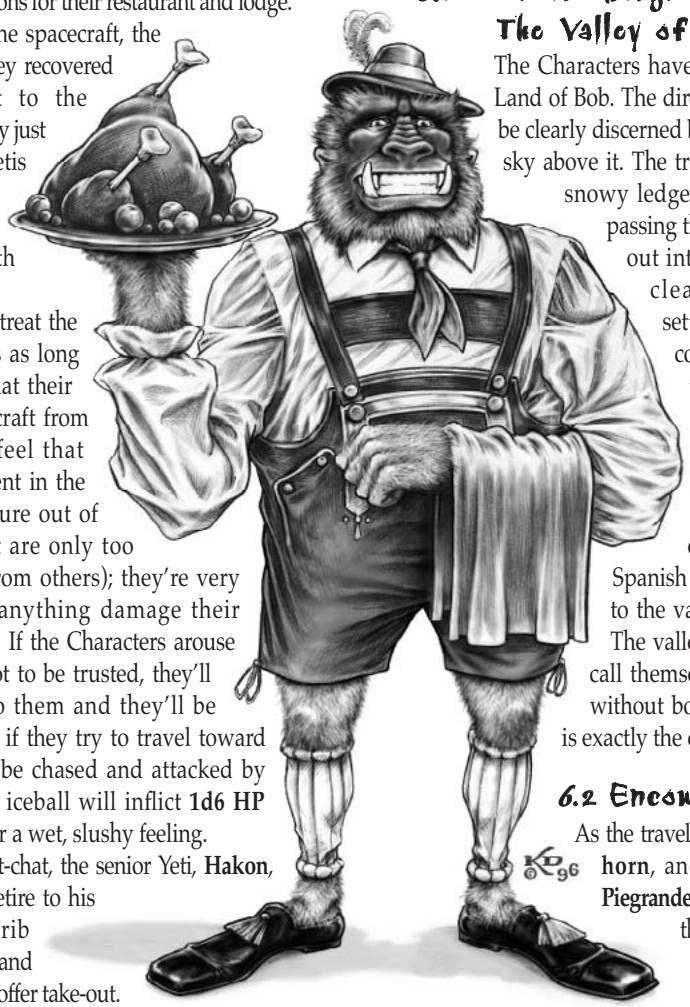
The Yetis are curious, polite, and almost sickeningly *pleasant* about everything. They will attempt to engage the Characters in idle conversation about their place of origin, their destination, their beliefs, their choice for this year's winner of the World Cup….

They're overjoyed to have the Characters as guests, and ask if they'll be staying long. One Yeti will introduce himself as an activities planner and offer his services to arrange skiing or tobogganing excursions, sleigh rides, and ice skating. If asked about the black snow of the region, they'll explain that within living memory it was white, but excessive upwind airborne pollution altered the environment. They will add that since then local tourist traffic has fallen, along with patrons for their restaurant and lodge.

If the PCs inquire about the spacecraft, the Yetis will gladly reveal that they recovered the 'skyboat' and sold it to the **Mannerites** residing in the valley just beyond the next ridge. The Yetis will state that with the drop in the tourist trade, they've had to supplement their income with salvage and trading businesses.

The Yetis will continue to treat the Characters as honored guests as long as they offer no indication that their intention is to *steal* the spacecraft from the Mannerites. The Yetis feel that they've got a pretty good client in the Mannerites (who rarely venture out of their valley themselves, but are only too pleased to purchase goods from others); they're very reluctant to let anyone or anything damage their relations with the Mannerites. If the Characters arouse Yeti suspicions that they're not to be trusted, they'll have their goods brought to them and they'll be politely asked to leave. Then, if they try to travel toward the Mannerite valley, they'll be chased and attacked by ice-flinging **Snowmen**. Each iceball will inflict **1d6 HP** damage upon impact, and later a wet, slushy feeling.

After a few minutes of chit-chat, the senior Yeti, **Hakon**, will invite the Characters to retire to his restaurant for a chicken or rib dinner, famous dipping sauce, and free refills on drinks. They even offer take-out.



5.3.a Plot Option: Dinner is Served

If the PCs opt to dine at the Yeti Chalet, they may choose from a menu of various dishes illustrated by colorful pictures, and will be treated to first class service and an excellent meal — after all, they're the only patrons in the place. When finished, they'll be presented with the bill, which will work out to about **25 Simoleons per person**. If the PCs complain about the expense, the Yeti will indicate that all prices were clearly indicated on the menu; if they're short on funds, the Yeti will gladly barter on their personal possessions. They'll not be permitted to leave without paying. Of course, if they have no trouble with the cost of the dinner and want to stay in the Chalet for one or more nights, the Yeti will only be too happy to have them.

5.3.b Plot Option: Skip the Meal

If the PCs refuse the invitation to dine, and/or a stay in the chalet, the Yetis will ask if they have anything they would like to trade. The Yetis can offer **hand-crafted bone and soapstone carvings of noble animals or violent battle scenes, postcards, paperweights, writing sets, assorted handmade jewelry, lederhosen, embroidered shirts, and fur-lined snow jackets** and **pants**. The Chalet will also sell or rent snowshoes, skis, and toboggans. If the PCs express no interest to interact further with the Yetis, they will simply excuse themselves, somewhat miffed, and suggest that when warmed up, the PCs can take their leave.

Part 6
The Valley of the Mannerites

6.1 Area: Shangri-La-La Land — The Valley of the Mannerites

The Characters have reached the northeastern border of the Land of Bob. The direction to the Valley of the Mannerites can be clearly discerned by the songbirds hovering in the cloudless sky above it. The trail leading into the valley passes along a snowy ledge, over an ice bridge, then into a tunnel passing through the mountain, and finally opening out into a valley of lush green foliage, crystal clean waters, fertile croplands, and a settlement of white and gold buildings — all covered with a thin layer of frost. It appears to be a wonderful paradise isolated from the bleak world beyond the horizon of the black mountain peaks.

A gold-brick path leads down to a large palace incorporating the best elements of Art Nouveau, Classical, and Spanish architectural design, and then winds on to the valley floor, a further **3000' [915 m]** below. The valley is home to over **2000 inhabitants** who call themselves the **Piegrande**; they look like Yetis without body hair with severe windburn — which is exactly the case.

6.2 Encounter: The Piegrande Guides

As the travelers descend into the valley they will hear a **horn**, and then be met on the road ahead by **5 Piegrande**, dressed in pious **green robes**. They'll smile, then motion for the PCs to accompany them.

If the party responds warmly, a Piegrande will attempt to place around

the neck of each member a necklace of flowers, as a welcoming gift. Then, they'll bow gracefully, and with a vacuous smile, lead them down to the palace.

If the party acts otherwise (e.g., attacks, or tries to engage in a debate), the Piegrande will walk, or if they perceive a threat, run away — initially down the road, and then if pursued, into the forest which lines the path. If sought in the woods, they will not be found — they know where to hide when they need to. From here the party may proceed down to the **valley floor** (see **6.3**) or to the **palace** (see **6.4**).

6.3 Area: Martindale — A Pleasant Piegrande Settlement

Descending the circuitous golden road, the Characters will pass orchards, winding rivers, fields of healthy crops, and numerous Piegrande inhabitants who will all smile like idiots and appear friendly until spoken to harshly or attacked — at which point they'll move away as quickly as the situation seems to warrant. At the bottom of the valley the river becomes wide and slow, meandering along until it collects in a lake at the far end (it then drains out of the valley via an underwater cave system). Where the river meets the lake, on the south shore is the Piegrande settlement of **Martindale.**

This picturesque village is comprised of modest comfortable dwellings of wood and painted stucco walls with ornate accents of gold inlay and ceramic mosaics. Few buildings are taller than one or two stories — it being considered impolite to erect any building which could be mistaken for a phallic symbol.

While some Piegrandes work in the fields and others mine the hills or placer deposits down by the river, many remain in the settlement, doing domestic chores, crafts, and operating metal, wood, and leather-working shops. They appear to enjoy a good life, with abundant food and other resources. Most of their furniture and possessions however, are of a quality far superior to that which they seem capable of producing in their own workshops — which is in fact the case. They trade for many of their possessions, which are brought in by freelance merchants from the outside.

One thing is certain to catch the attention of the Characters as they wander among the buildings — the great quantity of *gold* present in the valley. It is used for ornamentation as well as small functional objects (e.g., goblets, buckles, etc.). Further inspection will reveal a store house of nuggets which are melted and poured into rectangular molds for easy storage and transport.

If asked, the Piegrande will trade for their gold, but they will be reluctant to give it away. In return for gold, they seek 'nice things'. Though they will not fight to keep their gold (since they can always find more in the hills and river beds), if taken unfairly, runners will immediately be dispatched to the palace to inform them of the thieves. The palace will then dispatch an armed force of Piegrandes to bring the Characters to the palace (see **6.5**) where they'll have the gold taken from them and then be carted off to a prison cell (see **7.4**).

6.4 Area: A Secret on the Cliffs

If the Characters explore the cliffs on the northern side of the river which divides the valley, they may notice a odd glint coming from some of the rocks about halfway up the cliff face. A closer inspection will reveal that a section of the cliff **100' [30.5 m]** wide by **60' [18.3 m]** high is actually made of painted metal. It serves as the secret door for the **spaceship hangar** located on **Sub-Level 3** of the Mannerite underground complex. With effort and stealth the Characters will be able to gain entrance to this area via a concealed and normally locked door, guarded by Piegrandes (which on this occasion will be *wedged open* since the guards are taking turns going outside for cigarette brakes). Inside stands the spaceship they seek (see **7.7**).

6.5 Area: The Palace of the Mannerites

The golden road winds its way down to the massive palace complex of the aristocracy of the valley, the Mannerites. The air is warmer here and the colors somehow more vivid and engaging. Finely groomed gardens line the way toward the wide white marble ramp which ascends to the main entry. There are no windows on the ground floor, thus removing the possibility that someone might impolitely gaze in. Circular balconies project from the building supported by marble columns. Terra-cotta tiles finish the roof. The structure is massive but graceful; a spartan, clean-lined design based on forms from nature.

The large oak double doors which secure the main entrance open to a hall decorated with art objects collected from far and wide. The building (which once was a popular resort) serves as an art gallery and museum, displaying and preserving the best works that the occupants have been able to obtain. Sconces and tapestries line the stucco covered walls painted in white or pastel colors; chandeliers (for candles) hang from the ceilings of the larger rooms. The external walls feature large bay windows.

The interior layout of the house is in the form of a collection of modular areas. In each area, ramps (there are no stairs) rise from sunken courts to encircling walkways, from which extend arched doors to six rooms and two arched exits to hallways, connected to similar areas in the rest of the house. Balconies from floors above overlook the courtyards. Design details incorporate geometric-organic patterns and forms.

6.6 Encounter: Hermana Simpátics — Miss Mannerite

The Characters are greeted by a beautiful female **Poughvidd** (see *Murphy's World* page **55**), dressed in a kimono who will graciously invite them into the main entry hall of the palace. Her soft voice is polite and serene. Her movements are unhurried, purposeful, and full of grace.

Hermana Simpático will assume that the Characters are lost, cold, and seeking hospitality. She'll do her best to provide polite but vague answers to the Character's questions. The following information will be provided, in the most gentle and erudite voice possible, in answer to specific queries.

A. The History of the Valley:

The valley was discovered over 200 years ago by a traveling Technocrat named **Hernando Perdido**. He was almost frozen to death when he crossed over the ridge and emerged into the sheltering valley. Unfortunately, severe frostbite and several broken limbs further threatened his life. However, he was strong enough in body and will to take the drastic measure of cutting off his wheel, feet, tail, arms, and left tentacle, thus saving himself. The Piegrande residents of the valley found him and brought him back to health. He then shared with them his knowledge and thus became known as **Padre Perdido**. In the decades that followed, under Padre Perdido's guiding hand, the valley was transformed into the paradise of **Shangri-La-La**. The main house, **Palacio Paraíso**, was built and extended to accommodate the treasures which gradually accumulated.

B. The Health and Apparent Happiness of the Inhabitants:
It has been determined that the valley possesses a supernatural effect which causes the swift healing of all wounds and the preservation and extension of natural life well beyond a person's normal life expectancy.

If asked, Hermana Simpático will admit to being *over 100 years old,* having stumbled into the valley as a young woman when she became separated from her family's merchant caravan during a shopping trip to Scarberia.

If pressed about how the supernatural healing relates to Padre Perdido, Hermana Simpático will concede that had he not severed his limbs, he probably would have *healed naturally* — but he couldn't have known this when he took his drastic life-preserving measures.

C. The Government of the Valley:
Hermana Simpático will describe the benevolent dictatorship of the Mannerites as if it were a democracy.

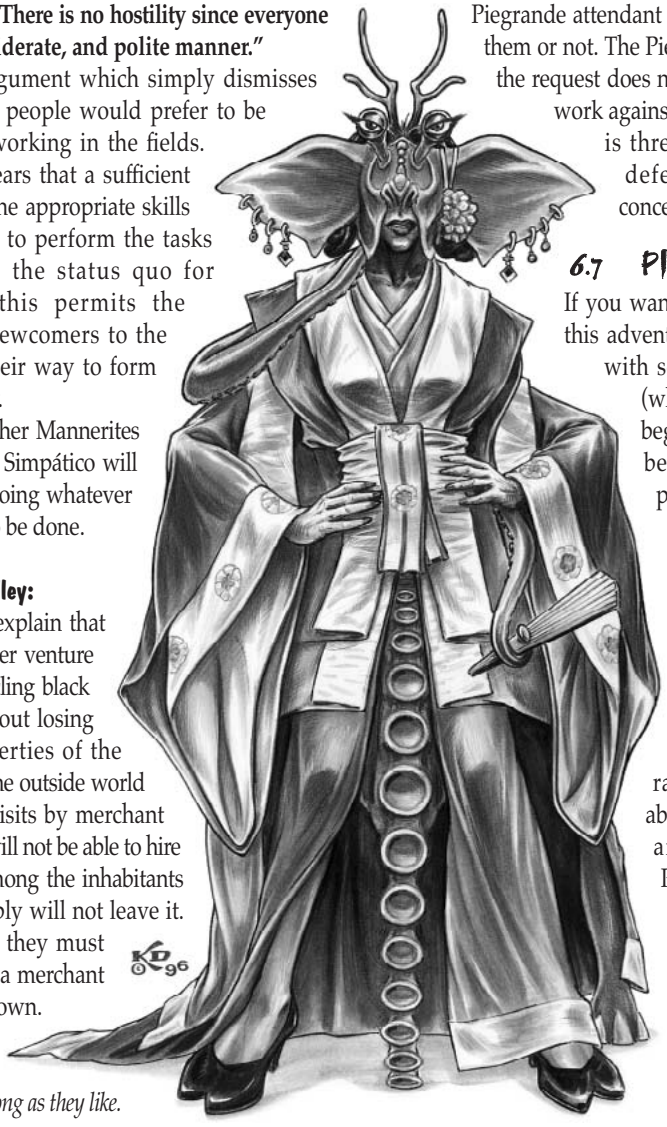
"We rule with moderate strictness and in return expect moderate obedience… People perform the task to which they feel they're best suited… The productivity and services of the individual are for the benefit of all… There are no soldiers or police, since there is no crime. For what makes a criminal — the lack of something. Here, there can be no crime because everyone has a sufficient supply of anything they desire… There is no hostility since everyone functions in a kind, considerate, and polite manner."

This is a circular argument which simply dismisses the possibility that most people would prefer to be giving the orders than working in the fields. In Shangri-La-La, it appears that a sufficient quantity of people with the appropriate skills have themselves chosen to perform the tasks necessary to maintain the status quo for centuries. Naturally this permits the Mannerites and those newcomers to the valley who see things their way to form the governing aristocracy.

If asked where the other Mannerites are at this time, Hermana Simpático will explain that they are off doing whatever it is that they feel needs to be done.

D. The Means to Leave the Valley:
Hermana Simpático will explain that none of the inhabitants ever venture beyond the ridge of encircling black peaks due to concerns about losing the age-extending properties of the valley. Thus contact with the outside world is limited to infrequent visits by merchant caravans. The Characters will not be able to hire guides or porters from among the inhabitants of the valley — they simply will not leave it. If the PCs wish to leave, they must either wait for the arrival a merchant caravan, or leave on their own.

Of course, Hermana Simpático will say that they are *welcome to stay as long as they like.*



Anything that Hermana Simpático is unable or unwilling to answer (e.g., information about the spaceship), she will reply something like: "**All will be revealed in time**," or "**For the answer to that, you'll have to ask the *Mæstro*. Only *he* can provide the answers you seek**." If then pressed for when a meeting with the Mæstro can be arranged, Hermana Simpático will reply, "**He is old and does not often receive visitors. However, he is prepared to see *one* of you at this time. Decide among you *which* it should be**." (See **6.8**)

Hermana Simpático will then *assign one Piegrande to each member of the party,* and will inform the Characters that this personal attendant will serve as a guide while in the valley and "**take care of any need or request**." She will then inform the Characters that a party will be held in their honor that evening so that they may meet some of the other residents of Shangri-La-La. Until then, the Characters may retire to their prepared rooms and freshen up, or explore the halls and galleries. Nothing will be insisted upon, but if pressed, in a tone which oozes reasonability, Hermana Simpático will say that all she is trying to do is to make the Character's stay a pleasant one.

If the Characters have nominated one of their number to visit with Padre Perdido, that Character's attendant will now take him or her to see the Mæstro.

Regardless of what the Characters decide to do, their smiling Piegrande attendant will accompany them — whether they want them or not. The Piegrandes will serve the Characters as long as the request does not contradict a Mannerite edict or appear to work against the Mannerites in some way. If a Mannerite is threatened, the Piegrandes will rise to their defense — each has a large ornate dagger concealed in a belt sash beneath their robe.

6.7 Plot Option: Rivals Arrive

If you want to extend the length and complications of this adventure, or if you are using it in a tournament with several teams in competition, rival groups (who may or may not be working for Bob) may begin to enter the valley at this time. They will be treated the same way as the Characters' party. However, one cannot predict what actions they will take.

6.8 Encounter Option: A Visit With the Mæstro, Padre Perdido

The Character elected to visit the Mæstro will be guided by his Piegrande aide through the palace and up the circular ramps to a doorway in a tower which rises above the main three floors of the palace; here are the apartments of the Mæstro. Two Piegrande in red robes with gold trim will stand either side of the arched door and bow as the Character enters.

Blue satin curtains will drape from the ceiling and form a wall about five feet in front of the door. An accessway between the curtain is provided on either side. Incense will fill the air with the scent of

flowers. Once beyond the curtain the Character will stand in a small dark area, contained by a barrier of curtains (Piegrande guards stand behind the curtain ready to protect the Mæstro from any threat). Silk cushions of various sizes are scattered over a floor covered by thick ornate throw rugs. Seated at the far end of the room on a large cushion, illuminated by a single large candle is the Mæstro, dressed in layered robes, the outermost being made of gold silk.

The Mæstro will seem like sagely religious leader. He will speak in a calm, comforting tone, and sound very reasonable, regardless of what he might be saying. He will order tea, which will immediately be brought by a Piegrande. The visitor may notice that the Mæstro employs only one tentacle for all actions — the rest of his body is concealed beneath his many inner layers of robes. A smart Characters will correctly conclude that the Mæstro is in fact **Padre Perdido**.

The Mæstro is quite shrewd. Though he will seem very forthcoming and accommodating in his conversation, he has a definite agenda and purpose for the meeting. He wants to know who the Characters are, why they have come, what their purpose is, and whether they pose a threat to his plan to use the spaceship to destroy Ben, the moon. He will try one or more of the following tactics as appropriate:

a. **Neutralize:** The Mæstro's first objective is to neutralize their potential impact of the Characters on the ongoing operation to destroy Ben. He'll do this by inviting them to stay as guests at Shangri-La-La and learn more about the Mannerites and the pleasures the valley has to offer. If the Character accepts this proposal, the Mæstro will extend a formal welcome and then he'll complain that he is fatigued and must now rest, ending the meeting by instructing the Character's Piegrande aid to escort him back to his friends.

b. **Employ:** If the Character insists on discussing the spaceship, the Mæstro will inform the Character that his people have long since desired to explore the heavens and the recovery of this spacecraft made this quest for knowledge possible. He will then reveal that his sages have a dilemma. Since nobody wants to leave the pleasures of the valley, they lack a crew to serve as 'scientific observers' for the mission (the ship will fly itself via an artificial intelligence system). Would he and his party like to accept that role, as Mannerite explorers of the heavens? If the Character accepts this proposal, the Mæstro will extend a formal welcome and indicate that further instructions regarding their new role will be provided shortly. He'll then say that he is fatigued and must now rest, ending the meeting and instructing the Character's Piegrande aid to escort him back to his friends. *Under no circumstance will the Mæstro agree to sell or trade the spaceship.*

c. **Imprison:** If the Character fails to accept either proposal **6.8.a** or **6.8.b**, the Mæstro will comment that the Character is obviously a very wise and determined individual, and that the things said by the Character require further consideration. The Mæstro will then ask for wine and share a drink with the Character, following which he'll cut short the meeting explaining that he is fatigued and must now rest, instructing the Character's Piegrande aid to escort him back to his friends.

The wine, of course, is *drugged* (every **5 seconds** the Character must make a successful **FIT Roll** or lose control of their body and a **WIL Roll** or pass out). Once the Mæstro has left the room a squad of armed Piegrande will enter and take the Character, through a secret door and down a hidden stairway to a underground technological complex and eventually to a **prison cell** (see **7.4**). If the Character is still conscious at this time they will notice that most of the beings in this area are *Dæmons!*

6.9 Area: An Assigned Room

If the Characters ask to be taken to their room, they'll find it to be very pleasant with a window and balcony providing a view of the valley, assorted works of art, plus a bed, dresser, mirror, and chair, all made out of beautiful hardwood and carved with an ornate vine-like pattern. A large sunken bathtub and plush towels will beckon. A change of clothing is provided (a white cotton tunic, a blue silk robe or kimono) with a pair of sandals on the floor which may be worn while their garments are cleaned. Once inside their room, the Piegrande guide will wait patiently outside for the Character for **5 minutes**, and then leave.

6.9.a Plot Option: A Friendly Warning

One Character (GM choice) who spends more than 5 minutes in their room (e.g., on the balcony admiring the view, taking a bath, or sleeping) will discover a note on their dresser — which definitely wasn't there the first time they looked. It will be from someone calling himself **Padre Disidir**, in a crude script it informs the Character that:

> *"You and your friends are in great danger. The authorities are not to be trusted. They are not what they seem. A catastrophe is planned that will alter the world as we know it! Soon you will be contacted. Destroy this note immediately!*
>
> *— Padre Disidir, a friend."*

Regretfully Padre Disidir comes across a complete *wacko,* thus putting the validity of his revelations in question.

6.9.b Plot Option: They're Coming to Take Me Away!

If any Character spends more than **15 minutes** in their assigned room, a panel will open and four Dæmons in lab coats will quietly enter, drug them, and carry them off to **Operating Theater 2** on **Sub-Level 4** (see **7.6**).

6.10 Area: The Halls and Galleries

If the Characters choose to wander the palace, they will be accompanied by their Piegrande attendant and continually observed by Piegrande servants posted at most accessways or running errands, always smiling, speaking little, but able to understand any request or command.

The Characters will not be stopped from entering any room on the *ground floor* and *upper two floors,* consisting of assorted bedrooms, sitting rooms, libraries, studies, music rooms, galleries, etc. — all beautiful and seemingly innocent.

To someone with an interest in objects d'art and old artifacts, the collections found in this palatial complex could take years to fully explore and appreciate. The average lowbrow adventurer, meanwhile, will be bored out of their mind in less than an hour.

6.11 Encounter: A Meeting With MAD Men

Regardless of whether the Characters have gone to their rooms (**6.9**) or gone exploring (**6.10**), or a combination of both, a Character who has

found a way to lose their Piegrande shadow will be clandestinely contacted: a secret panel will open in a wall and the Character will be beckoned inside by an attractive **female Poughvidd**.

"**Come with me, I have something *important* to tell you**," she'll whisper.

If the Character *refuses* to enter the passage, or *calls out* alarmed for assistance, the panel will close and the Character will not be troubled by MAD again — *another Character* will become the focus of a similar contact attempt.

If the Character *enters* the passage, the contact will grab their hand and lead them down a maze of ramps and passages to the secret chamber in the lower reaches of the complex. If the Character hesitates, or questions the situation, the Poughvidd will whisper, "**My name is Hermana Extraviar… we haven't got much time. You *must* trust me**." After producing a secret *hand-sign* for the Piegrande guard outside the door, and tapping via a secret *knock,* the door to the inner sanctum will open to reveal the leaders of an underground group called **MAD (Mannerites Against Destruction).**

Inside the room the Character will be *asked to sit* at a conference table along with Hermana Extraviar and six other leaders of the movement.

Padre Disidir, an excitable boffin who comes across as half-genius and half-wacko, will begin by saying to the Character that he (or she) has been singled out by the resistance because it was determined that of all their companions they would be the most effective contact. The next thing he will say is that *all is not as it seems* at Shangri-La-La, "**For example**…" suddenly he will suddenly *transform from a Poughvidd into a Dæmon.*

"**Don't be alarmed**," he'll add, as the others sitting about the table also make the same transformation. If the Character tries to exit the room they'll find the *door locked* from outside. Padre Disidir will explain that most of the aristocratic inhabitants of Palacio Paraíso are Dæmons. They simply *adopt the appearance* of Poughvidds to put guests at ease.

He'll then indicate that they are fully aware why the Characters have come to the valley and then introduce Hermano Ominoso, who'll discuss a plan that will allow them to help each other.

Hermano Ominoso, a Dæmon Technocrat, will explain that the Mannerite High-Council has implemented a *secret plan* — "**They've somehow altered the 'brain' of the spaceship so that it will now concern itself with only one objective — the destruction of Bob's nemesis, Ben, the moon, with the intent of returning light to the Dark Lands**."

"**Unfortunately**," Ominoso will continue excitedly, "**the Council has failed to fully consider the geophysical and supernatural consequences this event will have on the Dark Lands and the planet itself… The High-Council must be stopped!**"

Hermana Esperanza, an attractive female Dæmon, with then continue by explaining that the **captain (Dean)** and **co-pilot (Jerry)** of the ship are being *held prisoner* in the complex. The MAD plan is to rescue the pilots, secretly board the craft, and steal the ship before the Council's Technocrats can finish their preparations and launch the craft themselves tomorrow. Though dangerous, the failure of this operation could mean the destruction of the planet! *Will the Character join this MAD mission?*

If the Character asks why *he (or she)* must perform this task, the MAD men will reply that *they* are all *highly visible* members of Mannerite society. Should one of them not appear for any of their engagements between now and the launch, the High-Council would become suspicious (this excuse should come across as a bit *weak*). Padre Disidir will indicate that his daughter, **Hermana Extraviar,** is willing to risk her life for the sake of the planet and will go with the Character.

6.11.a Plot Option: No Help at All

If after hearing the MAD plea the Character *refuses* to help the cause (having decided that they're a bunch of flakes), the MAD men will, with much regret, *knock them out* and *turn them over to the authorities as a conspirator* (see **Prison Punishment, 7.4**).

6.11.b Plot Option: On a MAD Mission

If the Character *agrees* to undertake the mission, *without demanding that the other Characters be included,* he (or she) will be shown a **map** of the underground complex including access routes to the prison block, the laboratories, and secret hangar where the spacecraft is stored. Unless the Character feels that one of their party can fly the spaceship, Hermana Extraviar will suggest they first attempt to *rescue one or both pilots* (see **7.4.b**).

6.11.c Plot Option: Recruiting MAD Agents

If the Character *agrees* to undertake the mission, but *demands that his (or her) companions be included,* the MAD men will initially dismiss it as impossible. **Hermana Esperanza,** however, will support the Character's desire; if their companions can be trusted, their assistance could be invaluable.

Hermana Extraviar will lead the Character to a *passage* which will emerge behind a large wall hanging in a corridor. By now the official festivities in honor of the Characters will have begun in the **Grand Hall** (see **6.13**). That's where the others are likely to be located. Once at the gathering, the Character can determine how and when to arrange a meeting of the others. Meanwhile, Hermana Extraviar will *wait* for the Character behind the secret panel in the corridor.

Once the MAD Agents are assembled they will then have to decide what to do and in what priority. Unless one of their number is confident that they can fly the spaceship, Hermana Extraviar will suggest they first attempt to *rescue one or both pilots* (see **7.4.b**).

6.12 Plot Option: It Takes a Thief...

If the GMCs **Nudnik** (see **1.7**), **Gubbins** (see **3.2**) or **Candy** (see **4.3.a**) are present, they will attempt to *sneak away* and on to the ship before anyone else and take off. If a friendship has been established with one of the Characters, they may try to enlist his or her assistance — then abandon them when they're no longer useful. The GMC should not succeed; rather, use them as an opportunity to add an additional degree of tension and confusion to the plot. One of the following things could result:

A. **Capture.** They are caught by the Piegrandes and incarcerated on **Sub-Level 5,** prompting heightened security throughout the complex.

B. **Stowaway.** They get aboard the ship, but can't figure out the controls, so they stowaway until lift-off, at which point they'll try to seize control with a stolen device that *looks like* a **ray gun** (it's actually a sonic socket wrench).

C. **Blast Out!** They succeed in getting aboard but *forget to open the hanger.* The craft blasts into the hangar door, ripping it off, then plunges into the valley below. This may be used this to bring a quick end to the adventure, or as a plot device to prompt everyone to race down to the ship and try to seize control. The GMC(s) will be *unconscious,* or *hiding,* inside it.

6.13 Event: Wasn't That a Party

The Characters will be expected to attend a cocktail party and buffet dinner in their honor. It will include many of the Mannerites a few senior Piegrande (in addition to the serving staff) and a few odd alien Technocrats. The party is held in the **Grand Hall,** located off an open-air courtyard, high ceilings with walls covered with hangings, paintings, and hung artifacts. A live band will employ sitars, bongos, and various wind instruments to play engaging instrumental music. Incense will fill the air with exotic smells. All of the food will be natural and healthy; fruit, nuts, vegetables, low-fat meats, and dairy products.

Initially **Hermana Simpático** will introduce the Characters to a few 'important' people of Shangri-La-La, then leave them on their own. As the drink begins to flow and the guests loosen up, things will get interesting. First, an observant PC will notice that some of their Poughvidd guest are actually *smiling* and even *laughing* at jokes, which is extremely odd, since humor normally *kills* Poughvidds (see *Murphy's World* page **55**). Then, as the night rolls on, a few guests will be seen leaving the party arm in arm, some of whom will return later looking somewhat fatigued. (If a PC is 'picked up' in this manner, see **Dæmons in Heat**, page **60**.)

If the Characters decide to leave the party after the first couple of hours, they will not be quickly missed. If something causes a *general alarm* to be raised during the party, a squad of Piegrandes dressed in purple robes with gold trim will enter the hall and politely request that everyone immediately retire to their rooms — then they will gently make sure that they are obeyed.

Decisions... Decisions...

Depending upon events of the plot and the success of the Characters in meeting, sharing information, and where applicable sneaking about the Mannerite complex, they'll now have to decide on their priorities and actions. Here are a few possible concerns:

a. If they know about Dean and Jerry, do they attempt a rescue?

b. Once they have Dean do they bother searching for Jerry (or vice versa)?

c. If one of their companions is being held by either the Mannerites or MAD do they attempt a rescue?

d. If they discover that their companion has had his brain installed as the artificial intelligence of the spaceship, do they bring along his body in the hope of reassembling the Character?

e. If Gubbins, Nudnik, or Candy is with the party, they will try to find a way to steal the spaceship on their own. Do their efforts (and their likely capture) cause the Mannerites to go on general alert and make things more difficult for the Characters?

f. If the Bobbits or anyone else are with the Characters, they will genuinely like Shangri-La-La and the Mannerites. Do the Characters include them in their plans or not?

g. If the alert has been sounded, how do they avoid the Piegrande security squads scrambling around the valley searching for them?

h. At what point do they try to find, enter, and steal the spaceship?

Part 7
Mannerite Machinations

7.1 Event: Breakfast at Club Shangri-La-La

If morning arrives and a general alarm hasn't been sounded due to any nighttime operations of the Characters, Piegrande servants will ring little bells outside their doors to awaken and call them to breakfast.

Any Characters who show for breakfast and express a desire to learn more about the valley with the possibility of remaining will be greeted by Hermana Simpático in the dining hall. As before they'll be told that they have the run of the place, and that their Piegrande attendants will be available and try to meet their every need (while trying to keep an eye on them) at all times….

7.1.a Plot Option: A Stellar Opportunity!

If the Characters are playing Plot Option **6.8.a** or **6.8.b,** and are still on good terms with their Mannerite hosts, as they are finishing breakfast, **Padre Perdido** and other members of the High-Council will greet them. They will be advised that today a spacecraft will be launched and history will be made.

Hermana Embustero, the mission liaison, and a team of Mannerite assistants, will then enter and offer them the opportunity to become an integral part of that history, as 'scientific observers' on board the craft; the ship will fly itself via an artificial intelligence system. Those who accept will be formally welcomed into the **Mannerite Space Agency** — the attendants will clap politely — then escort them down to a 'training area' (see **7.2**).

Any who *refuse* will be pleasantly told to remain at the breakfast table until the others leave. **Hermano Amenazar** will enter with a squad of Piegrande guards, surround the Characters and with polite apologies, haul them off to a prison cell until the spaceship has been launched — "**As a *precautionary measure* for the security of the mission, you understand**." (See **Prison Punishment 7.4.**)

7.2 Area: The Mannerite Stuff — Training for Take-off!

This training area of the Mannerite Space Agency consists of the resort gym and spa area, plus several smaller rooms which function as research facilities and offices. Once here the Characters will be introduced to **Hermano Tormento** who will arrange for the trainees to be measured for spacesuits (none of which will fit properly). After a rigorous routine of bizarre exercises, they'll attend a brief introductory course in Mannerite astronomy (make it weird), then be informed of their task during the flight — *observing and recording details on the moon and stars.*

If anyone happens to ask about the task of *piloting* the vehicle, they'll be informed that Mannerite mission specialists have already *educated* the 'brain' of the ship as to where it is to go and what it is to do — the Characters are simply along for the ride! They need only concern themselves with making observations and sending notes back to the Mannerites via passenger pigeons clothed in tiny flight suits released out of a miniature air lock.

If at this time in the plot the replacement artificial intelligence system for the spaceship has *not* been established, and none of the Characters are being **held in prison** (see **7.4**), one of the Characters will be clandestinely drugged and taken away to be **operated upon** (see **7.6**).

Finally after a pre-flight pep talk, they'll be escorted to the ship, to the cheers of an assemblage of Mannerites and Piegrandes, permitted to enter, and the countdown will commence… (see **8.1**).

7.3 Plot Option: Caught in the Act!

If any of the activities of the Characters cause the alarm to be raised, a Piegrande security force, dressed in black robes with gold trim, will conduct an extensive search of the complex and if necessary, the valley. If the Characters are discovered participating in any wrongdoing, they will be politely taken into custody and locked in **Cell 2** on **Sub-Level 5** (see **7.4**).

7.4 Area: Prison Punishment

Anyone taken into custody by the Mannerite High-Council will be incarcerated in **Cell 2** on **Sub-Level 5** and then be subjected to bizarre tortures from the sadistic, but extremely polite and friendly, guards. Their courteous behavior, however, may impede their brutality…

"*After you,* **Emina**."

"**No, no,** *after you* **Iago. I distinctly saw** *you* **raise your rubber hose** *first.*"

If at this time a new artificial intelligence system for the ship has yet to be established, one of the Characters will be removed from the prison cell and taken to **Operating Theater 2** (see **7.6**).

Once a Character's brain has been installed in the spaceship, the rest of the Characters will be firmly but politely told that they have just been recruited into the Mannerite Space Agency. They'll be escorted to the hangar and sealed aboard the spaceship — without spacesuits! Then the countdown will commence (see **8.1**).

7.4.a Plot Option: The Best Brain

If one or more Characters is imprisoned by the Mannerite High-Council, their food will be drugged, knocking them out so that the "**most suitable candidate**" can be easily taken away to be operated upon (see **7.6.a**).

7.4.b Plot Option: Prison Break!

If the Characters try to free captured comrades (or the pilots of the spaceship, see **7.5**), they will have to find a way to gain access to **Sub-Level 5** via stairs or elevators (both will be guarded), or the maze of air ducts which permeate the complex (in the larger vertical shafts, they'll have to figure out a way to temporally halt the air circulation fans). Once in the prison block, they will still have to contend with locked doors and numerous guards, hopefully without invoking a full alert.

If the Characters are working with **MAD** (see **6.11.b** or **6.11.c**), **Hermana Extraviar,** their Dæmon companion may help here with her talent for ***altering*** and ***throwing her voice*** and the ability to ***cast illusions*** on herself and two others, lasting as long as she wills it.

7.5 Encounter Option: Everybody Loves Somebody Sometime...

Anyone searching the cellblock will discover **Dean**, pilot of the spaceship, passed out **Cell 3**. Dean is an ambitions cynic with an eye for the ladies. When they try to awaken him he will initially seem drugged (or drunk). He'll complain that two beautiful women came into his cell and did things that he didn't think were possible — then he had these terrible *nightmares…* (see **Dæmons in Heat**, page **60**). Gradually, he'll snap out of it and become more functional though remain very fatigued. He'll ask about his partner, **Jerry**, who was taken away several hours before by three female Dæmons in lab coats — he overheard them say that "…**he had the perfect mind**…" (see **7.6**). Dean was told that if he wants to see his pal in one piece again he must pilot the ship on a special mission which will only be revealed by the reprogrammed AI *after* lift-off. (This is obviously a different mission brief to that given to the PCs.) Unaware that the mission is a suicidal one, Dean accepted.

7.6 Area: Operating Theater 2, Sub-Level 4

Located just above the prison block, and accessed via stairs, elevators, and (by sneaky people) air ducts, this octagonal room contains enough sharp and pointy objects to whiten the pallor of any adventurer. Whenever there's a good show, the second level observation booth is sure to be packed. Scrub rooms, showers, lockers, offices, and other facilities are located nearby.

The Mannerite High-Council is seeking a replacement artificial intelligence for the spaceship which will enable them to ram it into the moon, prompting a critical explosion, and destroy it. Their best Technocrats have devised a method to wipe a victim's brain of recent memories and reprogram it with the desired information necessary to guide the ship to its target.

To perform the operation, first the patient… er, victim, has his (or her) brain *wiped* via a large metal device that looks like a cross between a salon hair dryer and an automotive distributor cap. Then things get messy as the victim's brain is removed and suspended in fluid inside a portable clear container sporting numerous electrodes and wires. Cables will permit the unit to be attached to a control panel inside the spaceship. The victim's body meanwhile will be placed into one of six portable preservation tanks that slide into the wall.

Do not inform the victim of anything after they are brought into the operating room and pass out after having their mind wiped — let the Characters find out later when they learn horrible truth from Jerry, or discover the 'brain' hooked up on the ship.

7.6.a Plot Option: Scared Stiff

If a Character was seized in (**6.8.c**, **6.9.b**, **7.2**, or **7.4**) they are brought into **Operating Theater 2** on **Sub-Level 4** and strapped to a table across the room from **Jerry**, the klutzy, culturally curious, and socially challenged co-pilot and navigator of the spaceship.

Jerry, himself exposed to brain-wiping, until test results provided a more suitable candidate, looks on in terror as the Character's brain is wiped clean, extracted, and carted off in some strange device. The brainless body is stored in a freezer unit and slid into the wall (if the Characters want to try and replace the brain in the body, they must obtain the body, then keep it cool until the operation can be performed — preferably by a competent surgeon). Meanwhile, the Character's brain has been installed as the artificial intelligence unit in the ship (see **7.6.c**).

Though no **doctor** will be in the room when the Characters first enter to rescue Jerry, roll for a **10%** chance **each minute** that one happens along. Anyone spotting the Characters will try to sound the alarm (see **Caught in the Act, 7.3**).

7.6.b Plot Option: A Brainy Alternative

If no Character was seized in (**6.8.c**, **6.9.b**, **7.2**, or **7.4**) then before he can be rescued, **Jerry**, Dean's partner, will have had his *brain installed in the spaceship as the autopilot* (see **7.6.c**). His body will be in a preservation cylinder in the wall of the **Operating Theater** (see **7.6**).

7.6.c Plot Option: A New Program

If a Character's brain is installed as the **artificial intelligence (AI)** unit for the ship, take the player aside and quietly explain that their Character feels like they are *awakening from a deep sleep*. For some reason they *can't seem to open their eyes*, and their body feels somehow… different. Yet they do feel that they have some control over their environment, and that soon, when asked, they'll be able to journey to a

specific destination whose attainment will complete a deep inner desire — the *moon!* Somehow they've gained the ability to ***fly,*** and when given the 'order' to go, it will be *easy* (though how or why remains unclear) to propel themself to the moon. Upon reaching the moon *all will be made right,* and somehow, Character's worries will be at an end. Elaborate on this as you like, but do your best to keep the player in the dark as long as possible that their PC is now the AI of a spaceship.

Once the others are inside the ship inform the AI Character that their companions are *close by* and they he (or she) might like to offer a verbal greeting. The AI will introduce themself as **PAL**, and may talk to the Characters as they like (they can't see unless the internal cameras are activated). The others will hear PAL's 'voice' over the ship's intercom, and likely recognize it. A dialog will now begin.

Inform the AI Character that *they* can decide the *response* the ship will have to any *verbal* or *physical* (i.e., button pushing) *requests* by the Characters — thus they will realize that ***they are in total control of the ship.*** The AI can either react instantly to such requests, or before carrying out a questionable command (e.g., jettison the escape pods), ask the user if it is what they really wanted (offer suggestions, debate, etc.).

Once the passengers request to ***launch*** the AI will initiate a **30 second countdown** to take-off.

The AI can behave in any way they like with the following conditions:

i. They will always be *compliant* and *pleasant* (unless *annoyed* or *angered* by those making requests).

ii. Unless *convinced* that it is a *really bad idea,* the AI will follow its new **mission program BEN 001**, which will cause the ship to be guided, at an ever-increasing velocity toward the dark underbelly of the moon, where the ship will crash in a glorious fireball.

While it is possible that the AI can be made to question the value and logic of their program, they will be predisposed to be *enthusiastic for their mission* (to blow up the moon). It will take some pretty savvy debating from the Characters on board to get the AI to consider changing their mind — at which point a **WIL Roll** will be made to see if the AI Character can shrug off the programming and *regain their sense of self-preservation and willpower.*

iii. If the Characters unplug the AI unit from the spaceship's control banks, manual control of the ship will be regained, but the 'brain' will be ***dead*** in less than **5 minutes** unless *put into a body* or *hooked up to some life-support unit.*

7.7 Area: The Secret Hangar

Located on **Sub-Level 3**, on the east side of the complex, this huge **300' [91 m]** wide by **500' [152 m]** deep hangar has **200' [61 m]** wide by **60' [18 m]** high doors which when closed appear from outside like the cliff wall around them. A single smaller door permits humanoid size access to the paths on the cliff (see **6.4**). In the center, standing on the floor on landing legs, is the spaceship the Characters seek. The ship is a small scout-exploratory vessel modified to include some weapons pods and some extra cargo space (including hidden holds for smuggling).

The Mannerites have had their Technocrats alter the power systems and rewire the ship to enable the greatest explosion possible upon impact. If either of the pilots (Dean or Jerry) are present, upon viewing the space-craft they will exclaim in despair, "**Look what they've *done!* All those tubes and hoses… now it'll *never* fly…**" An strange mass of tubes and hoses criss-crosses the underside and rear of the ship in a seemingly random manner connected to bits of engine. However, regardless of what the pilot might say, as long as the majority *believes* the ship will fly, it *will!*

7.7.a Plot Option: Swiping the Ship

If the Characters attempt to steal the ship, they'll have to fight off some **Piegrande guards** — more if an alarm is sounded. Then the hangar door must be opened from a secure booth on the second floor of the hangar. A **button** on the outside of the ship will ***lower the ramp*** and open an access into the air lock of the spaceship.

Upon entering the ship the Characters will be greeted by the eager-to-please voice of the **AI** (possibly a PC whose brain has been wired into the ship) which will immediately attempt to engage in a friendly banter.

If the Characters have **Dean** and/or **Jerry**, the original owners of the vessel with them, they'll know how to operate it. Otherwise, they'll have to experiment. If the Characters push buttons and flip switches which initiate questionable commands (e.g., shut down engines, open the airlock, play muzak) the AI may ask them if they really wanted that function before carrying it out. Once the Characters have either pressed the controls to initiate the launch sequence — or simply asked the AI to do so, a **30 second countdown** will commence (see **7.6.c**, then **8.1**).

Part 8
The Climax — Bad Moon Rising

8.1 Event: Up, Up, and Away!

Whether the Characters have boarded through stealth or were escorted as either heroes or prisoners, as the AI continues its **30 second countdown**, they will feel the hum of the engines, then lift, hover (as the landing gear retract), and glide out of the hangar, emerging from the cliffside **2200' [671 m]** above the valley floor.

Once clear of the cliff, the AI will announce it's ***activating mission program* BEN 001**, and then surge up into the sky flinging anyone not strapped down about the cabin and plastering them against the back wall. If told to slow down, the ship will politely explain that while its program does not permit it to reduce its lunar approach velocity, it will adjust the inertial dampers and internal artificial gravity to offset the G-forces for the comfort of the passengers.

8.2 Event: Engaging the Not-So Artificial Intelligence

Time now is of the essence. If the Characters do not query the AI about the details of its program or the predetermined mission, the **AI** will engage them in chatty conversation. Initial topics will sound as though they are of general interest and not specific to the mission, including: "**Have you ever considered why you are here? How much thought do people give the consequences of their actions? How much pain can be experienced in an instant? What's the largest explosion anyone has ever seen before? Does annihilation hurt? Don't impact creators look splendid? Has anyone thought about the geophysical effects on the planet should the moon Ben suddenly cease to exist?**" Regardless of the subject matter being discussed AI's friendly tone will not alter.

AI will talk about anything the Characters wish to discuss: the functions and operation of the ship, favorite fudge recipes, the tragic state of professional boxing….

8.3 Event: Think Fast!

The Characters are riding *inside a bomb!* The Mannerites have accessed all the destructive potential of the craft and channeled it into

producing one supreme detonation upon impact. If asked, AI will *eagerly* describe the details of its programmed mission, declaring its *enthusiasm* and *loyalty.* AI would not do anything to jeopardize it.

Once the Characters discover the nature of their circumstances, hopefully they'll realize that some fast-talking is in order. They have three options: a) **try to physically disable the explosion causing mechanism** (see **8.3.a**); b) **try to physically disable the AI unit** (thus achieving *manual control* of the ship (see **8.3.b**); or c) **try to talk the AI out of its mission and give it another** — a challenge of logical debate or reviving brainwashed memories (see **8.3.c**)

If the Characters *fail*, see **9.1.e** or **9.1.f**.

8.3.a Plot Option: Stop the Bomb!

AI will continue to provide information (tell the AI player to make up whatever the details they like), while the Characters work to disengage the potentially destructive parts of the ship, as long as they give *no indication* that they are attempting to *stop the mission.* If AI discovers that the information it's providing is being used to stop the mission, it will say that it can *no longer talk about that subject*, and try to discuss something else (e.g., The extent of damage to the surface of a planet from several months of orbiting rocks plunging through the atmosphere as fiery meteorites).

If the Characters succeed in *physically disengaging* the destructive potential of the ship, but not in stopping AI's guidance program, they will still impact Ben, but *no explosion* will result, see **9.1.d**).

8.3.b Plot Option: Brainbusting!

If the Characters are successful in locating the unit which contains the AI's 'brain' and physically disengage it, and thus its control over the functions of the ship, they now have a spaceship *without* AI! First they must figure out how to fly it — hopefully without impacting onto the surface of Ben (see **9.1.d**) or elsewhere (see **9.1.b** or **9.1.c**). Then, they can either deliver the craft to Bob or Crudel…sure!… zoom off to anywhere else on Murphy's World (e.g., back to the Mannerite complex to try to get AI's brain put back into their body), or *tour the universe!*

8.3.c Plot Option: Jive Talkin'!

If the Characters try to convince AI that his mission is somehow flawed, wrong, or a mistake, they will have to conduct a *battle of logic and debate* (with the GM or the AI Character). The tension should build as the ship gets closer to the moon while the frantic debate continues (if the AI is played by a Character, permit a **WIL Roll** to abandon its program after each convincing point made). Once a successful WIL Roll has been made, the AI Character will *regain their lost memories* and the *free will* to ignore the BEN 001 program and control functions of the ship at will. The AI will now accept course changes and act like a *real pal.*

The Characters will now have a fully functioning spacecraft at their disposal. All they need do is tell the AI where they would like to go, and it will do its best to get them there. Of course, one must still contend with the adverse effects of Ludo on high-tech contraptions. Also, the AI may want to find a way to get its brain back into its body — unless, of course, he (or she) *likes* being a spaceship….

Part 9
The Finale — Touchdown

9.1 Event: The Great Gig in the Sky!

What follows are some conclusions to the adventure. While they correspond to the Characters' actions in **Part 8**, employ whichever one you like — or invent an ending of your own! Or roll **1d6** for a *random result!* The ones which conclude with the PCs marooned on the moon may initiate new adventures where the PCs can mix it up with the natives (e.g., Moonies, Bennies, etc.). Where practical, the PCs may attempt to repair their ship (as GM you can decide the extent of damage caused by the impact), or search for an alternate means off the moon.

9.1.a Plot Option: Bail Out!

The Characters conclude that they haven't got a hope in Hades of deactivating the ship's destructive mechanism or redirecting its course. Instead they hop into the sleep cylinders, which double as **escape pods**, and are shot back to Færie just prior to the ship's lunar impact. As GM you can have them touchdown wherever you like on the planet and designate results of the 'bomb' as destructive (or not) as desired.

9.1.b Plot Option: Crashing the Mannerites' Party

The Characters are successful in stopping the explosion, but not in gaining control of the ship, which crashes spectacularly into the **Mannerite Palace**. In the ensuing chaos the Characters can escape or do as they please. However, the destruction of the spaceship is certain to make Bob somewhat unimpressed with their performance. They may wish to reconsider filing their mission report in person.

9.1.c Plot Option: A Smashing Success!

The Characters are successful in stopping the explosion, but not in gaining control of the ship, which crashes spectacularly into **Bob's Fortress**. However, the ship is not destroyed and though their 'landing' causes the death of several important court personages and foreign dignitaries, Bob will embrace them as loyal minions and praise them for a job well done. Rewards and kudos will be dolled out to all. Plus, each Character acquires a **Darkling Transformation** (see page **119**).

9.1.d Plot Option: Marooned on the Dark Side of the Moon

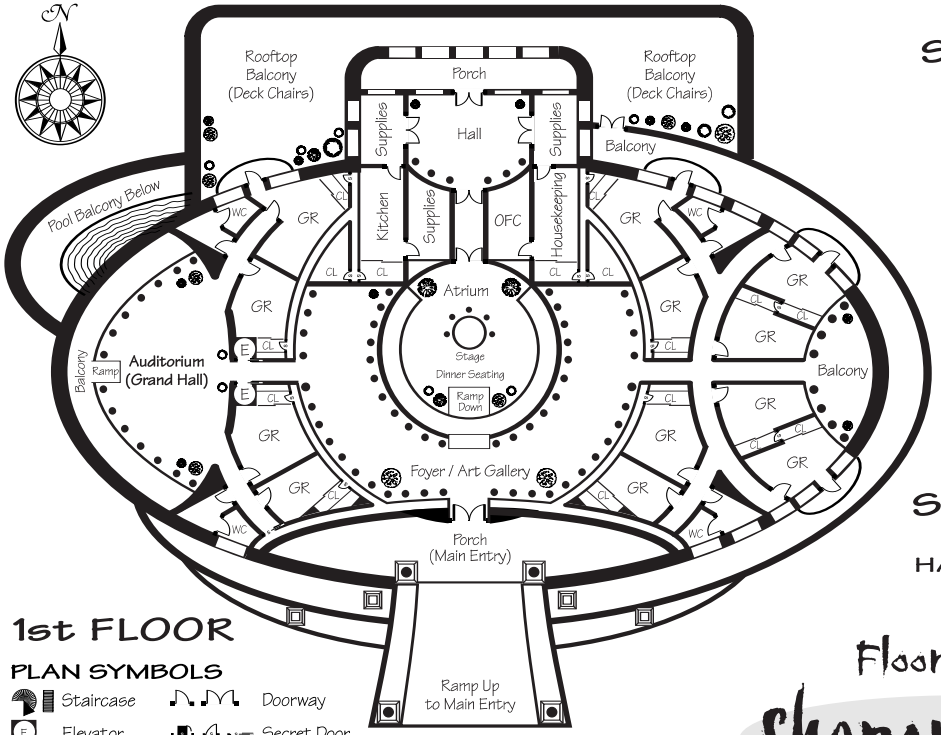
Though the spaceship doesn't explode, it impacts on the moon in an area which from Færie looks like Ben's eye. Ben will shudder and moan with the impact, but no more. The influence of Ludo's supernatural effects are less on the dark side of Ben and greatly enhanced on the light side. The Characters can now attempt to find a way to repair their ship, thus initiating a new adventure on the moon.

9.1.e Plot Option: Bust!

The Characters fail — the mission proceeds as planned. The ship impacts the moon, breaks into pieces, and explodes. Fortunately for the inhabitants of Færie (and Ben), the explosion is not enough to do more than cause a nasty new crater and spew a cloud of dust and rock into the sky (which incidentally tumbles down onto **Bob's Fortress**). Further rumblings and moonquakes ensue along with adverse weather and supernatural effects throughout the Dark Lands. Beyond this, however, no effect. The *Characters survive* the crash thanks to internal air bags and the integrity of the crew compartment. They are now marooned on the moon.

9.1.f Plot Option: Boom!

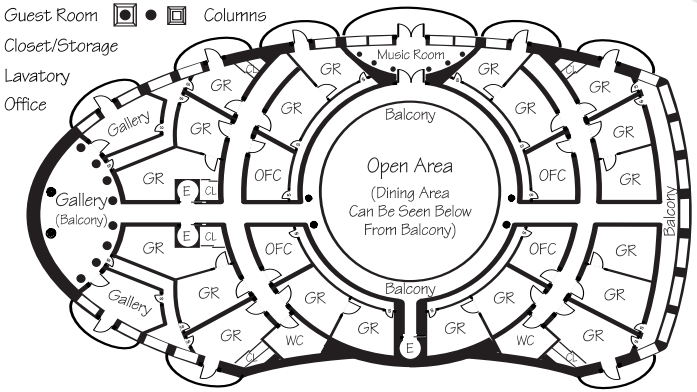
The Characters fail — the mission proceeds as planned. The ship impacts the moon in an area which from Færie looks like Ben's eye, then explodes. *Everyone dies in a blazing fireball* as Ben groans, cracks, then splits apart. While some of its matter falls into space the majority plunges down toward Færie. Disaster, destruction, the end of the Dark Lands! Let there be light!



1st FLOOR

PLAN SYMBOLS

- Staircase
- Elevator (E)
- GR Guest Room
- CL Closet/Storage
- WC Lavatory
- OFC Office
- Doorway
- Secret Door
- Columns



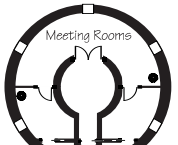
2nd FLOOR

SOUTH TOWER





3rd FLOOR



4th FLOOR

Floorplans of Shangri-La-La

A Daemonic Resort



3rd FLOOR

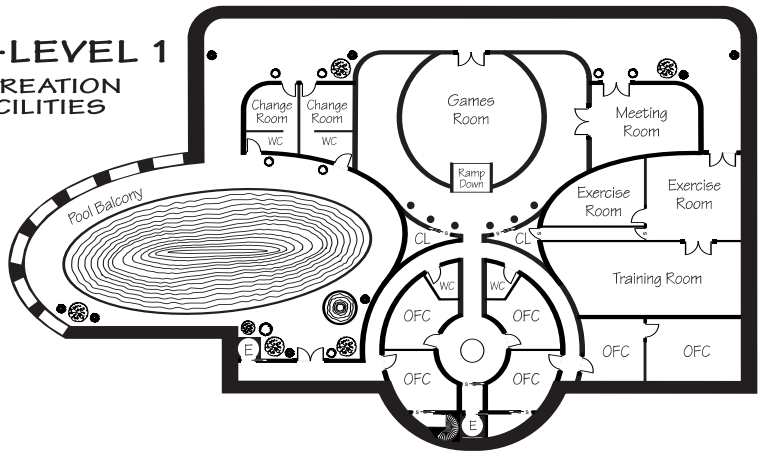


4th FLOOR

WEST TOWER

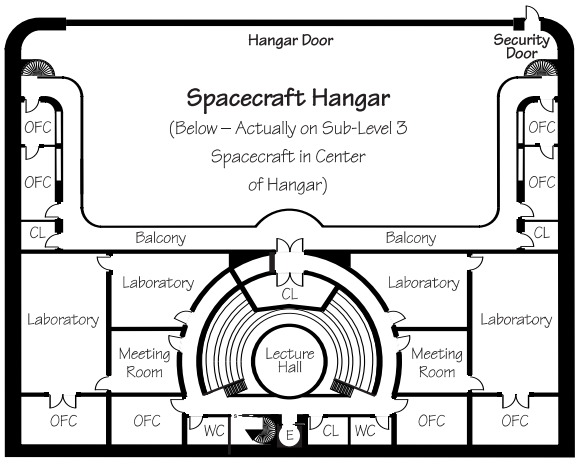
SUB-LEVEL 1

RECREATION FACILITIES



SUB-LEVEL 2

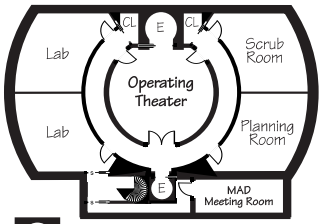
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SUB-LEVELS 3 & 4

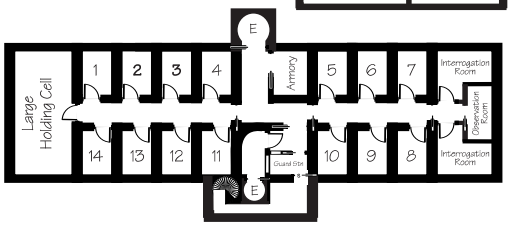
OPERATING THEATERS

(MAD Meeting Room on Sub-Level 4)



SUB-LEVEL 5

HOLDING & INTERROGATION CELLS



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STYLE KEY

Description: .....Normal Text
Illustration / Map (included): .....*Italic*
Rule: .....**Bold**
Table / List: .....***Bold Italic***

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Designer's Notes

I Survived Bob, Lord of Evil...Barely

Producing this book has been a long and arduous task, a labor of love (albeit a spine tingling, mentally debilitating one), and a learning experience. To those of you who have waited eagerly for the follow-up to *Murphy's World*, I thank you for hanging in there — I hope *Bob, Lord of Evil* equals your expectations. More books and supplemental material in this series are planned and will follow as time and resources permit. If, with the purchase of this book, you're being introduced to Peregrine for the first time, I thank you for your support and hope that you'll enjoy adventuring in the Dark Lands.

If you want to see more Peregrine products, please tell your friends and local retailers about us and encourage them to purchase our products. Also, if you have any comments or suggestions, please don't hesitate to write or email. I mean it. Without your support and feedback we can't hope to succeed.

May the Dark Laws be merciful to you.

Kevin Davies, July 1998.

Inspirational Viewing

Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein, Director: Charles Barton, 1948
Adams Family Values, Director: Barry Sonnenfeld, 1993
Army of Darkness, Director: Sam Raimi, 1992
Bela Lugosi Meets a Brooklyn Gorilla, Director: William Beaudine, 1952
Buffy the Vampire Slayer, Director: Fran Rubel Kuzui, 1992
Cast a Deadly Spell, Director: Martin Campbell, 1991
Critters, Director: Stephen Herek, 1986
Dawn of the Dead, Director: George A. Romero, 1979
Ghostbusters, Director: Ivan Reitman, 1984
House: Ding Dong, You're Dead, Director: Steve Miner, 1986
The Nightmare Before Christmas, Director: Tim Burton, 1993
Young Frankenstein, Director: Mel Brooks, 1974

Player Name:

Character Name:

Race (or Species) & Gender (as applicable):

Height: **Weight:** **Age:**

Bob Lord of Evil

Character Sheet

Character Portrait

PEREGRINE
40 Seymour Avenue, Toronto
Ontario M4J 3Y4 Canada
Email: peregrine@peregrine-net.com
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Action Initiative (AI): (Willpower [WIL] + Dexterity [DEX])	**Action Points (AP) Stored:**	Current Total	Earned Today	Spent Today

Health Points (HP) Totals:	Normal Total	Current (Temp. Reduced) Total	Current (Temp. Enhanced) Total

Character Attributes (Stats)

Character Attribute Name	Stat Value	(Temporarily Reduced)	BAV (%)	(Temporarily Reduced)	Attribute Notes
Intelligence: (INT)					
Willpower: (WIL)					
Charisma: (CHA)					
Mystic: (MYS)					
Strength: (STR)					
Dexterity: (DEX)					
Fitness: (FIT)					
Appearance: (APP)					

Character Traits:

Positive Traits & Abilities (Including Supernatural Powers):

Negative Traits & Disabilities (Including Neuroses):

Wound & Damage Notes:

Temporary Wound Effects (Including Location):

Permanent Wound Effects (Including Location):

Possessions & Other Notes

Attribute/BAV Table

Attribute (Stat) Value	Base Action Value (BAV)
1	5 %
2	10 %
3	15 %
4	18 %
5	20 %
6	22 %
7	24 %
8	26 %
9	28 %
10	30 %
11	32 %
12	34 %
13	36 %
14	38 %
15	40 %
16	42 %
17	44 %
18	46 %
19	48 %
20	50 %
21 – 22	52 %
23 – 24	54 %
25 – 26	56 %
27 – 28	58 %
29 – 30	60 %
31 – 32	62 %
33 – 34	64 %
35 – 36	66 %
37 – 38	68 %
39 – 40	70 %
41 – 42	72 %
43 – 44	74 %
45 – 46	76 %
47 – 48	78 %
49 – 50	80 %
51 – 54	82 %
55 – 59	84 %
60 – 64	86 %
65 – 69	88 %
70 – 74	90 %
75 – 79	92 %
80 – 84	94 %
85 – 89	96 %
90 – 94	98 %
≥ 95	100 %

Skills (Non-Combat)

Skill Name	BAV (%)	Temp. Penalty	Temp. Bonus	Skill Notes

There's a little bit of Bob in everyone... thankfully very little.

Bob
Lord of Evil

DIRE TALES ABOUND OF THE DARK LANDS. They almost kept Sean Murphy, ex-space marine and now interstellar refugee from venturing over the mountainous, mist-shrouded border and into the gloomy forests and moors beyond. Almost. But, since **Tir Nan Bob** and the surrounding territory is part of *his* planet, officially registered with Galactic Central Planetary Claims — *Murphy's World* — he felt obligated to see all of it.

Besides, he'd had all his shots and the stories more than hinted at the potential for rollicking adventures and opportunities to reap vast riches from the hapless population. He also hoped that with a bit of luck he might find a way home.

So, with the wind in his face, and a tear in his eye (the result of a dust storm), Murphy said goodbye to **Ludo**, the amber sun, and plunged into the realm of eternal twilight. His visit resulted in many new discoveries, including the unwelcome fact that in the Dark Lands, **'Murphy's Laws'** continued to apply... with a *malicious vengeance*.

THE DARK LANDS, ruled by **Bob, Lord of Evil**, is a silly place where you can play light-hearted adventures with a techno-fantasy-horror theme. This book can be used with *any* existing system of rules — you're ***not required to generate a new Character*** to visit the Land of Bob, as Characters from other worlds can easily be brought to the Dark Lands via a crashed spaceship, magical backfire, or interdimensional teleportation gate. Characters could even suffer an individual or collective bout of unconsciousness and visit Tir Nan Bob in their dreams, er... nightmares!

What's Inside? — Everything You Need to Start Adventuring!*

- **Descriptions of Tir Nan Bob and the surrounding Dark Lands along with the strange supernatural effects affecting those within its borders.**
- **Lots of races and supernatural beings described via their: Physical Characteristics & Abilities, Special Traits & Powers, Language, Geographic Distribution & Settlements, Customs & Lifestyle, Skills & Labor Practices, Religion & Superstition, plus a focus on numerous settlements and kingdoms.**
- **Optional rules for supernatural diseases, behavioral effects, and transforming deserving Characters into monstrous mutations. Plus the Dark Laws: Murphy's Laws of the Dark Lands.**
- **Tons of adventure ideas and GM tips on how to manage adventures. Ready-to-use characters, creatures, places and things are provided.**
- **A Complete Adventure: Bob's Horizon (or On a Mission From Bob).**
- **The easiest to learn and simplest roleplay game rules ever!**
- **Great for players new to the hobby!**

*** Well actually, you may want two 10-sided dice and two 6-sided dice. If you don't already have them, you can obtain them from most game and comic stores.**

For 2 or more players (up to whatever the Gamemaster can handle and maintain his or her sanity), ages 10 to adult.

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PEREGRINE
83 Boston Avenue, Toronto
Ontario M4M 2T8 Canada
Email: peregrine@ican.net
Web: home.ican.net/~peregrine

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