

**THE
WHOLE
HOLE**

VOLUME 01

A Gadabout's Guide to Nutha Oith

KEISTER ISLAND

DREDGED FROM THE MUCK BY

ANDY HOPP



THE WHOLE HOLE

A Gadabout's Guide to Mutha Oith
VOLUME 1: KEISTER ISLAND

So it is to all gads who traipse the path unknown,
be they larva or geeze, that this book is dedicated.



dredged from the muck by Toucanacondor Flaminguez

Toucanacondor didn't really write, illustrate, and design this book. Andy Hopp did, but he's shy, so don't let on like you know.





Welcome to the expanded, extended, compound-complex, uncensored, unadulterated, unabridged, new and improved version of The Whole Hole. Collected and compiled from the writings and observations of Oith's greatest gadabouts, this multi-volume travelogue is an indispensable guide to the ins, outs, and in-betweens of Mutha Oith.

This first volume in the series, assembled by ceaseless rambler Toucanacondor Flaminguez (that's me), provides insights and observations into the lands, cultures, denizens, and happenings of one of Oith's most fascinating realms: the enigmatic wonderland of Keister Island.

Here's the gist: each section describes a particular chunk of the place, with broad overviews where appropriate and more specific details when such things are of use. The first chapter is sort of an overview of Keister Island's wildernessical boondocks. We'll spout some gab about the weather, wander through some of the realm's more interesting geographies, and wax philosophical about the Island's origins and history. After that, it's off to the Garden of Smel-lemental Glee for some candid and revealing discussion about the nature of the universe, the essence of existence, and the redolessent principles of stench. Next, we'll jaunt off to Floom, Keister Island's biggest and most cosmopolitan burg. There we'll dig some digs, snarf some grub, slurp some suds, and experience in detail what it means to traipse the byways of one of Oith's snazziest towns. Once we're sick of Floom we'll take a tour of some of Keister Island's other diverse habitations, from Awesome to Zonkle's Nest and everywhere in-between. Well, not everywhere. From there we'll chat about monsters and pets, shrooms and buddies, weapons and magics, red crud and bound dammits. There's just so much I want to show you. Let's get started.

This edition is dedicated to the late Tath Shardborn, prominent peripetitian and perpetual tourist, former resident of New Oorlquar and current resident of Blurpy's gut. Tath's original writings inspired this work and we hope to do him proud with our rendition. Tath, you wonky mutha-gooser, this one's for you.

In some sections, to further edify the reader I've devised a practical rating system, illustrating the following relative qualities on a scale of one to five (one is the lowest and five is the highest):



- 1. PRICE (CLAMS):** Clammier places are relatively more expensive than those with few clams.
- 2. QUALITY (THUMBS UPS):** More thumbs means better service and finer goods.
- 3. INFORMATION (BRAINY OOFOS):** The more brainy oofos the more likely you are to dig up some dirt.
- 4. DANGER (KICKED BUNS):** Be on the alert when patronizing locations with lots of kicked butts.

Additionally, these symbols hip the reader to the sort of establishment she's visiting:



- 5. GRUB (SOMETHING'S LEG):** Stuff to eat.
- 6. GROG (A CUP):** Stuff to drink.
- 7. FLOP (A PILLOW):** A place to snooze.
- 8. GOODS (PLUSH CRITTER):** Jazz you can take with you. You know, things and junk and stuff.
- 9. SERVICES (GLOWY FINGER OF LOVE):** Hirelings, jobs, and stuff that gets done.
- 10. OFFICIAL (CROWN):** Government buildings, guildhalls, and other businessy places.
- 11. HOLY ROLLING (LOWER CASE T):** Temples, shrines, sin-o-gogues, and other religious places.
- 12: OTHER (STATUE):** Monuments, points of interest, entertainments, and everything Else.

TRAIPSE ON, FELLOW GAD...

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YER MUTHA'S BUTT IS SO BIG...

"Who can envision the island without first imagining the Keister, that hole of such depth and immensity as to boggle the mind unboggable and stupefy the most stalwart of perceptions. In a very real sense, the Keister is the island. But in an equally, and more accurately, real sense the island is the island. Witness the cosmopolitan jumble of Floom, the aromatic mysticisms of the Garden of Smellemental Glee, the monumental juts and caverns of the Knobby Rump... Behold dank rites and unspeakable atrocities as you scramble your way through the lichenous strew of Stan's Rug. Prance the loamy frolic of the Soul Patch. Wallow in the ichorous murk of the Imple Slew. Wonder what all those statues are about. Do some other stuff. Try not to get eaten."

-Tath Shardborn

Mutha Oith, figuratively speaking, is a magnificent, living beast. Her mighty breath flows in lofty gusts, gentle breezes, and churning maelstroms of draft, wind, and storm. Her life-blood flows along rivers, streams, and cataracts, congealing in clots of ice when wounded by cold and erupting in boiling spumes when taunted by heat and lust, only to hemorrhage and puddle in gaping lakes, deep, deep seas and the unfathomably enormous Big Drink itself. When saddened the Oith cries tears of rain, perhaps discomfited by a cloudy head-cold or enraged by thunderous migraines and sizzling lightning hangovers. The continents are her body, adorned with peninsular limbs and isthmian appendages. Mountainous acne, glacial talons, snowy drifts of scurf

and dander, piliferous woodlands and forests of hirsute magnificence litter her landscape like those things I just said. The rocks are her skin, the swamps her weepy sores, the deserts her caloused toes, and other things are other things. I trust the reader grasps the imagery.

Continuing the analogy to its obvious and puerile end, Keister Island is Oith's flatulent backside, pimpled and creased, gently seeping its gastric fumes and occasionally rumbling with seismic indigestion and geologic dyspepsia. That's the gist of it, but, just as a flaky pie crust speaks little of the tasty grubs within, Keister Island is more than just the Keister. These buns wear drawers.

So to speak.

MAP KEY

HABITATIONS

1. Garden of Smellemental Glee
2. Floom
3. Borf
4. Goss
5. Torkle
6. Zonkle's Nest
7. Unas
8. Blablabla
9. Hooo
10. Unwelcome
11. Somewhat Unusual
12. Hun's Bollow
13. Blist
14. Wermburg
15. Bottom Saloo
16. Over There
17. Udu
18. Chund
19. Point Slurmp
20. Bucket
21. Glop

22. Foot's Wrist

23. Awesome
24. Quality Grimace
25. Slump
26. Chump
27. Circuspi

WILDERNESS REALMS

28. Stan's Rug
29. The Soul Patch
30. The Gawdchoppers
31. Slogslip Cleave or Grumblerent
32. The Dimplestacks
33. The Mungepiles
34. The Crumplehorns
35. The Bunn Skrak
36. The Zunkleleft
37. The Scum Quag

WETNESSES

38. The Imple Slew
39. The Wallow Froth

40. The Snooz

41. The Blurp
42. The Aunt Flow
43. The Uncer Gush
44. The Runs
45. The Colonic
46. The Hookworm
47. The Bay of Dismay

POINTS OF INTEREST

48. The Hoomanitarium
49. The Speculum
50. Worthwhile Isle
51. The Gorftee Slab
52. The Filthmonger's Retreat
53. Groanstack
54. Chumblerock
55. The Breathing Space
56. Grease Pillow
57. Scybalic Mass
58. The Badunka Bight

Forjerdlelund

The Straits of Phloppun

Wizzard Sound

Borfs Bay

Nameless Bay

The Big Drink

Sick Bay

Miniature Gulf

Torkleagoon

The Keister of Gawd

The Floomfith

The Yolo Vein

Mungus

map of
Keister Island
and vicinity

Objects on map are larger than they appear.
SCALE: 1 YORT = 1 YORT

Forjerdlelund

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Mungus

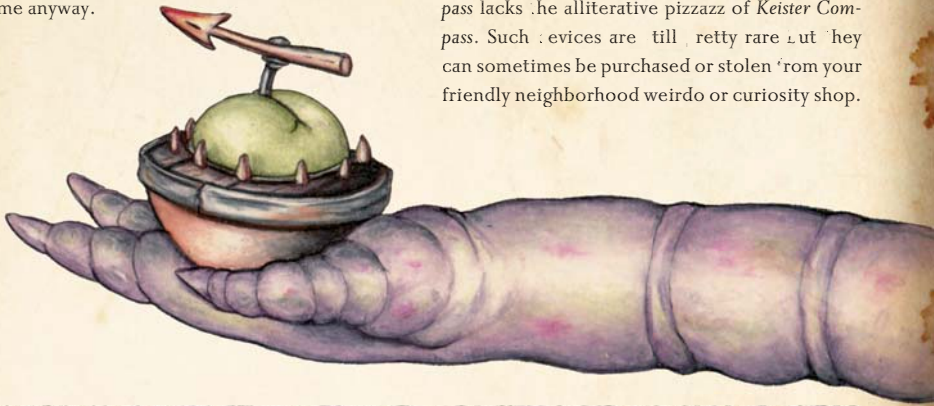
map of
Keister Island
and vicinity

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adventures of an incompetent horcish price-o-corn and his poor navigational and interpersonal skills. A relevant sample goes a little something like this:

*He sailed through bays for years and days and never found a mooring.
His ship was fast but the Drink was vast and the trip insanely boring.
Waves churned and tempers burned and sea-winds whipped and battered.
His crew rebelled and cursed and yelled. The sails were ripped and tattered.
With stomps and roars and undone chores they raged at his stupidity.
(the crew, not the sails) They chomped at their nails and increased their lividity.
They threatened his life with a spork and a knife more readily suited for dining.
He cringed and sobbed while the mutineers mobbed entirely sick of his whining.
When tossed overboard he swam off holeward, his addled mind vacant of sense.
He might have survived if only he'd jived the difference between 'ward and 'whence.*

Like I said, terrible. For centuries peeps have been using the terms “Holeward”, meaning toward the Keister and “Holewhence” meaning away from the Keister as cardinal directions. It's certainly not a perfect system, but it works well enough, especially since the average denizen seldom wanders more than a yort or three from home anyway.



Obviously, a peep can't see the Keister from any great distance. It's a hole in the ground, after all, and other landmarks, horizons and the like tend to block the view. That's why a device called

a Keister Compass was invented (presumably by John Q. Keistercompass). Keister Compasses are these crazy little gizmos made of weirdness or some-such wacky mysticism. They're really nothing more than

a platform or box with a wiggly arrow attached to the top. The arrow is free to spin and is attuned so that it always points toward the Keister. More accurately, it always points toward a specially hocus poked rock in one of the basements of the Garden of Smellemental Glee, but Rock in the Basement of the Garden of Smellemental Glee Compass lacks the alliterative pizzazz of Keister Compass. Such devices are till pretty rare but they can sometimes be purchased or stolen 'rom your friendly neighborhood weirdo or curiosity shop.

THE KEISTER OF GAWD: A VERY DEEP SUBJECT

“And lo, did there issue forth from the belly of the land an eructance supreme, as of the Oith in the cramps and bellows of exquisite chili-gut. Then followed a hallowed and continuing shudder, a vile and effusive reek like the stufus of some ancient and best-forgotten subterranean behemoth with questionable gastronomic proclivities and unforgivable table manners (and possibly a sweet mustache). A constipated pause, a discomfiting prolapse, and the Oith collapsed in a spontaneous slurp of stone and stench and steam.

The aftermath remains today: an abyss of unfathomable depth, immeasurably expansive and wondrous beyond description. Its xanthous murk and vaporous billowings hint fleetingly and flirtatiously at the marvels and bewilderments concealed in its unreachable deepness. Here is rumored the source of all stink, birthplace of the smellements. Here too are the churning cataracts and plummeting cascades where the Big Drink and the Colonic go to die. It's the great unknown, the bottomless refill, the door to the Nether Regions, the grand and majestic Keister of Gawd!

-Chordlebork the Itinerant, erstwhile tour guide





THE EDGE OF NOWHERE, THE MIDDLE OF EVERYWHERE

"A query: In what manner is the Keister of Gawd analogous to my ex-wife?"

The punchline: One's a big dark scary hole that just goes on and on, never ever stopping. It just doesn't relent, even after it sucks everything from your life –your clams, your dreams, hopes, desires –every gawds-danged thing. Even your goosin' dignity. It rips out your soul and feeds it to her stupid yapping slog who she always loved more than you anyway. Then she runs off with your best friend and the two of them have a bunch of larvae together, even though she told you she didn't want offspring. Oh, and the other's also a big dark scary hole, but it doesn't do all that stuff I just said. I need a drink."

-Gidspoffej the Not Unbitter

Keister Island, if the weisenheimers have it right, is the geographic center of the entire goosin' Oith. How the sages can know this with certainty is beyond me, considering how much

of the world must lurk undiscovered beyond the various frontiers, impenetrable outskirts, unexplored wildernesses, shattered wastelands, remnant ruins and boondockular vastnesses that border the charted realms, but it probably involves some kind of crazy math or hocus pokery or something so let's just take them at they're word. Anyway, regardless of its actual geographical location, when it comes to reckoning a peep's position on the Oith or navigating the Big Drink, Keister Island is totally the boss. See, the Keister itself, which we'll explore in more detail very soon, is the single largest and most prominent landmark the known world has to offer. That's why we use the terms "Holeward" and "Holewhence" when describing directions and bearings and such.

I'm reminded of a terrible old ditty still occasionally belted by swaying drunkards in the less reputable taverns of Floom. It concerns the mis-



most plausible, is that the Keister is extra-Oithular in origin. That is, some gigantic object from space, a chunk of the moon perhaps, or maybe one of those comet things the oofos are always spouting the gab about, came hurtling down with a fury and punched a hole right through a chunk of the Oith like some sort of grand cosmic pimp slap. Who knows what Mutha Oith might have done or said to deserve such a wallop?

The horscs of Aggogg's Warmongers Club violently assert the Keister is the result of a by-gone battle in which the legendary horcish warrior Smelfstomper Smelfstomp singlefootedly stomped a massive army of whiny smelves into the ground and then just kept on stomping for the fun of it. I've never seen or heard any evi-

dence to support this contention but who wants to argue with a horde of stomp-happy horscs?

What about some kind of hocus pokery gone wrong? Sure, why not? A Bottomliner dropped a clam in the dirt? Unlikely, but I suppose it's possible. The result of a goosed-up oithquake or some other natural geologic process? I guess. An inside-out volcano? Ok. An inverted butte? Whatever, nerd. A big hole in the ground placed there by Jelvis or Boorglezar or whoever just to goose with our minds? Probably. The point is hypotheses abound, enough to fill a dozen volumes of *The Whole Hole*, but, since it's unlikely we'll ever know the truth, one belief is as potentially valid as any other.



RUMBLE AND FUME: THE CLIMATE AND WEATHER OF KEISTER ISLAND

"The weather on Keister Island is like a transvestite pygmy slog with a contagious rash. I'm not sure how."

-Quilly the Ambiguous

Despite the yellowish funk that oozes from the Keister like Stan's halitosis, filling the sky with ocher fluff when the wind is right and the lower areas with hazy sulfur brume when the wind is wrong, Keister Island's weather is fairly typical (typically fair?) although it's a bit balmier than many realms of similar latitude and elevation, no doubt due to the warming radiance of the Keister.

Rain is pretty abundant year-round, spilling from the clouds with increasing regularity as the days get shorter and the winds grow colder. Of course, the Keister's effluence has its influence over the rain as well. Commonly little more than a greasy yellow drizzle, a typical Keister Island shower is brief and refreshing, lasting less than a yort or two, just long enough to dampen the ground and form a few puddles

The Worldnavel, Boorg's Tush, the Maw of Eternity...

The Keister of Gawd has more names than Floom has street vendors (Floom has a lot of street vendors), but what it really has a lot of is bigness. It's the biggest, widest, deepest goosin' hole in the ground this side of...well, *anywhere*. It's not just big, it's monumentally big. Bigger than big. Huge, really. So big I feel like inventing a new word just to describe it. It's *Ginormulogantuan*. Yeah, ginormulogantuan means exactly the size of the Keister of Gawd. Big.

As far as I know nobody's ever taken a yortstick and actually measured the perimeter of the Keister. The task is just too redundant, too dangerous, and ultimately pointless. It would take the average peep about fifty days to walk the long way from Floom to the Gawdchoppers, allowing for sleep and potty breaks and the like. Remarkably, a Hoomanitarian missionary named Daddy Longlegs recently ran most of the way in under ten days before being eaten by something unpleasant just holeward of Chund, but he was being chased by fanatic Jemima's Witnesses and didn't stop to pee, so his story's hardly relevant.

Gawd's Keister is not merely ginormulogantuanly wide, it's also unfathomably deep. Deeper than deep. So deep, in fact, that nobody's ever made it all the way to the bottom (or at least nobody's ever made it back up to brag about it). Not surprisingly, weisenheimers disagree as to how deep the Keister actually is. Some insist it is literally bottomless, punching its way completely through the Oith like the hole in the center of a delicious cosmic doughnut, its equally immense exit in some undiscovered land populated by the descendants of those who have fallen in over the centuries. Others assert it has a definite bottom but they argue constantly about its construction, each suggestion more fantastical than the last. A floor of solid stone, perhaps littered with the rubble and remains (and treasures) of an ancient, sunken civilization? A boiling realm of surf and foam, churning forever like the torrential spiral of The Incredibly Huge Monster'stm latrine? An abyssal doorway to the Nether Regions, that sinister zone of perdition and vice where Stan keeps his vacation home and contanimants frolic in the gloom? A molten cauldron of magma, smoke, and flame, simmering the cascading waters that

flow through the Gawdchoppers and elsewhere into bilious yellow steam?

Of all the brilliant theories and crackpot insanities it's this last I find most probable. It would certainly help explain the noxious clouds that continuously billow from the Keister like stink waves on a cartoon sock. This tangy sallow haze gives the air of Keister Island its distinctive flavor, blanketing the low areas in tender mustard fog and lading the sky with nebulous blurs of vibrant fulvous murk. It also segues conveniently into the next section...

Actually, the section about climate and weather will have to wait. First, let's explore some theories various weisenheimers have proposed regarding the origin of the Keister and its purpose, if it has one, here on Oith.

One popular conjecture, espoused by such visionary thinkers as Chordlebork the Itinerant and Lemon Fresh Scent, is that of *gastrotectonics*. This concept carries the Oith-as-a-creature analogy a bit further, suggesting such phenomena as oithquakes, tornadoes, mudslides, volcanoes and the like are the product of Oith's actual digestive processes. According to Chordlebork and his supporters, the Keister is the buns-hole of the Oith, replete with flatulent vapors and digestive rumblings. It's unclear if this is meant to be considered literally or metaphorically, or if they all need serious counseling, but it's a crowd-pleasing theory nonetheless (in a manner inversely proportionate to the sobriety of the crowd in question).

Kozebaqon Peez, the enterprising smelf who runs the Oithworm Brewhouse in Wernburg, champions the idea that the Keister is the burrow of a gigantic worm, an ancient and gargantuan monstrosity from Way Back In the Day, who still slumbers, snoring and squirming a gazillion yorts down, dreaming of the day it will return to the surface and devour our sorry asses. The Oithworm, as Peez affectionately calls it, is either a clever marketing gimmick or a terrifying threat to the future existence of life on this planet. If anybody knows for sure they aren't telling, although Peez assures us anyone sporting an official Oithworm Brewhouse t-shirt or collectible plushy will be spared when the Great Emergence finally comes.

Another theory, and the one I personally find

blusters, doom-boomers and the like.

Brime mining, or **brimining** (see what I did there?), has become a lucrative enterprise on Keister Island in recent years. In fact, the economy of the city of Goss, following the great what passes for corn famine a while back, is currently centered upon the collection and refining of this valuable resource, with briminers heading into the mountains daily, bedecked in their harvesting duds and bristling with shovels, spatulas, brushes and buckets.

Fortunately for Goss, the oithquake that ruined the what passes for corn fields caused a series of landslides that revealed the island's richest known deposits of brime. It's true what they say, when Boorglezar takes a dump he opens a window. Admittedly, the first sentence of this paragraph was really just a way to cleverly segue

into a discussion of the oithquakes and other rumbly events that plague Keister Island. Such things are pretty common, especially throughout the Dimplestacks and the Crumplehorns holeward of Bottom Saloo. Minor tremors occur almost daily somewhere on the island, usually causing nothing more than a few scree slides or the occasional tumbling boulder, but once in a while a doozy hits (like the one that clobbered Goss a few sentences ago). For some reason, the areas surrounding Floom and the Garden of Smellemental Glee haven't seen a major quake in centuries. Whether this has to with a fluke of geology or the benign stewardship of some powerful and anonymous hocus poker, as suggested by Floom's League of Powerful and Anonymous Hocus Pokers, is yet to be proven.

AN ABUNDANCE OF STATUARY

"Many ages ago there began a great contest between stalwart Boorglezar and crooked Lictish, hemophagic gawdess of the squorks, to decide the stewardship of Keister Island. They created from the stuff of the Oith an army of rugged pawns and set to moving them about the landscape in accordance with the rules of the game and the whim of the tumbling dice. Words unspoken since time began echoed from the opponents' gawdly maus. The infernal garbled curses of sneaky Lictish: Pret tys nea kysis and Yo usank myb att lesh ip were challenged by Boorglezar's divine and enigmatic blessings of Ope rati onyo u'ret hedoc tor and Popalot oftro ublew ith thep opoma ticbubble. Eventually the dice tumbled into the Keister and Lictish jumped in to retrieve them. She hasn't been seen since but the game board (Keister Island itself in case you missed it) remains to this day, the pawns still in place where the mighty gawds left them. Well, that's one theory anyway."

-Blue Hiney

Littering the landscape of Keister Island like Boorglezar's loose change or the scattered crumbs of some ancient cosmic toga party are hundreds, perhaps even thousands, of crazy stone statues. They stand (although many have fallen over), buns to the wind and legs akimbo, ready to receive our perplexity and confoundment. Are these leftover relics of the antediluvian Hoomanrace? Fossilized, be-rumped oofos





for the larvae to frolic in. Larger storms occur more irregularly, especially in the wetter months of Twouary and Threueary. These massive deluges can be quite intimidating, blackening skies, flooding valleys, and peeling with great crashes of thunder and blinding sporks of lightning.

More frightening still are the dreaded *stanky rains*. Occasionally, when whatever conditions govern such things decide to goose with everybody, the rain falls in thick, oily gobs, splattering everything with gelatinous yellow filth. Not only do these chunky blobs stink like a pile's loincloth, they stick to just about everything, globbing stuff and peeps together with great ropey strands of coagulated yuck. Even worse,

there are these crazy little creatures called yuck-sucklers that spend most of their time snoozing in hidden burrows. When the stanky rains come the yucksucklers awaken and emerge from their holes to feast and breed amid the gunk. Stanky rain is such a powerful aphrodisiac for these disgusting little blights that they'll goose just about anything in reach, stabbing seemingly at random with their horrifying drill-like businesses. It's a remarkably lewd and terrifying situation in which to find oneself, so it's best to head indoors when the stanky rains fall.

Aside from the very tallest mountaintops, which remain laden year-round, snow is a pretty rare thing on Keister Island. It just doesn't get cold enough. The exception, of course, is the unpleasant *yellow snow* that drifts from the skies with increasing regularity. These briny flakes can fall any time of year, regardless of temperature, and often in conjunction with normal rain. It's sort of a sleety, salty slush that collects in drifts and covers everything in a slippery crystal sheen. It tends to melt rather quickly, leaving behind a brittle yellow crust that you must never, under any circumstances, put in your mouth. Seriously, do NOT eat the yellow snow. It's extremely vile and it'll cover your tongue in painful yellow blisters for weeks. You've been warned.

Not surprisingly, the industrious people of Goss and elsewhere have found a valuable use for dehydrated yellow snow crust, known as *brime* to those who need a name for everything. Following several unsuccessful and idiotic attempts by ageusic chefs to use it as a culinary seasoning or preserving agent, the Stainmakers Guild of Floom discovered brime can be used to create a brilliant yellow fabric dye and house paint. It's flammable properties were uncovered soon after in a hilariously tragic event known as *The Great Pajama Bake*. Today brime is the chief ingredient in sparkle sticks and other fire-starting implements. Even more remarkably, a bodul by the name of Grun Thrice-thunked realized brime could be combined with a few other ingredients (dried plorp dung among them) to make this really cool explosive powder. Grun's Powder has since been weaponized. It's extremely dangerous and drastically unstable but that doesn't stop warmongering types (mostly horcs, unsurprisingly) from crafting all sorts of deadly bombs,



how *concentrated* with murderous intent certain realms seem to be. Take Stan's Rug, for example: it's this immense spongy carpet of moss and peat a couple of yorts holewhence of the Blurp. Strangely enchanting in its unique way, with great curving horns of bryophytic splendor jutting skyward like enormous conical afros, Stan's Rug is a place of dank beauty and profound mystery, an inscrutable patchwork of brilliant color and shaggy murk, and it absolutely, unrelentingly wants to cause your painful death.

Deep in the twisted, blackened heart of Stan's Rug, or *The Mossuary* as it's known to those of poetic bent, is something even more twisted and blackened. Seriously, even if you manage to survive the flocks of carnivorous mosstriches, the omnipresent crops of poisonous yuck, the roving bands of skin-flaying blor-porples, the jabbering ambushes of hideous scary ass muthas, the loathsome rituals of the resident Stanismists, and the predations of a thousand and twelve other horrors, there's still the most vile and deadly thang of all: the sarcastically monster-infested, inexplicably trap-riddled *Temple of Smellemental Evil*. If the Garden of Smellemental Glee is a place of wonder and exploration, where the smellements are coalesced and studied for the betterment and understanding of all peeps (and let's say, for the sake of discussion, it is), the Temple of Smellemental Evil is its black-clad, goatee-sporting evil brother, or maybe its candy-giving, nose-snatching, overly-affectionate creepy uncle (the candy's poisonous, the nose is never returned, and the affection is the life-scarring, grow-up-to-be-a-stripper sort).

It's extremely difficult to get any solid dirt on the origin and purpose of the Temple of Smellemental Evil, probably because the remains of most peeps who visit seldom get the opportunity to leave. According to reports pieced together from various oldsters, gadabouts, Stanismists and smellcasters I've interviewed, the temple is built over a natural fissure in the Oith. Like a miniature Keister, this crack supposedly billows with ocher funk and stench-laden fumes. There's a rub, however; these aren't the regular stinky yellow clouds that befog the rest of the island. No indeed, this noisome redolence reeks... *of the Danged!*



...of the Danged, those loathsome spirits and reanimate corpses doomed to linger or rot in house-haunting, brain-guzzling misery way past their expiration date; the place is evidently teeming with them. It seems the stagnant waft oozing from the subterranean crevice somehow begets these repulsive miscreations in droves, using the corpse of anyone who croaks within (or nearby, if the rumors are true) as raw material. It's a filthy, horrible business and my mind's eye want to pluck itself out just thinking about it.

At some point in history an enterprising smellcaster apparently decided to capitalize on the crack's emissions, building a stronghold atop it and locking most of the ...of the Danged in the basement. Following the smellcaster's inevitable demise the fortress was left abandoned for a while, during which time all sorts of ridiculously deadly things moved in, attracted, no doubt, by the evil waft in the catacombs below. The upper levels were redecorated by some Stanismists and used as a sin-o-gogue and dance club until the things below crashed the party and ate everyone. All sorts of atrocious denizens have called the place home over the centuries, constructing new additions and closing off unused or ruined rooms and wings.

petrified in the act of mooning their lost homeworld? Jelvis's lawn gnomes? The conspicuously misshapen bones of some prehistoric monstrosity? Some kind of bizarre calender built by an extinct race of mystical subterranean whatnots? I really couldn't tell you. In fact, speculation about the origin and purpose of the Keister Island statuary has been a fashionable topic of conversation and argument for centuries.

No matter their ancestry or design one thing is certain (well, several things are certain but here's one of them): They've been around a very long time. So long, in fact, that several lifeforms have emerged in their likeness. Whether birthed of nature, created in the laboratory of some insane hocus poker, or dreamed into existence by a maniac gawd, creatures such as headstones, wumps and spitting images wander the wild lands of Keister island, doing the things they do and bearing a strong resemblance to statues.

Inevitably, wherever a mystery exists, a collection of fools hangs around to exploit, plunder or worship it. Witness the lackadaisical fervor of *The Idol Rich*, a collection of lazy weisenheimers and former adventurers who lounge about the Place of Pondering in Floom and various suds-middens in Borf and elsewhere, insisting the statues hold the key to vast wealth and riches if only someone could muster the vim to search it out. Apparently, if their slurred ramblings can be deciphered, the Idol Rich believe the statues emit some sort of soporific hocus pokery that

increases a being's sloth the closer he comes to solving their mysteries. Sounds like a bunch of slogwash to me, but there's no denying their most prominent member, a slumbering worm known as Rhonchus Eversnore, has been snoozing continuously for the better part of a decade, his stertorous droolings interrupted by random mutterings of treasure and free waffles.

Witness also the obsessive shinations of *The Polishers*, a sect of Boorglezarians who believe the statues are the remnant droppings of the Cosmic Dung Beetle himself, scattered across the island for us to marvel at their wondrous beauty and revel in their mystery. Their arrogant boss, (a prominent member of another sort) Luster Sparklesheen, polishes his own carapace to such an obsessive vibrance that it puts even the gleam of the Keistermeister's bucket crown to shame. The Polishers pretty much do exactly what their name suggests: traveling around Keister Island cleaning and buffing the various statues, searching for new statues to burnish, and espousing the virtues of shine, whatever they might be. It's said that when all of the statues of Keister Island gleam in unison Boorglezar himself will visit the true believers and shower them in whatever it is they wish to shower in. This task is as impossible as it is ridiculous, considering the copious filth and pollution that billows continuously from the Keister of Gawd and every other gutter and orifice the Oith has to offer.

STAN'S RUG & THE TEMPLE OF SMELLENTAL EVIL

"Stan's Rug is death on toast. It's warm, liquid anger in pants. Except it doesn't wear pants. And it's not a liquid. Ok, it's a big heaping spoonful of raw burning malevolence in a dress. Ok, no dress. Um... it's a giant bog of moss with lots of dangerous critters... um, wearing socks maybe? Goose it! I'm here to hunt me some mosstriches, not to write poetry. And it's not on toast either."

-Zubb Trooxle, oof mosstrich hunter (not a poet)

Mutha Oith is pretty much infested with things that want to kill you. Whether it's a grizzled horc glaring covetously at your clamsack from a darkened alley while he trims his thumbnail with a rusty meat cleaver and mumbles unsettling poetry about how his momma never tucked him in at night, a glob of flaming lava burped haphazardly yourward during your vacation at the summit of Mount Funky, a horde of waggling

yucksucklers, drunk off stanky rain and leering at with their spined prodigities, a slippery dead fish lurking perilously unnoticed as you traipse the Keister's rim, a brain-hollowing bout of sloopox or any of a gazillion other potential executioners, something's going to get you eventually. It's inevitable. We are all going to die. Most folks just accept it and get on with the task of trying to avoid it. The thing that gets me, though, is

Zubb Trooxle has a mosstrich tattoo on his butt, or he would if had a butt. He also has a tattoo of a butt (life-sized) on his not-butt area.



seasonings, mattress stuffings, alchemical ingredients, and et ceteras (whatever those are). Moss

gatherers, mostly based in Awesome or Blurp, generally have brief but lucrative careers col-

The most famousst moss gatherer in recent memory was arguably Sphagtrampler Mossflosser, a horc of Borf. He met his end when a bundle of moss he was storing in his gullet proved home to a clan of angry shmurves, who gouged their way out with rusty sporks.

As it happens, the longer a peep resides in the temple the more the influence of the place corrupts and befouls him, twisting his mind with paranoia and rage. In nobody has this insanity been more manifest, so the hearsayers hearsay, than in the mad trapster Yongle Foambringer. Yongle, a brilliant inventor known by the oldsters as the architect of Floom's The Froth, was a brilliant inventor and architect of Floom's The Froth. Following a terrible accident in which one of his inventions inadvertently gelded the Keistermeister's favorite slog, Yongle was banished to Stan's Beard, presumably to get devoured by something hideous. Somehow, the resourceful croach managed to survive long enough to set up a workshop in the Temple and begin to resume his life's work. Of course he was soon driven insane. Instead of plotting a healthy revenge like an ordinary maniac, his addled brain convinced him to fill the Temple with ridiculously complex and increasingly deadly connivances and traps. Whether these traps were originally meant to protect Yongle from the beasts and ...of the Danged that roam the venue is unclear, but they were soon turned to a far more sinister purpose. With carefully planted rumors of riches and mystery the mad trapster set to luring adventure-some types and treasure-seekers into his lair, only to use them as test subjects for his heinous contrivances. It's rumored that Yongle himself eventually died and became an ...of the Danged, his restless spirit still haunting the Temple and maintaining its dreadful artifice.

Of course, the Temple of Smellemental Evil isn't the only horror Stan's Rug has to offer. The list of terrors is far too long to explore in complete detail, but mention should at least be made of a few such monstrosities. Behold the villainous blor-porples, for instance. Sure, they look all cute and innocuous with their wide guileless eye and smooth ovoid demeanor, but make no mistake, these guys are wicked to the core. They'd just as soon rip you a second buns-hole as say hello. Sooner, actually. In fact, it's said their appellation derives from the sound a victim's innards make as they spill from such an accessory anus. Detestable bands of these unseemly little dudes wander the mossy wilderness of Stan's Rug, torturing and devouring just about anything unlucky enough to cross their path. Sheesh...

Even more gruesome are the appallingly hateful scary ass muthas that roam Stan's Rug like fleams on a slog. Sure, these obnoxious little brutes can be found spreading their ridiculous anger and random maulings throughout the Oith, but for some reason they seem to be particular fond of Stan's Rug. Maybe it's the ample hiding places or the dank broody atmosphere. Perhaps it's some influence of the Temple, or just the presence of so many other violent muthagoosers. Whatever the reason, Stan's Rug has more than its share of these brutally repugnant scamps.

Oh, and let's not forget the dreaded *lichen-thrope*, the rancid bite of which spawns its progeny. These guys traipse the mosslands in abundance, having found a sort of refuge among the sphag. The unsettling thing (well, *one* unsettling thing) about lichenthropes is most of the time they're just normal dudes, indistinguishable from everyone else. When the change is upon them, however, they become ravenous lunatic beasts intent on chomping their chompers on friend and foe alike. Those who survive such a bite risk the change themselves, sprouting with mossy rind and indiscriminate rage when their time of the month rears its misshapen brow.

A reader can be forgiven for wondering why on Oith anyone would visit such a deadly locale in the first place. After all, if the place is so malevolent, why not just go around? The answer is threefold. First, through Stan's Beard still remains the most direct path between the workshops of Blurp and the ferries of Awesome, making it a treacherous but occasionally profitable route for well-armed caravans on their way to Floom. Second, as stated by Orgo's Third Law of Incidental Happenstance, a given population of hideously dangerous monsters and/or haunted dwellings inevitably attracts a number of thrill-hunting, treasure-seeking morons questing for riches and fame directly proportional to the lies and legends told thereof. The fact that most of them never return only fuels the gumption of the next wave. Finally, despite the omnipresent dangers, Stan's Rug does provide a number of usable (and quite valuable) resources. For example, mosstrich beaks have been used as ax heads since the first blor-purple eviscerated the first scary ass mutha. Not only that, literally hundreds of varieties of moss are found here, many of which find use as poisons, medicines, foodstuffs,

THE SOUL PATCH: FUNGAL WONKINESS LOOMS LARGE

"...[the Patch] is a *spurge of life in motionless motion. Life grows from life, grows from death, grows from life again. It's like an egg that keeps on hatching, spilling forth a larva that spills forth an egg that spills forth a larva that spills forth an egg that dies an untimely death but then some other larva comes by and spills forth an egg on the remains of the first egg and it spills forth an egg that spills forth a larva that spills forth an egg that spills forth a larva only this one has six mustaches and a speech impediment but it nevertheless spills forth an egg that spills forth a larva and then you look and you realize you just spilled forth your breakfast and the worm sitting next to you is actually a broom.*"

-anonymous

If you dig mushrooms and transcendental experiences (and who doesn't?) the Soul Patch is the place to be. As one of Oith's largest fungles, second only to the mycotic sprawl that surrounds the Phesterance in Ewg, it's really quite impressive. Gazillions of varying fungal forms dwell here, some carpeting the loam in vibrant moldy splendor, others jutting skyward like the wayward businesses of Jelvis himself. Jellies, bladders, worts, shrooms, rusts, smuts, sleeze-munks, puffballs, Stan's-glans, hooglemupps, morels, deadly caps, stool's (toed and otherwise), stinkers, shriekies, stinking shriekies, shrinking stinkies, nads, smelf hats, horc blossoms, business partners, shelves, 1-ups, horns, slimes, crumps, and an unnecessarily long list of other fungal wonders flourish in teeming abundance, spewing their miasmic spores, reeking their heady funks, and tripping the goose out of squares with their hallucinogenic effluvia and psychedelic haze.

These wiggly digs cover a sizable chunk of Keister Island: pretty much the entire slab holeward of Torkle and the Hookworm, encompassing the town of Wermburg and the downfinger of the Zunkleleft. It's a fancy land, full of ginormous mushrooms and all that other stuff from the previous paragraph. Home to a variety of creatures, like the shroomular funguys, gelatinous corpulent sludges, insatiable glomps, and grizzled shmurves, the Soul Patch is fecundity defined. So much grows here, in fact, that entire generations of weisenheimers have spent their whole lives in a fruitless attempt to catalog it all. Impossible! There are more varieties of mushroom in the Soul Patch than there are suds in the Froth. It's an overwhelming cavalcade of fungal glory, resplendent in vibrant beiges, brilliant taupes, and mind-bending shades of dun, brown, and gray. Also, there are other colors.

The thing about the colors is this: they're

always *there* but we can't always see them. Oh, there are hints and nudges; many of the gels and shrooms are quite colorful, but they're not *colorful* unless you know how to look at them. I refer, of course, to the famous secret under-hues of the Soul Patch, what the Fungish call *gubertinct*. According to the Fungish, *gubertinct* dwells in the murky outskirts of our vision, just sort of blatantly hiding out on the brink like some lurking hacker in an oily black cape; you don't glean the iridescent hatred in his eyes until his hands are at your throat and his knife's in your gullet. Your last thought is, *if only I'd peeped that gleam I would have run away*. The truth is, the malice was always there, and you saw it, you just didn't *notice* it until it was too late. It's like a paragraph with *too many italicized words*; you don't know *what to pay attention* to. The Soul Patch is like that, riddled with hidden mysteries and wonders just waiting for the right eyes to come along and heed their gist righteously.

Some peeps, like funguys (and fungals), can see the *gubertinct* naturally. It's part of their normal view of things. Most folks, however, need some inducement. Not surprisingly, this inducement takes the form of a mushroom. The psychotropic pottyspronge, a seemingly unremarkable pale orange puffball about the size of a smelf's fist, emits a cloud of spores when agitated. Nothing fascinating so far, that's just part of being a puffball. The real magic happens when someone gasps the spores. Much like a smellcaster's reek, a fresh puff of pottyspronge miasm has a profound effect upon those who inhale its trippy weirdness, heightening awareness and bringing the *gubertinct* into focus, opening perceptions to the full splendor of the Soul Patch.

There are enigmas and marvels hidden in the *gubertinct* the likes of which the average peep can't even begin to fathom: arcane secrets of hocus pokery written in the swirling hyphae of a





lecting and selling such jazz. Next time you're in Floom, be sure to stop by Papa Whippersnapper's

Moss Market and Olde Tyme Fungiporium to nab a dose or three of what's in season.

• Glomps really enjoy the uvula smacking crunch of fresh smelf heads.

do they're bound to attract their share of haters. Enter the despicable shmurves. In ancient times, say the weisenheimers, shmurves and smelves were the same people. At some point in the past a deviant offshoot of the smelvish clade decided it would rather spend its time inflicting misery on others than dancing and romping like a bunch of chumps. Shmurves are stunted and hateful creatures, like miniature smelves with pointy teeth and severe anger management issues. They wander the Soul Patch in little hordes, keeping to the shadows as they harass and torment their smelven cousins (and everyone else).

Shmurves aren't the only dangerous goosers in the Soul Patch. It might not be Stan's Rug but there are plenty of things among the shrooms that want to kill you. Corpulent sludges, great gelatinous beasts of slime and crud ooze hungrily through the stalks in search of fleshy meals. Enormous glomps, who like nothing more than to snack on crunchy smelf heads but aren't above the occasional croach leg or worm noggin, are an ever-present menace. A gazillion and twelve predatory monstrosities and fungal horrors prowl the Soul Patch or lurk in the umbric gloom ready to nab whatever prey happens by.

All these pernicious predators and fearsome fungi make the business of collecting the Patch's treasures a particularly hazardous endeavor. Nevertheless, shroom scroungers (they gather more than mushrooms, but for the sake of brevity that's what they're called) persist. The various mycotic wonders of the Soul Patch are simply too valuable to let a few ravenous monsters deter a stalwart scrounger from his task. Even ignoring the mystic pottyspronge and its ultra-sensory wackiness a scrounger could spend a dozen lifetimes scouring the Patch and only sample an inkling of what it has to offer. Aside from the obvious poisonous, hallucinogenic, soporific, and edible varieties there are slimes that cure blindness, molds that let a peep breathe underwater, shrooms so big castles can be built from their stalks, gels that style a fellow's hair, and puffballs that clear a stuffy nose. Mushroom caps become boats, roofs, wagon wheels, shields, hats, umbrellas, tabletops, doors, swimming floats, sandwich buns, and a thousand and sixteen other useful things. Certainly we are too limited by the bounds of expedience to describe here all the



amazing uses peeps have found for the fungi of the Soul Patch, but visit Papa Whippersnapper's in Floom some time and he'll be happy to spout you the gab and sell you something interesting.

Holy Crap

THE FUNGISH

"The dual substance of the Moss Boss, that yearning, so smelven, of shroom to attain gawd, infuses our every happenstance. Rot and growth. Fecundity and death. Disease and cure. All are the diocese of our fungeous Lord. Also feet."

-Grand Papa Unca Mosstache

Scrawled in luminous ink on the sacred Gospelshroom tablets that decorate the hyphal pulpit of the Basidican is the following credo, written in ancient Mycoochian: *hogy néki a kezemet egy gomba szeretet*. The passage remains untranslated, since apparently nobody alive today speaks ancient Mycoochian, but the Fungish still use it as a greeting among themselves, a way to say hello and goodbye while maintaining an air of mystery and aloofness from the rest of society. Like the fungi they revere, the Fungish prefer to work their mysteries in shadow, hidden from the judgmental gazes of nonbelievers and the groping appendages of thieves, debaucherists, and uptight squares unprepared for trippy awareness. Outwardly, the Fungish are hardworking, soil-loving smelves, funguys, and others who spend their days tending crops, cultivating mysteries, spouting the virtues of fungus, and heaping reverence on the Moss Boss. Usually this description is accurate. In secret and at certain times, however,



lumbering slump-cap, a lost recipe from the Primordial Soup Kitchen concealed in the brilliant chartreuse speckles on the stalk of a night-fruiting horcwort, Boorglezar's home address scribbled in the wrinkles of a flaccid shmurve's crote... The wonders are abundant and available to those with the eyes to see them, but that doesn't mean they're simple to find. A pottyspronge induced search for wisdom is as dangerous and frightening as it is funky and enlightening. It's easy to become overwhelmed by all the new colors (fluorescent brown, micro-teal, paisleymecium, overplaid...) and wiggly happenings that accompany such a state. Once a peep inhales the spores his world becomes super-wacko as he enters a synesthetic state where the senses are scrambled and enhanced; sound has hue, color gains flavor, scent acquires texture, tongues taste light and so forth. A million gazillion sensations flood the awareness. The experience can be quite elucidating, assuming the participant survives long enough to enjoy it. Wandering around the fungle in a hallucinatory stupor, pondering the cadence of a mushroom's gills or the sparkle of a funguy's belch, is a great way to fall down a hole or get lost

or eaten by something.

Certainly, the gubertinct isn't the only wonder squatting among the shrooms. Contemplate the sagacious funguys, those secretive saprophytic citizens of the Soul Patch. Although found in many of Oith's swamps, fungles, and subterranean realms, funguys and fungals have a deep affinity for the Soul Patch, where the gubertinct provides ample stimulus for their wonky senses and introspective sensibilities. Several funguy tribes have founded villages and communes here, mostly populated by arteests, weisenheimers, and other deep-thinking self-expressing sorts.

Smelves too are at home in the Soul Patch, frequently living and laboring among the funguys, whom they hold in high, often reverential, esteem. Many such smelves are devotees of the *Fungish*, a religious sect venerating the Moss Boss, a deific figure who merges the finest qualities of smelf and shroom. The Fungish have their largest church, an enormous spongiform mushroom known as the Basidican, in Wernmburg. Grand Papa Unca Mosstache presides.

When a people like to frolic and prance among the fungi as much as the smelves of the Soul Patch



THE KNOBBY RUMPLE: MOUNTAINS OUT THE WAZOO

"If the Keister of Gawd is Oith's horrifyingly enormous buns-hole, as the puerile and vulgar among us insist (Are your ears burning, Nerdular Chordlebork?), then the Knobby Rumble, to be equally puerile and vulgar, must inevitably be, to her great discomfort and presumed embarrassment, a monumental crop of resplendent rump acne, replete with undulating pimples, mountainous zits, craggy boils, cavernous abscesses, carbuncular mines, great hemorrhoidal fissures, and volcanic pustules. One could be forgiven for such blasphemy were we discussing the Incredibly Huge Monstertm, but this is Keister Island! The Knobby Rumble is just a goosing mountain range."

-Unctuous Fifthlip, weisenheimer

The expansive mountain range known as the Knobby Rumble spreads like a rash throughout most of Keister Island. It's winding canyons, treacherous scree-tumbles, forested palisades, surging cataracts, and bulging edifices make of the landscape a wild and unpredictable jumble.

Cartographers often divide the Rumble into three distinct spans: the craggy volcanic peaks and steamy ruts of the Crumplehorns rise holewhence of the Soul Patch in the area surrounding the Hookworm; the rippling hills and scrubby domes of the Mungepiles stretch from the Zunkleleft to the holeward reaches of the outskirts of Hooo, and the alpine tors and broken cliffs of the Dimplestacks reach for yorts in all directions around the city of Goss.

Gazillions of caverns and chasms are scattered throughout the Knobby Rumble, many of which connect with the vast subterranean realm of the Underwhere. Of course, such caves are usually the lair of something deadly, like a gang of furious sassquashes, a horde of scary ass muthas, a troop of lousy borlos, or a gaggle of bloodthirsty umber cukes. Not that everything deadly has to live in a cave. Far from it, in fact. Carnivorous and semi-present *things that might not be* prowl the tangled forests and jumbled boulder fields of the Mungepiles and Dimplestacks alongside predacious thlumps, gorging uncters, and angling slogs slurpers preying on wild slogs, verminous toenids, herbivorous plorps, and those wacky slug-like things that keep showing up in all the



the scene changes drastically. During high holy days, solstices, equinoxes, harvests, weddings, birthday parties, and pretty much whenever the mood strikes, pastoral aesthetics give way to pottyspronge fueled orgies of psychedelic revelry and unabashed spiritual enlightenment.

Such parties, often hosted in consecrated toed-stool rings, sphagnum bogs, or subterranean fungle caves, usually begin with a bunch of wigged-out Fungish heaped in a pile, giggling and tripping on sacred pottyspronge spores, and progress into nocturnal jaunts through the fungle to perceive the gubertinct and ponder the mysteries presented thereby. Occasionally the gubertinct reveals something of significance, but more frequently such hallowed binges end only in hangovers, delirium, and unplanned pregnancies.

Not that the Fungish mind such an outcome. If there's one ideal they righteously endorse it's fecundity. Just like the bountiful fungi they exalt, the Fungish are all about "spreading their spores". A typical Fungish smelfette might have

a dozen or more children cavorting about the commune while her multiple husbands tend the gardens, repair the shrines, serve the resident funguys and fungals, play with their other wives and children, and generally maintain the day to day affairs of the collective. Plural marriage and communal living is all the rage among the Fungish, with some conjugalities crossing even phyletic lines; worms married to smelves married to croaches and so forth. Grand Papa Unca Moss-tache, reverend leader of all Fungish and chosen interlocutor of the Moss Boss is rumored to have over sixty wives and eight hundred or so children scattered throughout the land. That's almost enough to make Sultan Pepper of Babajuana (128 wives, 1036 known children at the time of this writing) roll his eyes and say "enough already."

Although all fungi are cherished, of particular reverence to the Fungish are intelligent and sapient fungoids of all types, most especially the funguys and fungals with whom they often share their communities. Of course many Fungish actually *are* funguys and fungals, so that sentence doesn't really apply to them. That would be conceited.

It's not so much that the Fungish want to *be* fungi themselves, just that Oith's incredible dichotomies are so wondrously illustrated by fungal form and behavior that Moss Boss worshipers find themselves enthralled. In no other organism, preach the Papas, can the intricate cycles of life and death, rot and growth, poison and cure, divine beauty and vulgar lowliness be so intricately observed. Plus, the synesthetic marvels of the gubertinct, revealed through the inhalation of pottyspronge spores, are totally wiggly. The essential creed of the Fungish can be summarized thusly: fungus is awesome, the Moss Boss is the king of fungus, therefore the Moss Boss is awesome and deserves our veneration.

Symbol: A bearded mushroom

Raiment: Mossy beards and merkins

Virtues: Hard work, fecundity, spreading the growth of fungus

Sins: Harming a funguy or fungal (major), evil deeds (minor or major)





Does anybody know what that pink, worm-like thing with teeth on its face is called? Me neither.



pictures. Hot dammits, strange beings of stone and flame, haunt the geysers and volcanic bulges of the Crumplehorns, flitting ephemerally about, setting fires, and generally being the reason few trees remain in that region and all the buildings are made of stone.

Despite the persistent dangers proffered by ravenous predators, territorial beasts, inclement weather, and unstable geology the potential treasures of the Knobby Rumples are too valuable for many peeps to ignore. Miners scour the caverns, bluffs, and stream beds for brime, metals, shiny rocks and other such bounty. Hunters and trappers ply their gristly trades. Hermits and aesthetes roam the mountains in search of solitude and serenity. Gangstas and goons haunt the winding paths and infrequent roadways, way-laying travelers, robbing caravans, and making things difficult for everyone.

The most famous of these gangstas is the legendary pile Unflushable Nab. He and his gang have been ambushing pilgrims and convoys on the paths between Floom and Goss for over a decade. The authorities of both cities have sent countless hoinks and booty hunters after Unflushable over the years, but somehow the wily criminal has managed to outwit them all, continuing his thuggish outlawry unabated.

Speaking of buildings made of stone (we were a couple of paragraphs ago), a few words should be spouted about the Hoomanitarium. Modeled after the Boorglezarium in the Teats of Boorglezar, the Hoomanitarium was supposed to be the most glorious creation of the Hoomanitarian faith: part monastery, part monument, and part celestial banquet hall where The Next Supper, a grand feast to welcome the Hoomanrace back from wherever they went, was to be held. Begun about a century ago by Daddy Gladfinger Fozzflinger and a small army of followers, the enormous hollow statue in the shape of a Hoomanracian promised to rival Oith's greatest monuments in scale and majesty, a fitting welcome for the prodigal Hoomanrace. Unfortunately, soon after construction was completed the site was attacked by Hater Hoggogg and his roving mob of fanatic Jemima's Witnesses. They slaughtered Daddy Fozzflinger and his disciples then defiled the sacred monument with whatever expletives and excrement they had on hand. Today the Hoomanitarium is a ruined shell, a crumbling home to the horrifying things that lurk in such places. Adventurers and gadabouts occasionally explore the wreckage in search of treasures and artifacts, but they seldom find anything worth finding.

THE KEISTERIAN FISSURES

"The Keister of Gawd is indeed awesome. I mean, gag me with a spatula. It's just so mind-droppingly jaw-numbing in its hugeness I could just puke. In fact, I have. Several times. But as ridiculously awesomely amazingly big as the Keister is, it's not really all that scenic. I mean, it is, but only on a really clear day and clear skies over the Keister are as rare as pants on a sloss mog, I mean moss slog. No, to really soak up the gist of the forces at work here, whatever gawdly jibberjabber carved the funk out of this place, a peep's got to cram eyes on the fissures."

-Quiescent Flomp, tourist

The Keisterian Fissures, a series of canyons, cracks, and chasms that radiate outward from the Keister like the spines on a brickle (sort of), have spawned almost as much debate as the Keister it-

self. The longest such fissure is the Bunn Skrak, an enormous rift that stretches from the Keister for hundreds of yorts through the Dimplestacks, past the Aunt Flow and beyond the Imple Slew,

The Bunn Skrak, with its mighty Speculum, glorious waterfalls, and porous scaffold of rock, riddled to the depths with tunnels, holes, and caverns, might be the longest and most well-known of the Keisterian Fissures, but it certainly isn't the widest. That honor belongs to the Zunklecleft, it's two fingers spread wide like the cheeks of some sky-mooning behemoth. The Downfinger of the Zunklecleft extends holewhence into the Soul Patch, where tenebrous slimes, ropy thornstalks, and a gazillion assorted fungi coat its walls and dangle from its craggy fringe. The Upfinger stretches past Blist and along the border of the Soul Patch, pointing its accusing talon at the distant city of Torkle. While not as deep as the Bunn Skrak, the Zunklecleft is remarkably vast. Its walls descend many hundreds of yorts to a relatively smooth and boulder-strewn canyon floor. Strange things dwell among the boulders, including the legendary Roarence the Oucher, a glomp of enormous size whose infamous belows ("Ouchy, ouchy, ouchy") echo from Blist to Wermburg. Several cavern entrances to the Underwhere can be found in the Zunklecleft, the most geographically accessible being home to a scourge of scary ass muthas who sometimes scale the intimidating walls of the Upfinger to waylay travelers on the trail between Blist and Hun's Bollow.

Of particular interest to weisenheimers, holy rollers, and other scholarly types are the parallel chasms of the Slogslip Cleave and the Grumblerent, both of which live considerably holeward of Hooo, between the Speculum and Somewhat Unusual. Nobody's ever found the bottom of either of these fissures, leading many to assume they're as deep as the Keister itself. What sets the Slogslip and the Grumblerent apart from the other Keisterian Fissures are the strange diagonal bands of color decorating large sections of their chasm walls. Weisenheimers suggest these stripes reveal various stages in the history of Keister Island, from a time before the Keister was created. Each striation, they say, is a different mineral, deposited by whatever natural or gawdly forces reigned at the time and presented for our perusal when oithquakes caused large slabs of the normally smooth canyon wall to fall away, revealing the older stone beneath. Righteous Daddy Blooswade Snooze of the Jeezle

Freaks offers a conflicting hypothesis, suggesting the sparkling walls are hallowed ground, sacred jumpsuit patterns scribbled in Jelvis's blessed sketchbook. A cave near the Grumblerent is home to a sect of Jeezle Freakian tailors and colorists, toiling night and day to recreate the holy raiment depicted on the chasm walls.

Hundreds of smaller fissures jut outward from the Keister in all directions. Most aren't very interesting, merely nicks in the rim, so to speak, but they should probably be mentioned anyway. You know, for the sake of completeness.

Holy Crap

THE BOTTOMLINERS

"Take a look around. Dig the workings of this city. Jelvis didn't erect that tower. Boorglezar didn't build that plaza. Stan didn't sculpt those statues. The Moss Boss didn't cook those hot slogs. Peeps did. And why? Clams. Everybody gots to get paid. If I want a new house all I have to do is fork over a stack of clams to the right muthagooser and it gets built. I want a fancy dinner, five clams makes it happen. Lovin'? A sack or two in the right pocket and I'm singing all night. While you and your scrawny apostles sit with your legs crossed, muttering oblations to your imaginary friend, clams are making the world happen. You ask me why I prefer clamminess over gawdliness. Isn't it obvious? Wealth is gawd."

-Clamsack the Corpulant, Bottomliner

The Bottomliners live by a simple creed. The Almighty Clam is indeed almighty. Nothing motivates peeps, makes things happen, and gets the world moving better than treasure, except maybe the promise of more treasure. Even treasures heaped in the afterlife upon a formerly devout dead guy are still treasures. Whether or not a peep agrees with them, their logic's not hard to follow. According to the official tenets of the faith, inscribed on auricrap tablets in the sacred Vault of Revenuvial Affluence in Floom, gawds are defined by the power they wield and the influence they command on Oith. Since the wealthiest peeps on Oith command more influence and wield more power than the less wealthy it stands to reason that wealth creates power, which, as established earlier is the basis



and terminates a few yorts holeward of the Unc-ter Gush. The Bunn Skrak is insanely steep and absurdly deep, especially as it nears the Keister. It's interior is a series of picturesque fractures and great towers of rock, worn by nature or carved by the hand of Boorglezar (who can say) into a magnificent lattice of labyrinthine stone. So convoluted and intricate are these workings that Crusticle Poom, in his masterful memoir, *Things that Touched Me There*, declares the Bunn Skrak one of the top fourteen Oithly wonders that touched him there.

For centuries the Bunn Skrak was nigh uncrossable. The highest points within the lattice, though colossal and proud, still miss the rim by a hundred yorts or so. It's kind of like a monstrous desiccated sponge wedged into the bottom of the canyon. Great cascades from the Aunt Flow, the Imple Slew, and a thousand and twelve smaller streams and rivulets tumble over the rim,

crashing upon the rocks below and throwing up huge clouds of mist and brume. While majestic to behold, these cataracts, in association with the constant murk seeping from the Keister, coat everything in dewy slipperiness. Not only do matters of geology and geography make crossing the Bunn Skrak absurdly challenging, it's predictably inhabited by the obligatory things that want to eat you. Slithering muncts, sucker-footed slog-slurpers, puddles of yuck, and some kind of pink worm-like thing with weird teeth on its face are only a few of the carnivorous terrors that await anyone clever enough to scale the Bunn Skrak's abyssal walls with their too-infrequent protuberances and perilous alg coat.

Today, crossing the Bunn Skrak is far easier. A couple hundred years ago, under the patronage of Keistermeister Fligsby the Unbleached (Floom's first and only cremefillian ruler), an amazing undertaking was... um, undertaken. An enormous workforce, led by Floom's League of Powerful and Anonymous Hocus Pokers and their head honcho at the time, Hordlesnozz the Anonymous (and Powerful), set to work on what would become one of Keister Island's most industrious projects. After thirty years of intense labor the Speculum was completed. An enormous bridge crafted of stone from the quarries of Glop and ossified mushroom stalks from the Soul Patch, bolstered by the efforts of Floom's greatest hocus pokers, weirdos, and containimators, and decorated by many of Oith's most celebrated arteests, rockknockers, and sculptors, now spans the Bunn Skrak. Protected by a legion of mercenaries and toll collectors under the direction of Cashmoney Scratch of the Bottomliners, the Speculum has stretched across a dozen yorts of the Bunn Skrak for over a hundred and seventy years. The Bottomliners collect a hefty toll for passage across the Speculum, most of which fills the coffers of the Keistermeister and the Doyenne of Glop, but it's a fair price to pay for a safer and more expedient route between the left and right cheeks of Keister Island.



termeister on one side (which might account for his blessing) and the Speculum on the other, have taken the place of clams in many neighborhoods. The Bottomliner's intend to make the smackeroo the official monetary unit of Keister Island (and eventually the rest of the world), a notion that is gaining support with many of Oith's leaders. Not only would such a system negate ambiguity as to the value of a clam, a situation that leads to more arguments and clobberings than do speculation about the Keister's origins and conflicts about which one true gawd is the one true gawd put together, it would also give the Bottomliners a more easily countable measure of wealth and rank within their hierarchy.

Devotions and adulations among the Bottomliners usually involve such sacraments as money-baths, dressing in finery, commissioning portraits and other works of art venerating the almighty clam (or smackeroo or whatever), eating at expensive restaurants and not tipping more than ten percent, flaunting personal fortune, and finding new and creative ways to commune with treasure.

The sacred emblem of the Bottomliners is the speared worm, an ancient and powerful symbol that dates back to the time of the Hoomanrace. It's meaning and origin are shrouded in mystery, as befits such a primeval and commanding

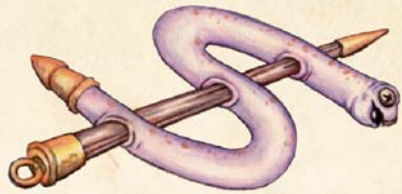
device. Some say the worm is actually a worm, Odonculus Fonzarelli, former prez of Goss, to be precise. Odonculus was known for his stingy, overly-frugal governance of the city, which withered into poverty as his own coffers inflated. He's something of a heroic martyr to the Bottomliners, who view his execution by barbecue spit as a supreme sacrifice in the name of personal wealth. Obviously, Odonculus wasn't around Back in the Day, so this can't be the actual basis of the symbol, but it might be the reason the Bottomliners adopted it. A much more boring theory depicts the worm as the lines on a graph representing the ups and downs of financial investment. *Lame.*

Symbol: A speared worm, for some reason

Raiment: Assorted finery

Virtues: Raking in the green

Sins: Bad investments (minor), Charity (minor to major), Destitution (mortal)



THE GAWDCHOPPERS: FOAMY, FURIOUS, FUN

*"On seas of foam sail past our home, our cherished town of Floom.
Through crags and snags row wallyscags against the churning spume.
Beyond the bay our dread path lay; the 'choppers leer and loom.
We missed the port by a single yort and now sail to our doom."*

-Scurvyslog's Lament, popular sea chanty

Woe is very likely to betide any sailor who bypasses, by some misadventure of navigation, storm, or idiocy, the estuarine Bay of Dismay (where Floom's harbors live) and travels too far through those lofty spires of stone and foam known as the Gawdchoppers. A thousand dangers lurk among the 'choppers, not the least of which is the inevitable plunge into the Keister that awaits anyone who makes it all the way through without being smashed to bits by churning rapids, shallow reefs, lurking predators, or tempestuous whirlpools. The currents of the

Big Drink, which increase their pull the closer holeward one draws, are just as likely to ally themselves with the myriad rocks and skerries to wallop a ship and its crew to pulp as they are to hurtle it screaming over the edge of the Keister.

The Gawdchoppers jut from the churning seas of the Floomfirth (the vast inlet that funnels the surging flow of the Big Drink into the Keister like Oith's most impressive enema). Known alternately as the Boorg'steeth Archipelago, the Boatbiters, the Islets of Demise, and the HOLY GOOSIN' GOOSE, TURN BACK! TURN

Floom's infamous prison, The Can, sits on an island in the Gawdchoppers.

Guards chum the surrounding waters daily in order to attract predatory monstrosities whose presence discourages escape.



of gawdliness. The more wealth the more gawdliness. Supreme wealth, therefore, is supreme gawdliness. The ultimate gawd, they reason, is the ultimate treasure, and what could be more ultimately treasure than treasure itself?

Nothing, that's what.

Whether they actually believe the gab they spout or it's just an excuse to help them feel less guilty among the peed-ons and toilers upon whom they trod, the Bottomliners are a growing force in Floom and other prosperous cities. They run criminal enterprises, loan houses, pawn shops, and other lucrative endeavors, increasing their clam hoards and scheming their next venture. The more treasure they accrue the closer they feel to the Almighty. The more opulent a show of wealth they present the holier they appear in the eyes of their brethren.

Bottomliner leadership is decided based on the contents of each member's vault. The richest devotee is obviously the most devout and therefore the most qualified to lead. Principal

Broker Benjamin Washing Machine was recently ousted from the high seat after an embarrassing scandal came to light. It seems the eminent clergyman was witnessed committing the sin of charity when he didn't demand a refund after the pygmy slog he purchased from Yorpozz the Sleem turned out to be of dubious pedigree (it was a limbless cremefillian assassin in disguise, apparently). Although he protested his innocence, claiming he was reserving his indignation in the name of further lucrative dealings with the Sleem, that was all it took for his successor, a pompous and opulent worm called Cabbage Gildensack, to inherit the holy seat and become the new principal broker.

The Bottomliners are behind recent efforts in Floom and elsewhere to replace the current clam-based barter system with a more standardized method of currency and exchange. With the blessing of Keistermeister Hugormo XIII, they have begun minting *smackeroos*. These metal disks, emblazoned with the likeness of the Keis-



to Floom, abandoning their glorious temple in favor of more approachable digs and a larger congregation upon which to heap their resurrectionist philosophies.

Today the former Returner tabernacle is home to the supposedly omniscient and mysterious Sphincs, a sagacious and enigmatic trickster who is said to answer the questions of anyone who can solve its imponderable riddles and survive its horrible fart jokes. The tabernacle is sarcastically difficult to reach. Even if one manages to cross the roiling current and buffeting winds, which make approach by sea or air nigh impossible, the island is home to more than just the Sphincs. During the interval between the Returners' departure and the Sphinc's arrival the tabernacle was used as a sin-o-gogue by a group of Stanismists who delighted in giggling over the antics of adventurers attempting to steal their rumored treasures. Apparently, the Stanismists summoned all kinds of containimants and other horrid things (which eventually ate their summoners), the harder of which still roam the island today.

Holy Crap

THE RETURNERS FROM WHENCE WE CAME

"There I'll be, slurping the luscious villi of the Gut Everlasting, while you chumps are down here, wallowing in mediocrity and actually avoiding things that want to eat you."

-Throtho the Undigested

As the proclaimed descendants of parasitic intestinal worms, the Returners From Whence We Came seek to join their blessed ancestors in the nirvanal bliss of the *Gut Everlasting*, which is apparently some sort of heavenly bowel or something. They believe, and empirical evidence seems to back them up, they can only truly die when their body is destroyed in a manner befitting their dogma. Apparently this means they must end their life inside a buns of one sort or another. The buns in question can be literal (devoured by a beast or killed within the belly of The Incredibly Huge Monstertm) or figurative (plunging into the Keister of Gawd). It's this last

method that appeals greatly to many devotees, with annual suicide cruises braving the Gawd-choppers in an effort to take the final spill in style.

Returners do not fear death. After all, for them it's either a temporary inconvenience or the accomplishment of their life's goal. If a Returner dies in a way inconducive to his final demise (injury, disease, etc...) his corpse will reawaken a day or so later, still injured or ill but able to heal as it normally would. Of course if he'd been poisoned or died of illness he'll likely just expire again a few minutes later, but that might be enough time for his friends to enact a cure or toss him into a buns of some sort.

Perils that might cause a lesser adventurer to soak his drawers in terror are scoffed at by Returners. They revel in danger, the riskier the better. In fact, the supreme virtue of the faith, guaranteeing a good spot in the Gut Everlasting (what constitutes a good spot is not for me to speculate) is to croak while doing something extra heroic, like rescuing a bunch of larvae from





BACK!, the countless islands that make up the Gawdchoppers are invariably rocky, sharp, and slippery. Many of them lurk just below the surface, ready to rend the unwary hulls of lost vessels. Most are tiny, no more than a yort or three across, but some are quite sizable, larger than many of Keister Island's towns and villages, with craggy promontories proudly jutting skyward, their pinnacles lost in the hazy yellow murk. The closer a peep gets to the edge of the Keister the more perilous the trip becomes. The current flows faster, the rocks get sharper, the churn churns churnier, and the winds get windier.

Although the myriad islands of the archipelago are inhabited by roosting boids, clambering crustaceans, and other mostly harmless, seaworthy sorts, various dangerous exceptions of course exist. Esophagators, predatory fish, and various tentacular monstrosities prowl the waters of the Floomfirth, drawn by the shoals of prey attracted to the nutritious churn. Spiny brickles, carnivorous sog slogs, and other such horrors clog the sea caves and algae laden crags, preying on those boids and things we just discussed.

Despite the rapacious beasts and ridiculously

dangerous environment, the Gawdchoppers still attract their share of explorers, adventurers, and treasure seekers. Creatures of value to shell collectors, armorers, culinarians, and other crafty types dwell here in abundance. Tasty fish and mollusks found nowhere else lure the brave and foolhardy, many of whom meet their demise among the crashing surf, splintering rocks, and carnivorous digestive systems while dreaming of the hefty prize they'll earn in Floom's mongerstalls and markets. Such daring entrepreneurs use a complicated series of floats, ropes, nets, and zip lines in an effort to snag their bounty while keeping themselves alive. They are occasionally successful.

One particular sect has a special affinity for the Gawdchoppers. The Returners From Whence We Came, a cult of supposedly-suicidal worms, once maintained a tabernacle on Last Chance Promontory, one of the archipelago's largest islands and the one closest to the Keister. From their island temple they would gaze out across the Keister of Gawd, pondering mortality and building up the gumption to take the eternal plunge. Decades ago the Returners returned



a burning orphanage or something similarly clichéd. Returners aren't necessarily crazy, and they do feel pain, but they just aren't afraid to die like normal folks.

The Returners don't really have much of an organized church. They used to have a pretty rad tabernacle set up in the Gawdchoppers, but they vacated that a while ago. There's still a fancy temple set up in The Incredibly Huge Monstertm and a few bingo parlors and chantries dispersed throughout the cities and towns of Oith, but for the most part the Returners just hang out in bars and rooftops and other dangerous places. Due to its proximity to the Keister, Floom is a favorite stomping ground.

Without a figurehead deity there's really not that much dogma to preach. The message is really pretty simple, so ministers among the Returners From Whence We Came spend a lot of time

spouting apocalyptic nonsense and trying to scare random worms into joining the congregation. Of course it's only the truly devout who are reborn from the smears and chunks of demise. History is replete with tales of heretic Returners who never returned.

Eventually, following a life of random misadventure and hopefully heroic exploits, a Returner feels the call of the Gut Everlasting. Settling his Oithly affairs and bidding farewell to his family and friends he either boards a boat bound for the Keister or sets off in search of something large and hungry.

Symbol: A buns-hole

Raiment: Nothing special

Virtues: Taking risks, heroic suicide

Sins: Avoiding danger (minor), cowardice in the face of death (major)

WET SPOTS: RIVERS AND WATERWAYS

"What happened when Boorglezar swam the Snooz?"

-The Sphincs

"He got wet."

-Yumpy the Wise(ass)

The majority of Keister Island's greasy yellow streams, dribbling creeks, and stagnant ponds are too small and insignificant to appear on any but the most local of maps. They meander their way through the Knobby Rumble and other realms (at least the streams and creeks do; the ponds just kind of sit still), eventually joining one of the bigger rivers or lakes, seeping into the Big Drink, spilling over the rim of the Keister, or cascading into a fissure.

The largest and most significant Keisterian river is the Snooz. As much as two yorts wide in some places, and longer than one of Oldster Ticklenip's tall tales (you'd have to know him), the Snooz originates where the roiling flows of the Uncer Gush and the Runs merge, near the holewhence reaches of the Dimplestacks just outside of Chump. It curves and winds for a couple hundred yorts, fed by countless rocky creeks and murky streams that made the decision to join forces with a mightier brother rather than piddle their way into the Bunn Skrak like a bunch of wusses.

That's what the Aunt Flow does, by the way. It branches from the Snooz like a cranky lover, alternately tumbling over foaming rapids and oozing lazily in stagnant indolence, before spreading its legs and hurtling over the rim like the suicidal micturations of Boorglezar himself. Expansive groves of night-sprouting lumpweed clutter the banks, nocturnally spewing their pollen and speckling the murk with gelatinous grume. These mustardy clots nourish the gobs of crimson algae that bloom every morning, lending their hue to the cloudy sluice and providing sustenance to the myriad fish and critters that call the Aunt Flow home. This carnelian algae, which grows only here, is a valuable delicacy in the more epicurean reaches of Oith, bearing a flavor, when sun-dried and pulverized, that I'm told makes any food taste more expensive. Aunt Scrimpledumpkins of Glop, after whom the river is named, was the first to discover the price-enhancing qualities of this algae, which she dubbed Doctor Professor Aunt Scrimpledumpkins's Famous Olde Tyme Feel-Goode Elixir and Yum-



headed croaches that populate the surrounding hills, populate the surrounding hills (but not in a redundant way), making things difficult for miners and other outdoorsy folks in the area. Things aren't much easier near the Runs. Especially since they both have the same name, making directions a bit hard to follow. Unceters and worse things lurk among the boulders and mudslides, waiting to pounce on whatever seems pounceable, which begs the question: *Why the goose would anybody choose to live in Chump?*

On the island's other cheek, two large lakes do their thang near the brimining city of Goss. The muddy Wallow Froth is home to a great many natural springs and active geysers which work together to make the lake into a sloppy, grimy foam that gurgles and seethes like a grumpy codger on his way home from the Chopping Block. Remarkably, this roiling lather is really great for the skin (or slime coat or carapace or whatever), soothing aches, polishing cuticles, massaging muscles, and clearing the sinuses. The spas and resorts along the Wallow Froth are some of the finest on Oith, attracting the wealthy and the sore from far and away.

Incidentally, why does *far* always get top billing over *away*? Nobody ever says "away and far." It hardly seems fair.

The Imple Slew is Goss's other sodden neighbor. Well, not so much a neighbor as a roommate, since the city is built on the banks of the lake. Whenever there's rain in the Dimplestacks brine runoff and sewage seep through mighty grates beneath the city walls and into the Imple Slew, which carries the pollutants to the rim of the Bunn Skrak and hurtles them over the edge. Although unfortunate for any critter who hap-

pens to be showering in the cascade, such periodic purges ensure that Goss has one of the most efficient sewer systems around. In fact, the plumbing in Goss attracts the incontinent and gastrically impaired from away and far.

See, it doesn't sound right, does it? Away and far...

The brackish waters of the Hookworm, a wide shallow river nestled among the steamy Crumplehorns, are warm and fizzy. Fed by volcanic springs and persistent rains they are home to a variety of denizens, predatory and otherwise. Most of the citizens of Circuspi, the only town in the region, make a living by harvesting the bounty of the briny flow or by gathering the eponymous circuspi nuts that thrive so abundantly in the region. The ashy soil and porous stone of the riverbanks is perfect for the growth of these vile, yet filling delicatrocities.





Yum Gourmet Flavor Amplifier. Initially, the product tanked because she couldn't fit the name on the label, but, with the help of her nephew, a Hoomanitarian daddy who renamed the stuff *Red Crud* and sold it at his congregation's bake sale, it began to find a market. Today, about a century later, the red crud harvesting industry in Glop is run by Aunt Scrimpledumpkins's descendants. They hire specially trained cremefillians to lazily swim the sanguine Flow, absorbing more and more algae with each languid stroke. The crud is then combed from the cremefillians' spongy flesh and laid out in trays to dry in the open air for up to a month before being crushed and bottled for sale in the sorts of places peeps who buy stuff like that shop.

Anyway, back to the Snooz. It curves along for another fifty or so yorts after the Aunt Flow makes her escape, slowing its sluice considerably as it widens into the deep and expansive lake known as the Blurp. The Blurp, which gained its appellation in tribute to the gassy eructances that constantly burble from its depths, is unusual among Oith's lakes in that it has at least two distinct layers, separated by a tangible boundary

of temperature and density. The upper reaches are relatively clear and warm, thronging with fish and deadlier things (including, if the legends are true, a remarkably large esophagator known as *Blurpy*). Down below, however, about a hundred and forty yorts from the surface, the situation changes dramatically. The water in the deeps is cold and viscous, creamy and opaque like Oith's most abominable pudding. Hideous and hideous things squirm down there, squiggling blindly through the custard, which bubbles and fizzes with strange gasses and guttural moans. Some say the gelatinous murk is actually an enormous creature of some sort, or perhaps a symbiotic community of disgusting little goosers all living together like a bunch of Fungish shroom farmers. Is it dangerous? Is it edible? Can you use it to polish your furniture?

Who's to say? Anchors and jars and stuff dropped into the goop just come back wet.

The Blurp forks into two rivers: the Snooz, which continues its lazy meanderings toward the Bay of Dismay, and the Colonic, a fast moving and rapidly churning mire brimming with tangled weeds and the things that hide among them. The Colonic eventually cascades into the Keister at a point known as *Blurpy's Maw*, named for the cryptically enormous esophagator of the Blurp (obviously). Although shallow along most of its run, the Colonic's wide span, cloying mud, vicious predators, and swift current make fording difficult. A stone bridge near the fortress town of Bucket, badly in need of repair, provides a means of passage between Floom and the rest of the island.

A few paragraphs ago mention was made of the Uncter Gush and the Runs. Originating among the peaks and crags of the Dimplestacks a few dozen yorts holewhence of Chump, these three rivers form the headwaters of the Snooz. The Uncter Gush races toward the Snooz, churning its impatient way over roiling rapids and perilous waterfalls. Uncters, those uncivilized two-



since he's never returned to explain his ingress we may never know his fate.

The Right Cheek's coasts are largely swampy and sandy, loaded with marshes, beaches, and mud. Most of the seashore between Foot's Wrist and Slump is a boggy mess known as the Scum Quag. Home to muck and filth and things best left unmentioned, this soggy morass has its own entry, so let's stop talking about it for now. Holewhence of Slump the ground becomes increasingly rocky and gritty, eventually leveling into the black sand beaches and stony harbors of Borf. The span of coast that reaches from the Floomfirth and the Gawdchoppers, past Chund and Over There, beyond the Badunka Bight and the Tainted Isthmus, to terminate at the Hookworm and the Crumplehorns is low and flat, although the land rises



gradually as it approaches the Keister. Prone to flooding during stormy weather, this lengthy strand alternates between sandy beaches, muddy basins, brittle salt flats, and swampy marshes and lagoons. The persistent floods bring detritus and refuse from the sea, peppering the land with driftwood, sea weeds, dead fish, and occasionally more valuable things, like shipwrecks and mysterious relics of ancient times.

Islands on the Right Cheek include the supposedly haunted Groanstack between Borf and Slump, The Breathing Space, a small island sandwiched between the two larger prominences of Chumblorock and Grease Pillow, and the legendary Filthmonger's Retreat, historic prison of one of Borf's most abhorrent criminals (long since dead, presumably). The Breathing Space is breezy and secluded, the perfect spot for the Keistermeister's opulent vacation home, which is what's there. The craggy Chumblorock is home to the Keisternauts, Floom's official navy, while Grease Pillow is named for the millions of seaboids who roost there, or more specifically,

the mess they leave behind. The Scybalic Mass, an enormous ovoid rock a dozen or so yorts off the coast of Chund is a well-known breeding ground for aquatic sog slogs, who come ashore to get freaky and lay their eggs a couple times a year.

Many weisenheimers believe the Tainted Isthmus, a tiny stretch of land that separates the Keister from the Badunka Bight and the Big Drink beyond, may eventually become so eroded as to disappear entirely, chopping that stretch of the Right Cheek that contains the towns of Over There, Udu, and Chund from the mainland. As it is, the land bridge is often flooded, sometimes impassable for months at a time. Although such flooding turns the isthmus into one of Keister Island's most awesome waterfalls, it inhibits trade and travel to these stranded burghs. Rhinostri-chuck Caterillapus, tizn't mayor of Over There, has repeatedly petitioned the Keistermeister of Floom to fund the construction of a series of bridges across the Floomfirth, but so far his cries have gone unanswered.

THIS COAST SHORE IS A BEACH (LITORALLY)

"The sixth sick shaved-slick slave shaver's sixth sick slave's sick slog's shaved slick. ...um, on the seashore."

-Plunkolingis, Twister of Tongues

Keister Island is an island. It's right there in the name. Like many islands it's surrounded by water and has a whole lot of coastline. Thousands of yorts, in fact. The gazillions of tiny islands and dozens of bays, coves, and inlets that surround and populate the coasts of Keister Island are far too numerous to be comprehensively detailed in a tome this size, so this entry will be necessarily incomplete and occasionally vague. Forgive me. We can't all be as perfect as *you*, you smug mutha-gooser.

The coast on the Left Cheek (the area on the side of the Bunn Skrak with the Soul Patch and the city of Torkle) is mostly rocky and treacherous, cluttered with tall cliffs and choppy seas. Its plentiful bays and coves are popular hideouts for price-o-corns and other nefarious fellows. They lurk in sea caves and lagoons, plotting their detestable activities, drinking vile stuff, and burying treasure for some reason. The bawdy town of Unwelcome caters to such wallyscags, overflowing as it is with booze, brothels, and brawl-rooms.



Some pretty interesting islands live off the coast of the Left Cheek as well. If you're in the mood to roll your eyes in puzzlement, check out the town of Blablabla on the astoundingly improperly named Worthwhile Isle. It's full of museums, tourism bureaus, and marketing syndicates dedicated to exaggerating and embellishing the island's boring history and extreme lack of any reason to visit. Of course, these attractions themselves are a reason to visit. It's kind of like a gaudily decorated sign in the middle of nowhere that simply reads, "Hey look at me! I'm a sign!" Rumors have been floating around for a while suggesting the town leaders have something snazzy planned to attract adventurers and tourist clams to the island, but we'll see what becomes of that.

A few yorts off the Left Cheek, holewhence of Hooo, is another ridiculous island. Ridiculously *dangerous*, that is! After mooring one's tub among crashing waves and jagged boulders and scaling several hundred yorts of nearly sheer cliff face, a visitor to the Gorf free Slab is presented with a lush jungle populated by bloodthirsty beasts and horrifying monsters, most of which aren't even indigenous to the area. At the center of the island stands an enormous hollow boulder covered in cryptic runes and vulgar graffiti, itself surrounded by thorny bushes, insidious guardians, a wide moat filled with some unnameable liquid atrocity, and a veritable overflowing cornucopia of titilarious insanely lethal traps. Although it's a popular destination for the adventurous and the suicidal, nobody I've ever talked to knows who or what dwells in the boulder. Is it the lair of some mighty hocus poker? The prison of a fallen gawd? The treasure vault of a price-o-corn boss? Who the Nether Regions knows? The Returners From Whence We Came are among those who aim to find out, though. They've recently set up digs in Hooo, using the place as a base of operations. Several Returners have gloriously croaked during their explorations, only to be reborn and try again. One member, Gorf free the Imperishable (for whom the island and its rock are named), actually found a way inside, but

You should totally explore the Gorf free Slab. Surely, someone of your qualifications wouldn't get eaten.



A croach known as Blue Hiney runs a caravan service back and forth between Foot's Wrist and Slump. He and his well-armed crew load their glubble-drawn barges with goods and passengers once or twice a month to undertake the formidable trudge. Apparently he has an agreement with a few of the squoork clans, alleviating some of the potential danger, but there are still more than enough carnivorous monstrosities and natural perils to make the trip interesting.

Speaking of natural perils (well, writing of them anyway), the Scum Quag has its share. First, there are these tangled slimy rafts of rotting vegetation that float all over the place. Similar to

the matted weeds that annually plague the Straits of Phloppun, these snarled mats, often so large it takes several hours to cross or circumnavigate them, present several potential impediments. Not only do they submit an obvious physical obstacle and a convenient hideout for ambushing predators, their most precarious aspect is the illusion of stability they imply. It can be extremely difficult to tell the difference between a densely matted float that's strong enough to walk across and one that's weak and full of holes. Many an oblivious wanderer has fallen to a watery doom while trodding an imperceptibly shoddy raft of weeds.



The coastal area near the Crumplehorns, holewhence of the Hookworm, is rough and broken. Prone to rock slides and massive erosion by wind and surf, the cliffs are constantly crumbling away, redrawing the landscape and uncovering all sorts of nifty caves and sinkholes and chasms and stuff. All this falling stone makes it a pretty dangerous place to take a walk but it also unoiths a lot of valuable ores and shiny things. Despite the peril, the villagers of Bottom Saloo nab a decent profit mining and working these various metals and stones, producing some of Oith's most impressive armors, weapons, and similar jazz.

The Straits of Phloppun, like the Left Cheek coastline, are turbulent and craggy with high bluffs and dangerous winds, but they're also clogged with floating mattes of weed and filth. During certain times of year, especially in the months of Eightuary and Ninetember, it's actually possible for a dude to walk across the strait in some areas. It's during these months that the subterranean *Dead Fish People*, a clan of savage, cannibalistic worms that inhabit the caves and grottoes of the region, emerge from their dens to nocturnally ambush vessels trudging through the mire.

The two largest islands near Keister Island are really so big as to warrant books of their own. Maybe they'll get one someday, but for now settle yourself to know that Forjordlelund, holewhence of the Straits of Phloppun is a large realm covered in half by mountains and an immense smoothly-scraped plane of stone and weeds. It's population is low due to the hardships of its terrain and relative dearth of amenities, but it's most holeward town, Zonkle's Nest, is an important supply station for ships attempting to pass through the straits. The other large island, holewhence of Chund and the Scybalic Mass, is Mungus. Populated mostly by warring tribes of savages (the Lungchuck Clan, the Smelfbiters, The Crunchawungas, etc...) who collect each other's heads for use in Stanismic rituals or potluck dinners or whatever they happen to be into, this is really a place best avoided. A protectorate of Floom, Point Slurmp, the only "civilized" place on the island, is used as a trading post between the savages and whoever is in the market for savage heads, animal pelts, or whatever else can be found there.

DAMP, DANK & MANKY: THE SCUM QUAG

"Chomp strongly sibs: swamps is sincerely the stankiest places on Oith. I mean, they's just so goosin' soggy. Anyplace a diggly can't sport socks is nowhere a peep like Minty Fresh Breath digs to traipse."

-Minty Fresh Breath

While not as overwhelmingly dense and oppressively dank as Ewg's enormous Phesterance, the Scum Quag is still pretty respectable as swamps go. Several hundreds yorts long and five or six yorts wide for most of its girth (depending on the prevailing tides), this sandy mire stretches along the coast from Foot's Wrist to the outskirts of Slump. It's a predictably dangerous place, chock full of broccodiles and other predatory beasties, but not nearly as deadly as the neighboring malevolence of Stan's Rug.

Although intermittently pimpled with wind-swept sand dunes, rocky tide pools, and expansive groves of prop-rooted trees, the Quag is mostly just a long flat wasteland of knee-deep brine, sandy mud, and spiny weeds. Aside from the wildlife, which is abundant and diverse, the

area holds little of interest. Squoorks, grotesque worm-like aberrations, burrow through the muck and patrol the marshlands on huge fish-like monstrosities known as glubbles, sucking the blood of broccodiles and broccodile hunters with equal alacrity.

A few tiny encampments of hunters and fish-erpeeps splotch the swamp with their dingy stilt-legged huts and precarious rope bridges, but they are hardly populous enough to be considered villages. The land is too soggy and muculent for convenient passage, although travelers seeking to avoid the menaces of Stan's Rug (squoorks are pretty vicious, but less so than blor-porples and scary ass muthas) and the expense of ocean travel sometimes plod through in oiled wading suits or float by on flat-bottomed skiffs and rafts.

such connections are known and it's likely hundreds more remain to be discovered.

Of course, most entrances to the Underwhere also happen to be the lair of something horribly carnivorous. sassquashes, scary ass muthas, unceters, and a whole mess of other nasty nasties just love to hang out in such places, waiting to devour (or worse) anyone who happens by. And that's nothing. If you think the critters that lurk near the surface are frightening wait until you get a load of what dwells in the depths. Umber cukes prowl in the darkness, eager to pounce on anything witless or lost enough to wander within reach of their grasping claws and clacking mandibles. Dark smelves, puddles of yuck, scarier ass muthas, rogue containimants, and hordes and hordes of other terrifying things can be found here. Stuff that'll suck out your brain. Dudes with hooks where their hands should be. Glowing amoebic monstrosities with teeth for eyes and eyes for teeth. My ex-wife's mother. I unsuccessfully attempt to suppress a shudder at the mere thought...

Luckily, not everything in the Underwhere wants to kill you. That just wouldn't be fair. I've heard rumors of a race of subterranean worms who live somewhere below Mount Grunkula near the Imple Slew that aren't so bad. Apparently they're quite the little miners and occasionally trade their shiny rocks with the peeps of Goss. And let's not forget the Crusty Ones, an ancient society of fire resistant croaches dwelling in the lava tubes beneath the Crumplehorns. They're some of the finest metalworkers around, sporadically blessing the monger stalls of Circuspi and Bottom Saloo with their snazzy weapons, armors, and trinkets.

See, the Underwhere isn't all bad. Sure it's dark and rocky and full of horrid monsters, unbreathable gasses, unnavigable passes, deadly chasms, and unmapped recesses, but it also has some pretty rocks and other shiny things.

Well, that's the end of this chapter...





Among the more insidious dangers of the Scum Quag are the infamous *slickslurp slurries*. Difficult to say out loud and notoriously indistinguishable from any other sandy expanse of swamp bottom, these pits are actually deep rocky wells brimming with loosely churning sand. They present little danger to an unladen gadabout, but like the weedy rafts described above, they can swiftly plunge an encumbered peep into their deadly embrace. One instant a dude's trudging through the waist-high muck, complaining about the weight of his backpack and swatting at bugs, and the next he's suddenly slurped beneath the surface and plunged a dozen yorts into a blinding, viscous pit of fluid sand and swirling water. If he can drop his backpack and orient himself quickly enough he might stand a chance of swimming to the surface, but it's unlikely.

THE UNDERWHERE: LIGHTLESSNESS IS THE ESSENCE OF DARK

"Holy snot-wallowing Jelvis on a slog-drawn taco wagon! It just seems like we've been wandering around down here for ages and we're no closer to an exit than when we started. Well, in retrospect I guess the cave we came in through is also an exit, so we were in an exit when we started. Sometimes I'm amazed at my own idiocy. I mean, what a dumb thing to say. I might as well have said that I hadn't eaten since my last meal, or that I hadn't breathed since my last breath. Hello Baron Von Obvious! He he. Know what I mean? Anyway, we're lost and we'll probably be dead soon."

-Glescent Nighty-night, Guide to the Underwhere (newly hired)

Most peeps are hip to the gist that the Oith is a pretty holy place. Not "holy" in the religious sense, although it's that too (depending who you ask), but "holy" in that it is riddled with holes. Of course the biggest hole of all is the Keister of Gawd, but it's not the only one. Just about anywhere a peep travels he's likely to happen upon caves and caverns and grottoes and the like. Obviously some places are more cavernous than others. The mountains of the Knobby Rumble are pretty much infested with caves while the Scum Quag and other low areas are relatively bereft of such things. What's wondrous to me isn't so much the abundance of these rocky hollows but the fact that so many of them interconnect, forming a vast subterranean realm known as the Underwhere.

The word "vast" is kind of thrown around a bit in this tome. Perhaps even a bit overused. I admit I often tend toward hyperbole and my de-

scriptions can be overly verbose, perhaps even pleonastic, periphrastic, and pedantic. It's like, "Hey, look at me! I have a thesaurus." Anyway, in this case it's completely warranted. The Underwhere is vast. So vast, in fact, that it spans the entire Oith. Or at least it appears to. The truth is, the Underwhere is so huge it really deserves a volume of its own. It may get one someday, so for now let's just focus our explorations on the parts of the Underwhere that live in and under Keister Island.

Obviously, not every cave or grotto on Keister Island links to the Underwhere. That would just be silly. There are literally thousands of caves in the Knobby Rumble alone. These range from simple stony overhangs barely worthy of the title to immense mines and tunnels that branch and twist for hundreds, even thousands, of yorts. A few of these connect with each other and, more importantly, with the Underwhere itself. Several





thing that will goosin' blow your mind," he declared.

"Sure, why not," I replied tentatively. He had an image of himself tattooed across his prodigious nose.

With a quick nod and an exaggerated wink he leaned in toward my beak and inhaled deeply, nostrils flaring intensely. "Yesterday you ate a Souseburger sandwich, extra pickles, hold the bunions, and you accidentally swallowed the toothpick. Boiled shmurve's crote with red crud and a glazed donut with rainbow sprinkles. Filet of purple-faced buns-haver with nut butter cream sauce and a side of whistling jollops. Three beers, one of which was fake, and a whole stick of butter. Also six medium-sized cuddle fruits and the stems of five speckled rories. Oh, and a bug. I'm not sure what kind, but it used to feed on bleak-

blossum nectar. This morning you had a rancid waffle that made you throw up in your mouth a little bit so you washed it down with another mug of suds, *Bluefoam Brew* imported from Goss, if I'm not mistaken."

"That's amazing!" I whispered. "How did you know all that?"

"Smellementary, my boy. Smell-ementary..." He ate my last slog nugget, sniffed his own armpit, and promptly burst into green flame for some reason. When the smoke cleared he was gone.

I kept his hat.

As bizarre and unsettling as that experience was, it led me to an important conclusion: I didn't know nearly as much about smellcasters as I probably should. To rectify that situation I set out the next day for the Garden of Smellemental Glee.

SMELLEMENTAL GLEE!

"Let me tell you something, friend. I've been to Stan's Rug. I've seen the Temple of Smellemental Evil. I've walked it's wicked halls and danced amid the corruption. I've hung with danged souls, partied among depraved horrors and witnessed awesome terrors. This place is nothing like that at all.

What a rip."

-Othothoth Blech, Prime Sinister of Stan

If a peep's of a mind to commune with smell-ementals and glean the scuzz on the smellements he could do worse than to visit the Garden of

Smellemental Glee. Its enormous fungal towers are full to the gills with smellcasters, monks, and assorted weisenheimers all pursuing a greater



The Garden of Smellemental Glee

LET ME SMELL YOU A TALE...

"Smell you later."

"Seriously? That's all you've got? Pitiful..."

-Yeah, that was lame

Recently, while reviewing my notes on the Soul Patch, I was enjoying a mug of suds and a plate of pickled slog nuggets at the Oithwerm Brewhouse in Wernburg. As afternoon turned to mid afternoon and a flock of oily boids chattered loudly in a nearby alley I met a most remarkable smelf. He appeared in the open doorway, silhouetted against the hazy ocher brume that drifted

lazily from the Keister. Pausing flamboyantly in the vestibule, he swept his extravagant hat from his head with a theatrical flourish and tossed it at the distant coat rack, which promptly fell over and crashed to the floor. Bowing low to all assembled (me and the bartender), he trotted purposefully to my table.

"Put me in your book and I'll show you some-

The pickled slog nuggets at the Oithwerm Brewhouse are made from the rare and expensive miniature pickle slogs that inhabit the briny mudflats near the Badunka Bight and the proximal holewhence coast.

According to He Who Smells Far, abbot and Exalted Smellspeaker of the Garden, the universe isn't actually made of rocks and creatures and gawds and stuff. Well, it is, but these things themselves are made out of other things. To be specific, they are made out of what he calls "The Primordial Excrescences." You see, in the beginning or whenever, the entire universe was just this tiny ball of everything, just sort of crammed into a spherical homogenous blob. It existed that way forever, and then another forever. After a few more forevers the stuff in the ball started getting bored and cranky. "There must be something to existence other than just floating around in the cosmic void by myself," it thought to itself, soon after creating the associated concepts of thought and self. "I should probably do something." So the blob sent out bits of itself. Haphazardly and tentatively at first, but then with more gusto and more purpose. These excrescences just sort of drifted around in the nothingness. They didn't find anything out there because there wasn't anything to find. They *were* pretty much the wholeness of everything. "This sucks," they said.

Understand, from the universe's point of view everything was everything and nothing was anything else. It had created thus far such concepts as boredom, crankiness, awareness, thought, and disappointment, but it had yet to really *do* anything real except wander around within itself. Matter didn't matter because everything was the same. Time was inconsequential because context had yet to be invented.

After a few more forevers of introspection and ennui the universe had an epiphany. "Redundancy and insignificance are my enemies," it observed. "Variety and purpose are the enemies of redundancy and insignificance, therefore I shall create them and they shall be my friends." Each of the gazillions of individual excrescences became something else, something different from the other somethings the other excrescences became. Distance became significant, now that things could be differentiated and measured, and space was born. Time no longer sulked sullenly in some nonexistent metaphorical corner and started to flow with an abandon only the suddenly relevant can appreciate.

It wasn't long (cosmically speaking) before

the excrescences got bored of floating around by themselves and decided to hook up with each other. From these unions all matter sprang: the rock beneath our feet, the winds that chill our bones, the waters that quench our thirst, the flames that warm our tootsies, and all combinations thereof. And not just matter; concepts too were given life. In fact, life itself was given life. Such abstractions as good and evil, hot and cold, shadow and light, cleanliness, hatred, truth and countless others sprang into existence. Some unions worked well, like the merging of heat and stone and life that created the incineratorial hot dammits of the Crumplehorns and elsewhere. Others didn't (the amalgam of filth, hatred, and nagging that birthed my ex-wife's mother, for example).

Things were getting really complicated for the universe. It initially just wanted a bit of variety, something to do between forevers, but now the excrescences were getting out of hand. Too much was going on too quickly and things were rapidly becoming disorderly. The universe needed a vacation from itself. That's why it created the *Fundaments*. Fundaments are concepts made real, given purpose and spirit and form. Each Fundament, born of excrescence, represents, governs, or embodies an essential idea, sensation, or bailiwick. Sometimes more than one. For example, the various containimants epitomize filth, rot, ruin, and disease. The Gawds, according to He Who Smells Far, are really nothing more than powerful and influential Fundaments themselves, each lording it over a congregation of believers who happen to revere whatever concepts the gawd espouses or personifies. Similarly, smellements govern and exemplify the universe's gazillions of stench and aromas, the building-blocks of which we refer to as smellements. Just as containimants channel the vile powers of containimants to fuel their feculent designs, and holy rollers call upon the gawds to enact their miracles, so too do smellcasters employ smellements.





understanding of the smellements. Swirling gases and fragrant hazes waft in abundance, testifying to the odoriferous marvels that abound here.

Nobody really knows with certainty why the Garden is such a hotbed of smelmental activity. Maybe it has to do with its proximity to the Keister; the place juts out over the rim like a tremendous polyp, literally bathing in aromatic fumes and rank vapors. Perhaps the concentration of smellcasters and other nasally retentive

folks attracts the stinkers, although the reverse is more likely. Rumors hint at a hidden entrance to the Nether Regions in the vicinity (there's definitely one in the Garden catacombs). Could this be somehow relevant? Conceivably. What about all the porous smellement-steeped fungi in the region? Was it brought here intentionally to contain the smellements? Did it grow here on its own? If anybody knows they didn't tell me.

For dozens of yorts the rocky hills holewhence of the towers sprout with carefully tended rows of vibrant spongy fungi, each infused with a different smelmedley (combination of smellements). The monks of the Garden nurture these fungi like children; washing, pruning, feeding, fertilizing, and protecting them from disease and fungivorous beasts. Whether the fungi, which represent hundreds, perhaps thousands, of individual types, arose indigenously across these damp rocky crags or were planted by the early monks is open to speculation. Historical records simply don't go back that far. One thing's certain, however, they don't grow naturally in such neat rows. Another semi-related matter of conjecture is this: is there something inherent in the shape or form of these fungi that makes them so hospitable to exotic smellements or is it all due to the charms and mysticisms of monks and smellcasters? I mean, of course each fungus has its own scent, determined by its own aboriginal smellements, but these are different. They all smell like *something else*. Actually, we're getting ahead of ourselves. Perhaps a bit of smellementary education would be of benefit...

EXCRESCENCE, FUNDAMENTS, AND THE BIRTH OF EVERYTHING

"We smellcasters are gifted with an extremely sacred task, accorded not by government doctrine nor Oithly dictum nor even celestial decree but by the very essential excrescences upon which society, the world, and even the gawds themselves are constructed. The very best among us don't simply capture the smellements; any sniffing dabbler can do that. No, indeed. We commune with them. We adore them. We revel in their wonders and wonder at their mysteries. In so doing we bring ourselves closer to the Fundament. Closer to the aromatic core of creation. Closer to the very essence of existence and once we've sniffed out the secrets the smellements whisper into our questing nostrils we shall have no use for such indiscreet sensations as vision and touch and sound. My children, pluck forth from your skulls the eyes that lie, the ears that deceive, and the tongues that slander, distort, and vilify. Well, wait, maybe not the tongues. You might still want to talk and eat. Also, don't really pluck them out. That would hurt. Earmuffs and blindfolds are available in the gift shop."

-He Who Smells Far

much of each redolessence a particular recipe demands. Mix the essential odors in the proper portions and a reek is born. Of course, the knowing and the doing are completely separate things.

Odors, being intangible and invisible, can't be measured by empiric means and traditional equipment. According to He Who Smells Far, harnessing a reek is as much intuition as it is erudition. By inhaling a smellemedley and savoring its redolessence a skilled smellcaster can, with the help of certain rituals of communion and meditation, discern its constituent odors and the ratio of each to its neighbors. From there it's simply a matter of separating and recombining the desired redolessences. But how? I have no idea. I'm told it's done internally. Remarkably, essential odors are inhaled, analyzed, separated, and recombined all within the nostrils (or antennae or whatever passes for nostrils) of the smellcaster.

Once bottled, a reek usually requires time to steep before it reaches maximum efficacy, so only the mightiest smellcasters can just blow them out on a whim. If a smellcaster attempts

to use an unsteeped reek the result is usually a whiff. Whiffs are just like reeks, only less powerful. While a reek might manifest a blast of flame capable of incinerating a charging odre, a whiff is hardly sufficient to light his cigar.

There it is, simple yet hideously complex. Smellementals are in charge of smellements, which exude essential odors known as redolessences, the basic constructs of all scent. Smellements hook up to form smellemedleys, a rare few of which are magically delicious. Smellcasters are hip to some of the recipes. They harness and ferment such smellemedleys into reeks or blow them off as less potent whiffs. It's all about olfaction and the ultimate olfactory factory is the Garden of Smellemental Glee.



THE GARDEN: AN ORAL HISTORY

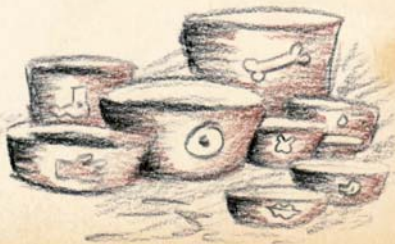
"To disclose to bros, Toes chose to compose sans prose: the nose knows what grows in those rows."

-Cheese Toes, composing in verse

So, what exactly is this Garden thing we've been discussing? An awe-inspiring marvel of organic architecture? Yes, certainly it's that. A fertile farmland of funky fungal fecundity? Indeed, even without the alliteration. A brilliant center of learning, research, and wonderment? Most assuredly. A sanctuary, reliquary, and sacred hive of wisdom, mystery, and esoteric knowledge? Absolutely. The dwelling place of great Fundamental forces and those who serve, study, and revere them? You got it. The Garden of Smellemental Glee is all these and more. Seriously, a lot more. It even has a day care center.

Of course, the Garden wasn't always the overflowing barrel of funk it is today. No, indeed. It's origins, although murky, uncertain, and potentially fabricated are fascinating and complex, replete with bizarre happenstance, forbidden romance, and untamed weirdness. Most of what

I've learned was gathered during several very interesting, if somewhat convoluted, conversations I had with a monk named Nasal Unkshis. Unkshis, a dramatic little worm no larger than my beak, is an apprentice to Nostril Crustimoco, Oversniffer of the Bygone and Custodian of the Garden's histories. I shall relate to you what I learned from him, in anecdotal form, keeping as closely as possible, with the occasional editorial interjection or clarification, to the voice in which it was told:



I'm told Nasal Unkshis's family are big wigs in Glap. Something about hats.

SMELLELEMENTARY EDUCATION

"All's smell that ends smell.

Also all that begins smell. In fact, all's smell whether it ends smell or not. The point is: all's smell. Period. From the daintiest waft to the most noisome redolence, the merest pong to the most pungent bouquet, the timidest trace to the vilest stench, smellements are everywhere, blessing us with their ubiquitous aromatics. They infuse all things, for all things have scent. Olfaction is the means by which we commune with the Fundamentals. Through our noses blow the divine essence of creation. All things stink to the nose that knows."

-He Who Smells Far



In the interest of clarity, a few definitions, reiterations, and elucidations may be in order:

Smellements are the Fundamental beings that govern and control the smellements. They are intelligent, powerful, and generally secretive. Although naturally intangible, smellements sometimes assume physical form when interacting with non-spiritual peeps. *Smellements* are the primordial embodiments of aroma and stench. Each smellement is imbued with one of several essential odors (the monks of the Garden have so far isolated and categorized forty-three). They are invisible, silent, and intangible, discernible only by olfaction. Anything with a scent, no matter how minute, is home to at least one smelle-

ment. A *smelledley* is a combination of smellements working together to emanate a more complex redolence. Most scents found in nature are caused by *smelledleys*. It's a bit difficult for the average peep to grasp the difference so to simplify it might be useful to think of things thusly: smellements and their essential odors are generally expressed with adjectives (acid, sweet, putrid, etc...), while smells born of *smelledleys* are often described objectively (old socks, grandma's perfume, arm pits, etc...).

Smelcasters (not to be confused with *spellcasters* and their alphabetical hocus-pokery) are special peeps who have learned to commune with the smellements and coalesce their supernatural effluvia into mystical concentrations known as *reeks*. Reeks are harnessed by smelcasters and stored in jars, bottles, body cavities and other receptacles. When released from its container a reek's magic is unleashed, to the betterment or detriment of those in its vicinity, depending on the designs of the smelcaster during the bottling ritual. *Whiffs*, lesser cognates of reeks, while not as mighty as their bottled cousins, are advantageous in that they make use of the smellements naturally present on (or in) a smelcaster's body to perform small feats of magic on a whim, without the hassle of preparation and containment.

The methods and rituals by which smelcasters communicate with smellements and conjure their reeks are known only to them. I've been told it has something to do with attuning themselves to the spiritual harmonics of a smellement's essential odor (known as its *frequency of redolence*) and constructively channeling that energy, combining it in precise proportion with the redolence of other smellements to form a particular *smelledley*. Apparently, certain *smelledleys* are naturally magical (if such a term isn't too oxymoronic) and the creation of a reek centers around knowing exactly how



in the region. A throng of funguys and fungals, fleeing persistent predation by the carnivorous glomps that haunted their native Soul Patch and attracted by the abundant fungi that carpeted the nearby hills, moved into the tunnels vacated by the ancient croaches. The funguys were hip to the horrors of the Underwhere so they closed off that particular shaft with a huge door made of stone and sealed with hocus pokery. Being beings without a sense of smell, the funguys took little notice of the wondrous fumes emanating from the Keister, but they thrived here nonetheless for several decades.

Eventually it came to pass that a young fungal named Greetz'fozz'klomp (yes, the one from the play) fell in love with Tonguesnapper Niptwister, a horc of the nomadic Gutsurper Clan (also from the play). She was a down-to-Oith fungus who yearned for adventure and found it in the arms of a rampaging barbarian in search of a simpler life. He was a rampaging barbarian in search of simpler life who found it in the arms of a down-to-Oith fungus. Or whatever. Some say it was meant to be. Most recoiled in horror at the mere mention of the pos-



sibility of their unnatural union. Greetz'fozz'klomp's parents were in this latter camp, as were Tonguesnapper's clan-mates, who regarded any sort of consensual love as abhorrent. The story is a familiar one, as old as time itself (figuratively). Anyway, as the theater-going public knows, it all ended badly. Separated from her lover, Greetz'fozz'klomp died of an acute poetry attack and Tonguesnapper went on a murderous bender, wiping out half his own clan, a nearby smelven village, and both of Greetz'fozz'klomp's parents before hurling himself over the edge of the Keister. Predictably, the remaining Gutsurpers blamed the funguys and declared war.

Of course, any declaration of war made by the dreaded Gutsurper Clan carries the unwritten implication: "Why just kill when you can overkill." So it happened that several hundred horcs, bloodthirsty and bristling with weapons, laid siege to the unnamed funguy settlement, slaughtering everybody and pulverizing their muddy hovels with the sort of recklessness and anger that can only be birthed by true malevolence. The Gutsurpers hung around for a while, partying in the carnage for a few days before growing bored and wandering off.



As for the funguys, they were dead. Of course, it wouldn't be a very good story if we just left it at that. Their rotting corpses still littered the ground, slowly decomposing, as corpses often do when left to their own devices. If you've never smelled the stink of a mouldering funguy let me tell you a little something: it is pungent. Here were several hundred putrescing funguy corpses caked with angry horc slime, leaking their smelledmedleys and basting in the fulgent brume of the Keister. The funk that arose was of such potency, so the legends say, that it attracted the attention of the smellementals themselves.

"In the time before times there was only the Keister. I mean, there was other stuff, of course, but not really in the general vicinity. At least nothing relevant to this history lesson. The Keister, as it does now, wafted with fumes and clouds and vapors and all that good stuff. Carried on the winds that billowed from the depths were deeper things still. Deeper in the philosophical sense, not the physical sense, since you can't really get deeper than the Keister, as far as I know. Anyway, I'm talking about smellements. Something about the Keister in this particular area had a discordant effect on the smellemedleys, separating them into their constituent redolessences. That might not seem like a big deal to the uninitiated, but to a smellcaster in the know it's goosin' huge. I mean, think of it this way, splitting a smellemedley into smellements is like dropping a smelf off a building and having each portion of his body land in it's own basket. One for bones, one for guts, one for blood, one for toenails, etc... Not only that, every other part of his being would need a basket too. His hunger, his lust, his curiosity, his memories, his brownie recipe, every little bit that makes him him. That's kind of what it would be like. I mean, to the average bean a taco just smells like a taco, but to a nose that knows that same taco exudes a precise mixture of dozens of essential odors intermingled and co-mixed with divine precision into what you think of as "taco smell" but what a smellcaster thinks of as "one of a gazillion possible taco smells." The point is, try to break apart taco smell into its constituent odors. Every spice and every element of every spice. Every oil, every salt, every nuance and spark and flavor. That's what smellcasters do to practice their art, but to most peeps it's impossible. Even with smellcasters it's largely intuitive. We don't actually experience each of the essential odors when bottling a reek, we just kind of sense which ones are around and how to combine them. A very few among us have ever experienced a pure redolessence, which is why we have the forty-three Scentinels, each the caretaker of a specific essential odor. [Here, he segued into a long dissertation about the hierarchy of the Garden and the responsibilities of each rank, which we'll discuss later in more detail].

That whole spiel was really just to enforce upon you how special this location is. Gadabouts have only charted a handful of places on Oith where such discombin-ing of redolessences occurs, and nowhere with as much regularity or exuberance as the Garden of Smellemen-tal Glee.

Some visitors to the Garden complain of a disconcerting strangeness to the ambient waft of the place. This is due to the presence of pure redolessences that sometimes drift though. An essential odor is a powerful thing and can be discombobulating to the unprepared. Try to picture it this way: what is true sweetness? I mean, you can think of plenty of things that are sweet and you know they smell sweet but try to define sweet without using the word sweet or describing it by its opposites or things that are it. Don't say, "you know, like slog dew candy" or "not sour." It's a challenge, isn't it? Now let your nose try to do it. Yeah... [He returned to this subject many times, often incongruously]



It was this oddity of ambiance that attracted the first inhabitants of the region. It's unclear exactly who these archaic croaches were, but their remains have been found in the catacombs beneath the towers [more on these later] and their artifacts are still occasionally unioithed by Gardeners and oldsters. It's believed these croaches, who we've named The Unbuttoned Sweater People after an image painted on a catacomb wall, were an ancient and pious Boorglezarian sect that settled here over a thousand years ago. Apparently some sort of deadly predator or enemy tribe or something also liked to hang out here, so the Unbuttoned Sweater People headed underground, digging the tunnels and caves that would one day become our sacred catacombs. Unfortunately for them, their tunnels eventually connected up with the Underwhere and whatever atrocities dwell there. The rest of their history is as predictable as it is sad, which is why we acknowledge their sacrifice with the Lamentation of the Unbuttoned Sweater every year on the fourth day of Twouary.

A couple of centuries after the Unbuttoned Sweater People met their demise a new group took up residence

Smerkles's followers, but she soon opened the doors to others who yearn to be closer to the smellements. Today, we thrive among the fungi, harvesting our reeks, tending to the smellements, and sniffing out a greater understanding of the smellemental forces that make the Oith stink.

Oh carp! I just realized I completely forgot to expound upon the actual garden part of the Garden. Sorry. We'll get to that later."

So, that's what I learned from Nasal Unkshis about the Garden's early days. I don't know how much of it is actually true, perhaps all, perhaps none, but it's as good an origin story as any.



THE GARDEN OF THE GARDEN

"It's like there's a costume party in my nose and everyone's invited, except everyone showed up in the same costume. No, it's not like that at all. Maybe nobody showed up, just a bunch of empty costumes. Or, maybe just one guy showed up but he was wearing a bazillion costumes, one under the other and the ones underneath were also somehow on top. Oh, I have it! It's like forty-three peeps showed up and they each had a part of a costume. Yeah, and they traded with each other and had, like, an infinite amount of the part of the costume they had. So like, one guy has the left arm from someone else and the ankle boots of another peep and there were like forty-three different parts to each costume. Yeah, it's like that. Sorry, I kind of suck at metaphors."

-Glorange Uncletouched, Monk of the Garden

I gleaned a bit about the smellemedley-splitting nature of the region from Unkshis's spoutings but it seemed prudent to learn more from someone who works with the smellements on a daily basis, rather than an apprentice historian (no offense intended). With that thought in mind I wandered across the land bridge (known by some as Smerkles's Philtrum and by others as the Span of the Forty-Three Redolessences) that connects the Tower Promontory to the mainland of Keister Island. Past forty-three statues I walked, each representing one of the sacred essential odors, and into the Garden itself. I had crossed through the Garden on my way in, of course, but without realizing its significance I was only partially entranced by the amazing variety of sights and odors to be found here. I mean, I've walked through groves of ginormous veggies in Glowhio, traipsed the fungal resplendence of the Soul Patch, and witnessed an olfactory banquet during a smellcaster convention at the Spawnderosa in Gargle Twice. These things were all awesome and sensationally overwhelming,

but they lacked something, some almost intangible quality, that lurks just beneath the surface here. I didn't notice it on my way in, because it's awfully subtle unless you know what you're looking for, but the thing that really grasps a peep as he meanders through the vast fungal meadows is the *graduality* of the whole thing. The ethereal yet profound way in which the odor of a particular copse merges with those around it yet still retains its own particular scent. It's very difficult to describe in words, but that's my job so I'll give it a try:

Imagine yourself walking slowly down a Garden path. Everywhere you look in every direction is a rocky landscape bristling with carefully ordered rows of vibrant fungal shrubbery. Each fungus is identified by a tiny sign, carefully painted with a description of the smellemedley infused within. You close your eyes and continue walking, savoring the multitudinous scents that waft from the blooming rows. The tempting aroma of fresh pancakes becomes the rancid stench of partially digested pickles in a horc's gullet becomes

Ask any Fungish and he'll tell you fungi are all about the whole rot and rebirth thing. Well, these funguys were no different. Hip to the impending rampage and maintaining no illusions about their chances of survival against the seasoned horcish marauders they decided to go out with a bang. Literally. Rather than attempting to flee or futilely shoring up their defenses the funguys and fungals got their collective freaks on, spewing gazillions of fertilized spores into the catacombs and sealing them off with mud. The plan was for the parents' decomposing bodies to nourish the newborns as they emerged. Unfortunately, this was not to be. In a happenstance as tragic as it is appalling, thousands of scavengers, attracted by the incredible stench, descended on the place, devouring corpses and newborns alike. [Here Unkshis paused to wipe a tear from his cheek].

(also seven afternoons and part of the next morning), communing with the almighty smellements. She awoke with a clouded head and a clear purpose.



Smerkle spent the next several decades of her life traveling the Oith, preaching the wonders of the smellements, and gathering others to her cause. Her adventures are recorded in the Smerklepedia, so we need not revisit them here, but whoa slog! were they awesome. She spent many years wandering and sermonizing, espousing the virtues of odor and the marvels of aroma to all with an ear to hear it or a nose to sniff it.

Among the followers of Smerkle were two brothers, boduls both. Triffid Stankypaunch, a weirdo of no little reknown, and his brother Luscious Stankypaunch, the architect who designed the original Cheese Palace in Maankaas, were particularly enthralled by her long-winded ramblings and flighty sermons. By Smerkle's order, and with the help of the worm hocus poker Yepp Spongethroat, the croachular visionary Gondola Twice-Framed, eleven funguy mycomancers, more smellcasters than you can shake a reek bottle at, and a veritable army of peed-ons and laborers, the brothers began construction of what would become number three on Crusticle Poom's list of Things That Touched Me There.

The towers in which we sit were crafted of the living fungi that sprouted atop the fallen Gutsurpers. Enlarged through magic and the natural processes of life itself. They live still today, their hallowed hollows are our workshops, tabernacles, and living spaces. Also broom closets, potties, kitchens, etc...

We of the Garden claim Smerkle Longnostril as the founder of our order and the first smellspeaker. Without her visionary leadership and inspirational spoutings the Garden would never have existed in the first place. Originally, the Garden was exclusively the realm of



A group of smelven shroom gatherers from the Soul Patch arrived a few months later, unhip to the tragedy and seeking to visit their fungeous pals. So horrified were they by the carnage they discovered that they fled in terror. One of these smelves, however, was less fearful than the others. Smerkle, a young smellcaster of the Longnostril ilk, returned to the site a few months later, drawn, so she claimed, by strange scents she perceived in her dreams. When she arrived she found something completely unexpected. The entire Gutsurper clan, to a horc, lie dead in a heap in the center of the rocky island, their corpses bloated and ripe, asprout with a gazillion brilliant mushrooms, each swaying to an unheard rhythm and blowing a miasma of spores into the Keister.

The smellements had avenged the funguys.

Overcome with wonder, Smerkle climbed atop the malodorous heap of poisoned horcs. There, basking in the aromatic spores, she lay for six days and six nights

they tend to stay away.” He shrugged. “Sometimes.”

“Sounds pretty rough,” I observed.

Cheese Toes took a deep breath. “Yeah, it can be. We lost three brothers to schnoobles last week alone. Osmagogue Splinterteat sent out hunting parties, but so far no luck. It’s surprisingly difficult to track anything by scent out here in the Garden, what with all the conflicting smells and whatnot.”

I changed the subject. “About those smells,” I asked. “How do they get in the fungi in the first place?”

“That, my friend, is a mystery.” He gave me a knowing wink.

“Seriously! That’s all you’re going to tell me?” I was incested. I mean incensed. “Did you put them there? Do they grow there on their on? Come on, what gives?”

He whistled to himself and stared at the sky. I decided to continue my search for answers elsewhere.





the delicate perfume of a bleakblossom fritter becomes an old sock becomes... Then you trip over something and fall on your face (who told you to walk around with your eyes closed, anyway?). Looking up you see an enormously beschnozzed smelf, his head covered in a wicked hat decorated to resemble some predatory beast and his nose tattooed with mystic runes and stuff. He reaches down and helps you to your feet. When you stammer an explanation for your clumsiness he calmly explains why you're an idiot and you'll never really grasp the gist of the Garden and its limitless wonders. At least that's what happened to me.

The smelf was Cheese Toes, a monk of the Garden, and he went on to expound a bit on the miracles around us. "That smelmedley you gasped a few seconds ago isn't just partially digested pickles in a horc's gullet, you smarmy chump." Had he somehow read my mind? No, that's just what the painting on the sign depicted.

He explained, "It's way more than that. To the nose that knows an aroma speaks volumes. You're paying too much attention to the signs and missing the signs. You had the right idea by

closing your eyes, but you probably should have sat still."

"Um, what signs?" I wasn't dumb, but I was out of my element.

"The goosin' smellements!" He was getting annoyed. "It's like talking to a larva. Each fungus is home to a bunch of smellements, often hundreds or even thousands. These smellements combine to form smelmedleys and the smelmedleys are what we detect with our schnozzes."

I actually already knew that, but I didn't want to upset him further so I kept quiet.

"Pickles in a horc's gullet are only three things. Pickles. Horc. Gullet. But there are way more smellements in there than that. The sign's just a hint, a mild indicator of what to expect."

I nodded, "Why have the signs at all?"

He muttered something unintelligible about bureaucrats and tourists.

I changed the subject, sort of, "So, there must be a buttload of smelmedleys here?" I pretended to do some math in my head.

"Absolutely, the Garden stretches from the Keister halfway to the Speculum and it's growing larger all the time." He was getting more agreeable. "Of course there's no possible way to house every possible mixture of smellements. I mean, assuming each smelmedley only has two redolessences you still have..." He did some actual math in his head. "Carry the twelve... One thousand eight hundred forty-nine, assuming the same smellement can show up more than once. Add one more and there are seventy-nine thousand five hundred seven. Another, and you have three million four hundred eighteen thousand eight hundred and goosin' one." Wow, he's good at math. "Considering each smelmedley can have hundreds or thousands of essential odors one begins to get a sense of the scope of things."

My mind thoroughly blown, I wandered around aimlessly for a while.

Eventually I caught back up with Cheese Toes. I had more questions. "So, uh, what's with the snazzy hat?"

"Predators, dude." He gave me a *think about it* look. "Yeah, all sorts of things out here want to eat us. These hats help keep them away. Sometimes. Also, they have bells on them. For some reason toothsomes don't like the tinkling and

Oversniffer of the Bygone and Custodian of the Garden's Histories, lords it over the Garden's various libraries and reliquaries. He reports directly to Grustance, Osmagogue of the Third Septum. Also in Grustance's domain are Flekkle Squirge, Oversniffer of the Now and High Brainstuffer, who superintends the education of neophytes, and Porg Holp, Oversniffer of the Yet to Be, who mostly just wanders around hopped up on pottysprong, trying to interpret omens and stuff. The direct underlings of the oversniffers are, predictably enough, the *undersniffers*. Undersniffers are basically middle management. They head the teams that do most of the actual work of the Garden.

The monks of the lower echelons are known as *nasals*. These are the countless lesser-ups that pretty much do what the undersniffers tell them to do. There are literally *several* different groups of nasals, each tasked with a particular duty. Gardeners tend the crops (the ones that house the smellements) and gardeners tend the other crops (the ones peeps eat). You can't tell because it's at the beginning of the sentence, but that first *Gardeners* is capitalized. More than half of the monks in the Garden are Gardeners. It's a big job. Monks called *infusors*, invite the smellements into the fungal blooms and make sure they're comfy. Cooks prepare food. Janitors clean up the place. Bouncers maintain order and keep out the riffraff. Ambassadors and missionaries carry the word of the Garden out into the world. If there's a job to do there's probably a nasal or a group of nasals tasked to do it. Also, they tend to switch jobs pretty often. You know, so as not to get bored. Plus, the more jobs they do the more merit badges they can earn.

It might be of use to the reader, since we really don't have the room or the budget to write an entire book detailing the nuances of each septum, to do so in list form. Like this:

THE FIRST SEPTUM

Bailiwick: The Garden

Osmagogue: Pungeance Three-fingers

Monks of the First Septum are Gardeners. They tend the smellement-infused fungi, protect the vast groves from pests, predators, and interlopers, dig irrigation ditches, prepare the soil, plant new spores, and perform other such

mycocultural tasks. At least half of the monks of the Garden belong to the First Septum.



THE SECOND SEPTUM

Bailiwick: Household Tasks

Osmagogue: Barebelly Sewerborn

Monks of the Second Septum perform the assorted household tasks of the Garden. They clean, cook, grow food, wash clothes, set tables, maintain and furnish the towers, care for the children, and perform all sorts of related menial tasks, but not necessarily in that order.





and to seek inspiration among its colors, shapes, and vistas. The final and most diverse bunch of peeps in the Garden are the everyone else that come here for various reasons. Some are tourists. Some are weirdos here to create enchanted Keister Compasses. Others are adventurers or mercenaries looking for excitement. Explorers and oldsters wander the catacombs in search of relics and history. Merchants and warehockers bring supplies and lade their caravans with marvels for export. Others do other things...

THE MONKS

The monks of the Garden aren't really monks at all. That is to say, they don't adhere to any predefined religious canon. Instead, they serve and revere the Smellementals. The argument has been made that gawds and smellementals are all Fundaments, meaning there's really no difference between the two and revering smellementals is just as much of a religion as paying obeisance to Boorglezar or Jelvis or Stan. Fair enough, but the monks don't really see it that way. They hold the smellementals in such high esteem not because the smellementals *demand* it but because they *don't*. See, according to popular theological theory, the gawds get off on being worshiped. They crave it. Belief is the source of a Gawd's power and without faith a gawd ceases to exist, or at least ceases to be a gawd. The more followers a gawd has the more powerful it is. Smellementals don't roll that way. Smell exists even if nobody gives a crap about it. Whether or not a nose is around to decode the smellemedleys makes no difference to a smellemental. The smellements are older than noses. As He Who Smells Far cautioned me, "Don't confuse olfaction with smell. Smells are the gifts of the smellements, olfaction is merely the fragile way

our noses interpret those gifts." That doesn't mean smellementals don't care what happens to scents. They still have an interest in how smellements are dispersed throughout the universe and they have a desire to increase the world's understanding of odor and aroma, they just don't gain or lose power because of it. Unless they do.

I can't claim to comprehend everything they told me, but it comes down to this: the monks are called monks, they act like monks, and they treat smellementals the way other religious types treat gawds. Yet somehow they aren't really monks because the smellementals aren't the same thing as the gawds, except they are. I don't know... Let's just move on.

The monks are led by an abbot called the smellspeaker. The current abbot, He Who Smells Far, has held the position for twelve years, having inherited the post after the previous smellspeaker disappeared under mysterious circumstances. As a smellspeaker (the gab spouts there's only one at a time), He Who Smells Far is the chosen interlocutor of the smellementals, interpreting their will and furthering their designs on Oith. It's a pretty sweet gig, and He Who Smells Far is a very popular leader, having earned the respect and esteem of his followers through the example he sets. Although he apparently has eyes and ears, He Who Smells Far has no use for such things. He prefers to experience the world only through his powers of olfaction. So perceptive is his prodigious schnoz that the smellspeaker is able to carry on conversations while blindfolded and earmuffed, deciphering words by registering minute variations in a speaker's halitosis. Fascinating...

Directly beneath the Smellspeaker are the eight members of the *Council of Osmagogues*. These sagacious geezers are the smellspeaker's personal advisers and the chief administrators of the lower factions. When a smellspeaker croaks (becomes one with the smellements) his or her successor is chosen by the osmagogues.

Major divisions within the Garden's organization are known as septa. There are currently eight septa, each headed by an osmagogue. The daily activities of each septum are directed by a number of *oversniffers*. Oversniffers are the bosses of individual projects and departments within a septum. For example, Nostril Crustimoco,

It's said an oversniffer can tell to what septum a neophyte will eventually belong simply by sniffing her armpit. Gross.



lements, create reeks, and otherwise perfect their craft. Also in the Seventh Septum are the infusors. These monks are responsible for steeping the fungi of the Garden with Smellements. Apparently the act of infusion is more of a suggestion, a polite invitation petitioning the smellements to reside in the fungi, than any sort of compulsion or summoning. I have yet to witness the ritual, but I'm told it's pretty snazzy.

Mention should be made of the various non-monastic smellcasters who visit the Garden. They're here in abundance but they aren't monks, so we'll deal with them soon. Hold your hair bares.



THE EIGHTH SEPTUM

Bailiwick: The Shapers

Osmagogue: Papa Garglesmell of the Fungish Duties: Architecture, artistry, and construction of the living fungal towers

Monks of the Eighth Septum are responsible for maintaining, growing, and decorating the living fungal towers from which the Garden palace is made. We'll talk more about the palace later on, but trust me, it's a big job.



So that pretty much sums up the monks. More details about them will arise in the following sections, but hopefully this will serve as an introduction. If you have questions that aren't answered by this tome please direct correspondence to Globule Schnozhonker of the Sixth Septum, Oversniffer of the Garden's embassy in Floom (in the Bucket Turf, two doors wholeward of The Happy Plate Club).

SMELLCASTERS

The unique smellemental properties of the Garden are of particular interest to smellcasters. Just about any smellcaster worth her snot has visited the Garden at least once. It's really the place to be, considering the concentration of smellemedleys, the hordes of like-minded experts, and the myriad libraries and workshops dedicated to the art. Although some of the smellcasters are monks, mostly of the Seventh Septum, a great many are not. They come from

THE THIRD SEPTUM

Bailiwick: History, research, education

Osmagogue: Grustance

Monks of the Third Septum are librarians, oldsters, teachers, and prophets. They explore the catacombs, record and interpret the Garden's history, educate monks and visitors, maintain the reliquaries, and interpret omens. Among other things...



THE FOURTH SEPTUM

Bailiwick: Defense and Order

Osmagogue: Bruise Splinterteat

Monks of the Fourth Septum are bouncers, soldiers, and hoinks. They maintain peace, keep out undesirables, defend against enemies, investigate crimes, and punish the guilty.

The Fifth Septum

Bailiwick: The Scentinels and their apprentices

Osmagogue: Scentinel One

Scentinels are the keepers of the forty-three essential odors. Each scentinel nurtures, studies, and protects one of the redolessences. In order to remain untainted by outside smells, they wear special helmets or bags over their heads at all times, the air in which is infused with the smellement in its pure form. Food and water are

administered through special airlocks in the helmets. I'm not sure how they breath.

Scentinels are respected and honored by the other monks, who regard the fellows of the Fifth Septum as the purest among them. A cadre of apprentices and servants tends each scentinel, maintaining his equipment, preparing his food, rubbing his feet, and otherwise seeing to his comfort and needs. When a scentinel dies or retires the smellspeaker choose an apprentice to take his place.



THE SIXTH SEPTUM

Bailiwick: Diplomacy and Commerce

Osmagogue: Scrumptic Filmtongue

Duties: Represent the Garden abroad, negotiate trade and commerce

Monks of the Sixth Septum are diplomats, missionaries, and merchants. They represent the Garden's interests abroad and welcome tourists and ambassadors to the Garden. Negotiating trade agreements, recruiting new monks, spreading the influence of the smellements and smellcasting, dealing with foreign dignitaries, and organizing missions of trade, commerce, and ministry... That sort of thing.

THE SEVENTH SEPTUM

Bailiwick: Smellcasting

Osmagogue: Vlod the Inhaler

The Seventh Septum is made up of smellcasters and their acolytes. They study the smel-

solitude and tranquility offered by the Garden's private workshops. Others are drawn by the same libraries and like-minded experts that attract the smellcasters. Whatever the reasons, the Garden is pretty much infested with smarty pants (smarty pantses?).

Take Momer Glibsnoot, for example. Long considered one of Oith's most intelligent worms, he moved into a Garden room over a century ago and he's been here ever since, conducting research and writing his impressive treatises on the Keister of Gawd. So far ninety-three volumes of Glibsnoot's *Ephemeris Keisteria* have been published, each one expounding upon (and often contradicting) the findings of the ones that came before. The venerable worm is known to hire adventurers, paying them well to explore the Keister and aid him in his scrutiny.

Many other famous weissenheimers have spent time at the Garden of Smellemental Glee as well. Among the better-known are Creamy Pumpkin Bath Gel, adviser to former Keistermeister Fleep Onct Num (who negotiated the historic *Treaty of Borf*), Brutish Wussypants, author of the essential dissertations *Four Thousand Six Hundred Thirty-One Ways to Hide a Body* and it's sequel *One More Way to Hide a Body*, and Chordlebork the Itinerant, celebrated proponent of gastrotec-tonic theory.

ARTEESTS

Artsy-fartsy sorts have long been inspired by the Garden's brilliant organic architecture, its panoramic views of the Keister, and its vast colorful groves of fungal goodness. They're attracted to the Garden in throngs, painting their paintings, drawing their drawings, singing their songs, composing poetry, and pursuing all sorts of other creative endeavors. Except for a brief span during the supremacy of Smellspeaker Bac-ne Sneezeflinger the Austere, who had no appreciation for such things, the monks have always been open to this infestation, bringing with it, as it does, a great deal of mystique and prestige (and no small influx of clams).

Visiting arteests are sometimes asked by monks of the Eighth Septum to direct their brushes and chisels toward the beautification of the Garden, often in exchange for room and board (although what they do with all those



boards is anyone's guess. Maybe paint on them...). In this manner the monks get a totally pimped out place to dwell and the arteests get to do their thang unmolested. It works out for everyone and it often leads to some completely wiggly creations. Witness, for example, Slabmaster Holds-a-fork's forty-three essential odor statues that line the pathway on Smerkle's Philtrum. They're not particularly large, no bigger than a portly smelf, but each one is a masterpiece unto itself. Holds-a-fork was somehow able to capture the essence of each odor without actual making the statues look like anything in particular. I'm not sure how it was done, or what his zany mind was tripping on when he made them, but each is a perfect little shrine to its esteemed redolence. Every morning, each Scentinel (or apprentice if the Scentinel is otherwise disposed) douses the relevant idol with substances containing its personal smellement. It's a pretty fascinating ritual to witness: the stillness of dawn suddenly broken by an apprentice's call, a parade of Scentinels emerges, their reverent chants muffled by gleaming bowls and billowing bags. As each approaches the object of his or her adoration an aspergillum is produced and a rhythmic swinging begins, dousing the statue in specially prepared fluids and pungent smellemedleys. The Garden is full of awesomeness.



all over Oith to improve their craft and study the esoteric wisdom of their brethren.

Arguably, the greatest smellcaster in the Garden is Vlodd Torgle, Osmagogue of the Seventh Septum. Known as “The Inhaler”, Vlodd’s smellcastery is the stuff of legends. As a small child, growing up in Circuspi he somehow managed to manifest a whiff that extinguished an entire horde of rampaging hot dammits who were threatening to burn down the circuspi nut silos. Vlodd left Circuspi soon afterward to join the monks of the Garden and he’s been there ever since.

All smellcasters are welcome at the Garden as long as they follow the Seven Guidelinal Low-downs, as enforced by the monks of the Fourth Septum. We’ll talk about those soon, but it basically means they can do whatever they want as long as they’re working toward a greater understanding of the smellelements. Smellcasters who would use their art for nefarious purposes are discouraged from doing so, but not directly forbidden. Perhaps this can best be illustrated by the case of Effluviant Barnacle. Barnacle, a smellcaster from Maankaas, came to the Garden about thirty years ago, blatantly stating his desire

to use his talents to become cap’n of a price-o-corn ship. After a few years of study he went on to live his dream, terrorizing merchant vessels all along the coast of Keister Island’s right cheek before being arrested and imprisoned by the Keisternauts. This caused a bit of unhappiness when the Keistermeister learned where Barnacle was trained, but the monks of the Sixth Septum smoothed things over with a generous donation to the Keistermeister’s Benevolence Fund.

Of course, studying at the Garden isn’t free, so visiting smellcasters should be prepared to fork over a hefty dose of clams for the honor. Depending on a smellcaster’s notoriety, history, and stated goals he or she can expect to pay from ten to one hundred clams a day for access to the Garden’s many libraries. Use of a workshop or laboratory will cost about twice that.

WEISENHEIMERS

Smellcasters aren’t the only sage-flavored dudes to hang around the Garden. Weisenheimers, philosophers, and other deep-thinking thunks really dig the vibe of the place. They conduct research, ponder existence, groove with the smellelements, and participate in various other scholarly pursuits. Some are into the



Effluviant Barnacle eventually escaped from The Can.

Nobody knows where he is today, but there’s a booty hunter in Doop who bears a strong resemblance.

sniffer known as a Nosity. Nosies have the authority to question suspects and pass judgment upon them, often employing reeks in their search for the truth. The ruling of a nosy can only be overturned by the Smellspeaker, the Osmagogue of the Fourth Septum, or by a unanimous decision by the other seven osmagogues.

Being the relatively peaceable place it is, the Garden of Smellemental Glee doesn't have an actual dungeon (as far as I know), but there are plenty of chambers in the towers and catacombs that can serve quite sufficiently as prison cells should the need arise. One such crib is rumored to be inhabited by the mad smellcaster Opadope the Excessively Angry. What Opadope is so pissed about is open to speculation, but until she calms down a bit and learns to comport herself in a civilized manner she can just stay in her room

and think about her behavior, by order of Osmagogue Splinterteat.

In the rare event a Nosity rules a transgressor is to be executed, usually for an extremely heinous crime like murder or attempted assassination, a few choices present themselves. If the criminal is a visitor to the Garden he is likely to be hurled into the Keister. Monks who perform such vile actions are apparently stripped of possessions and led into the deepest catacombs where they are loosed among the f'reeks. This has only happened a few times since the Garden's founding, most recently to Undersniffer Ludviggle Schluzz, a monk of the Second Septum who unsuccessfully attempted to poison Smellspeaker Flowance forty or so years ago. He was sent among the f'reeks and presumably devoured, having never been seen nor heard from again.

THE SEVEN GUIDELINICAL LOWDOWNS

THE SMELLSPEAKER IS THE BOSS

You don't disobey the Smellspeaker. If he commands you to paint yourself purple, you say, "What shade?"

THE WORK OF THE GARDEN IS THE GLORY OF THE FUNDAMENT

Smellementals are supreme here. Even the Smellspeaker listens to them. Actions dishonoring the smellements or hindering the reverence thereof are forbidden (covering the nose, waving away a fart, teasing f'reeks, etc.).

DON'T GO NESSING UP THE GARDEN

Similarly, actions against the Garden are insults to the smellementals and will not be tolerated (unsanctioned graffiti, vandalism, crap destruction, armed invasion, etc.).

DON'T BE GETTING ALL UP IN THE GRILL OF OTHERS

Don't interfere with other peeps' research, don't kill them, don't steal from them, etc... This one's technically a whole bunch of rules, but for the sake of brevity the founders decided to lump them all together.

MONKS RULE, OTHERS DROOL

Even the lowliest monk outranks the highest visitor. Matters of diplomacy and etiquette sometimes make this rule difficult to enforce, but it's the rule nonetheless. Disrespecting a monk is an easy way to get your wazoo licked out.

NO TRESPASSING AND WHATNOT

Don't go where you're not supposed to go. Many areas of the Garden are forbidden to visitors or restricted to monks of certain septa. Obey all posted signs.

WHOEVER SMELT IT DEALT IT

Don't claim credit for the work of others or blame others for your failings. That crap will get you goosed.

There used be thirteen Guidelinal Lowdowns, but the list was shortened about two decades ago when it was realized a bunch of them were just stupid. I mean, who even wears sock garters anymore?

EVERYONE ELSE

Of course not everyone who visits the Garden of Smellemental Glee is an arteest, a weisenheimer, or a smellcaster. Some are simply tourists, laden with suitcases and larvae, come to witness the wonders of the Garden. Others are gadabouts or scribblers like myself, chroniclers of Oith's marvels. Then you have assorted warehockers from Floom, Goss, Torkle, and elsewhere. They make periodic stops to trade

whatever they happen to be mongering for reeks, Keister Compasses, monk-made clothing and anything else the Garden's offering at the time. Speaking of Keister Compasses, weirdos are also frequent visitors. They come from all over the island to enchant their mystic devices in the Garden catacombs. The gist is peeps come here for all sorts of reasons. We don't have the room (or the inclination) to describe all of them, so let's just move on...

THE GUIDELINICAL LOWDOWNS

"I'm reminded of a time I visited Smellemental Glee a few years back. A bunch of us thunks and weisenheimers had been invited to a shmancy banquet hosted by Osmagogue Filmtongue and his oversniffers as sort of a welcome to the Garden sort of thing. I was seated next to Zorthoz Zixnozzle, the eminent oof proctologist, on one side, and Momer Glipsnoot, famed scholar of the Keister, on the other. Well, anyway, somebody had a windstorm in his backyard, if you take my meaning (He farted, if you don't). Acting out of habit, Zorthoz brought his napkin to his face to balk the offending aroma. A mortified hush suddenly fell on the assembly and Zorthoz was asked to leave the next day, having outworn his welcome."

-Qarik Yodeler, Scholar of Floom

Osmagogue Splinterteat and the monks of the Fourth Septum are responsible for maintaining order in the Garden and making sure everyone follows the precepts laid down by the smell-speaker and the Garden's historic traditions. These rules, known as the Seven Guidelinical Lowdowns, have been in effect since the days of Smerkle Longnostril. Sure they've been modified and adjusted a bit to suit the mood of the day, but these aphorisms have remained pretty much intact for centuries.

It falls upon the monks of the Fourth Septum to enforce these rules and punish transgressions thereof, which they do with varying degrees of austerity depending on the severity of the infraction. In general, monks can get away with more than visitors can (see rule #5), but when a monk is indicted the punishment is usually more severe. A visitor found guilty of a crime will usually just be asked to leave or to make reparations. More severe wrongdoings might result in permanent banishment, imprisonment, or even execution if the crime is hardcore enough. Monks who commit crimes risk being demoted, bounced from the Order, kicked heartily in the buns, relegated to menial duties, banished, or fed to the f'reeks.

Peeps accused of neglecting the Guidelinical Lowdowns are brought before a special over-



Apparently apostrophes and rhymes mean it's poetry. Nevertheless, Sweetlips goes on to make several powerful observations.

*I peeled my eyes at yon colossus
stretched my ears and probed my 'oscis.
A scrabbly path toward it wound
across the stony wizened ground.
A span, a bridge, a way across
Decked in vibrant, fungous moss.*

*And when upon it I encroached
Six monks in armor me approached.
"Come ye in peace to learn of stink?"
"I guess I do. Sure. I think..."
This last from me, although I lied.
"Then bare thine schnoz and step inside."*

Visitors to the Garden towers are often met and "felt out" by armed and armored monks of the Fourth Septum. Suspicious or unwelcome characters may be turned away.

*As through the spongy gates passed I
A whiff of foul delight passed by
A stench of flowers gone to rot
And feet and slog milk sniffed mid-clot.
A monk in spats and formal bonnet
Pulled up a stool and sat upon it.*

*"You name, sir, please. From whence came thee?
Your business in the Gard' of Glee?"
"I'm here to dig the groove," Said I.
He smirked and scribbled my reply
Upon a tablet on his lap.
"Methinks" said he, "You're full of crap."*

The next few stanzas describe Sweetlips's attempts to talk, bribe, threaten, and cajole his way past the Snuffler on duty and into the towers. Snufflers are undersniffers of the Sixth Septum who interview newcomers and record their information for the Archives. He's eventually successful and soon finds himself in an enormous interior plaza, hundreds of yorts high, it's ceiling lost in murky yellow fog. Let's listen...

*A'chock with monks and other sorts
And ringed with balc'nies, stairs, and ports
Through which seeped sunlight, waft, and haze*



*The centerpiece a brilliant dais
Atop which stood a 'laborate throne
Of pillow, fungous, gem, and stone.*

*Around the chair like pebbles cast
Icons of all smellspeakers past
Of such life-likeness, I dare say
I asked one if she'd point the way
To a place where suds and grub are munched.
My tummy growled, I hadn't lunched.*

This vast hall is the Garden's main audience chamber. Monks gather here daily to listen to announcements and work orders from the over-sniffers and, less occasionally, an osmagogue or the Smellspeaker. Various passages, hallways, and doors lead to other towers and to dozens of antechambers.

The "stone" of which the throne and statues are crafted is mucosite, a rare and expensive mineral harvested deep within the Incredibly Huge Monstertm. The statues, depicting each of the sixty-two former Smellspeakers, are incredibly realistic, thanks to mucosite's malleable nature and the skill of the various arteests involved in their construction.

Sweetlips eventually realizes he's talking to a statue and asks a real monk where he can get something to eat. He's directed through a series of tunnels and up a seemingly endless spiraling

THE GARDEN TOWERS

"Holy crap-crapping crap on a crap! I've seen some wacky scronk in my day, but nothing to prepare me for the awesomeness that squeegeed my peepers when I topped that rise. It had been described to me, of course, but Junkle's words, poetic as they were, did little justice to those brilliant towers of living fungal wonderment. They jutted from their island of stone like Mutha Oith's own proud and tumescent phalli, foggy yet resplendent amid the Keister's hazy fume.

It was so goosin' inspirational I had to chug myself some suds."

-Toothle "Broken Shell" Umperflump, Assador of Goss

When peeps start spouting about awesomely impressive things they tend to do so in superlatives –the stinkiest cheese, the bitchin'est mabob, the funkiest duds, the meanest horc, whatever... When those same peeps refer to the Garden's fungal towers, however, the general tone is often one of barely-suppressed awe. Even to a travel-jaded gadabout like myself, who's seen and experienced some pretty jazzy stuff, that first glimpse is a doozy. Due to an interesting collusion of mist and geography the towers, despite their enormity, don't make their presence known until you are almost upon them. One moment you're wandering among those seemingly infinite mycotic groves, understandably overwhelmed by a bazillion competing odors when a particularly vile stench clenches your gorge. You dodge hurriedly behind a rocky outcrop so as not to insult the attendant Gardeners with your uncontrollable heavings. A disgorgant retch, a liquidic spew and the business is completed. With cramped stomach and watery eyes you rise from your pitiful huddle, wiping a stray smear from your beak and inhaling deeply of the "fresher" air rolling in from the Keister. Turning into the breeze your breath is taken away for a second time. Behold! The jagged bluff gives way to an endless expanse of nebulous yellow smog. Rising from the ocher murk like the beautifully diseased fingers of the legendary Oithwerm (assuming the Oithwerm has fingers), the palatial towers of the Garden of Smellemental Glee declare their presence. "Holy crap-crapping crap on a crap!" you might be likely to exclaim once you lift your chin from the pebbly scree.

It's not simply their enormity that makes the Garden towers so awe-inspiring. I mean, they are enormous, but so are a lot of things. And it's not that they're made of fungus. They're that too,

but so's your mom. Just about every building in Wermburg is a fungus of one sort or another. Nor is it the fact that they nestle so eloquently in the center of their own megalithic island, surrounded and infused with swirling mists and obscuring clouds of Keisterly goodness, joined to the mainland only by a relatively narrow bridge of rock and whimsy. I suppose they do, but that really just sounds like a bunch of random poetry. Maybe that's the point; something of this magnificence can't be adequately described by a mere gadabout such as myself. Only through the words of a master poet can such things be expressed. To that end, I quote the distinguished wordwiggler Unkthuggance Umungus, Half-Crazed with Insanity, who had this to say when first he gazed across the Keister at the subject at hand:

*Well, I've seen quite enough.
So long, folks.*

He then promptly hurled himself into the Keister, presumably to his demise. It should be noted that one can't simply *jump* or *walk* into the Keister. One must *hurl* himself or be *hurled*. It's cooler that way. Trust me.

For those who prefer more long-winded verse, I submit the following excerpts from the illustrious Sweetlips Fuzznoggin's epic saga *Sweetlips Does Some Stuff*:

*When first I happened 'pon the Garden
I wet my pants (I beg your pardon).
A sight so wondrous I beheld
I nigh forgot the stinks I smelled.
For 'pon the 'spanse of rock and flaw
Growthed bulging juts of 'shroom and awe.*

Growthed?

*And three monks hacking with knives on the wall
I pondered a moment then blurted, "What gives?"
"This portion" said they, "it no longer lives."*

*"We're chopping it out so it doesn't infect
The rest of the palace with rot and neglect."*

"Carry on then," said I.

They said, "Thank you, we will."

*Then they chopped with precision and singular skill
A large chunk had fallen and lay on the floor.
They hefted it proudly then left through the door.*

This scene hints at one of the jobs sacred to the Shapers, that of removing diseased or dead portions of the towers and healing or regrowing them. Sometime soon after the piece was removed, the resultant hole would have been sealed with hyphae cultivated in compost heaps in the upper catacombs or encouraged with struts and armatures to grow in a different direction, perhaps eventually becoming a window or doorway. It's important to remember the towers are living things. They grow slowly but steadily (thanks to the ministrations of the Shapers) and can be formed into all manner of structural and decorative entities. Many Shapers are funguys or fungals whose legendary patience serves them well in these endeavors. Certainly there are reeks and other implements that can speed the growth of the mycelia, but the rarity of such things permits their use only in emergencies and particularly important projects. A new chamber might take a year or more to grow into a usable space, while an entire tower requires decades or centuries of attention.

Sweetlips spends a great deal of time just sort of meandering around. That's not surprising when one ponders the sort of jumbled floor plan of the place. With a few exceptions, such as the audience hall we talked about earlier and the Smellspeaker's personal chambers, there doesn't seem to be much reason to the layout of the place. Dormitories, mess halls, kitchens, workshops, and all manner of other rooms, tunnels, and hallways just sort of sprout off from one another all willy-nilly like. This might be expected, considering the Garden's organic and growing nature. The Shapers, as it's been explained to me, don't so much force the towers to grow as they do. Instead they encourage them to

do so, taking advantage of the natural growth of vesicles and cavities, enlarging and guiding them into usable spaces.

Eventually, Sweetlips wanders onto the rounded roof of one of the towers. There he encounters an impressive grove of edible and otherwise useful plants and fungi being tended by several monks of the Second Septum...

The monks said, "Hey bro, get the goose on your way."

I flipped them both off and pranced in anyway.

I yoinked a fresh snack, a sweet red mushroom cap

With a mischievous wink it was popped in my yap.

I chewed twice then faltered and, gasping for breath,

Stumbled, slipped edgeward, and fell to my death.

It should be noted at this point, if it hasn't become obvious, that Sweetlips is a member of the Returners From Whence We Came. He died several times during his trip to the Garden, but always eventually got back up to continue the journey. On a semi-related note, the rooftop gardens are off-limits to unguided visitors, cultivating, as they do, many poisonous varieties along with the more benign crops. Rooftop, of course, is a figurative term in this case, since the towers don't actually have distinct roofs.

Sweetlips spends some time hiding in a cupboard recuperating from his death before continuing his explorations. Gratuitous misadventure ensues and he eventually winds up in the catacombs beneath the towers, attempting to evade several well-armed and persistent monks of the Fourth Septum (Something about Peep-gallol Tlid and a wedge. Don't ask).

Chuckling intern'ly I slunked in my hole

Pursued by the schnozzers on Get-Me-Patrol.

They passed me. I waited. Emerged cool and slow.

I looked, didn't see them, so trudged on below.

For hours I wandered, or maybe for days

Past storerooms and stables and dim passageways.

The upper catacombs are mostly used for the cultivation of new hyphae, the storage of food and other supplies, and stabling for slogs and other beasts of burden. Several large chambers act as garbage dumps and composting vaults, which are fed by flumes and arteries connected to many of the rooms above.



stairway to one of the Garden's many cafeterias. He dines on bland mushroom stalks while inhaling pungent and flavorful incenses, which lend their bouquet to the food. Sweetlips's saga is all very fascinating but it just goes on and on and on. There are a whole bunch of verses (and some terrible rhymes) that talk about his wanderings throughout the Garden Towers, describing workshops and laboratories and all that stuff. For example, these stanzas chronicle his visit to the studio of Peepgallol Tlid, a smellcaster of considerable renown:

*Alembics, devices and vessels arcane,
Strange things with a use I could not ascertain
Decanters connected by hoses to urns
whose hissings did nothing to ease my concerns.
A rancid black lump steamed atop of a pile,
Its vapors abounding with things volatile.*

*Twisted glass bottles for reek coalescence
And further refinement of pure redolescence
Cluttered the chamber and littered the racks.
The air stank of oils and smokes, fumes, and wax.*

*In the center of all, uncorking a lid,
was the lord of the lab, great Peepgallol Tlid.*

*He brandished a jar and yelled, "Get the goose out!"
I wasn't invited, I discerned from his shout.*

*With a scowl and a sneer and a rude genuflection
he hurled the glass jar in my general direction.
A death mist escaped 'midst the crystalline shards.
I awoke three days later surrounded by guards.*

Sweetlips awakens in a locked room accompanied by three monks of the Fourth Septum. After several conversational stanzas overflowing with clever banter and self-aggrandizing witticisms he manages to convince a Nosy that it was all just a misunderstanding. He didn't mean to sneak through Peepgallol's locked door and the reeks in his coat pocket fell there of their own accord during the regrettable ruckus. With an admonishment to be more careful in the future he is sent on his way. After assorted misadventures he finds himself among the Shapers, monks of the Eighth Septum who attend to the needs of the living palace towers. Here he refers to the enormous vaults of compost the monks collect to sustain the spires:

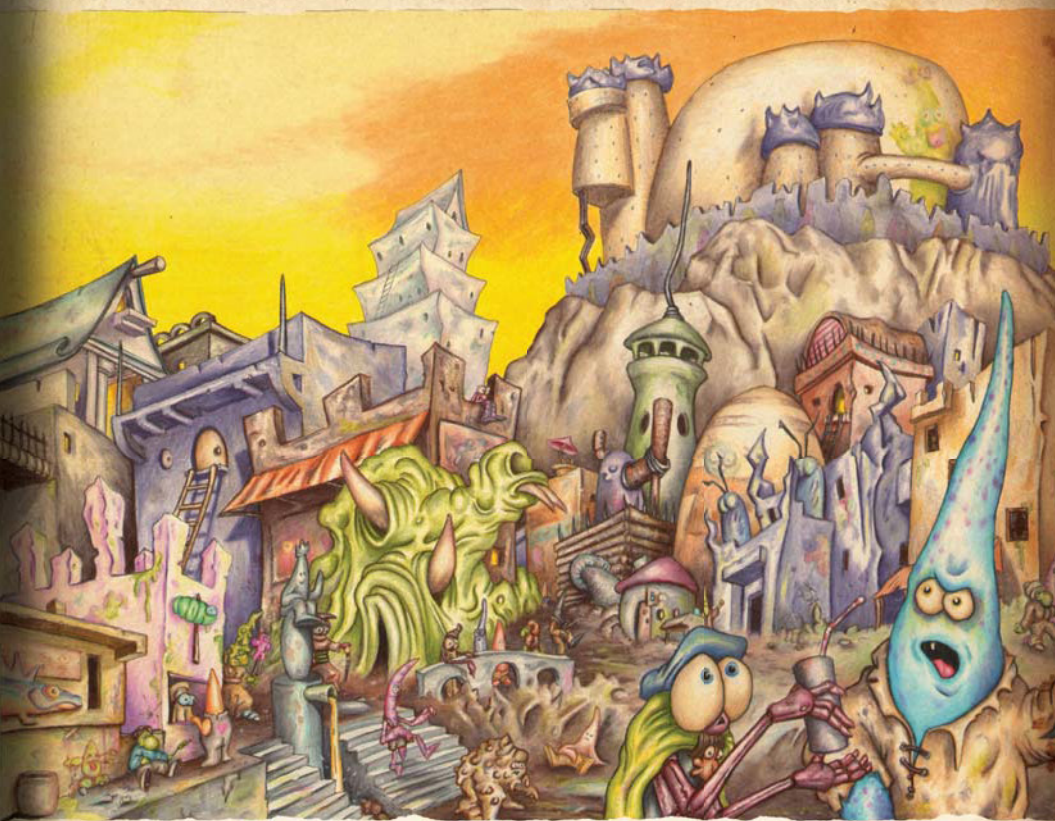
*The junk of the Garden is shoveled below
In sluices with drains to prevent overflow
The detritus of all and the scraps from the tables
The rot from the Gardens, refuse from the stables
All carried in baskets and buckets and rigs
And dumped in the basements to nourish the digs.*

Of course not all of the Garden's refuse goes to feed the towers. A great deal of it also nourishes the smellement-infused fungi of the actual Garden. A major task assigned to monks of the First Septum is the constant spreading of compost throughout the porous stone and loamy substrates from which the various fungi sprout. In fact, a faction of Sixth Septum monks known as Shovelers travel constantly back and forth from Floom where, according to a compact between the Smellspeaker and the Keistermeister, the city's organic trash is hauled by slog wagon to the Garden. Gardeners then clean the refuse and, utilizing several wind-driven mills, process it into compost, which is used to feed the fungi. Inorganic waste is dumped into the Keister.

Sweetlips has more to say about the Shapers:

*Tunnels and tunnels and tunnels unending
Ascending for yorts then a sudden descending
And into a chamber, a spherical hall*

*Peepgallol Tlid grew up in Glowbio, the offspring of itinerant veggie farmers.
He enjoys maniacal laughter, muttering to himself, and long walks in the rain.*



THE BITCHIN' CITY OF FLOOM

FLOOM: OITHS MESSY ROOM

"Here's what must have happened..."

Boorglezar, Stan, Jelvis, and the Moss Boss were hanging out in Stan's basement one night, chomping potyspronge and getting a bit rowdy. On a dare, the gawds started tromping around the Oith snatching random buildings from various cities and towns, perhaps with the intent of putting them all in the same jar and starving them until they fought to the death. Anyway, Stan's mom apparently walked in on them and they were forced to dump the digs to avoid being grounded. The resultant sprawl became the city of Floom.

That's one theory, anyway.

-Troozle Potcracker of Floom

Well, that about wraps it up for that chapter. Onward, ho! Or whatever the kids are saying nowadays...

Situated on a wide peninsula overlooking a panoply of natural wonders, not the least of which is the majestic and awespiring Keister of Gawd, Floom bustles with all the things with which cities are known to bustle. Under the ap-

parently-benevolent guidance of Keistermeister Hugormo XIII, the most recent in a line of autocrats that spans centuries, Oith's fourth largest city (behind New Oorlquar, Babajuana, and Toast) is a hub of commerce, industry, intrigue, and enlightenment. Other stuff too...

Though it might resemble the jumbled and cluttered playground of a particularly rambunc-

Some peeps claim Doop as Oith's fourth largest city.
There's certainly an argument to be made for that claim, but they're wrong.

*In places the walls glowed with luminous mold
but mostly twas darkness and empty and cold
And dampness and stench and slurrious muds
That squished 'neath my tootsies with bubbles and suds.
A labyrinthine network of tunnels and chutes
and dankness and fibrous mycelial roots.*

Like many interior portions of the Garden towers the upper catacombs are periodically illuminated by naturally glowing molds and mushrooms, occasionally bolstered by reeks, windows, and strategically placed mirrors. The deeper a peep delves, however, the scarcer such things become.

*Gradually the fungus gave way to stone
A nagging sense warned me I wasn't alone.
And not just a nag, there was also a growl,
An absurd crepitation, a stench rank and foul.
A beast from the shadows emerged with a shriek
I turned tail and scrambled away from the f'reek.*

*I didn't get far from the thing's horrid self
I observed it and realized it once was a smelf.
Once-smelven or not, the thing was aberrant.
It wanted to harm me, that much was apparent.*

*My body erupted in horrible pain
As it reached out and nabbed me...
and ripped me in twain*

Sometimes smellcasting goes horribly, horribly awry. Rarely, a botched reek coalescence transforms a smellcaster into a terrifying monster. Occasionally, these are creatures are benevolent, the sagacious scintipedes, for example. More often, they are hideous abominations known as f'reeks. Twisted, vile, and entirely malevolent. Such fiends are sent far into the catacombs where they contentedly eviscerate anyone who wanders too deeply. They also inadvertently help defend the Garden against potential encroachers passing through the stone doors placed centuries ago by the funguys to isolate the realm from the Underwhere.

Anyway, Sweetlips eventually manages to rejoin the disparate halves of his body and continue his exploration. He comes to that door we just discussed, finds a way through it, and goes on to have a buttload of amazing subterranean adventures. His travels in the Garden, however, and our immediate interest in his saga, have come to an end.





ground floor is, predictably enough, the home of Boatsmasher Shipcrusher, a local horc and well-known schoonerclad maniac whose boat smashing rages are the stuff of legend.

Moving on we are treated to a bit of impromptu street theater when what at first glance appeared to be a heap of trash is instead the cantanimatronic bouncer of the Stanismismic nightclub next door (who definitely did NOT want to be peed on; you should have gone at the bakery). This place, *The Nether Regions All-You-Care-To-Devour Flesh Buffet and Cannibalistic Orgy Pit* if the bouncer's t-shirt has it right, appears to be mostly underground. All that's visible in the narrow alley is a wonky stone doorway in the shape of a gaping monster face bedecked with horns and fangs and flames and that sort of totally metal stuff. Stone stairs lead downward into darkness, from which guttural screams, pounding drums, and rhythmic moaning can be heard.

Past the club is a big mound of dirt and sand riddled with tunnels and holes. A wooden sign juts from the top declaring this *The Soup Stack*, Floom's premier provider of fine mud soups, stews, and broths. We traipse past a slog-drawn wagon laden with exotic dirts and soils as a worm carries bags of the stuff inside.

Next to the Soup Stack is a pyramid made of stale waffles (a shrine to one of Boorgleazar's

many aspects), followed by a gigantic edifice of stone blocks and columns (*Clubber's Cudgel Cottage*, purveyor of fine handcrafted skull-bashing implements), an enormous *My Little Horsie* lunchbox (a relic of the Hoomanrace and the private residence of Anybody Default, Hoomanitarian minister), a brick house (home to a family of croaches), an innards restaurant made of bones and dried sinew (*The Gut Hut*), an unidentified lump of something vaguely habitable (?), a few more monger stalls (trafficking in slog nuggets, live bait, shell polish, and your portrait on a kernel of what passes for corn, respectively), a bevy of strumpets flaunting their wares in front of a four-story tenement coated in glazed tiles of a gazillion colors, a tooth extractor's workshop predictably carved from the molar of something huge, and so forth. You get the idea...

Mix in a bunch of wonky stairways, balconies, bridges, and towers and we could be describing just about any block in the city. That's the thing about Floom that makes it so challenging for tourists and newcomers to get around. Sure, certain neighborhoods have a distinctive design, and assorted districts can be distinguished by various factors (their level of upkeep, cleanliness, wealth, inhabitants, etc...) but for the most part any chunk of Floom looks much like any other. Or rather, it looks so unlike any other that it's



tious gawd-toddler, Floom remains one of Oith's most vibrant and important cities. Its architecture is indeed wonky, often confusing, and occasionally downright indecipherable, but that really just adds to the place's charm. See, Floom, located so near to the Keister, is pretty much the city at the center of the world, with all the resultant hoopla such an appellation entails. Throughout its long history Floom has attracted immigrants and tourists from all reaches of the Oith, drawn here by the city's cosmopolitan atmosphere, reputation for tolerance and free expression, addictive chili, and ideal location as a center of trade and exploration. These denizens, hailing from just about everywhere from which it's possible to hail, brought with them approximately eleventy-gazillion languages, thousands of fascinating customs, and more diverse architectural styles than you can fit in a ...um, a really big box.

Lame jokes aside, Floom really does sport some impressive erections. Let's stroll our wazoos down a typical block and see what's to be seen, shall we? Yes, we shall. Coming up on our right, behind that drunk worm wallowing in the gutter, we see the first of a great many monger

stalls. This one is crafted of gleaming white porcelain and decorated with a thousand and twelve twinkling rhinestones. The Jeezle Freak tending the cart, decked as he is in ceremonial white jumpsuit and purple pompadour hat, welcomes us to Floom and offers freshly plunged jelly doughnuts for a low, low price. He pauses to engage in a theological debate with a tall green worm, this one wearing the middle finger and horns of a devout Stanismist. The worm cuts short the debate to inquire if we are in need of a sherple. When we decline his offer he promptly bashes the Jeezle Freak over the head with the sign he's carrying.

Moving on we approach the first of the block's many buildings: a thick cylinder of rough-hewn stone with nary a window to mar its placid demeanor. An immense scarf of woven slog fluff encircles the entire edifice informing us this is a scarfery; *Deck Yo Neck* by name and purveyor of Floom's finest neckware by reputation (so states the sign on the door). Stepping back a bit we see the roof is an enormous dome of glass and timber, bespeaking the Yorbian heritage of the building's architect. Next to the scarfery is a blocky dwelling of what appears to be stale bread dough, crusted with blue mold and patched in a thousand places with various croutons, pastes, and noodles. A rusted whisk and a battered rolling pin are plunged into the wall above the broad door. Smoke issues from several rusted pipes that jut irregularly from the walls and an unusual aroma wafts through the open door. We peak inside and witness a dozen glowing ovens stuffed with pans and whatnot. A jovial pile, filth dripping across his suggestion of an apron, slams enormous balls of dough onto a stone table and beckons us inside to sample his wares. We quickly move on.

The next building, connected to the pile's bakery by thick tendrils of bakery-stuff, is crafted of chunky wooden planks, the remains of a sailing vessel perhaps. The door is an upturned rowboat and the windows are the rounded portals of a ship. It's upper story is something else entirely, kind of like a huge woven basket of dried moss and tree branches. A rope ladder dangles downward and a flapping banner tells us this arsonist's dream sells egg warmers, Incredibly Huge Monstertm scales, and other specialties of the Groot-hoo Boids who dwell in the realm of Tail. The

FLOOM: HISTORY IN A BUCKET

"Oh crungious slab of Floom!

We drain our suds to you'm!

If ever you should fall!

We'd be sad for a while but we'd eventually get over it."

-From Kiss My Floomish Wazoo, the official anthem of Floom

Floom's a reasonably old city. Not ancient, but respectfully aged, like fine socks. It might lack the celebrated antiquitude of Babajuana or the deep-rooted traditions of Toast but it definitely has a history. Wanna learn about it? Cool. Here are some excerpts from a truncated version of Gladfondle Spork-in-the-brain's epic docu-saga *Floom the Beginning*, which enjoyed a bit of popularity just after the ascension of the current Keistermeister. Some of it may or may not be true, but it pretty much covers the accepted views of the day as laid down by the oldsters and the weisenheimers. As usual, I'll interject with a bit of clarification or relevant trivia when appropriate. The poetry is often accompanied by the cool rhythms of an alto spazzaphone, occasionally warbling into the delicate bleatings of a hoink's kazoo when the tempo gets moving, so keep that in your mind's ear as you read on...

*On this spot so long ago,
where now we hold our digs,*

*Once dwelled some peeps with with legs of rock and
fire in their wigs.*

From whence came they? Nobody knows.

What was their thang? Who cares?

*The price-o-corn called Filthy Gob
cold bounced them from their lairs.*

*With minions strong and magic foul
and auspices unknown*

*He booted out the denizens
and claimed it for his own.*

Almost six hundred years ago, Filthy Gob, the infamous price-o-corn (who was also one of Oith's most powerful containimators) vanquished the hot dammits who lived on the peninsula that would someday host the city of Floom and claimed the area as his own. After booting the dammits from their lairs, either snuffing them out or driving them beyond the Keister to the distant Crumplehorns, he put his minions

to work building a badass fortress. Within a few years Castle Gobspire was the place to be for all the happenin' price-o-corns, mercenaries, buns-kickers, and other unsavory dudes and dudettes. This was the beginning of the so-called *Swanky Age of Piracy* in the Big Drink. Price-o-corns and their ilk just went nuts for a few decades, raiding merchant ships and coastal towns, pillaging, ravaging, and just doing their thang with relative impunity. Of course there were hundreds of price-o-corn lords (cleverly known as *prince-o-corns* in the parlance of the day) sailing the seas in those times. The Big Drink was veritably infested with such nefarious marauders as Hook Beard, Peg Beard, Beard Beard, Ed Beard, Dead Beard, Clefty Fourchins, The Magnificent Sop, Cap'n Crunched, Plooze the Limbless, Bloob Wenchravager, Hullbreaker Skulttaker, Trustworthy Erkle, The Seventeen Sons of Kolinok Sim, Little Buddy, Captain Brown Eye, Beardless Barph, and so many others. Filthy Gob was undisputedly the most notorious of all.





hard to tell them apart. That's where the *sherples* come in. Sherples are the tour guides, porters, messengers, and mabob drivers that help peeps get around the city. For the right price they'll point you toward wherever you're trying to go. For a better price they'll lead you there personally. For an even better price they might carry your stuff for you or sing you a little ditty along the way. The classiest of sherples often pull rickshaws or drive slog-drawn wagons and such.

Hiring a sherple is simplicity itself, the city is pretty much infested with them, what with all the confused tourists wandering around. They tend to congregate in certain areas, such as near the various docks and outside of booze-holes and flophouses where their clientele is more concentrated, but they can be found just about anywhere. Of course the occasional sherple is a bad egg, leading her client into a robbery or some other misadventure, but you takes your chances as they say.

It's said the streets in Babajuana are paved with gemstones and those in Aggogg City with the bones of a million smelves. That may or may not be the case, but the drags in Floom are paved with good old-fashioned dirt, mud, and stone. You might find some brick paths in the nicer

parts of town, and planks made of wood or mushroom stalks near the harbors and the lower reaches. Oh, and the occasional walkway of mulch, sand, or gravel. Also, there's a portion near the Reekbottle that's covered in slabs of river stone and a plaza near the Scrappin' Hole with monster hides. Then there's The Other Side of the Fence, a schmancy neck of the woods all turfed in fuzzy blue hoomanracium. Now that I think about it, the ground cover in Floom is about as diverse as the buildings themselves.

Despite its multifarious derangement of architectural mayhem Floom somehow manages to hold itself together. Maybe it's the sense of community that forms when peeps of such diverse backgrounds and from such a vast assortment of distant lands come together in one place. Maybe not, considering most citizens are several generations away from the banana boat and there's sometimes quite a bit of strife between groups from different elsewhere. Perhaps it's the rule of law, enacted by the Keistermeister and enforced by the city's hoinks and the Keisternauts. Then again, the hoinks have their hands full just collecting taxes and clobbering criminals while the Keisternauts are out scrapping with price-o-corns and whatnot, so who knows.

off or been decapitated, Flomp claimed the village for his own. He named the town Floom, after the flume-like tributaries of the River Snooz that meandered through town on their way to the yet-to-be-named Gawdchoppers (scrubber's lads aren't known for their spelling skills). Finding himself in possession of a large village but nobody with which to populate it, he began inviting settlers to move in, offering free land and homes in exchange for vows of obedience and the occasional tax or tribute. Peeps arrived in droves, many of them former price-o-corns, to take Flomp up on his generous offer. Flomp married the daughter of a wealthy waremonger from Old Oorlquar (just known as Oorlquar back then). They had a buttload of larvae and soon the Flompian Dynasty was in full effect.

Floom prospered under Flomp's rule. Within a decade it was well on its way to becoming one of the most influential burgs around. Perhaps one of the most noteworthy accomplishments of this early era in Floom's history was the development of the so-called *Grothnozzle's Agenda*, the calendar system we still use today. The calendar marks the years after Floom was founded (yaf-waf) or before the founding of Floom (befof), placing events in their relative position. For example, the creation of Castle Gobspire, which occurred sixty-one years before Floom put on its diapers, is said to have happened in the year 61 befof. Similarly, Flomp's first larva, Waggle Flompspawn (Keistermeister Waggle I), was hatched in the year 3 yafwaf. Floom's first major conflict with its neighbors began in 64 yafwaf, as Gladfondle describes...

*Pretz'nogg' the First, third boss of Floom,
with grandeur on the brain
Declared all lands from cheek to cheek
his sovereign domain.
The other lords of Keister 'land
were rightfully annoyed.
They gathered forces, sharpened sporks,
refused to be destroyed,
And marched their troops on Floomy-town,
the edict to refute.
They fought for years then nabbed the guy
and fed him to a brute.*



During the reign of Flomp's grandson, Pretzelnoggin the First (and *only*; Pretzelnoggin is a stupid name), several important events took place. First, the city tripled in size, due mostly to the discovery of several expensive minerals in the not-too-distant Dimplestacks and the ruins of some kind of ancient city in the Scum Quag. Second, Pretzelnoggin declared himself Keistermeister and claimed ownership of the Keister of Gawd and the rest of Keister Island in the name of Floom. This led to the third thing, which is the inevitable unhappiness expressed by the denizens of Goss and Torkle, the other two major population centers on the island. War happened. Armies from Goss and Torkle, allied with the monks of the Garden of Smellemental Glee, marched around the Bunn Skrak and invaded Floom. After six years of intense scrapping, with Floom's forces bolstered by hired horcish buns-kickers from what would eventually become Aggogg, Pretzelnoggin was captured by the great general Huku of Torkle and publicly fed to a glomp. Pretzelnoggin's heir, Tincture the First, quickly rescinded his father's declaration and apologized to all offended parties. Tincture's apology was known somewhat long-windedly as

The navies of the day were pretty much powerless against the throngs of plundering bad guys (and bad girls; let's not ignore the contributions (and deductions) of such princess-o-corns as Toodles the Unbearded, Tushsqueezer Twice-Groped, Humongous Yertha, Piguanadillo Chimpanatee, and Omira Werm slurper, among others). Occasionally, an offensive would be launched by warriors from the Dingdom of the Dong or That One Place With All the Sand, but Castle Gobspire stood strong through it all. Filthy Gob was living large and nobody could touch him. He survived numerous attempted assassinations and countless battles at sea before, inevitably, the price-o-corn came to a horrible end, victim of his own perversions.

*Filthy Gob, his coffers full,
his mind wonked with emotion,
With vile craft, his castle bold,
he blessed with locomotion.
For sixty years the stronghold stood,
a tribute to maliciousness,
Then minions rose and nabbed the place,
declaring their seditiousness.*

Filthy Gob apparently got a bit wonky as he aged. Bored with the seafaring life, he spent more and more time in Castle Gobspire, with which he's rumored to have had a somewhat less than appropriate relationship. After spending a dozen or more years researching and conducting powerful containimatronic rituals he gave a semblance of life to the structure, some say with the intention of marrying it. He decked the place out with mouths and hands and various other appendages (if you know what I mean, *wink wink*). This, not surprisingly, made his hundreds of other minions a bit jealous. In a carefully orchestrated fit of engineering brilliance, they uprooted the entire place, carried it several hundred yorts, and dumped the whole structure into the Bay of Dismay. It promptly sank to the bottom, taking Filthy Gob and his madness along with it. It languishes there still today, covered in muck and algae and undersea crud. Some say it's haunted by Filthy Gob's spook, others insist the price-o-corn is still alive, kept that way by containimatronic whatnot, plotting his eventual return. Every now and then some blustering ex-

plorer or idiotic heroic adventurer gets it in his head to explore the place. Most drown or are eaten by something, but occasionally someone comes back with a bit of glitter or an artifact of some sort.

The basements of Castle Gobspire are still around. In fact, the Keistermeister's palace is built on the same site and utilizes much of the same sub-structure. Other remnants of the castle were left behind as well, including the rowdy village that grew up around the place. It's this village that eventually became the city of Floom.

*A thousand fists and chopping blades
then tussled for the throne.
And when the smog of battle cleared,
young Flomp was all alone.
A scrubber's lad by trade, was he,
duds torn in disrepair.
Possessed of wit and brave and bold,
plus no one else was there.
Among the Cap'ns all had croaked,
but for a few who fled,
So Flomp stood tall and flew his flag,
a bucket on his head.*



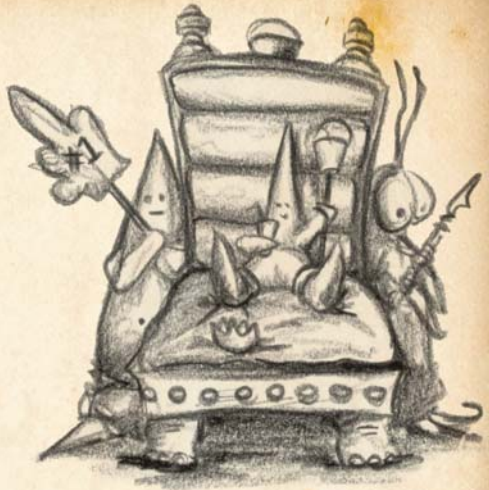
Thus began the reign of Flomp, the Scrubber's Lad King. A scrubber's lad, for the edification of the ignorant, is sort of an apprentice janitor. Anyway, since just about everyone else had taken

policy in Floom. The next twenty-six years saw a rampant orgy of excess and crime in the city. Well, not really crime, since nothing was actually illegal, but all of the things that would be considered crime in a city that concerns itself with such things. Floom's first major sin-o-gogue was constructed during this time, in 247 yafwaf by Sinful's cousband, Irkle the Lurk, making the town a popular destination for Stanismists from all over Oith. Sinful died of some sort of auto-erotic something-or-other only a few years after his coronation and a long line of Bulgenoggins (thirty-three in twenty-six years, many of them concurrently) sat on the throne, assassinating each other when the mood struck or just wandering away to do something else, until a popular (well, trendy anyway) uprising ended the dynasty in the year 269 yafwaf.

*The peeps of the burg had enough violent mayhem.
They nabbed the Bulgenoggins intending to slay them.
Four days of madness, a fire, some killin',
The pikes of the palace abristle with villains.
Hugormo the Oneth, distant scion of Flomp,
Took his place at the throne
with an abundance of pomp.*

The Second Flompian Dynasty began when Hugormo the Oneth reclaimed the throne following four epic days of overthrowing, during which almost every member of the Bulgenoggin clan got his or her shiny wazoo skewered atop the palace spires. Oh, and there was also a pretty huge fire that destroyed significant sections of the Hovel Turf and the 'Ward Ward (more on turfs and wards later). The new Keistermeister was an old school aristocratic sort of worm. He liked his throne cushy, his sycophants obsequious, his proclamations enforced without question, and his palace decorated with the eviscerated corpses of his enemies. This was sort of refreshing after the thug-enforced anarchy of the Bulgenoggins, and most peeps went along with it. Aside from salvaging Floom from a bunch of insane criminals and restoring rulership to the city's rightful bosses, the jazz for which Hugormo the Oneth is best remembered is his controversial *All My Descendents Must Also be Named Hugormo Decree*. It's pretty self-explanatory.

Hugormo the Oneth's heir, Hugormo II, re-



built the incinerated Hovel Turf and the 'Ward Ward, expanding the district, along with the associated sewers and tunnels (He didn't actually do it himself, but he funded the project). His grandson, Hugormo III further improved Floom's relationship with Torkle by sending the Keisternauts (Floom's newly commissioned navy) to help defend that city against an invading army from Aggogg. Hugormo IV only ruled for a few years, but in that time he made significant improvements to Floom's harbors and funded six separate (and unsuccessful) excursions in search of the Keister's bottom, during the last of which he himself disappeared and presumably croaked. Hugormo V didn't really do much of interest besides getting kidnapped and held for ransom by a bunch of Aggoggian horcs. Hugormo VI sent the Keisternauts to Aggogg in an attempt to rescue his dad. It failed and they ate him, which led to a bunch of awesome warfare between Floom (allied with Torkle and Goss) and Aggogg (allied with its own bad self). *The First Great Floomgoggian Skirmish*, as the war was known, just sort of fizzled out after a few years with nothing really resolved. Aggogg went on to invade somebody else and the Keistermeister turned his attention to his primary obsession: collecting artifacts of the ancient Hoomanrace. He sponsored hundreds of expeditions and amassed a pretty respectable hoard before meeting his demise in a freak knitting accident.

Since Hugormo VI's only purebred heir had

the First Mitigatory Proclamation of 67 yafwaf (the second mitigatory proclamation of 67 yafwaf was given by Tincture to his wife following one of his famous strumpet-binges and is not a matter of public record). It led to the signing of the *Keisterian Accord of 68 yafwaf*, arguably one of the most important documents in the island's history.

*Deciding his dad was wrong
and seeking exoneration.*

*Tincture of Floom presented his foes
an accordance proclamation.*

*Replete with pleas for leniency
and chock full of concessions,
The other bosses, feeling smug,
forgave all past transgressions.*



The accord laid out several important low-downs. First, the leaders of all affected city-states agreed that all the land within 25 squigalurches of the center of each city was under the jurisdiction of that city. (Remember, this was before the advent of the yort as the common unit of measure; a lurch was the typical distance slumped to the left by King Lorphog the Lurcher of Torkle when he tried to walk in a straight line (about one yort). A squiggalurch is about 10,000 lurches). According to the accord, smaller towns controlled areas up to ten squiggalurches across. Areas outside the authority of a city-state or town are considered common lands, exploitable by anyone, and if a peep wants to form a new settlement it has to be approved by at least two of the leaders of Keister Island's existent cities (Floom, Goss, and Torkle). Anyway, there are

a whole lot of really boring clauses, riders, and addenda but the gist is this: thanks to Tincture's conciliatory nature, the grace of King Turkelope Wallabeaver of Torkle, the wisdom of Smell-speaker Eduigo of the Garden, and Prez Limp-noodle of Goss's inclination to just sort of go along with what everyone else does, there hasn't been an actual war between the cities of Keister Island for over 400 years. Sure there have been some pretty intense disagreements and the occasional armed skirmish, but never an actual war.

*Fourteen descendents of Flomp greased the throne
Until Sinful Bulgenoggin arrived with his bone.*

He clobbered the Keist'meister, Throbble by name,

Sat down on his chair, to the city laid claim.

Began then the reign of the Bulgenoggin mobs,

A clan of detestable lunatic slobs.



The Original Flompian Dynasty governed Floom for over two hundred forty years until, in 243 yafwaf, Keistermeister Spindly the Significant was assassinated by a bone-wielding thug called Sinful Bulgenoggin. Sinful, a devout Stanismist, declared himself Keistermeister, placed his disgusting relatives in high positions, and instituted a strict "do whatever you want"

swinging on ropes, buckling swashes, hacking off each other's limbs, wearing sweet-looking hats, and participating in all the other things associated with warfare on the Big Drink. At the same time, the insurgent horcs in Floom were making trouble for the city's hoinks and Hugormo VII's smelven mercenaries. Eventually, after suffering terrible casualties, the Keisternauts were able to destroy the Aggoggian Fleet, returning to Floom just in time to present the Keistermeister with Smelfchomper's plucked-out eyeballs, which he wore as ornamental chin-danglers.

Hugormo stepped up the persecution of Floomian horcs and their allies. Of course, it was very difficult to determine exactly who might be a horc sympathizer, so imprisonment and torture became the order of the day. *The Can*, Floom's infamous prison, was constructed on an island in the Gawdchoppers to house and punish such enemies of the Keistermeister. Things in Floom continued to worsen as neighbors started accusing each other of being horc-lovers and tattling to the Oppressionators (Hugormo VII's horc-busting squad). Suspicion was rampant. Peeps were miserable. It's not that the general populace particularly liked horcs, in fact most of them were glad to be rid of the brutes, but the campaign of persecution had spread too far. All the rioting, imprisoning, and brutality tends to work a dude's nerves after a while. The Keistermeister was rapidly losing the love of his people (which he never really had in the first place). Eventually, one of the daily assassination attempts against him was successful. A horc who called herself Bossbasher Floombslight abducted Hugormo and mashed him to paste between two bricks.

Bossbasher the horc, for a year and a day

Decorated the town with arterial spray.

Her rule was unjust, unfair, hard and abrasive.

Her methods of torture were cruel and invasive.

Even worse than the Seventh Hugormo in badness,

Her brief but harsh reign overflowing with madness.

Just as Hugormo the Seventh was ruled by his passion for revenge and the hatred he nurtured against the horcs who imprisoned him, Bossbasher Floombslight was governed by her passion for hatred and her hatred for everyone. Bossbasher wasn't just a badass, she was literally crazier than



a poop-house slog (that's a saying, right?). An orthodox Stanismist and celebrated debaucherist, Floom's new Keistermeister governed the city like a drunken lunatic, which she was. It was the darkest era in Floom's history since the reign of the Bulgenoggin clan, marginally worse than Hugormo VII's purgings and persecutions (at least those, detestable as they were, had a purpose). Then, after a year and a day, she suddenly had a change of mind. One morning she simply woke up, got dressed, assembled her personal guard and marched purposefully to the Scrappin' Hole. She didn't even stop to kill anybody along the way. Sending sherples throughout the city, she summoned the populace for a major proclamation. Once a suitable number of cowering citizens were gathered she rose from her lawn chair, cleared her throat twice, and uttered one of the most sentimental and emotional speeches in Floom's history. The spiel lasted for over an hour, and when it was over not a dry eye (nor a dry diaper) remained in Floom. The speech, known everafter as *Bossbasher's Grovel*, began with an apology for all her misdeeds, her resignation as Keistermeister, a quick plug for the Grey Matter Boozaterium, and the appointing of an unknown oof called Fleep Oct Num (who was conveniently sitting in the front row with his eyes closed and his fingertips on his temples)

been captured by horcs during the war with Aggogg and was presumed dead, the throne went to the Keistermeister's adopted cremefillan gawdson, Fligsby the Unbleached. Fligsby was a very popular leader. When he wasn't sponsoring the creation of amazing construction projects, like the Speculum and the Scrappin' Hole, sending explorers to various reaches of the Oith, composing patriotic poetry, or throwing some really bitchin' parties, he was endowing museums and embassies and other city-enhancing structures. In fact, he had his dad's entire collection of Hoomanrace artifacts moved out of the palace and into the newly-created Floomian Museum of Really Nifty Stuff, so the general public could enjoy them as well. It was also during Fligsby's reign that the enormous silvery rock that would become the Place of Pondering was discovered and turned into a park. These were good times for Floom's populace. They wouldn't last. Let's listen...

*From the dungeons of Greef,
scarred and bruised but not dead,
Came Hugormo the Lost,
makeshift crown on his head.*

*Fligsby Unbleached, Keistermeister of Floom,
(Well, not any longer, there just wasn't room
For two kings of the Keister to sit on one stool),
Abdicated the throne so his brother could rule.*



Apparently, the rightful heir wasn't dead after all. After over thirty years of imprisonment and brutal torture he escaped from the fearsome dungeons beneath the city of Greef on Aggogg and returned to Floom with a company of smelven mercenaries. Fligsby was overjoyed at his brother's return and quickly stepped down as Keistermeister. Yeah, turns out that was a bad move. Hugormo VII, or *Hugormo the Annihilator* as he came to be known, was kind of a buns. It seems he picked up some bad habits during all those years in a horcish prison and his reign, brief though it turned out to be, was the "of terror" variety. The first thing he did was have his gawd-brother, beloved former Keistermeister Fligsby the Unbleached, banished to the Dingdom of the Dong (where he became a trusted adviser to the Ding, incidentally). The second thing he did was take a relaxing bubble bath, but after that all the things he did were pretty terrible. He led a vicious campaign to boot all the horcs and horc-sympathizers from the city, which led to months of rioting and looting and vandalism and all sorts of unhappy jazz. Floom's diasporate horcs were faced with a number of options. Some remained in Floom, fighting the power with raised fists and pointy objects. Others took off for the countryside, where they earned an honest living as bandits, gangstas, and waylayers. Some fled holewhence through Stan's Rug or the Scum Quag, eventually regrouping near the estates of Glorble Borf, a wealthy adventurer from Goss who had recently reacquired his ancestral digs and was in need of mercenaries to protect his property from the newly apparent bandits, gangstas, and waylayers. A final contingent traveled to Aggogg City, where they petitioned the tyrant to do something really atrocious to the city of Floom.

Not one to pass up an opportunity for horrible violence, Smelfchomper Toothbite, Supreme Bad Ass of Aggogg, loaded up his barges with bloodthirsty muthagoosers and set his rowers on "posthaste", crossing the Big Drink with malice aforethought. The Aggoggian battle barges met the Floomian Keisternauts off the coast of Grease Pillow and one of history's coolest naval battles went down. Fighting raged, because that's what it does, for three days and four nights. There was all sorts of swashbuckly goodness, with peeps

*The tomb of Fligsby the Unbleached, deep in the catacombs beneath the Keistermeister's palace,
is supposedly haunted by the remnant gist of Fligsby himself.*

(UN)LARGE & IN CHARGE: THE KEISTERMEISTER AND ASSOCIATES

"...entire bowl of pickled slog nuggets right in the face! So I said to him, I said, "Oh yeah, well then, you can just go goose yourself with six assorted varieties of reek bottle." And he says to me, he says, "Is that how you handle things in Floom?" And I say, "Indeed it is." Then he says, "Fine then." And I say, "Fine."

And that's how we negotiated the Ninth Treaty of Goss."

-Keistermeister Hugormo XIII



Since the day a triumphant scrubber's lad first strapped a busted mop bucket to his head and proclaimed it a crown Floom has been a town ruled by monarchs. They weren't officially called Keistermeisters until sixty years later, but aside from a few hiccups (Bulgenoggins, etc...) there's never really been much question as to who is in charge. Keistermeisters reign supreme, as the saying goes, and none dare oppose them (except for the occasional haters and power-nabbers who do dare to oppose them). Throughout Floom's history Keistermeisters of every description have squatted atop the gilded bucket-throne. There've been worms out the wazoo (Flomp and his descendants), a couple of croaches (Nuz I and Nuz II, adopted nephews or somesuch), more boduls than I care to admit (the Bulgenoggin ilk), a cremefillian, a horc, and even an oof. Some were adored by their subjects (Flomp, Fligsby, Hugormo XIII) and others were loathed (Bossbasher, the Bulgenoggins, Hugormo VII). Some were obsessed with personal agendas (Hugormo IV) and others worked toward the good of the populace (Fligsby, Hugormo IX). There were mongers of war (Pretzelnoggin, Hugormo VII) and brokers of peace (Tincture I). The point is, whether led by a valiant hero or ruled by a detestable villain, the city of Floom and its citizens have adapted and persevered.

Today Floom is exceedingly lucky to be led by his glorious and majestic awesomeness Keistermeister Hugormo XIII, Greatest of His Name. This guy is a real class act. Beloved by the populace, he often goes out and about among the peeps, disguised as a lowly cupcake monger or some similar peed-on, to get the gist of the common folk. It's unclear how well these guises work, since the average sock-mender doesn't travel with a retinue of bodyguards and advisors, but it's the thought that counts. Hugormo XIII is



as her successor. She then invited everyone to throw random objects at her until she croaked, which they did enthusiastically.

Obviously the citizens of Floom aren't idiots (most of them, anyway). It's pretty clear Boss-basher was the victim of the oofo's dementialism, but they welcomed Fleep Oct Num with open arms (and open clam sacks and pants buttons if the rumors are true). He was well-liked by the peeps, especially when one considers the antics of his predecessors, even though he spent most of his time (and a lot of Floom's resources) in a fruitless search for the fabled Primordial Soup Kitchen, with which he was obsessed. After twelve years of relatively benign and productive rule, Keistermeister Fleep Oct Num suffered a massive brain fart on the evening of Twouary 13th 405 yafwaf and passed away at a formal dinner celebrating the founding of the new city of Borf.

Upon Fleep's death a new Hugormo resumed the throne, this one the grandson of Hugormo VII. Hugormo the VIII, an enormously obese glutton of a worm, held the throne for only four days before choking to death on a plorp bone at his week-long coronation party. His heir, Hugormo IX, is best known for commissioning the wondrous root beer fountain known as *The Froth* as a gift to the peeps of Floom in honor of his departed sire. Hugormo X reigned during the horrifying *Days ...of the Danged*, when thousands of remnant carcasses from the Temple of Snellemental Evil in Stan's Rug invaded Floom for some reason and caused all sorts of mischief. Hugormo XI is best known for giving birth to Hugormo XII, one of Floom's most beloved rulers and daddy to our current boss, Exalted Keistermeister Hugormo XIII (Greatest of His Name. To him we pledge our fealty, yadda yadda, so on, so forth, etc...).



inside-of-a-giant-monster's-butt-edness of the Incredibly Huge Monster[™]. Or, rather, it has those things, but in moderation and only in certain places.

Much has already been said regarding Floom's singular location at the literal center of the known world, and that fact alone accounts largely for the city's eclecticism and reputation for tolerance. So many peeps from so many diverse and multifarious realms come here to trade, visit, or settle that the burg is kind of like a big bowl of soup. In this analogy, Floom is an enormous pot, battered and crusted with the unwashable remains of past concoctions, and the people (residents, immigrants, and tourists alike) are the ingredients. Their miscellaneous languages, customs, and hairstyles are the various spices and flavorings, the flame that cooks the thing is the welcoming and cosmopolitan attitude the place exudes, the billows of aromatic steam that attract hungry mouths from wide and far are the throngs of merchant vessels, Keister-naut ships, and caravan traders that launch daily from Floom's harbors, trudging the roads and waterways to distant lands, bringing back yet more ingredients, spices, and mouths to feed. The spoons and crocks that serve the soup are the assorted guilds, trade groups, and bureaucracies that keep things relatively equitable and reasonably efficient. The Fuzz, Floom's hoinks, are the doting mommies who warn you not to burn yourself or slurp too loudly. The Keister-nauts keep bullies from snagging your portion of the meal or pouring a whole shaker of salt on your spoon when your eyes are closed. The role of the occasional unwelcome fly or curly hair in your soup is played by the city's thriving criminal population. It's more of an underbelly than a population, actually, but bare with me. Umm... crackers. The crackers on the side are Floom's many allies, colonies, and holdings. The golden crouton that sits on top, absorbing it all, is the Keistermeister. He binds the place together, infusing it all with his salty wisdoms and peppery auspices. I just realized I called the Keistermeister a crouton. I hope that's not illegal. Anyway, Floom is like soup.

Of course, it's not all perfect. Many of the problems that plague any large settlement are rampant in Floom, despite the fantastic and in-



spired guidance of our beloved Keistermeister, who is definitely NOT a crouton. Crime, for example, thrives here. Gangstas, thugs, and other underbellious types ply there nefarious and illicit trades with little fear of castigation. Oh, the Fuzz do what they can to keep things on the up and up, but the fact is, several of Floom's gangstas have simply become too powerful to control. Besides, they pay their taxes and that keeps Hugormo smiley (as is his right). As long as things don't get too blatant the Fuzz generally content themselves with busting small-timers and collecting taxes (and bribes) and such. The Can, Floom's infamous prison (precariously perched like a stranded fisherpeep on an island in the Gawdchoppers) is generally reserved for gangstas who get out of hand in a manner that embarrasses or insults the Keistermeister or for prisoners of a political or sensitive nature, or for those who can't afford their fines. Petty criminals are often let off with a bribe, but recidivous, broke, or indiscriminate offenders risk imprisonment, mutilation, torture, or a slap on the

Being a True and Somewhat Accurate Accounting of Floom's Keistermeisters

The First Flompian Dynasty

0-23yafwaf	Flomp
23-59 yafwaf	Waggle Flompspawn
59-67 yafwaf	Pretzelnoggin I
67-89 yafwaf	Tincture I
89-94 yafwaf	Tincture II
94-102 yafwaf	Gliff I
102-107 yafwaf	Kozzlewongus
107-122 yafwaf	Nuz I
122-150 yafwaf	Nuz II
150-153 yafwaf	Gliff II
153-153 yafwaf	Purzlewump
153-154 yafwaf	Tincture III
154-200 yafwaf	Tincture IV
200-220 yafwaf	Cuddlepotamus
220-243 yafwaf	Spindly

The Bulgenoggin Ruckus

243-248 yafwaf	Sinful Bulgenoggin
248-269 yafwaf	Assorted Detestable Bulgenoggins

The Second Flompian Dynasty

269-285 yafwaf	Hugormo the Oneth
285-306 yafwaf	Hugormo II
306-339 yafwaf	Hugormo III
339-342 yafwaf	Hugormo IV
342-352 yafwaf	Hugormo V
352-375 yafwaf	Hugormo VI

A Brief Intermission

375-384 yafwaf	Fligsby
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The Third Flompian Dynasty

384-392 yafwaf	Hugormo VII
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Another Brief Intermission

392-393 yafwaf	Bosshasher
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Floomsblight

393-405 yafwaf	Fleep Oct Num
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The Fourth Flompian Dynasty

406-406 yafwaf	Hugormo VIII
406-437 yafwaf	Hugormo IX
437-448 yafwaf	Hugormo X
448-500 yafwaf	Hugormo XI
500-533 yafwaf	Hugormo XII
533-present	Hugormo XIII

an acclaimed patron of the arts, hiring all sorts of artsy-fartsy types to decorate the city with statues and murals and the like (most of which depict Hugormo himself, but so what, he deserves it). He's also the primary benefactor of *The Whole Hole*, a volume of which currently holds your attention.

Of course, the Keistermeister is only one dude and trying to manage a city-state and all its associated holdings, colonies, expeditions and whatnot, is far too huge a task for a fellow to handle alone. That's why the Keistermeister's court is infested with all manner of advisers, administrators, toadies, and bureaucrats. The Keistermeister has his hands in many cookie jars and he likes to stay informed. If something's going on in Hugormo's domain you can bet there's a department or functionary in place to regulate, tax, or observe it. Not to mention all the entitled aristocrats, civilian petitioners, trade guilds, and special interest groups a place like Floom enjoys. Well, actually to mention them. Why do people even say "not to mention" and then go on to mention exactly the thing they just said they weren't going to mention? Anyway, they're there too.

Don't get the wrong idea. Floom isn't some oppressive tyranny like Aggogg (although it has been in the past) or an overly convoluted bureaucracy like Toast (where you apparently have to fill out three forms just to bribe an official into filling out three forms for you). The Keistermeister isn't some all-powerful divine interlocutor like Sultan Pepper of That One Place with all the Sand, nor does he rule with the iron fist (nor the iron leg, iron nose, and iron plate-in-his-skull) of the Gubernator of Ewg. The denizens of Floom are his peeps, not his subjects. He cares for them and provides them with a freakin' city, so give the guy a break already. It's his job to maintain order and make sure nothing threatens the safety of his peeps, even if the Fuzz have to bust the occasional noggin or the Keisternauts preemptively invade a country or two. Despite the obligatory taxes and desultory bureaucratic entanglements Floom is a pretty snazzy place to live, especially when one considers the alternatives. It lacks the religious oppression of Babajuana, the random violence of Aggogg, the uppity snootiness of Maankaas, and the living-

WHAT'S THIS I HEAR ABOUT CANALS?

"Two clams there and two clams back.

That's the fare of a dinghy hack.

To discourage incongruity-

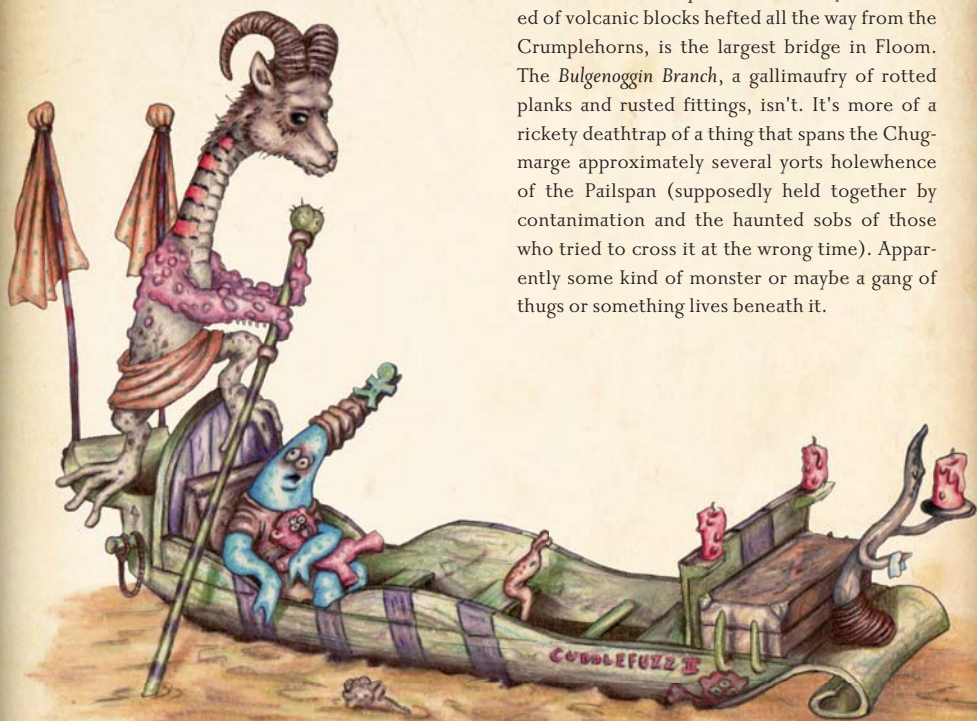
Add generous gratuity."

-Tattooed on the chest of Blitee Polepusher

Several yorts holewhence of Floom a narrow tributary splits itself from the River Snooz and tumbles its way Floomward. This stream, known as the Gobcraw, is a treacherous, boulder-strewn torrent, plagued variously by hull-rending rapids, swirling eddies, choking tangles, and cute little duckies. These perils, along with the fact the Snooz itself is far larger, more hospitable, and ultimately leads to the same place, mean the Gobcraw is seldom traveled by anyone other than the occasional crud-smuggler or ducky hunter, although it does run alongside the road between Floom and Bucket for a few yorts. Really the most important thing about the Gobcraw is that it eventually splits, just outside of Floom,

into a number of brackish tributaries known collectively as the *Flomp'smop Canals*. These sallow waterways serve Floom and its denizens in a number of ways, providing transportation, water for washing and drinking (it tastes like sweat, but it's marginally potable), and a handy place to dump a dump (or a corpse or whatever). Boatmen known as dinghy-hacks row or pole their flat-bottomed skiffs along the Flomp'smops, driving passengers and delivering goods (for a fee, of course).

Floom's longest and widest canal, the *Chugmarge*, marks the holeward border of the city. It's banks are steep and perilous, becoming ever more so as it approaches the churning froth of the Gawdchoppers. Two bridges cross its murky flow. The *Pailspan*, broad, sturdy, and crafted of volcanic blocks hefted all the way from the Crumplehorns, is the largest bridge in Floom. The *Bulgenoggin Branch*, a gallimaufry of rotted planks and rusted fittings, isn't. It's more of a rickety deathtrap of a thing that spans the Chugmarge approximately several yorts holewhence of the Pailspan (supposedly held together by contamination and the haunted sobs of those who tried to cross it at the wrong time). Apparently some kind of monster or maybe a gang of thugs or something lives beneath it.



There's rumoredly (is that a word?) a bunch of unclaimed shiny bits and other treasury items hidden beneath the Bulgenoggin Branch.



wrist, depending on the whim of the arresting hoink and the sentencing umpire. It's not that all of Floom's hoinks are corrupt, it's just that most of them are, and those that aren't are seldom rewarded for their righteousness. Besides, Floom's criminals kind of govern themselves. If one gangsta gets too big for his tube socks another is usually standing behind him ready to plunge a spork in his back.

The Keisternauts, on the other tentacle, are not so forgiving. They display their bucket tattoos with far more pride than the average Fuzz wears his green wig or strap-on *swineschnoz*. Enemies of Floom beware! The Keisternautical legions have grown from a few bedraggled sailors in the days of Flomp to become one of Oith's most powerful military forces. They've defeated invaders and price-o-corns from everywhere such things come from. They've defended Floom through countless battles and spread the Keistermeister's influence throughout the known world. They don't technically have any judicial or executive authority outside of military matters, and they're subject to the same rules as everyone else, but it's unwise to cross them nonetheless. They travel in packs, are fiercely patriotic, often drunk, and don't stand for that crap. Gangstas in Floom have more to fear from the Keisternauts than they do from the Fuzz. Obviously, a great many Keisternauts are also criminals, what with their legendary love of drinking, fighting and other sailorly behavior but that complicates matters so let's just ignore it.

While the Keisternauts defend Floom from outside threats and the Fuzz (however ineffectually) handles the criminal element, Floom's various guilds, clubs, and trade organizations do a great deal to promote the interests of everyone else. Some are merely social clubs, where peeps with similar interests get together to spout the gab and discuss the current generation's shortcomings, others are political or religious in nature, petitioning the Keistermeister for consideration of one sort or another. There are those that represent craftspeeps of a certain type and others dedicated to the furtherance of an ideal, conviction, or circumstance. We'll squint a bit more deeply at many of these groups in a bit, but I figured they needed a mention here. You, know, for the sake of integrity or whatever.

however, this one, known as *Blitee's Lull*, is a natural phenomenon. It protrudes from the canal like the leak in the eponymous tinkle, forming a natural border between the Snoot and the Stomping Ground. It's calm waters are sort of a resting place for dinghy-hacks and barge-swabs. Many of the grog parlors, flop warrens, and strumpet shacks in the area cater to such watery types.

Floom's final canal, which runs alongside the Bucket Turf, separating that floofy domain from the riff-raff of the Midsection and the slightly-less-floofy denizens of the Snoot, is the *Drippings*. Like the Tinkleleak, the Drippings is sluggish and drowsy (not quite as lugubrious as the Chugmarge, but still pretty tame). It's waters are cruised by the usual dinghy-hacks and barge-swabs but also by a significant force of Keister-nauts and hoinks, wending their scows back and forth from the Bay of Dismay to 'Gormo's Pass (the bridge connecting the Bucket Turf to the

the Pits), on the peer for suspicious hooligans this close to the Keistermeister's palace. Not far from the Bay of Dismay, the Drippings is crossed by Floom's most famous bridge, the pleonastically named *Keistermeister Hugormo the Oneth's First Processional Scenic Overpass and Ritually Significant Traversatorial Viaduct*, more usually just known as the *Meisterbridge*. On the other side of the Place of Pondering (more on that later) a less fancifully appellated, but no less significant arch spans the Drippings. Known simply as the *Other Bridge*, this other bridge marks the spot where Bossbasher Floomsbright smashed Hugormo VII between a couple of stone bricks (of which the bridge is built, incidentally). Sud burrow gossip insists Hugormo VII's remnant spook still haunts the area, revealing itself as a frowning face in a puddle of blood whenever such blood is spilled upon the bridge.

LOADS AND LOADS OF ROADS AND ROADS

"There I was, just sort of wandering aimlessly through the streets of Floom, when all of a sudden, without warning, out of nowhere, with absolutely no indication that such a thing was imminent, nothing significant happened."

-Somebody you probably never met. Don't worry about it.

There are more streets, alleys, and paths in Floom than there are zits on a kanker. Unfortunately, none of them have official names, so getting around without a sherple is something of a challenge. See, way back in 274 yafwaf, Keistermeister Hugormo the Oneth issued an edict declaring all roads and streets in Floom nameless. Ostensibly this was a tactic meant to confuse potential invaders but was more likely a response to an outcry by the Amalgamated Brotherhood of Sherples, Dinghy-hacks, and Beastpunchers after the royal cartographer died of severe hand cramps. This swelled the clamsacks of the local sherples, but made getting around Floom far more confusing for everyone else.

Most peeps in Floom refer to a street based on what's on it, such as the Guzz Road or Vault of Revenuvial Affluence Boulevard, although it's illegal to write such things on official maps. More commonly, directions are given based on landmarks rather than roads (turn left after the Chopping Block, cross the Leaker's Leap, say hi to the old croach on the bench with the plaid

cravat, keep going straight until you see Pickled Feet on your right. Go down that alley but watch out for One-eyed Brutal, he's a mean one. On the other side turn left and go in the front door of Chollo's house. Sneak out his back window, climb the rope ladder to the balcony next door and then onto the roof with the green tiles. Scamper across the clothesline to the suds parlor across the street, go around back. Jump the fence. Turn right and you're there. Or I could just lead you there for a couple of clams...).

Obviously, sherples and aimless wanderers aren't the only dudes on the streets. The gutters are lined with drunks and gluttons sleeping off their chili-binges and suds-chuggings while hockers and waremongers peddle everything imaginable from carts, baskets, and mongersticks. Strumpets, hoinks, beastpunchers and all manner of citizens do their thangs wherever such thangs are done. It's much like the streets in any other cosmopolitan burg, only more confounding than most.

Once a peep's lived in Floom for a while it



Although it's the biggest of the Flomp'smops, the Chugmarge bears the slowest current, trudging lazily toward the Gawdchoppers like a geriatric slog after a Stansmass feast. The opposite is true of the *Hurl*, Floom's deepest and fastest canal. It divides the city between the 'Ward Ward and the Midsection, forking around the Hovel Turf as it approaches the Gawdchoppers. It's five bridges are all named for past Keistermeisters. Connecting the Hovel Turf to the 'Ward Ward is a hideous conglomerate of stone and ancient mushroom stalks known as the *Gliffspan*. Inward from that are the *Nuzpass*, the *Throbbleshop* (which leads to The Other Side of the Fence), the *Fleepath*, and the *Fligsbridge* (which could just as easily be said to cross the *Tinkleleak*). The *Hurl*'s extreme depth (up to eighty yorts in some areas) and merciless current are far too dangerous for all but the most seasoned of dinghy-hacks, who must then brave the deadly rocks and juice of the Gawdchoppers to return by way of the sluggish Chugmarge (it's almost impossible to pole a dinghy upstream on the *Hurl*).

About a third of the way down its length the *Hurl* diverges into a broad, almost circular pool. This pond, known as the *Swirly*, was created about sixty years ago under the auspices of Hugormo XI acting on petitions by the Amalgamated Brotherhood of Sherples, Dinghy-hacks, and Beast-

punchers, in an attempt to divert the current and make the *Hurl* safer for dinghy travel. It didn't work. Instead, the swift currents of the *Hurl* refused to be tamed, forming in the center of the *Swirly* a powerful eddy that splinters any dinghy unfortunate enough to wander into its roiling surge. The pond is safe enough around its edges, but the center is a churning vortex of deadly current, shattered boats, and irretrievable flotsam. Every now and then, particularly during a powerful storm, the eddy reverses itself, sucking all the accumulated debris beneath the surface with an enormous flush. Maybe they should have given it a different name.

Holewhence of the *Hurl*, and diverging from the same finger of the Flomp'smops (on the Gawdchoppers side of the *Fligsbridge*) is the *Tinkleleak*. It meanders through town, separating the Midsection from the Mongerblocks and the Snoot. Its lazy, gentle flow allows dinghy-hacks to travel upstream as well as down. Consequently, the *Tinkleleak* is Floom's busiest canal, with dinghies and barges constantly ferrying passengers and jazz back and forth between the *Leaker's Leap* (an elegant bridge near the Scrapin' Hole) and the *Fligsbridge*, crossing under the twin arches of the *Bubble Goose* along the way. Similar to the *Hurl*'s *Swirly*, a pond excurses from the *Tinkleleak* as well. Unlike the *Swirly*,

realms abound, particular those beneath the tower of Glomer the Danged-Wrangler, which reportedly teems with ...of the Danged. Criminals dwell here, hatching their sinister plots and plotting their sinister hatcheries. It's lovely.

If your meanderings take you below the streets of Floom I highly recommend you nab yourself a qualified sherple. The sewers are deadly, rancid, and even more confusing and jumbled than the realms above.

A NECESSARILY INCOMPLETE GLANCE AT SOME OF FLOOM'S PLACES, PEEPS, AND PRODUCTS

"Floom is just about the jumbliest place a peep can wallow. It's like Boorglezar visited an all-you-can-chow international buffet filled with buildings from every neck of the metaphorical woods and this is what he dumped out a few hours later."

-Othal the Genteel

Finally! Now we get to use all those nifty symbols I showed you way back at the beginning of the book. In this section we'll explore the various turfs and hoods of Floom. We'll be shopping, dining, snoozing, living the Floomish lifestyle, and getting to know some of the city's most colorful peeps. First, an overview of the hoods, then on to the good stuff. Shall we? Let's...

THE MONGERBLOCKS

The Mongerblocks is one of the two neighborhoods a peep is likely to encounter first upon a visit to Floom (unless he travels overland). Home to several of Floom's most celebrated landmarks, the Mongerblocks are overflowing with Floomy goodness. Near the banks of the Bay of Dismay, the turf is mostly warehouses,

strumpet huts, groggeries, and docks. Floom's bitchin'est fish market is here, along with workshops where many of the region's boats, nets, ropes, and other nautical jazz are constructed. It's a rough area, full of swaggering Keisternauts, nefarious gangstas, and lots and lots of stinky fish.

Things gradually get a bit snazzier and more upscale as a peep meanders toward the Place of Pondering and the Snoot beyond. In fact, the shops and eateries surrounding the Froth are some of the trendiest in town, sort of a beauty mark among moles, while those near the Place of Pondering are known for their original and ingenious creations. It doesn't quite match the swishiness of the Snoot or the Bucket Turf, but it occasionally comes close.



The worm riding the giant slog in the above picture is not actually as big as he appears. That's called "artistic license."

gets a bit easier. In truth, the streets in the city are laid out pretty logically. It's just that the architectural discombobulation combined with the unpredictable topography, the unidentified

throughways and the overall bustle of the place conspire to present a challenging wend to visitors and invaders unfamiliar with the Floomish nuance.

POOP PIPES AND STINK STACKS: THE SEWERS OF FLOOM

"Fumes, stench, sludge, and things that want to eat me. It's a containimator's paradise."

-Cerumen Thricewipe

The pipes and tunnels that wend and weave beneath the streets and edifices of Floom were the nogginspawn of Tincture II, fifth keistermeister of Floom. See, what happened was, the Gobcraw got all backed up with debris and corpses and whatnot following a particularly brutal raid on some farms holewhence of Floom by the ancestors of the Dead Fish People (they used to travel farther inland). As a result, the Flomp'smops withered significantly and Floom's waste materials couldn't be washed into the Gawdchoppers and thence into the Keister of Gawd as was the accepted practice at the time. It's unclear why he didn't just have some peeps remove the obstructions, but what followed was one of Floom's first great public works projects. Employing thousands of Floomians and nearly bankrupting the keistermeisterial vaults in the process, Tincture II began a decades long binge of pipe-laying madness.

Of course he croaked long before the works were completed, and hundreds of peed-ons went the way of the Hoomanrace due to countless cave-ins, floods, and other on-the-job hazards, but eventually the sewers got made. Badly. Nobody really thought to draw out some plans first and civic engineering was still in its infancy, so the pipes and tunnels just sort of wend around all over the place with little regard for hydrodynamic function, structural integrity, or basic decency. Most of the tunnels eventually make their way to the Gawdchoppers, spewing forth whatever detritus it's their burden to carry, but many others have no destination, they just wind around forever or terminate in ill-thunked catch basins and mucky seeps.

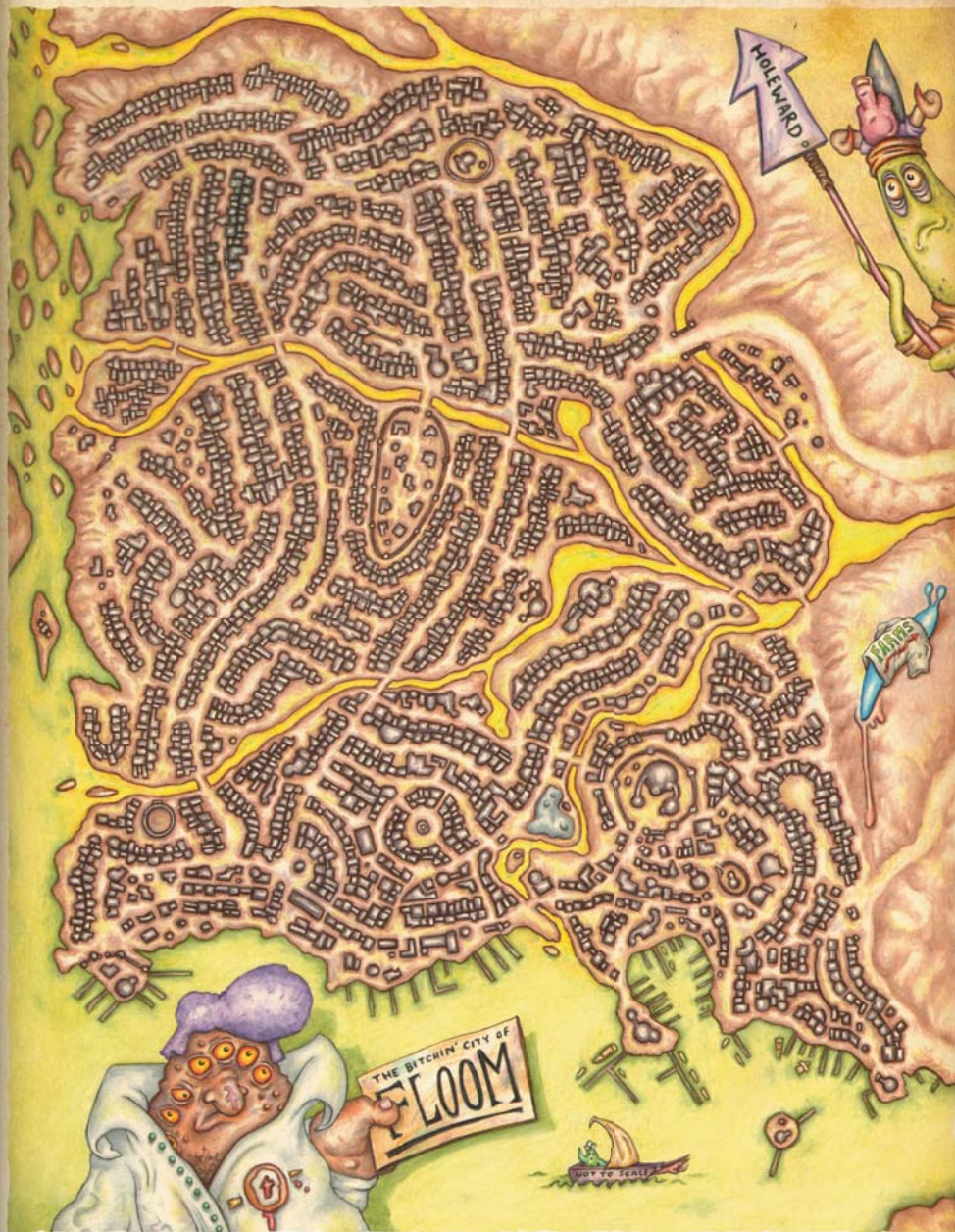
Following a plague of sinkholes and other catastrophes Keistermeister Cuddlepotamus funded an initiative to repair the worst of the sewers. Tunnels were filled in. Pumping stations were erected. Stink stacks vented noxious gases

away from homes instead of toward them. Weaknesses were bolstered. Cracks were plastered. Ets were ceterad. It wasn't perfect, but it would have to do. Besides, the sewers weren't all that useful as a diversion for waste and rainwater, since their wonky designs led to more flooding and unpleasant backups than they prevented and the Flop'smops provided a direct route to the Gawdchoppers anyway.

Predictably, things were fine or at least tolerable until the Bulgenoggins came along. True to form, Sinful Bulgenoggin and the ilk of his branch had more fun wrecking up the digs than they did repairing things. Under their malevolent direction the sewers became a haven for criminals and other unsavory dudes. Illicit deals were done. Secret pacts were made. Horrible things were plotted. Of course, that sort of thing was going on on the surface as well, but there was a sort of dramatic drift in the sewers that appealed to the romantic nature of certain peeps. It ended badly when Anus Bulgenoggin, dabbling in containimation, summoned some things best left unsummoned that infested the sewers and ate a bunch of guys.

Anyway, more stuff happened over the years. Some of it was very interesting, like the time a gangsta named Lormy the Plumbed hatched a buns-load of oily boids in the tunnels beneath the old Chopping Block and used the drippings to ignite the place from underneath. Others weren't very interesting, like when that one bug (you know, the one) squirmed a few yorts down a tunnel and then just sat there for a while. Today the sewers still don't fulfill their intended purpose very well, but they do provide containimators with a snazzy place to work their works and offer a decent habitat for things best left below the surface. Many of Anus Bulgenoggin's containimants still roam here (along with others summoned by more recent filth-jockeys). Haunted

Lormy the Plumbed is currently incarcerated in The Can. He's offered a prize of 10,000 clams to whoever busts him out.



THE HOVEL TURF

This place sucks. It's really just a big jumbled slum, overflowing with clamless beggars, vile thugs, filthy crooks, and whatever unsavory societal dregs wash over from the 'Ward Ward and the Midsection. There are no hoinks here. They

don't even bother, so the Hovel Turf has become a haven for those who wish to avoid the law, those who have no other place to go, and those who just like to wallow in filth for some reason.

Location: A broad island between the forks of the Hurl and the Gawdchoppers.

For example, there is a very steep cliff just under the holeward face of that wall that surrounds the Keistermeister's palace.



Location: Bordered on it's holeward side by the Tinkleleak, holewhencewardly by the Bay of Dismay, and on its other sides by the Floomfirth, the Drippings, and the Snoot.

THE BUCKET TURF

Floom's swankiest hood is the Bucket Turf. It's the realm of the Keistermeister's palace, the illustrious Reekbottle Theater, and the city's fanciest temples, shops, and eateries. Dignitaries from foreign lands lounge in their polished embassies while bureaucrats conduct the business of government. The harbors in this region are reserved for the vessels of wealthy ware-mongers, the pleasure barges of Floom's elite, and Keisternautical warships. The Bucket Turf boasts the cleanest streets, the most extravagant constructions, the least corrupt hoinks, and the most affluent denizens. Laws are enforced more strictly here and many of the citizens have their own bodyguards or mercenary crews to protect their assets.

Location: All of Floom holewhence of the Drippings

THE SNOOT

If the Bucket Turf is Floom's poshest confines the Snoot is its most ambitious. There's a palpable aura of desperation to this place as the denizens constantly try to be more like those of the Bucket Turf. Fashion rules here. The streets bulge with shops hocking the latest duds from New Oorlquar, Doop, Maankaas and other in-the-ular spots. Exotic aromas waft from the

doorways of bistros, grub houses, and night-clubs, while residents strut to and fro with their ginormous floppy hats, velvet bathrobes, gilded codpieces, or whatever happens to be in vogue at the moment. The great tragedy of the Snoot is that its peeps spend so many of their clams on clothes, fancy eats, and other status symbols that most will never be able to save enough to land a pad in the Bucket Turf, which taunts them from across the Drippings.

Location: The area of Floom between the Tinkleleak and the Drippings bounded by Blittee's Lull and the Place of Pondering.

THE MIDSECTION

The Midsection, like the 'Ward Ward, is huge. It houses a varied cross-section of Floomish peeps, from the dilapidated tenements of the Crudwarrens to the stately mansions of The Other Side of the Fence. The Midsection might as well be it's own burg, sloshing, as it is, with all of the things that make Floom Floom. In fact, nowhere is that soup bowl analogy from a few sections ago more apt than in the Midsection. Immigrants from every nation, if not every village, Oith has to offer can be found here. It's a turf made of dozens, if not hundreds, of smaller neighborhoods, each somehow different from the others. Here's the place to go for exotic imports, finely crafted weapons, armors, and implements of all sorts, a taste of the old country (wherever that may be), and just about anything else.

Location: All of Floom between the Hurl and the Tinkleleak.

BOORGLEZAR'S BLESSED BONE BUCKET



This cylindrical tower, tended by a sect of Boorglezarian monks known alliteratively as the Brothers of the Blessed Bone Bucket of Boorglezar, is sort of a do-it-yourself funeral pyre. It's basically just a big stone fireplace, like the ovens peeps use to bake bread, but a lot bigger. There's this wide gap at the bottom through which stiffs are popped, atop a swiveling metal grate. When a dude's thoroughly cooked, the grate is dumped and his bones tumble down, where they feed the blazing fire in the pit below (which is never allowed to extinguish, I'm told). All the while, the monks chant their rhythmic dirges and perform their ceremonial break-dancing moves to honor the deceased and adulate the resplendent wisdom of Boorglezar (who they say is a big fan of the shoulder spin).

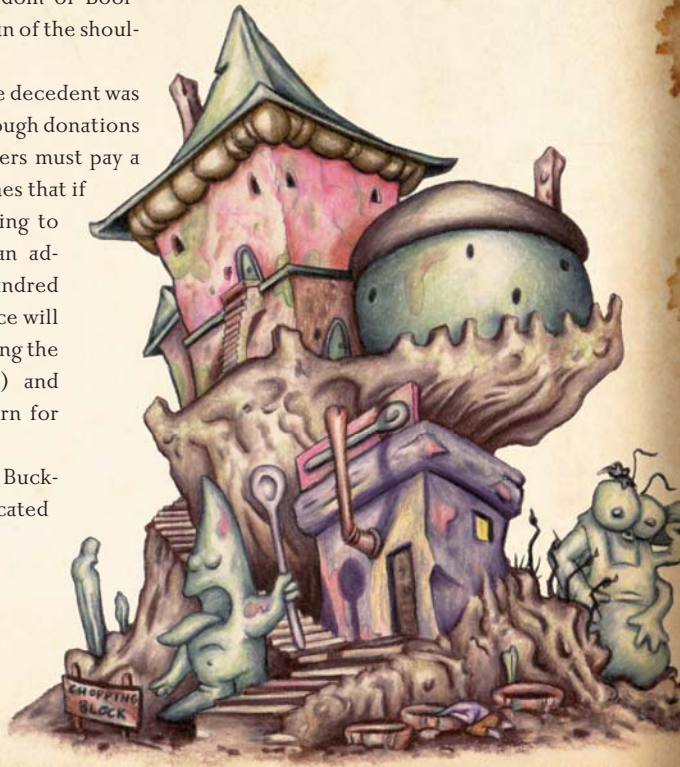
Burning a body is free if the decedent was a devout Boorglezarian (although donations are encouraged), but all others must pay a tribute of fifty clams (ten times that if it looks like someone is trying to dispose of evidence). For an additional fee of ten to a hundred clams the monks in attendance will gather a dead guy's ashes (using the sacred ash-gathering scoop) and plop them in a decorative urn for posterity.

Boorglezar's Blessed Bone Bucket is a free-standing tower located in the heart of the Mongerblocs, about halfway between the Scrappin' Hole and the Froth.

THE CHOPPING BLOCK



The chili in this place is horrible beyond description. Nevertheless, for reasons that will become clear in a moment, it's one of Floom's most popular grubberies. See, the chili here might taste like something a diseased pile scraped from between his toes after a particularly strenuous week stomping sea harlots in the wine vats of Borf, but it has a certain ephemeral quality that slaps a craving in a peep's brain as surely as Magnificent Munge slapped the green off the Nadbuster Clan. True, even the most stone-crawled croach is likely to puke in revulsion upon the first spoonful. But as soon as his heaving lulls he's back for a second slurp. Then a third. Before he knows what's happened he's on the street, peddling his assets for just one more bowl.





THE 'WARD WARD

The 'Ward Ward rises gently as a peep moves holeward from the Hurl until it meets a steep ravine overlooking the Chugmarge. It's an enormous turf, rivaling the Midsection in area and populace, with just as wide a variety of jazz. Like the Midsection, it tends toward squalor along certain blocks, while others thrive. It's kind of pointless to define the district too narrowly, bearing, as it does, such a diverse profusion of what Floom has to offer. It might as well be a part of the Midsection, considering how similar the two realms are, but it's not.

Location: All of Floom holeward of the Hurl and the Pits, bordered holewardly by the Chugmarge and associated ravines.

THE PITS

The Pits are thusly named not because they are in some way deplorable (they are in many ways deplorable, but so is everywhere else) but because of the mining pits that have been burrowed into the nearby hillsides over the past few centuries. The turf is a mustering point for the miners and caravans that vamoose periodically along the road to Bucket and points beyond. The grub and grog peddlers in this neighborhood are nothing fancy, the clientele tends to favor quantity over quality and substance over floof.

It's also a good place to nab some sturdy workin' duds, tools, and the like.

Location: Holewhence of the Pailspan, bordered by the Hurl and the road to Bucket, crossing over the Chugmarge, bounded holewhencewardly by the Fligsbridge and 'Gormo's Pass.

It should go without saying there's not nearly enough room in this book to even name the thousands of peeps and places in Floom that might be of interest to even the most casual gadabout, let alone describe them all in detail. Having said that anyway, please enjoy this tiny sampling of what Floom has to offer...

THE MONGERBLOCKS

PLACES OF INTEREST

With a few notable exceptions, food in the Mongerblocks is more about filling a gullet than pleasing a palate or impressing the neighbors. Bland, gut-cramming stews and just about anything that has to do with fish are the most common dishes. Suds in this turf are strong and rank, intended to fuddle a peep as quickly as possible. Things tend to get a bit more refined near the Froth and closer to the Snoot and the Bucket Turf, but the necks of the woods near the Mongerdocks and the Scrappin' Hole are populated mostly by sailors, ruffians, and other hard-drinking, hard-snarfing sorts.

Similarly, most of the flop-middens in this hood are often nothing more than a bunch of cots or hammocks strewn about a large room where the snores and odors of a few dozen sailors on shore-leave can mingle freely. There are some decent inns near the Froth and the Scrappin' Hole, but if you're looking for clean sheets and a private room you're better off in the Snoot (if you have clams to burn) or the Midsection (if you don't).

Despite what I just said, a peep wandering the Mongerblocks has dozens of choices when it comes to resting his tootsies, stuffing his craw, spending his clams, or getting soaked (hundreds if you consider the profusion of monger carts in this turf). Here's a small taste (and some other interesting stuff too):

years in angsty self-loathing before it either disintegrates or is discovered by somebody with a use for it. It's basically just a huge stone building, a former warehouse overlooking Significant Wharf's rocky beach, filled to the gills and beyond with random mountains of whatever. Peeps come in here and trade their own debris for whatever they can rummage from the hoard, assuming they can wend their way through the precarious labyrinth of lumbering clutter heaps.

The owner is Oodles Flotsam, a reformed price-o-corn and former Keisternaut. He nabbed the warehouse about thirty years ago in a game of chance and started filling it with all the plunder he'd collected over the years. Nowadays it's so full of booty and random whatnot I can't even think of a metaphor to describe it. It's mostly worthless crud, but occasionally a peep'll find something worth finding, like the croach I talked to who happened upon the key to a locked chest of clams his departed grandpappy left behind, or the containimator who built an entire horde of minions out of an afternoon's scroungings.

THE DIGS



This disreputable flop-midden is tucked away in an alley overlooking the Tinkleleak, just on the Gawdchoppers side of the Fligsbridge. The entryway is nothing more than a large mound of dirt with a mess of old shovels slammed into it, jutting skyward like a bunch of skyward-jutting shovels or something. Don't even try to yoinck them. The owner, a greasy containimator who goes by the name Crustance the Bore, has them all rigged with traps and alarms and other nastinesses designed to discourage yoincking. A circular portal, which Crustance insists is an artifact of the Hoomanrace but I'm pretty sure is just a garbage can lid, leads into the Oith where a labyrinthine network of tunnels and chambers comprises the venue.

Nobody (except Crustance and her minions, presumably) knows the complete layout of the place, but it's pretty extensive. To me it seems more like a dungeon than a hotel, but then again

I'm neither subterranean nor particularly enamored of solitude and darkness. See, the Digs caters to worms and other dirt-dwellers, as well as the occasional travelers who visit Floom from the dark reaches of the Underwhere. I don't mean to imply that all worms are dirt-dwellers nor that I in any way wish to pejorate the practice of dirt-dwelling. It's all good, brother. Do what you like. As for me, I'm not a big fan of sleeping in dank holes, no matter how finely appointed.

Crustance and her staff of containimatic minions (I even saw a gaggle of containimants pushing a food cart through the halls) see to the needs of guests, who are admonished to stay in their rooms for the duration of their visit. Food is brought directly to each room; there's no central dining area or gathering hall, just a bunch of tunnels and individual chambers. The guestrooms are pretty decent, I suppose. A bit cramped and a bit dirty, but the beds are comfy and mine had a nifty painting of a reclining croach above it, which I couldn't see because it was too dark.

I've heard some pretty interesting dirt about the Digs. It's all unverified, and quite possibly inaccurate, but here it is anyway. See, Crustance is a containimator (this much is true) and the gab spouts that she secretly poisons some of her guests, particularly those who won't be missed, and drags them further into the tunnels to be used as spare parts and raw materials for her fellsome experiments. I wouldn't put it past her; I got a real creepy vibe the only time I visited.

Don't stay here. If you do, don't eat the food. If you do, don't go to sleep. If you do, don't blame me.

THE DIVE INN



The Dive Inn is a filthy, strumpet-infested midden of crud and iniquity. It's really not much more than a crumbling tenement made from rotting planks and bits of stalk

The Chopping Block recently moved to new digs after its previous location suffered a fiery demise at the hands of a rival chili-slinger. It currently sits on its own plot, partway between the Mongerdocks and the Scrappin' Hole. The new building is much larger than the old one, with some sweet statues and a separate cook house connected to the bar by way of a hidden passage (not hidden very well; it's covered by a door marked "secret passage"). The walls are decorated with stuffed beast heads and paintings of famous visitors, while the floors are covered in a thick paste of saw dust and vomit. The private residence of Doorq Snozleweener, the tizn't who owns and runs the place, is upstairs. Doorq and his staff of bar wenches and bouncers keep the chili flowing and the customers in line (more or less).

The Chopping Block serves two things: heinous, addictive chili and watery suds. Despite this, the clientele are a surprisingly mixed bunch. You're just as likely to spot a wealthy waremonger from the Bucket Turf heaving his innards on a lowly fisherpeep from down the block as you are to see that same fisherpeep spewing chili-tinged belches on a snarky weisenheimer or the guy who fixed you roof.



It may be vile, but at least its cheap. A peep can grab a bowl of chili and a mug of suds for a clam apiece. When the place is exceptionally crowded (all the time), Doorq even sends his apprentice, a gangly oof called Shazzbutt, to peddle chili to the masses at the Mongerdocks. Nobody knows Doorq's secret recipe, but I've talked with peeps who have followed him through the monger stalls and they say he just buys whatever ingredients are cheapest.

CHREWTHONK THE NEEDLER



Chrewthunk the Needler is one of Floom's finest tattoo arteests and the arch-rival of Finsto the Quill. This bulging worm, whose own body is so covered in fish and boats and other nautical jazz that its original color is anybody's guess, can usually be found hunched over a barrel on any one of the piers that make up the Mongerdocks, stabbing a bucket onto a swarthy Keisternaut or a treasure map onto the chest of a grimacing price-o-corn. He's crude, inappropriately flatulent, and usually snocked off his wazoo, but he's a surprisingly talented arteest and he learns all sorts of interesting tidbits hanging out with sailors and price-o-corns like he does, which he's not averse to spilling for a few clams or a bucket of Borfian fish wine.

There's a history between Chrewthunk and Finsto the Quill. I'm not hip to the whole story, but apparently they were both apprenticed to the same master back in the day and they had some sort of falling out when the old guy choked on a slog nugget. Whatever it was it must have been pretty serious. Those two guys really hate each other.

CRAP AND JUNK AND STUFF



This is where useless junk goes to die. Well, maybe not to die, but at least to linger for a few

FILTHGULPER'S FLOP & SLOP



Filthgulper's Flop & Slop is a dandy little pad overlooking the Froth. It's right next to the building with the worms on it that houses the fountain's pumps and jazz. If a peep has a hankering for some relatively tasty grub and a comy cot for the night he could do worse. Sure, it's a bit clammy, but that's because it's so close to the Froth. Winkus, the smiling bodul who owns the place, even worked out a deal with the Keistermeister to run root beer pipes directly from the building next door, so free root beer is available without a peep even having to walk to the Froth. All that is secondary, however, to the Flop & Slop's main attraction. It's the home of the eponymous Filthgulper, an immense esophagator who lives in a gigantic glass bowl set into the place's floor. Winkus tosses it kitchen scraps (and the occasional deadbeat customer, if the rumors are true) and peeps gather around to watch it gobble them down. There's this snazzy mezzanine sort of balcony from which the guest rooms sprout that overlooks the tavern floor. Good luck finding a space by the railing during feeding time.

Peeps can nab all sorts of Filthgulper souvenirs from the wenches and mongers who wander from table to table. Need a sketchy caricature of yourself being fed to Filthgulper? Filthgulper plushy? "I went to Filthgulper's and all I got was this lousy flesh wound" t-shirt? Collectible Filthgulper ceramic figurine? This is the place to get them.

There are gab-spouters who insist Filthgulper is actually the legendary Blurpy, captured long ago during Winkus's adventuring days, but that's just silly. Everyone knows Blurpy is hugely enormous, while Filthgulper is merely enormously huge. Still, Winkus does nothing to deny the rumors, recognizing the boost to business such gossip delivers.



FINSTO THE QUILL



Finsto the Quill is one of Floom's finest tattoo arteests and the arch-rival of Chrewhthunk the Needler. This bulging pile, whose own body is composed of a substance that can't be tattooed, can usually be found hunched over a table in one of the plazas that make up the Place of Pondering, composing a flaming brain onto a grinning oof or arcane runes onto the nose of a smelven smellcaster. He's polite, appropriately unflattering, and usually sitting on his wazoo pondering some riddle or other. He's an amazingly talented arteest and he learns all sorts of interesting tidbits hanging out with weisenheimers and dementalists like he does, which he's not likely to spill, even for a few clams or the answer to a really hard riddle.

There's a history between Finsto and Chrewhthunk the Needler. I'm not hip to the whole story, but apparently they were both apprenticed to the same master back in the day and they had some sort of falling out when the old guy choked on Chrewhthunk's fist. Whatever it was it must have been pretty serious. Those two guys really hate each other. In case you missed that part earlier.



salvaged from shipwrecks and refuse piles. Inside it's just one big room with a floor littered with dingy mattresses and dingier peeps. The boss of the place is a pimpular smelf called Sunny Hindquarters (Pimp Smelf, to his friends). He struts up and down the adjacent alleys with a gaggle of strumpets on his arms, offering sailors and groggy peeps a place to lay their heads and a night of raunchy entertainment. Those that acquiesce often regret it, since the beds and the bimbos both swarm with things best left unmentioned.

Nevertheless, to those desperate for sleep or companionship, the Dive Inn offers both for a low, low price. A mysterious one-eyed smellcaster who specializes in the treatment of "diseases of passion" lurks in an alley across the street.

THE DUNG HEAP



Burlance Obble, a surly worm from the holeward side of Blist, opened this suds-midden a few year ago after he discovered a rich vein of

particularly flavorful dirt while prospecting for brime near the Zunklecleft. He harvested all he could, hid it in a cave somewhere, and headed off to Floom to make his fortune. Securing a loan from an upstart gangsta named Dregzie the Schnoz, Burlance built himself a shop out of mud and whatever he could find in the gutter. He hired a slog wagon and took off for the secret cave that housed his stash. A few weeks later The Dung Heap opened for business, unleashing its potent suds on the worms of Floom.

The place itself is nothing special, not much more than a hollow lump of mud and "stuff" with some associated burrows and antechambers. It's windowless and dark, perfect if you're a worm, but uncomfortably tenebrous for most other peeps. Patrons sit on polished rocks or cushiony mushrooms that sprout from the viscid loam, sipping Obble's mud brew, which is often mixed with potent suds, listening to the keening moans of Uffal Fishbait and the Mudslurpers, while quietly relaxing and discussing the day's business. Lately the place has been frequented by a brutish gang of worms from the Hovel Turf. They call themselves the Digguz with Attitude, and they really enjoy causing trouble, roughing up customers and talking smack. Rumors suggest they were sent by Dregzie the Schnoz to encourage Burlance to repay his debt, but Burlance insists the loan's been paid and everything's cool between him and Dregzie.

The thing that is special, however, is the suds. I'm not a fan myself. The nuances of fine muds elude me, but the worms seem to dig it. They'll pay upwards of ten clams for a single mug of the stuff.

The Dung Heap (named for its appearance, not its consistency) is situated at the end of a row of shops, next to the Purpled Leg, about two blocks holeward of the Froth, across from the statue of Hugormo VII standing on a pile of severed horc limbs.



Sunny Hindquarters was briefly married to one of his employees, a four-legged tizn't named Theo. They broke is off after a few weeks, citing irreconcilable differences and incompatible anatomies.



The glizzardbark roots with which the Froth's root beer is brewed are delivered twice a year on a heavily armed tub captained by a funky known as Cap'n Gillbeard. You know, cuz his beard is all gilly and stuff.

THE FROTH



In 417 yafwaf, a brilliant inventor and architect named Yongle (who would eventually be driven mad by the Temple of Smellemental Evil), was commissioned by His Awesomeness Keistermeister Hugormo IX to create something nifty so the peeps of Floom would remember how awesome he was. After several unpopular proposals (such as a steam-driven slog grooming station and a device to paint everyone orange) the Keistermeister decided on a public water fountain. Not one to half-buns things when a task was at hand, Yongle went a step farther. Two steps farther, in fact. Bypassing the obvious canal waters of the nearby Drippings he opted instead to fill this particular gusher with delicious root beer, made from the finest gizzardbark roots imported all the way from the Phesterance (at great expense to the Keistermeister). Originally envisioned as a simple hollow statue depicting Hugormo IX standing in a dignified pose atop an elegant throne and tinkling into a trough, the fountain evolved into one of the city's most celebrated works of art. There's Hugormo IX up on top, hoisting a mug and smiling his most populace-appeasing grin, but there too are dozens of other peeps from Floom's history, chugging suds and spilling them for the rabble to lap up or gather in pitchers and mugs of their own.

The Froth, as the fountain is now known, is one of the city's most popular gathering places. The surrounding plaza is crowded with ware-hockers, food mongers, and thirsty peeps from all over Floom. They come to watch the inevitable performance arteests, holy rollers, and scoop-shouters that seem to ooze out of nowhere whenever large crowds gather. The Froth's courtyard is encircled by trendy shops, grog-parlors, and grub houses. In one large building (the one with four naked worms painted on it) teams of laborers work ceaselessly to brew the root beer and maintain the various pumps, pipelines, and mechanisms that keep the Froth frothy.

In order to maintain the Froth's integrity it is illegal to sell this particular root beer blend

anywhere in Floom or to export it outside of the city. That doesn't stop some peeps from profiting from it anyway. Dudes, such as the Toastian mug lender Sao Sim Loach (for some reason other cup-mongers tend to meet a mysterious end soon after setting up shop in the area), and Lotho "Purveyor of Fine Antacids" Pottymouth, are apparently rolling in the clams.

Nowadays the gushings of the Froth are tested regularly by smellcasters to make sure they haven't been poisoned. Such a thing has happened in the past. Thrice. In 446 yafwaf a contanimator known as Contemptible Nast dosed the stuff with a lethal concoction of kanker drippings and other horrible things, resulting in over a hundred deaths by explosive diarrhea. Several years later a group of Fungish subversives spiked the Froth with extract of pottyspronge, which resulted in an event known historically as The Creeping Wigginess of 472 yafwaf. It took months to repaint all the buildings. Recently, the contanimator Uuulon Crepulos tried to copy Contemptible's experiment, but his noxious plot was foiled by a heap of heroic peeps.

THE GREY MATTER BOOZATERIUM



This is the place that allegedly led to the demise of an entire religion and the emergence of the Place of Pondering. Whether that's true or not, the Grey Matter Boozaterium is a Floomish legend. It's run by the Dementional Discotesticus, a group founded in Floom a few centuries ago by an oof called Zumm Blech to take over the world or play ping pong or something. I can't quite remember. Anyway, the Discotesticus are a bunch of dementalist (all oofos, of course), and whatever their original goals were (or are, for that matter), now they run one of Floom's finest eat-and-drinkeries. See, the thing that makes this place so special, aside from the snazzy décor and delectable comestibles, is the fact that everyone who works here, from the bouncer at the door to the guy who mops the floor, is a dementalist, possessed of supersensory brain stuff the likes of which the rest of us can hardly imagine.

JAIL PETS MEAT



First one, then the other, then the last, now all three. This place is sort of a freelance prison. Peeps hire the booty hunters that run the place to catch those that done them wrong, those who owe them clams, or those they just plain don't like, and hold them here for a time (usually until the debt is repaid). Those who never pay up are taken by ship to Aggogg and sold into slavery or else they meet with an unfortunate "accident" and are sold as meat to some of the more disreputable grub-middens in town.

Of course, since slavery is illegal in Floom, this place is frowned on by the Keistermeister, but as long as those who hire the booty hunters provide some sort of evidence against the prisoner the bucket-crown's umpires look the other way. I'm sure there's some underlying political reason for Jail Pets Meat's continued existence that I'm not privy to and about which I refuse to speculate. Others, however, have done the speculating for me, insisting the Keistermeister himself sometimes avails himself of such services. The booty hunters here are really good. Their boss, a chili-hooked horc named Cellslammer Rancid tongue, is credited with the recent capture of Gozzle the Greased, special friend and cohort of the notorious Unflushable Nab.

Cellslammer and his peeps are always on the peer for new booty hunters to join their club, since the turnover rate is pretty high in their line of work. They also hire freelancers and adventurers for special gigs when a lot of travel is required or they just don't feel like doing a particular job.

LUSCIOUS LAPLICKER



Let's just say this nimble little bodul will do anything for a bowl of Chopping Block chili.

Anything. She can usually be found wandering the alleys near the Chopping Block, constantly muttering her desperate sales pitch to anyone who happens by. A visit to Sniff My Finger is recommended to anyone who avails himself (or herself) of Luscious's attention. 'nuff said.

Luscious tends to overhear a lot of dirt in her line of work and all it takes is a bowl of chili to convince her to open her mouth (for whatever purpose).

THE PLACE OF PONDERING



During the reign of Fligsby the Unbleached, Floom's beloved cremefillian Keistermeister, a rather peculiar occurrence occurred. That's what occurrences do, after all. See, at that particular era in Floom's history a certain cult was gaining popularity among the city's more gullible denizens. The *Dolts*, as they were known, were all about ignorance. They preached idiocy as a holy sacrament and intelligence, knowledge, and introspection as affronts to the gawds, whose sole domain such things should be. Little is known about this illiterate, impulsive bunch (obviously they didn't keep records), but apparently they used to hole up in a sprawling ramshackle tenement at the verge of the Mongerblocks, babbling incessantly to drive active thoughts from their atrophied noggins and ingesting huge quantities of mind-numbing suds and tonics. Their sermons took the form of random screams and acts of nonsensical hijinks during the public spoutings of weisenheimers. They trashed libraries, desecrated the temples of other faiths, and pooped on meditating oofos. It's this last that presumably led to their demise and the peculiar occurrence alluded to earlier in this paragraph.

Nobody knows exactly what happened, but one day the Dolts' tenement was sitting on it's promontory overlooking the Drippings, not pristine nor even structurally stable, but intact. The next day nothing but a pile of neatly stacked and sorted debris lay on the spot. The coop and all its adjacent shops and whatnots were completely obliterated, along with, one assumes, everyone

Recently, a Grey Matter Boozaterium opened in New Oorlquar, with others planned for Maankaas, Doop, and several of Oith's larger cities. Some say these restaurants aren't simply eateries but delicious harbingers of doom, outposts for the Demential Discotesticus as it spreads its insidious influence across the planet, but who knows...

Obviously, such a place caters to oofos, but everybody's clams are welcome here. Although it might be a bit disconcerting to watch the oofos at the next table carry on a conversation without using their mouths, it's also pretty interesting. Peeps come here to watch other peeps as often as they come here to fill their gullets. It's safe too. Violence, even among drunken patrons, is very rare here. The enormous mass of brain and muscle at the door is named Korzox Devourer-of-Planets, and he'd be intimidating enough to quell all but the most raucous rumble even if he couldn't turn you inside-out just by thinking at you sideways.

Every Splatterday the place closes to the pub-

The place is relatively clean, the beds are almost comfortable, and the food is actually pretty good. A bed in a shared room will run you five or six clams, and that includes a bowl of chowder and a mug of something sudsy. A private room is about twice that much.

have tried to shape it with everything from pick axes to hocus pokery and so far nobody's ever even scratched it. Maybe someday a meditating weisenheimer will twitch a secret or two from the stone beneath his buns, but until that day we're all just as clueless as we've ever been.

PLIXNOXXULON, MENDER OF OITHLINGS



This amiable oofu can often be found in the Place of Pondering, meditating quietly by himself or maybe taking in a puppet show or listening to the rants and sermons of the gab-spouters. He offers his glowy finger of love to anyone in need of healing, for a small fee of course. Actually, he's just as likely to touch someone who sits and listens to one of his (obviously fabricated) tales of the Muthaworld, or makes him chuckle with a particularly funny joke, as he is someone who hands him a bulging clamsack.

If he's not in the Place of Pondering Plixnoxulon's probably slurping Gan-Palactic Bargle-Gasters at the Grey Matter Boozaterium. If you see him, tell him Toucanacondor says "Thrice down the Tinkleak with Swovv Zinkleman." He'll know what it means.

THE PURPLED LEG



Ample the Auberginator, a worm with disputed origins, opened this grub stand next to the Dung Heap a few years ago. The building used to be the workshop of Huful Duful, a weirdo who vanished under mysterious circumstances, but now Ample uses it to sell tasty, tasty legs. Ample'll peddle the legs of anything, but for some reason only legs and always purpled. The purpling process is a closely-guarded secret, known only to Ample and one or two of his chums. It doesn't seem to do much, flavorwise, but it does indeed turn legs purple. It also turns tongues purple, which is part of the prestige of eating here. The logic goes thusly: anybody who would pay top clam



for mediocre food served next to a gigantic pile of mud and muck, just so he can prove he did it, must have clams to burn. Purple tongues and lips are all the rage in the Snoot, where such status symbols seem to be more important than elsewhere.

To clarify, the purpling process turns the legs that Ample cooks purple. Eating those legs turns the consumer's tongue and lips purple, not his legs. The food at the Purpled Leg isn't bad, it's just not particularly good. But it is purple, and that's really the point.

The gab yaks that Ample is secretly a gangsta of some sort. That may or may not be true, but he does seem to know the dirt on a lot of peeps. Maybe that's the real reason his grub's so clammy. One order of purpled unter leg, please, with a side of "Where is Dregzie the Schnoz hiding out?"...

RUMP'S REST



Barnswoggle Sloggproper, former head of Floom's Amalgamated Brotherhood of Sherples, Dinghy-hacks, and Beastpunchers, runs these extensive stables and the associated saddlery and feed shop. This grizzled croach, who lost two of his arms to an ornery sloss mog, I mean

inside. This annihilation was preceded by two events of note. First, a week earlier an oofo-run restaurant called the Grey Matter Boozaterium opened for business across the street. Second, the proprietor of that establishment, a sagacious oofo named Zimbacca Highbrow, was befouled by an unnamed substance dumped upon his person as he hovered in contemplation above the building's stoop. A day later the wreckage was complete.

Nobody has ever actually come out and directly accused the oofos. To be honest, most peeps were happy to be rid of the obnoxious Dolts and their horrid digs. The Keistermeister

assigned some hoinks to look into it, but since everyone in the neighborhood had mysteriously slept especially soundly that evening their wasn't much to report. Anyway, the following morning the rubble was gone and a large tract of barren dirt stood in its place. The day after that the dirt was gone and the ground was covered in some kind of strange, irregularly shaped mass of metallic stone.

It wasn't long before peeps started noticing they could think a little more clearly in the vicinity of the weird ground. There's some odd, barely tangible aura that just makes peeps smarter for some reason. It goes away as soon as soon as they leave, but it's definitely there. Fligsby, intrigued by the slab's sudden appearance and its illuminatory vibe, made the site into a public park. Today, over a hundred and fifty years later, the Place of Pondering is pretty much infested with weissenheimers, thunks, arteests, word wigglers, and other introspective peeps. It's a place for proselytizing, philosophizing, education, and public performance. Puppet shows, ham acts, poetry readings, holy rollings... These things abound.

Although lumpy and asymmetrical in contour, the Place of Pondering has been partitioned over the centuries with walls, benches, fountains, statues, umbrellas, stairways, and stuff so that it's divided into a number of vaguely circular plazas of varying size and with varying degrees of privacy. Some of these courts have been leased by assorted peeps for whatever reason (mostly monger stalls and other commercial enterprises), but the rest are available to whoever gets there first. The largest such spot is known as Fligsby's Flop and sports a very realistic (but thrice life-size) statue of Fligsby the Unbleached sitting with his eyes closed and his legs crossed in the manner of a meditating dementalist hovering (by an illusion of construction) above an enormous brain.

Many theories have been presented about the nature and origin of the Place of Pondering's strange silvery stone. Is it a product of geology? An artifact of the Hoomanrace? An ancestral oofo device of some sort? A gift of the Gawds? A metal plate in Mutha Oith's skull? Who the goose knows? It's incredibly durable, so much so, in fact, that nobody has yet devised a way to work it. It's proven impervious to every known force. Over the last century and a half peeps



A hoomanitarian daddy named Fizzle puts on a pretty swell puppet show every Splatterday in the Place of Pondering. It's all about the Time of the Flush and After the Wipe and how things got how they are.

The Scroppin' Hole isn't *all* about danger, though. It is, however, all about *spectacle*. After all, if you recall from a few sections back, its the spot where Bossbasher Floomblight delivered her famous apology and was stoned to death by the good peeps of Floom. Although gladiating is its main thang, the Scroppin' Hole is used for all sorts of public entertainments and addresses. It's hosted beast races, grub-gobbling contests, public speeches and decrees, pageants, parades, athletic events of all types, and just about anything else that needs a large space and an audience.

Another thing the Scroppin' Hole is all about is gambling. Peeps come from all over the goosin' place for a chance to win some clams by wagering on their favorite gladiators. It gets deeper than that, too. The gamesters who run the place offer the enterprising gambler dozens of ways to bet. For example, a roller could just speculate that Scrumptious the Ogler will defeat Cusser the Wuss and maybe earn a clam or two. To rake in the big dough, however, she could spice it up a bit by betting on which combatant will score the first hit, how many limbs Cusser will lose, how long his mom will cry, whether or not he'll wet himself, how many somersaults Scrumptious's victory dance will entail, what section of the audience will begin "the wave", and countless other variables. It's all supervised by Overbookie Zorxulon Sevenlobes, an oof with brains growing out of the brains on his brains, and enforced by very ugly peeps with very large knives.

The Scroppin' Hole's been around a long time, as we already established, but it's changed significantly over the centuries, evolving from the simple depression in the ground dimly lit with sputtering lanterns and surrounded by slobbering price-o-corns it was back in the days of Filthy Gob to the magnificent wonder of bizarchitecture it is today. I don't mean to gush, but have you *seen* this place? Absurdly enormous columns carved and sculpted in the likeness of monstrous beasts and historical gladiators, expansive terraced bleachers with enough lawn chairs and puke buckets for twenty thousand raucous spectators, colorful flapping banners, bellowing grub-mongers, giant novelty hands, the stink of unwashed bodies... these things are as much a part of the Scroppin' Hole as the howls



of exotic monstrosities, the clash of weapons, the slap of flesh, the splash of blood, the screams of dismemberment, and the enthusiastic cheers of an appreciative crowd.

SIGNIFICANT WHARF (THE MONGERDOCKS)



There have always been boats in Floom. It is a coastal burg, after all, and founded by seafaring price-o-corns at that. The earliest harbors, however, consisted of little more than a bunch of crumbled stone pilings, a few rotting planks, and a place to weigh anchor. They were dangerous and shoddy, just sort of thrown together wherever a cap'n decided he wanted to park. It wasn't until the reign of Keistermeister Spindly the Significant in 220 yafwaf that a serious effort was made to address this issue. Trade with other

moss slog, several years ago, has a staff of twenty or so stabledudes, saddlers, and feedmongers in his employ. They bustle about the place, feeding and tending to slogs, hamsters, plorps, and other beasts of burden, making saddles and tack, and preparing various slogs and foodstuffs for the animals in their care.

The place itself is pretty huge, with room for over a hundred pygmy slogs or similarly sized critters. Barnswoggle personally inspects each beast for signs of illness or injury before allowing it into the stables. He's notoriously protective of the creatures, berating and occasionally even attacking the owner of an abused animal. He takes his job seriously and doesn't tolerate anyone goosing with the beasts in his care. He may charge a lot (five clams a night per beast), but a peep can rest assured his critter is safe and comfy.

Barnswoggle's team of saddleshapers are among the best in town and the saddles they make, while not the fanciest seats around, are durable and comfortable. Their signature design, the eponymous *Rump Rester*, is popular with peeps who travel long distances on slogback. It's made from the ischial callosities of the Dimplestacks' wild borlos (the hides of which Barnswoggle often hires adventurers to retrieve) and peeps have been known to pay upwards of five hundred clams for one.

Similarly, the feed slop offered here is of the highest quality. The recipe to Barnswoggle's special blend is a closely-guarded secret. I'm told it involves various fish, some wild vegetables, and a great deal of what passes for corn. Whatever's in it, the stuff works wonders for a slog's energy and beastpunchers from as far away as Ewg order it by the shipload.

THE SCRAPPIN' HOLE



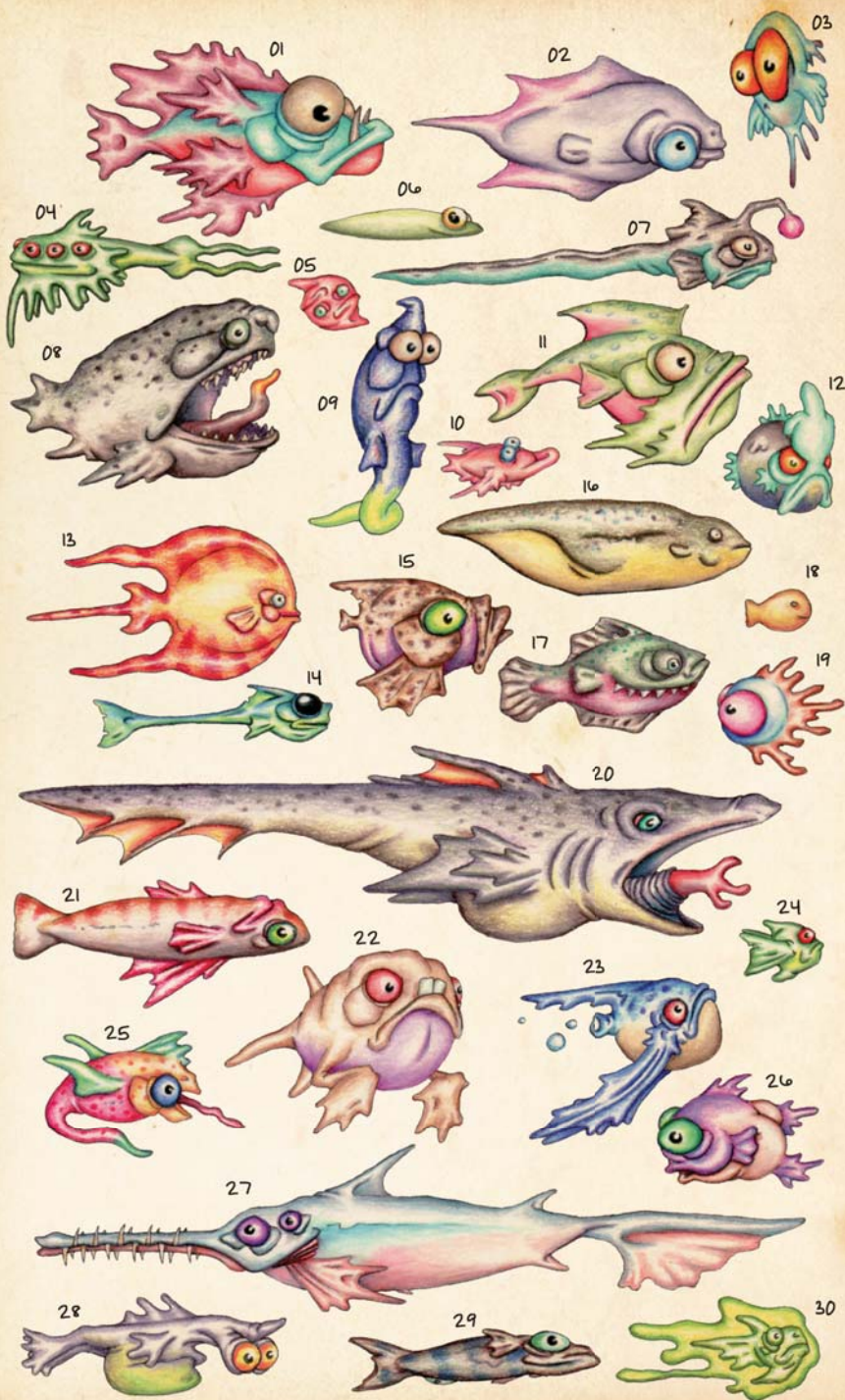
With the exception of the Rusty Bucket and the ruins of Castle Gobspire, which currently soaks at the bottom of the Bay of Dismay, the Scrappin' Hole is probably the oldest landmark in Floom. Founded nearly six hundred years ago

by price-o-corns under the patronage of Filthy Gob himself, this arena is pretty much just what the name implies: a hole for scrappin'. Over the centuries its dirt floors have churned with the blood and partially hydrogenated animal and/or vegetable shortening of many of history's greatest brawlers. It's the spot where Beardo the Beardless tore the limbs from Chobble Nine-arms with one eye tied behind his back, where Pretzlenoggin got glomp-chomped, where Briddibabudi was eviscerated by a horde of cute little duckies, where Thurston Of-the-Tongue single-footedly gazpachoeed three umber cukes, and where Magnificent Munge vivisected eighty horscs of the Nadbuster Clan to the applause of Keistermeister Hugormo VII during the Great Horcpurge of 385 yafwaf. More recently it's where Uuuly Crepsthral stompced the (apparently not) almighty Stomp-o-sore-ass, where the legendary cremefillian gladiator Glutinous Maximus annihilated countless opponents before retiring to live the posh life in Toast, where Amazingly Huge Ozzleflompus was shortened significantly by the whirling blades of Moil the Proportionately Adequate, and where Grease-gizzard Big-Gulp devoured untold buckets of slop to claim his title as the All-Floom Competitive Grub-Gobbling Champion.

Many of Floom's gladiators start out as criminals and other inhabitants of the Can who have been given the opportunity to earn their freedom by publicly killing their fellows (even though privately killing their fellows is what usually got them thrown in the Can in the first place). Some just dig fighting. Others are broke, desperate dudes on the peer for clams and fame. The very best gladiators wind up among the wealthiest and most exalted denizens of Floom, literally drippings with clams, chicks, and accolades (assuming they live long enough to enjoy such things).

The astute reader might wonder why a pit devoted to murder and violence only has two buns under its name. Those buns apply only to spectators and visitors to the Hole, who may have to contend with the occasional picker of pockets or disgruntled gambler. Weisenheimers haven't yet invented a number of buns high enough to describe the danger posed to scrappers. You know, because danger's kind of what they're all about.

Moil the Proportionately Adequate was one of those 'everypeep' heroes. A real inspiration to the populace. He met a pretty awesome demise, too - goosed to death by a horde of groupies.



This one time a guy named Obbbance the Unbalanced tied a whole bunch of spangled balloon knots together, inflated them, and leapt from the top of the Reekbottle Theater. He died, but it was still pretty cool.

nations was booming back then and Floom's merchant fleets were rapidly outgrowing the makeshift moorings of the day. Spindly made the significant decision (hence his appellation) to tear down a bunch of dilapidated structures along the waterfront in the Mongerblocks and build a decent harbor for the city.

Today, Significant Wharf, also known as the Mongerdocks, sprawls across the entire holewhence coast of the Mongerblocks. It begins as a rambling, irregular embankment, sprouting with a series of stone jetties and wooden docks on a bulky peninsula where the Floomfirth meets the Bay of Dismay. Vessels berthed here are mostly Keisternaut ships on the watch for price-o-corns and other threats, or else they're goods-monger crafts carrying special cargo that requires the extra protection provided by the high walls and armed guards of the adjacent Keisternaut outpost. The harbor then stretches past a broad cove and rocky beach where tubs come ashore from vessels moored farther out in the Bay (mostly sailors returning from distant ports who can't afford a spot on the piers) and continues to a second expanse of docks and piers before coming to an end where the Drippings meets the Bay of Dismay. These moorings scuttle with the actions of fisherpeeps and waremongers.

The wharfhoncho is a surprisingly personable horc known as Tubsniiffer Scumskipper. He and his underlings patrol the harbor, swaggering smugly in their fish pants and boat-shaped hats. They collect berthing fees, direct landings, inspect cargoes, and attend to the various tasks of harbor management. A few hoinks usually tag along, on the prowl for contraband to confiscate and suspicious peeps to arrest or extort.

Significant Wharf is a rumpus of hubbub day and night. Sailors, teamsters, beastpunchers, and dockworkers constantly load and unload cargoes of a gazillion descriptions. Huge warehouses, imposing edifices of stone and stalk loom large on the waterfront, accompanied by enough seedy grub-parlors, flop-middens, sud-burrows, and monger stalls to make a burg of their own. Beggars beg from every gutter, strumpets strump from every stoop, and salty sea-slogs hurl drunken epithets from every doorway. Well, not *every* gutter, stoop, and doorway, but enough to be statistically significant.

The shops and mongers of Significant Wharf trade in all sorts of touristy funk and nautical jazz, but nothing in more profusion than the slippery beasts of the sea. Fish and their drippy kin gapw from bins, carts, barrels, and lines throughout the Mongerdocks, awaiting their turn in the pots and bellies of Floom's denizens. And they're not just for eating either; clothiers, armorers, hocus pokers, and various artisans of a hundred types use fish and fishstuffs in the workings of their craft, some with purposes mundane and others more mysterious. By way of example, thirty species of note are here presented for your edification, along with their current market value:

01. Scruffy Nubbler (edible, 5-8 clams)
Hollowed eyes make nifty cups.
02. Bruised Laggard (edible, 2-3 clams)
Leathery skin can be used for clothing.
03. Peering Moorp (edible, 10-20 clams)
Luminous eye jelly glows for days.
04. Bearded Krunge (poisonous, 200 clams)
Toxic bladder is of use to evildoers.
05. Spinning Tailface (edible, 20 clams)
Makes a handy throwing star when dried.
06. Zoolozzle's Probe (edible, 2-4 clams)
Sometimes used as "marital aid".
07. Doug (poisonous, 50 clams)
Juice in its lure contains soporific toxin.
08. Speckled Massivemaw (edible, 10 clams)
Delicious in soup.
09. Effulgent Dollop (inedible, 20 clams)
Walks on its tail. Tastes awful.
10. Blushing Chaw (inedible, 2-3 clams)
Never rots or dries out. Decorative.
11. Keisterian Adznoggin (edible, 20-25 clams)
Sometimes worn as a hat.
12. Dour Stanfish (poisonous, 30 clams)
This thing hates us all. Venomous bite and mildly poisonous flesh. Very aggressive.
13. Striped Sea Harlot (edible, 2-4 clams)
Popular food fish. Not very tasty, but cheap.
14. Skinny Little Bastard (edible, 1 clam)
Travels in huge schools. Very common.
15. Spangled Balloon Knot (edible, 8 clams)
Can inflate bladder and float on surface.
16. Lumpous Nud (edible, 6-8 clams)
Tastes like mud. Skin used for pouches.
17. Oodle's Falsegob (edible, 3-5 clams)
Another popularly decorative fish.

SOGLOGGLE'S SHARP STUFF



Sogloggle, an obscenely muscular worm who came here from Gargle Twice a decade or so ago, peddles his stabby things from a shopfront across from the Scrappin' Hole. His workshop is in the back, and the clamorous whackings of hammer on steel make conversation all but impossible as he and his apprentice (a young croach called Umple the Deafened) bang away (at weapons, and some say, each other) all hours of the day and night.

Sogloggle's weapons aren't the finest in town, but they are abundant and cheap. In fact, so prolific is he that Sogloggle recently negotiated a contract to supply the Scrappin' Hole with sharp pointy things for the next couple of years. It's a sweet deal and consequently Sogloggle's been in an exceptionally gracious mood lately. I hear he's on the peer for a few more apprentices to handle the extra work, in case you know anyone who's looking to learn a trade.

STAN'S ARCHWAY



This seemingly unremarkable underpass spans a dozen or so yorts under the viaduct that connects two currently derelict buildings on the block of structures that faces the Floomfirth. Gab spouts the tunnel is haunted by the spooks of a gang of thugs who used to lurk here, looking tough and mugging the occasional wanderer-by. Apparently, back in the day, these guys were all killed when they tried to nab some clams from Beardo the Beardless, one of the Scrappin' Hole's most popular gladiators. Beardo ravaged them so severely the walls were literally coated with their various ichors and drippings and such. It was gross.

Anyway, nowadays most peeps shy away from the place, citing all the bad things that tend to happen to those who travel its dim corridor. Youngsters dare each other to make the crossing, but few actually go with it. Those that do seem to

fall victim to some unfortunate accident or another. Whether it's just coincidence or an actual haunting nobody can say for certain, so it's best not to tempt fate. Throughout the years Stan's Archway has been the site of a great number of muggings, murders, and other such darknesses. Jeezle Freakian daddies have repeatedly tried to consecrate the digs but so far the bad stuff keeps on keeping on.

Once a month, usually on the darkest day, a coven of Stanismists meet here for a cannibalistic blood orgy and pancake breakfast. I've never been invited.



XEKE THE PICKLE FREAK



Xeke Wonkle really digs pickles and he wants you to dig them too. The smiling oofu wanders the streets of the Mongerblocks with a barrel of sour snacks and a monger-stick, proffering his delicious wares to anyone with a spare clam. That's all, really. He's just an oofu with a barrel of pickles.

18. Gilded Backsmiler (edible, 1 clam)
Delicious snack food.
19. Blazing Orb of Death (poisonous, 900 clams)
Extremely poisonous flesh. Very rare.
20. Dismal Nabbertongue (edible, 200 clams)
Grappling tongue extends 20 yorts.
21. Hugormo's Belly-up (edible, 1-2 clams)
Yummy when raw. Horrid when cooked.
22. Twizz (edible, 30-40 clams)
Can breath air. Sometimes kept as a pet.
23. Undulous Poof (edible, 20-80 clams)
Excretes valuable blue ink.
24. Fluttering Bajugle (edible, 1 clam)
Common. Tasty when fried in abundance.
25. Resplendent Neener (edible, 100 clams)
Kept in aquaria by wealthy Floomish.

26. Purple-faced Buns-haver (edible, 10 clams)
Important ingredient in many sandwiches.
27. Invasive Procedure (edible, 100 clams)
Don't ask.
28. Saggypaunch (edible, 2 clams)
Produces delicious eggs (50 clams for a fishfull).
29. Ukukulunu A'pua Oioi (edible, 4 clams)
Big name. Small fish. Tastes like feet.
30. Muculent Horcfish (yucky, 3 clams).
Mildly poisonous mucus is nature's epicac.

Significant Wharf is pretty much the gateway to Floom. It's the first place a newcomer is likely to see when he arrives by ship (unless he's rich enough to afford a mooring in the Bucket Berths) and it might as well be a little Floom all on it's own, considering all that happens there. Floom Junior, I suppose.

SNIFF MY FINGER



In an alley across the street from the Dive Inn, marked only by a simple painted sign in the shape of a red finger under a bloated green nose, lurks a mysterious, one-eyed croach and his equally mysterious giggity sidekick. Although his name is unknown (most peeps just call him "Mysterious One-eyed Croach"), his creepy red finger, his squeaking raspy voice, and his skill with a reek are the stuff of legend. Secreted in the inner pockets of his caliginous cloak (or perhaps in some darker, more secret crevice shrouded within) are concealed odoriferous concoctions of mighty potency. One sniff of the mysterious one-eyed croach's horrid, elongated red finger and a peep is cured of any afflictions he may have contracted during his stay at the Dive Inn or a similar locality. Rumors that the croach is actually the brother in-law of Sunny Hindquarters are unsubstantiated.

The one-eyed croach's treatments aren't cheap. A peep can expect to pay upwards of a hundred clams for a chance to snuffle his stinky finger and three times that amount for a corked bottle of the curative redolescence.



Is he mysterious because he has one eye and wears a dark cloak, or does he wear a dark cloak and only have one eye because he's mysterious? It's a mystery... Also, that's quite a dapper giggity, wouldn't you say?

Zeebekiah Slosh, a coblin from Glowhio, opened this classy joint a few years ago in the shadow of the Keistermeister's palace, a few doors holeward of Purple's Larder. The entrywa is actually made from the preserved noggin of an enormous bighemoth, harpooned off the coast of Forjordlelund by the legendary Earless Fishstick of Unas and pickled by the sibling arts of taxidermy and hocus pokery.

Once a peep crosses the toothy threshold, sauntering across the plush tongue-carpet, past the coat check wench and the guy who cleans your shoes, he finds himself veritably drenched in luxury. This place has elegance drippings out its wazoo. The seats are the plushiest this side of Sultan Pepper's palace in That One Place With All the Sand. The dangling chandeliers gleam with crystals and scrimshaw (and also candles). Ornamental fishbowls house ornamental fish. The tables are polished bighemoth scales and the floors are also polished bighemoth scales. The myriad walls, adorned with stuffed sea critters of a thousand descriptions, are crafted of expensive and tasteful tenebrous phestral stalks from the Soul Patch. This is where interior decorators come to die, or at least to regroup.

It's not the décor, however, that keeps the poshsters coming back. It's the libations. Borfian fish wine, to be precise. Zeebekiah has the stuff imported from the finest vats in all of Borf and it's always of the best quality, wrung from the most fragrant fish and fermented in ways I can't possibly imagine. He usually has twenty or so selections in stock, ranging in potency from the mild and subtle *Glorble's Glug* to the fiery and insistent bite of *Stansbladder Brew* (made from, among other things, the gall of the dour stanfish).

The food here is excellent as well, crafted with love and other ingredients by Zeebekiah's chef, the beautiful and talented Greezia Homp (of the Torklian Homps). Greezia's menu changes at her whim, but she always seems to know the perfect morsel to pair with each sip of fish wine. A glass of fish wine and a plate of something yummy can run a peep upwards of fifty clams. Sure, it's expensive, but you wouldn't even be in this neighborhood if price was an issue.



THE BUCKET BERTHS



The Bucket Berths are to the Mongerdocks what Madame Aftskin Fluttercouch is to Luscious Laplicker (prettier, cleaner, and more expensive, but when you get down to it, just a place to park your boat for the night). The harbor takes up most of the Bucket Turf's coastline, beginning at the tip of Flomp's Finger (a rocky peninsula that extends the coast of the Bucket Turf where the Drippings meet the Bay of Dis-may) through Gobspire Cove (where lay the submerged ruins of Castle Gobspire, so I'm told), across the beachy cliffs that form the Bucket Turf's holewhence border, past the Reekbottle Theater, and even continues a significant distance up the Snooze (it's not on the map, but trust me, it does). The docks and piers that make up the Bucket Berths are usually crowded with the vessels of posh waremongers and the pleasure barges of Floom's elite, with very little of the fish-laden tugs, low-rent scum, and Keistercraft of Significant Wharf (although many of the Keisternauts' larger and fancier warships are parked here).

quills, with your choice of potato). Despite the high prices and occasional poisonings, peeps travel from all over Oith to gorge themselves on whatever strange things spill from Yucknuckle's kitchen.

In conjunction with his duties as a restaurateur, master chef, butcher, and interior decorator, Yucknuckle, a tizn't who comes from the Unpassable Stones region holewhence of Some Huge Ass Mountain Range, is himself a renowned hunter of beasts. In fact, he's the boss of a particular lodge, also known, not coincidentally, as the Happy Plate Club. Yucknuckle and his fellows believe they can make their mark on history, gaining notoriety (if not outright infamy) by slaying an entire species of beast into extinction. Each member selects a particular creature as his target (Yucknuckle chose the mighty Sassqash), hunting it with a zeal and determination usually reserved for evangelical gab-spouters and palatial sycophants. Some say there's genuine religion behind their slaughters, something about purification and cleansing the Oith of unclean monsters and whatnot. A clean plate is a happy plate, after all. Personally, I think they just dig killing things. It makes them feel macho. The side effect of all this hallowed slaughter is that Yucknuckle's larders are always full of interesting new things with which to stuff a peep's craw.

THE KEISTERMEISTER'S PALACE



The Keistermeister's palace dominates the Floomian horizon like a smelf at a smurvish picnic. It's by far the largest and most important building in town, gleaming down on the rest of us from atop its lofty hill, the cliffs of which are so steep they don't even appear on most maps. Outside its a placid and dignified collection of elegant domes and towers, huge but subtle, nothing too flashy, but swank enough to let you know who lives there. "Everything's under control. I've got this. Go about your business, fellow citizen of Floom," it appears to say. Inside it's an aparian jumble of intrigue, bureaucracy, and fine living. The Keistermeister dwells here, it's

his digs after all, along with most of his extensive family, but so too do a veritable army of servants, staffers, guards, and functionaries. Government wonks and civilian petitioners funnel through the gates like chili through a gut, attending to the gazillions of businesses it takes to run a modern city-state and keep the peeps smiley.

Entire books can be (and have been) written about this place and the goings on that go on there. The thing is, most peeps, including humble gadabouts like myself, never get to see more than the occasional court chamber or ball room. Those who gain access deeper into the coop are generally forbidden to squirt the details. The Keistermeister's edicts forbid such gab-spoutings so you'll just have to find one of those tomes if you want the inside scoop (or check it out for yourself).

PLENTY OF DEATHS



Deleterious Snark, a croach whose past is as drenched in mystery as the Braised Sassqash Shoulders at The Happy Plate Club are drenched in delicious shmurve's crote sauce, is the mon-



The Keistermeister's Palace is chock full of mysteries and intrigues. It's like a riddle wrapped in a brain teaser served alongside a stickler under a conundrum doused in brain teaser sauce with a side of perplexity and tough-nuts-to-crack.



Docking fees in the Bucket Berths are pretty steep, more than triple those in the Monger-docks, but peeps are willing to pay them for several reasons. First, due to matters of geography, the waters here are calmer and less turbulent than those closer to the Gawdchoppers. This makes berthing safer and easier. Second, the hoinks who patrol the Bucket Berths take their jobs more seriously than the bullies who extort their way across the docks of Significant Wharf. Third, prestige, dude. Parking here lets everybody know you can afford to park here. And why not? The porters, beastpunchers, and sherples around here are far better than those found elsewhere. They have to be, since the wharfhoncho will have them beaten or banned from the docks if they cause trouble or fail to pay their licensing fees.

Speaking of the Wharfhoncho, enter Poop Saltswabber, a croach so weathered and pocked by sand and salt that his carapace reminds some guy I talked to of that old bowl his mom used to make pancakes in when he was a larva. You know, the one that was so battered and chipped that his Dad said it reminded him of the wharfhoncho at the Bucket Berths. Yeah, that one. Anyway, Poop's been the boss here since the days of Hugormo XI and he was apparently just as crusty then as he is now. He cruises up and down the piers perched atop a shaggy blue slog named Lint, a remarkable animal that can swim

as well as it slithers, carrying its boss across the bay and over the hulls of ships with equal alacrity. He (Poop, not Lint) is a pretty competent hocus poker as well, and he's not above using a bit of magic to enforce his authority.

The area surrounding the docks isn't cluttered with warehouses and other scummy places. This is the Bucket Turf, after all. Instead, the coastline is the domain of fine eateries, expensive shops, and the townhouses of wealthy Floomites. Sailors and other rabble are encouraged to unload their boats and move on to another part of town.

THE HAPPY PLATE CLUB



Tracking, clobbering, and eating exotic animals is all the rage among certain members of Floom's elite. They spare no expense traveling to distant lands, hiring native guides and trackers, buying fancy weapons, and hunting down rare and beautiful creatures to be made into some sort of sandwich or pot pie or something. For those who prefer to skip the tracking and clobbering and head straight for the eating, proprietor Yucknuckle Squashsquasher, has erected the Happy Plate Club, purveyor of exotic meats and rare delicacies. The place resembles what I imagine the inside of an uncter's stomach must look like after a particularly gluttonous binge through Sultan Pepper's menagerie, all full of taxidermified beasts, mounted heads, furs, hides, antlers, horns, and the like. In fact, I doubt there's anything here that isn't made from an animal of one sort or another. Chairs of bone draped with luxurious hides and furs, tables crafted from skulls, shells, leathers and stranger things, windows made from the lenses of a cheese leech's peepers, even the utensils are bone and tooth and spine.

Just about anything is likely to find itself forced onto the menu here. From the relatively mundane (braised steaks of sloss mog, I mean moss slog, with pickled munt eyes and “special sauce”) to the wickedly outlandish (flaming soufflé of primordial goon in a nest of spicy brickle

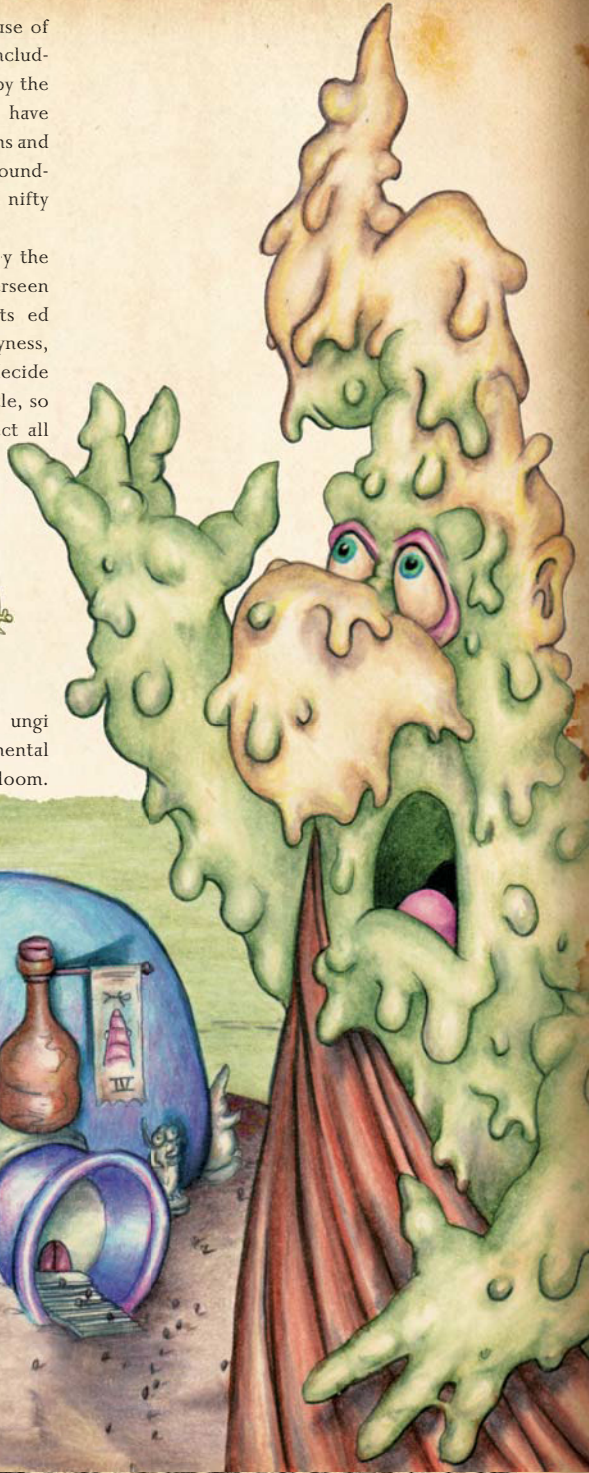
the Reekbottle was rumbled to the applause of a grateful populace. Patrons of the arts, including beloved Keistermeisters such as Fligsby the Unbleached and our own Hugormo III, have kept the place sparkly, with brilliant gardens and sculptural masterpieces adorning the surrounding grounds, and even more statuary and nifty works of art inside.

Technically the Reekbottle is owned by the Keistermeister, but it's managed and overseen by a committee of arteests and bureaucrats led by the humble, the Nepotist, Minister of Artsyness, and several of his relatives. It's they who decide what plays will take place at the Reekbottle, so aspiring directors could do well to direct all bribes and applications their way.

THE SMELLHOLD



This oddity, shaped and cultivated of ungi transplanted from the Garden of Smellemental Glee itself, is the Garden's embassy in Floom.





It's whispered the socks here are so well made because The Sockstrosity considers each one a child of its metaphorical womb. Creepy yes, but oddly touching. As long as a peep doesn't mind coating his tootsies in the figurative offspring of a hideous sock monster he can comfortably sport some of the dandiest stockings around. Many of Floom's most influential snoots shop here, including Keistermeister Hugormo XIII himself.

THE VAULT OF REVENUVIAL AFFLUENCE



Ask any nabmaster in Floom what crib he'd most like to burgle and chances are he'll pick this one (then he'll probably gut you so you can't tell the Fuzz). Good luck to him, though, this place might hold more treasure than the Keistermeister's own coffers but it's more heavily guarded than the Keistermeister's own coffers. Actually, a lot of the coffers kept here belong to the Keistermeister, so that point's kind of inapplicable. Anyway, there's a lot of loot here and it's very well guarded.

Why all the hoarded wealth? Simple, this is the sacred seat of power of the Bottomliners, those righteous clam-troverers so reverent of material plenitude. These halls house the consecrated tablets upon which the faith's sacramental scriptures are inscribed. They also store the excess wealth of many of the devout, carefully accounted and tabulated to measure the holiness of each member.

Peeps in need of a loan can come here to borrow some clams (at a reasonable rate of interest), although the Bottomliners aren't above hiring the booty hunters of Jail Pets Meat to nab deadbeats and defaulters. All such business is handled in the lobby offices. Nobody but the Bottomliners and their employees may enter the actual vaults.

Who knows what treasures lie within, beyond the armed sentries, stone walls, cunning traps, and guardian beasts? Not me. I've never been past the lobby.



WIGSCOFFER'S



Wigscoffer, a milliner renowned as the finest hat maker in all of Keister Island, propriates this dandy little shop. His fantastic lids adorn the noggins of Floom's snazziest peeps, who pay ridiculously reasonable prices for the honor. Each hat is a unique work of art, individually crafted from the finest materials and a carefully guarded *secret* ingredient (I bet it's love. It's love, right?). Wigscoffer is also a weirdo of deserved reputation, often imbuing his swankest hats with powers arcane. Of course the ensorcelled headgarments are considerably more expensive than the mundane variety, but there's no shortage of bloats willing to hand over a few dozen clam sacks for a hat that lets them breath underwater or a bonnet that flaps like boid wings.



Its a bulbous and jumbled compound, consisting of a dozen or so irregular towers surrounded by a swollen fungal palisade. Oversniffer Globule Schnozhonker and her monks of the Sixth Septum dwell within, tending to whatever diplomatic endeavors the Garden requires. They host parties, negotiate trade deals, espouse the smellements virtues, and do whatever they can to further the Garden's agendas in Floom (whatever those may be).

Typically, the Smellhold isn't open to just any random Floomian. It, like all of Floom's embassies, is considered a sovereign chunk of its parent nation (or garden of whatever), not subject to Floomian laws. Consequentially, it's one of the only places in Floom with an actual street address (arbitrarily designated as Number 31, Avenue of the Wallowing Slog). Of course, the Garden enjoys a friendly relationship with the bitchin' city of Floom, so it's not hard to get inside, but there is a process that must be followed in order to root out spies and other undesirable sorts. See, the first chamber a peep enters when he walks into the place is infused with a powerful reek, imploring the visitor to answer truthfully the questions posited by the undersniffer in the next room. A fellow is invited to relax for a moment in this cushy vestibule, perhaps to recline on one of the many sofas or to enjoy a sip of her-

bed slog milk, as the reek takes hold. A suitable amount of time later, the visitor is escorted to the presence of that nasal I was just talking about, who asks a few questions regarding the caller's intentions and business with the Garden. If the answers are acceptable entry is granted. If not, the unwelcome guest is conducted back to the street by several armed monks of the Fourth Septum.

Oversniffer Schnozhonker is fond of hosting elaborate smelling parties, in which guests are encouraged to experience a range of unusual perfumes and aromatics. I managed to wiggle an invitation to one such shindig and it was an affair I won't soon forget (especially because I just wrote it down), rubbing schnozzes with Floom's elite as we inhaled smelmedleys concocted by some of the Garden's most influential and ingenious smellcasters.



SOCKSTROSITY



The last thing a peep expects to see when he walks into a boutique specializing in fine socks and stockings is a hideous creature of filth, stink, and mayhem. Unless he's been been warned beforehand, of course. Sockstrosity isn't just the name of the shop, it's also the name of the owner (actually *Sockstrosity* is the shop, *The Sockstrosity* is the owner). The Sockstrosity, a hulking brute crafted of hosiery and feculence in the workshops of Uuulon Crepulos, given life through the wonders of contamination and autonomy through a mishap of those very wonders, is actually quite dignified in its own way. It spends its days and nights in a rocking chair, humming nursery rhymes and knitting the sweetest socks and stockings Floom has to offer.

ded smelf hat salad served in a fried schnooble bladder. The braised broccodile loin with pureed swamp crumps and clarified glunge butter was recently ranked number three on Toucanacondor Flaminguez's list of *Floom's Top Twelve Things To Put in Your Mouth*.

The grog here is nothing to slouch at either. Theezabold's bartenders, two smelven sisters known as Doozle and Krinkalicious, are always mixing up new concoctions to pour down the throats of thirsty dancers and diners. Doozle makes this wonky slop out of the fermented juice of smelfberries and sour slog crème stirred to a froth by the swimmings of live tuzzle-flimps (a tiny fish with spiraling fins). Doozle's Doozy, as it's known, is sipped, fish and all, from a wide goblet laced with salt and crushed ground nuts. It's clammy (10 clams a goblet), but it tastes like the Soul Patch and the Big Drink just had an orgy on your tongue (if you're into that sort of thing).

If a peep catches him in the right mood, Theezabold might just wax nostalgic about his days in the Scum Quag. These tales are the tallest around, full of gigantic broccodiles, blood-hungry shloorps, ferocious princesses and all the other elements that make such stories interesting. He might even tell you how the place got its name...

BLING IT ON



Uggle the Rub, a devout Bottomliner and one of Floom's clammiest denizens, makes a filthy living adorning Floom's swanky populace in shiny rocks and baubles. His own person literally drips with gems and jewelries, most of which he crafted himself in the subterranean workshop beneath the place. And it's not just rings and necklaces either, Ugzle's carapace is literally crusted with valuable gemstones and other fancy embellishments. Some are glued on, others are surgically implanted, making him just about the dandiest croach in town. Seriously, on a sunny day a peep might do well to visit Weird Weegle's and pick up a pair of smoked lenses before taking



a gander at Ugzle's ornamental radiance.

The store is like an extension of Ugzle, all glitzy and sparkly and stuff. The walls, coated in auricrap and gleaming with glass gems of a thousand hues and cuts are allegedly some sort of amorphous containimatronic minion under Ugzle's control. I've heard it on good authority that they occasionally come to life, grappling would-be nabsters with their glittering pseudopodia. Such villains, it's rumored, are taken into Ugzle's workshop, where their hands (or other relevant appendages) are fed to Ugzle's wife, a shape-changing milf known as Fat Apu'pa.

Ugzle's jewelry is some of the fanciest around. Some might say too fancy. Some might even say gaudy. Others might go so far as to say tacky. I certainly wouldn't. He's always on the peer for gemstones and other shiny rocks with which to craft his masterpieces and is known to pay clammy for such things (although never more than half their value).

THE CHEESE HOLE





WONDROUS WEEGLE'S SPECTACULAR SPECTACLECTICISM



Wondrous Weeple, also known as Weird Weeple, Weeple the Wonked, Weeple the Wild-er-worm, and Barm Smokypeepers for some reason, is, like Wigscoffer the Hat Guy, a weirdo of some repute. He and his apprentice, a puzzlingly unsettling little worm called Wiggimus, spend their days and nights creating magical eyewear in Weeple's workshop tower, the bottom level of which serves as the sales floor. These spectacles are prized throughout Floom and elsewhere for their amazing properties and the clever puns with which they are named. Regard, for example, the cherished *respectacles*, whose classic styling bestows an air of credibility and admiration upon the wearer. Or, if that doesn't impress you, check out the astonishing *inspectacles*, the lenses of which allow the wearer to glimpse the most exiguous of nuances. Or the revered *prospectacles*, which let he who dons them seek out ores

and minerals with great alacrity. He has a million of them.

Weeple's goods are clammy, that's for sure, but they work. I myself forked over a thousand clams for a pair of *circumspectacles* and I haven't looked back since.

Ha!

THE SNOOT POINTS OF INTEREST

Some peeps regard the Snoot as nothing but a clammier neighborhood of the Mongerblocks (like The Other Side of the Fence is to the Mid-section). Those who live here, however, insist it's its own realm, snazzier and aloof from the pedestrian rabble of its neighboring turf. I suppose they're right, considering the hood has its own Fuzz patrols, taxation rates, and representation on the Keistermeister's various councils and whatnot.

As you may remember from a previous section, the Snoot is where peeps go to strut the latest fashions, dine on trendy fare, sip overpriced imported comestibles, and generally elevate themselves from their fellow Floomians, all while dreaming of the brighter poshness of the Bucket Turf that eludes them just over the Drip-pings. It's swank and happenin'. The Snoot is, in fact, where it's at.

BARREL OF SHLORPS



Despite the orthographic shortcomings of its proprietor (it's *shloorp*, not *shlorp*), a former broccodile hunter and compatriot of Blue Hiney named Theezabold Chlump, Barrel of Shlorps is a pretty nippy pad. While not as bitchin' as the neighboring Guzz, it still sports a rompin' dance floor with house music performed by Nutcrusher's Catarrhic Choir, a brain-pounding all horc a capella group from Borf. Peeps may come here for the tunes but they stick around for the eats. Theezabold's excellent staff of chefs and serving wenches are ready to stuff your craw with everything from pickled yucksucker wangs to shred-



full of off-the-rack fashionables, and these are no less astounding than the custom jobs, it's just that such pieces are usually crafted with snazzeness in mind rather than fit, so they usually have to be tailored for a particular customer anyway.

Ermle's works are clammy and spectacular, all the rage in the Snoot and elsewhere. If you have the means and the inclination I highly recommend you pay him a visit. I mean, look at yourself. You're a mess.

THE GUZZ



This place rose from humble beginnings as a tiny ramshackle suds-midden in one of the rougher alleys of the Mongerblocks to become one of Floom's swankest festhouscs. How did it happen? The yarn is an epic one, chock full of intrigue, adventure, romance, and a bunch of other

plot-enhancing story crap, but mostly it involves a gang of violent thugs (the Murder Psycho Banditos), a bartending contest, an ancient recipe book, a hefty dose of international intrigue, and the plucky yet resilient bond between a group of friends thrust into a situation beyond their control but which they somehow survived and came out stronger in the end. It's a bold tale, with all sorts of twists and turns and surprises, the sort of fireside fodder that gets bigger with each telling, yet somehow remains as true as its first utterance. I don't want to spoil it with details, but it was pretty awesome. Ask The Guzz's owner sometime, she'll give you the skinny.

Speaking of whom, Alopecia Cher Washington, a miniscule tizn't with chops the size of uncter nuggets, rules this particular roost. She can usually be found flitting about the place, greeting customers, mixing suds, and getting this party started in various ways. Her signature drink, the Snuggleblarf, is really something special. Have at least one before you die. It's a fizzy, foamy, pink and purple slurp that meows when

Curdled Slowvin, a wizened cremefillian from Maankaas, opened this remarkable grub-midden a couple of decades ago. Cheeses of all sorts, from imported Moonular varieties to house-made Floomian blue, are presented for the discerning palate, along with gourmet treats featuring such things. Cheese is keistermeister here; it's like a little slice of the Moonular Cheese Fields in the heart of Floom. Even the building is carved from several huge blocks of Moonular cheese and everything on the menu features cheese in one form or another.

The front of the place is a dapper little shop where customers can select from among several hundred varieties to take home or munch on the go. Peeps walk through the store to get to the restaurant beyond, where their every cheesy dream comes true (well, the ones that involve eating cheese anyway). The prices are on the clammy side, but this is the Snoot after all, and no greater selection of curds and lumps can be found holeward of Ewg.

F SCHMANCY



Ermle the Stitch, long considered one of Floom's most fashionable denizens, presides over this popular boutique and garmentorium. Peeps from all over the goosin' place come here to snoop the latest fashions and adorn themselves in Ermle's duds. He's dressed just about every influential peep in town, raking a hefty clam in the process. Famous hams like Guy Goosevomit and Eezle Gutgobbler, visionary holy rollers such as Daddy Hassafrass and Aphod Boorgblabber, celebrated athletes like Greasegizzard Big-Gulp and Moil the Proportionately Adequate, posh swanksters like Clamsack the Corpulent and Ugzle the Rub, and important cheeses like Chumble the Nepotist and the Keistermeister himself; they've all mosied through the doors of F Schmancy. The murals on the walls prove it.

Ermle's apprentice is an elegantly coiffed giggity known as Rumptilicus of the Seventeen Unknown Somethings. He's a masterful painter and is known to decorate the interior walls with portraits of F Schmancy's more prominent or interesting customers. Rumptilicus is also a fantastic hairstylist, deft of comb and wily of snips (Rumor says he once touched the noggin of Yorpozz the Sleem), often taking a little off the top as a customer gets measured by his master.

While Rumptilicus's demeanor is one of casual aloofness, flitting about lackadaisically, and only occasionally darting in for a quick brush stroke or swipe of the scissors, Ermle presents an air of reserved flamboyance. Oh, he's definitely flashy and he's not afraid to wag his tongue like a glomp on pottyspronge, but one gets the sense that he's holding a little something back, bottling his exuberance like a reek, bursting at the cork and ready to explode in a frenzy of wild theatrics and magnificent exhibitionism. If he every finds his outlet, gawds help us all.

Ermle's fashions, however, are anything but reserved. Every piece is a unique work of art, elegantly tailored to fit the body and manner of the client. Well, not *every* piece. He does have a shop



Ermle the Stitch is so fashionable that to illustrate him in full color would cause the observer to go blind from a snazziness overload. We wouldn't want that, would we?

only places around where a peep can slap down a few clams to peer the gist of stuff he'd be unlikely to see during the humdrumity of his normal existence.

The museum was founded in 376 yafwaf when Keistermeister Fligsby the Unbleached decided, in a bold popularity-enhancing move, to share his late father's collection of Hoomanrace artifacts with the general populace. The rabble really dug the stuff so Fligsby commissioned a bunsload of expeditions to go out and collect more jazz. Soon the original museum was filled to capacity with awesome junk and several nearby buildings were requisitioned to the cause. Today the museum is a sprawling assemblage of structures, all connected by tunnels and throughways. It's home to more oddities and obscurities than just about anywhere on Oith, with the possible exception of the Museum of Oddities and Obscurities in New Oorlquar. Wanna see gadgets and gizmos aplenty? They've got who's-its and what's-its galore. A carefully guarded wing houses Hoomanrace artifacts out the wazoo (not literally, that would be gross). Reconstructed skeletons and taxidermized remains of all manner of beasts and monstrosities abound, as do wax sculptures depicting the dress and customs of peeps around the world. Another section displays items of historical significance, including the original bucket throne and scepter-mop of Flomp the Scrubber's Lad King and the smelf-skin hat of the notorious Filthy Gob. It's probably not much of an exaggeration to claim there are more interesting objects here than there are hairs on a schnooble. Well, maybe not that many. Schnooble's have a lot of hair.

Anyway, the whole shebang is overseen by Supreme Custodian Artiface the Superlative, a croach with a talent for weirdness and a mind inclined toward suspicion. He keeps a tight glare on the goings-on that go on within these walls, enforcing a strict "no touching" policy with a number of clever alarms and traps arcane and mundane, as well as a hefty staff of hefty guards armed with hefty staves. Under particularly stringent security are those wings that contain items of notable value or significance, such as Hoomanracian jazz and anything magical. Nabsters try to snatch stuff from the museum all the time, but they seldom get away with it. The

guards here tend to take their jobs seriously, whether out of a true sense of duty or from fear of the Supreme Custodian. Not only that, even if a would-be thief sneaks past (or clobbers) the sentinels he still has Artiface's traps and alarms to deal with.

The Museum of Really Nifty Stuff is open daily during daylight hours. Admission is four clams for adults and two clams for larvae under five. Seniors over sixty get in free every Splatterday.



OH! THE HOOMANITY



Sure, folks can see all kinds of remnants of the vaunted and mysterious Hoomanrace at the Museum of Really Nifty Stuff, but none of it's for sale. No indeed, to actually lay hands on, and shell out ridiculous amounts of clams for, real Hoomanracian artifacts a peep would do better to visit this small and unassuming shop a few doors down from The Guzz. The proprietor, an enterprising bodul and devout Hoomanitarian by the name of [Expletive Deleted], is a self-proclaimed expert on all things Hoomanracian. He can tell you the difference between a dinglehopper and a whatsamajigger and go on for hours ex-

The Guzz is a wonderland of colored lanterns, pumpin' music, trendy peeps, and cutesy décor. The menu is limited to snacks and desserts (mostly cupcakes and sandwiches with the crust removed), but what's on it is tasty and the drinks are what nursery rhymes would taste like if you left them overnight in a haunted candy store. Many of Floom's happenin'est denizens hang here.

THE MUSEUM OF REALLY NIFTY STUFF



If a peep s of a mind to scope some wiggly jazz from Way Back in the Day or plant orbs on mishegaas from foreign lands, Floom's Museum of Really Nifty Stuff is where it's at. Its dozens of galleries, arcades, mezzanines, and salons are infested with all manner of unusual artifacts, relics, and nicknacks from throughout history and from every splotch on the glob. Its one of the

plaining why doohickeys make better table lamp stands than do whosamawhatsits.

[Expletive Deleted] makes his fortune by buying Hoomanrace artifacts from gadabouts and other adventuresome sorts and then reselling them to the general public (one of his most reliable customers is the legendary Hoomanitarian minister Daddy Hassafrass). He's been known to fund expeditions to ancient ruins and other potential Hoomanrace hotbeds, but more often he just buys what comes in, figures out what it does (or makes something up), slaps a price tag on it, and counts his clams.

Don't go thinking a suave entrepreneur like [Expletive Deleted] would leave such a valuable collection unprotected. Rumor has it his shop's just as well protected as the Museum of Really Nifty stuff, chock full of traps and safeguards laid down by [Expletive Deleted] and the holy rollers with whom he hangs. He guards his jazz like a sassquash guards its sassquash kids, which is about as much as most parents guard their larvae, so I guess that's a dumb analogy. Anyway, he keeps a keen eye out (several of them, actually) for malefactors and nabsters, employing a bodyguard and nightwatcher in the person of one Mister Percibald Gunk, a once-savage-but-now-citified coblin from the fields of Glowhio.



A peep in the market for such things can expect to spend upwards of a hundred clams for the most insignificant shard of an artifact (*shardifact?*), while something more substantial could set a fellow back a few thousand clams or more. Hoomanracian jazz does not come cheaply. On the other hand (one of them, anyway), [Expletive Deleted] is known to pay generously for items brought to his attention, at least half the value he intends to sell them for, I'm told. Even if you aren't in the market, it's worth the journey just to check the place out. A peep's unlikely to see such an impressive collection outside of a museum or Hoomanitarian reliquary.

THE SHOE FLY



Trunzzizz Zzizzpupen is the finest cobbler on all of Keister Island. There, I said it and I stand by my words. I don't even wear shoes and I'm in awe of his mastery. His footwearian creations adorn the tootsies of keistercrats and poshsters alike, who brandish them like other peeps show off their grandkids. Seriously, get this guy together with the Sockstrosity and they could rule Floom from the knees down.

Trunzzizz, a flew from the Hovel Turf, eeked his way out of that dastardous neighborhood at a young age by apprenticing himself to a traveling shoe peddler from Torkle, a certain Oonus the Detangler (perhaps you've heard of him?). They wandered throughout the lands of Keister Island, crafting and selling footwear for the masses. Oonus's creations were functional and durable, but Trunzzizz's genius for design and flourish soon became evident. Eventually, the lowly flew surpassed his master. Growing bored with the peripatetic lifestyle, he set up a workshop in the Pits of Floom. His wares were spotted by one of the Keistermeister's chamberlains, who bought thirty pairs and a left shoe as gifts for some friends (including the famous esophagator trainer, Trupo the Unrighted). Before long, Trunzzizz, known affectionately as the Shoe Fly, left the Pits and set up digs in the Snoot. He's been there ever since, decorating the feet of the

Trunzzizz once made an ornamental pair of ceremonial dancing clogs for a glomp named Crum. Crum promptly abandoned them in the Soul Patch and today the shoes are home to a family of shmurves.

This is one of the hoariest digs in the Snoot, an old family business began several centuries ago during the brief reign of Keistermeister Purglewump. It's changed locales a few times, but it's been under the ownership of the same family ever since Sucker Spongebelly sold her first bustling tongue to a strumpet from the Mongerblocks way back in 153 yafwaf. Today the Widdlest Pest Shop is managed by two siblings, the delightfully pompous Erigloop Spongebelly and her sister Ill Rumblespleen (wife of the gad-about Navel Rumblespleen of the Borfian Rumblespleens). Erigloop and Ill are in the symbiote business, as have their ancestors been for centuries. They sell all manner of little critters and bugs and things that like to live in or on a peep's body, usually to the mutual advantage of both. Some of these creatures are pretty benign while others exact a heavy toll on the host for whatever boon they provide. Makes no difference to the sisters, they'll take your clams and infest you with the vermin of your choice.

Here's a small sampling of what's typically lurking in their breeding vats or lugged in from points afar by Ill's husband and other gadabouts hired for the purpose:

01. Bustling Tongue (1500 clams)

Extends and prehensilizes host's tongue.

02. Knobby Bastard (800 clams)

Armors host's forehead and makes him hyper.

03. Creeping Peeper (500 clams)

It's like an eye that can see over stuff and behind you.

04. Jorble's Armored Cootie (20 clams each)

Attaches to a peep and armors his bod while slurping his vital juices.

05. Mungusian Mustache (80 clams)

Symbiotic mustache.

06. Blobulorb (500 clams)

You plant it on your back and it twitches when danger is nigh.

07. Smerkle's Harmonica (200 clams)

A little ventriloquist that hangs out in your throat.

08. Asstrocit (500 clams)

I don't want to talk about it.

09. Invisible Intangible Hoaxfraud (1200 clams)

It's a mystery.

10. Mawbomination (900 clams)

An ancillary mouth that bites your foes? Yep...



11. Bladdersac (350 clams each)

Does something grossly unpleasant then emits a noxious cloud.

12. Pink Tickler (100 clams)

Slap one of these on an open wound and watch it heal before your eyes.

13. Eh? Wuzzat? (500 clams)

Prosthetic ear that's actually a mollusk or something.

14. Wunkle Glob (400 clams)

Lets a peep see under water and protects his eyes from stuff.

15. Violet Lug (500 clams)

Causes headaches but somehow makes you smarter.

16. Limpnoodle's Suppository (200 clams)

It lives in your gut and protects you from poison and stuff.

17. Greater Swogglehorn (300 clams)

It's a pointy horn that sticks to your body.

18. Lesser Swogglehorn (200 clams each)

So is this, just smaller.

Once the meal is finished, Old Yungster, the Trough's owner, and his servants clear away the debris and bring out the sleeping bags for a night of rowing songs, scary stories, and sleeping

THE WIDDLEST PEST SHOP



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THE CAN



I guess The Can's not technically in the Midsection, occupying its own private island amidst the churning moil of the Gawdchoppers, but it's close enough. This is Floom's dreaded prison, where criminals and other do-badders too brazen, violent, or clamless to avoid prosecution live out their days. The hoinks that guard this place are some of the no-crap-takingest in Floom, specially hired for their anger management issues and bad attitudes. The inmates are an assortment of Floom's nastiest outlaws, delinquents, and evildoers.

Prisoners are sent here for a period of time decided by whatever umpire passed judgment upon them. Such sentences are often arbitrary, dependent more on the whim and imagination of the umpire than the severity of the charges. One remorseful trespasser might be condemned to a dozen years of dangling upside-down from the ceiling while some unrepentant murderer gets to hang out in a posh tower cell for a couple of weeks. The punishments around here can get pretty creative. Take, for example, the case of nabmaster Grundle the Squeeze. The Fuzz caught him attempting to burgle the Vault of Revenuvial Affluence a few years ago. Unable to pay the necessary graft, Grundle was hauled before an umpire (Hugswallow the Just by name and epigram) and politely asked to confess his transgression and apologize for wasting everyone's time. Also he was commanded to write a four page essay about the awesomeness of Hugswallow the Just. When he refused, claiming illiteracy, the umpire sentenced him to ten years in the Can, during which time he would be flogged daily across the buns with a scourge crafted from his own lips, which had been removed via scissors upon the pronouncement of judgment. If Grundle refused to kiss the umpire's wazoo then he would be forever doomed to kiss his own. Such chastisements are not uncommon. Consider Slogfilcher Mudsoppor, a horcish slog rustler who was castigated by umpire Ervle Bluenose in a particularly befitting manner. After his

legs were strapped together and his arms bound to his torso, Slogfilcher was sewn into an empty slog carcass and forced to live for three years in the stables, consorting only with the beasts he tried to steal. Once his sentence was completed he retired to a cave in the Mungepiles with his common-law wife and their multiple slorclish offspring (I'm not sure how that's possible, but I wrote it so it must be true).

The Can is a foreboding place. Tall towers of stone and rust jut from the foam-soaked crags like a bunch of towers jutting from foam-soaked crags. Windows are rare, doors even rarer, and the whole mess bristles with ugly spikes and dripping chains that appear to exist simply to make the place look scarier. Access is by boat when the Gawdchoppers allow or by catapult driven rope bridge when they don't. The surrounding waters are violent, perilous, and chummed occasionally to attract some of the more predatory denizens of the Gawdchoppers. Escape is not impossible, but it is strongly discouraged.

Speaking of which, no discussion of The Can would be complete without the mention of Roughnugget the Uncarbonated, the prison's most famous escapee. Under the cover of a tumultuous rainstorm he managed, through a complicated series of distractions, decoys, tunnels, ropes, and rafts to island-hop his way across the Gawdchoppers and then through the marshes and floodplains of the lower Right Cheek to the village of Over There. The crafty worm disguised himself as a tizn't and joined the population of that bizarre burg, where he dwelt for almost fifteen years before he was eventually discovered by the booty hunters of Jail Pets Meat and carried back to Floom in chains (from which he promptly escaped).

THE DINGDOM HALL OF JEMIMA'S WITNESSES



There are actually three or four Dingdom Halls in Floom, and a fair number of Jemima's Witnessian shrines and idols scattered throughout the city, but the one in the Midsection is the largest and most popular, located in the center of the cremefillian dominated "Little Toast"

19. Osmotic Sump (850 clams)

Jam the wobbly ends in a peep's nostrils and he can breath underwater.

20. Squiggly Blumper (200 clams each)

Stick one of these one each foot and a peep can jump quite high.

21. Ewgian Thrombal (800 clams)

Protects a peep from nukular foulness and glows in the dark.

22. Glunculous Wreck (400 clams)

Lives in a horc's gullet and keeps the place tidy.

23. Romblant Florg (400 clams each)

Clings to hair and inflates like a balloon.

24. Latentious Loaf (200 clams each)

I have no idea what this thing does.

25. Contanimous Foulth (800 clams)

Somehow helps a contaminator do his thang.

26. Snail Mail (20 clams each)

Another living armor thing.

27. Stellar Gleerk (200 clams)

Secretes flame resistant slime when irritated.

28. Scrumptastic Fluzz (200 clams)

It's like a living bandage for cremefillians and their ilk.

29. Hocus Helper (400 clams each)

Hocus Pokers dig these things.

30. Chinny Chin Chin (20 clams)

Fashionably dangles from a peep's face.

THE MIDSECTION
POINTS OF INTEREST

If the Hovel Turf represents Floom's festering underbelly the Midsection is its regular belly. It has a bit of everything: tottering shambles litter the banks of the Gawdochoppers, opulent mansions speckle the verdant hoomanracium lawns of the Other Side of the Fence, stores and workshops of a gazillion descriptions mingle with all manner of grub parlors, grog-middens, flop dens and tenements. Here are the homes of many great hocus pokers, contaminators and other workers of wondrous craft. The realm is as diverse as the peeps of Floom; it's architecture, sensibility, and predilections as jumbled and random as its multifarious denizenry.

THE BOSS OF LUNCH



The self-proclaimed Boss of Lunch is a bodul called Hhimy the Unfrungable. He puffs his sandwiches, made from the braised and gelatinous flesh of the Soul Patch's corpulent sludges, from an unassuming counter a few doors down from Papa Whippersnapper's. I've never eaten one myself, but the Boss claims they're the tastiest things this side of the Nether Regions. Some denizens of Floom, particularly the members of the small and unpopular corpulent sludge population who dwell in the lower jumbles of the Hovel Turf, take issue with Hhimy's victuals, decrying as immoral the consumption of the flesh of their brethren. The Boss of Lunch doesn't give a crud, he keeps on paying his pals to hunt the sludges and peeps keep busting clams on his sandwiches. Not only that, but those sludges are some savage muthagoosers! They'll gut you once, stuff everything back in, then gut you again before you even know you've been gutted. I'm not saying they deserve to be sandwiched, but until peeps start serving up blur-purples and scary ass muthas on a bun no more qualified candidate comes to mind.



...of the Danged in another tome, but know that Glomer is the best in Floom (or at least the most well-known) when it comes to such shenanigans. His crooked spire and the sewers beneath it are rumored to be the most haunted spots in Floom, chock full of restless spirits and shambling corpses and the like. Some such hideosities are Glomer's servants, guardians, and companions. Others are merely subjects for his dread experiments.

Where do all these ...of the Danged come from? It's a mystery. Maybe they're nabbed from various haunted places about town, such as Stan's archway or the basement of Coleop's Boorgthedral. They could be dredged from the Gawdchoppers or the Hurl or anywhere else corpses are prone to being dumped. Could they be smuggled in from the Temple of Smellemen-tal Evil in Stan's Rug? I suppose, although that sounds awfully dangerous. Do you think maybe Glomer or his minions are into killing peeps and turning them into ...of the Danged? It's possible, although he seems like a nice enough guy. However they got there the ...of the Danged seem rather at home in Glomer's lair. They do the dishes, answer the door, clean up around the place, cook Glomer's chow, and, if the rumors

are true, are the furniture.

Of course not all restless husks are so easily trainable. Whispers tell of a horde of vicious and bloodthirsty corpses trapped in the lower subterranean levels of the tower, groaning, rattling chains, and doing all the other things such undead mobs are known to do. They are held in, apparently, by Glomer's hocus pokery, but if those magics ever fail who knows what horrors will be set loose upon our beloved Floom. Some peeps even think Glomer might be creating those things on purpose and that he'll someday sic them on the city in some sort of Days ...of the Danged reenactment. Whatever the truth of such rumors, cautious peeps in the neighborhood tend to keep a wary eye on the jagged black tower. They've even petitioned the Keistermeister to boot Glomer out of town, but so far their cries have gone unheeded. Glomer, for his part, doesn't seem to mind the attention. The diminutive croach sits smugly atop the shoulders of a deceased pile, swathed in ebon robes and wrangling the danged like nobody's business.

I'm just going to put some random text here to fill space. Glomer's entry is over, but there isn't enough room here for the header and symbols of the next one. Move along...

neighborhood across the Hurl from the Hovel Turf. Jemima's Witnesses come to this blocky edifice of stone and amber glass to hurl insults, shatter effigies, and otherwise revile the ancient and abhorred Hoomanrace. Detester Fonzgargle and his team of haters sermonize to the congregation and lead the various dirges, sacrifices, and ceremonies (most of which involve unpleasant-ries and degradations inflicted upon artifacts and effigies of the Hoomanrace).

The attached gift shop sells all kinds of Jemimah's Witness devotional aids, including those omnipresent glass icons of the Hostess of Hate the kids are all smashing on their blazing altars of sacrifice nowadays.



DORCLE'S PAD



The hoary and senile Dorgle Wangdangler is a retired gadabout celebrated for his explorations of Clorb's Wang and his diplomatic communications with the natives thereof. He opened this grub-parlor and flop-midden a few years ago, mainly so he'd have a captive audience to listen to the endless tales of adventure and daring-do he constantly spouts from the quilted rocking

chair next to the huge central fireplace. He's been known, in his age-addled state, to repeat the same story several times in a row, always beginning with, "Did I ever tell you about the time...?"

Nobody knows exactly how old the venerable worm is, but a commendation scroll signed by Keistermeister Hugormo X hangs behind the bar, attesting to at least a century and a half of action-packed gadaboutry. He's earned his seat by the fire and the ear of his customers, trusting the everyday runnings of the place to a competent staff of wenches, cooks, and bedmakers. Chief among these is Moffry the Plunk, the battle-scarred and one-armed croach behind the bar. She was Dorgle's personal cook on some of his more recent adventures, and she stayed on to tend bar and run the kitchen when he retired.

The grub here is filling, if not particularly fancy. Beans and sausages, boiled onions, fried fish skins, that sort of thing... The grog is warm and boozy, but strong enough that nobody really minds. Peeps lookin' for some flop have a couple of choices. Folks are welcome to pull up a pile of furs and blankets and snooze their booze away in the common room for an extra clam or two. It's comfortable enough, as long as a bloke doesn't mind being nudged awake early in the morning so the staff can serve breakfast. Clammier peeps might opt for a private room. Dorgle's Pad has six such nests. Each is equipped with two beds and a fluffy beanbag chair and can be had for four clams a night. Extra services, such as baths and foot rubs are available for an additional charge.

GLOMER THE DANGED-WRANGLER



Glomer Clad-in-Black is Floom's preeminent wrangler of the danged. He's mysterious and spooky. Some might go so far as to call him creepy or kooky, perhaps even altogether ooky, lurking as he does in his shadowy tower, clad always in black (as his name suggests), and hanging out with peeps no longer alive nor technically altogether dead. You'll learn more about the fundamental nature of danged-wrangling and

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FENCE



It's like a slice of the Bucket Turf right in the heart of the Midsection. Behind immense double walls forty yorts high, topped with barbed prickly things, guarded by fanatic odres, and surrounding an intervening moat infested with slaving broccodiles, the Other Side of the Fence is home to many of Floom's clammiest and most influential denizens (and nobody else). Here is the domain of Greasegizzard Big-Gulp, who dwells in a great mustached cylinder with his bodacious wife and hundreds of sparkling trophies. The Cleaner, Floom's most celebrated assassin, lives next door in a mansion carved of

soap and silent screams. A bit farther down, in a rancid tower of dregs and trash and anger, Cerumen Thricewipe, contanimator supreme and arch-rival of Uuulon Crepulos, practices his feculent art, surrounded by rusty minions and the spirits of filth. Urrister Goldgravy, head chief boss-lord of the Floomian Auricrap Works, stops by once in a while to borrow a cup of sugar. It's a posh community, peopled by clammy folks who don't want the rabble squiggling their snoot.

The odres at the gates are all devout members of an offshoot Bottomliner sect known as the Nest Eggs. Their sacred duty is to protect the clammy and their hallowed troves. Being fanatics they are nigh unbribeable. They seek not to gain wealth, only to protect it. Armed with cudgels and spears and polished stones they stand as sentries, allowing entry only to the hood's affluent residents, their servants, and invited guests.



Those there are the digs of Cerumen Thricewipe, a powerful contanimator and one of Floom's clammiest peeps.



...of the Danged come in many interesting forms. No two are exactly alike, although Fundamental forces and danged-wrangers sometimes create their own signature variatils.



25. Prehensile Winkler (2 clams)

Makes a dandy rope.

26. Underlamp (20 clams)

Glow in the dark.

27. Glompscomb (40 clams)

Amazingly Delicious.

28. Gobb's Folly (5 clams each)

Milky secretions ease stings and itches.

29. Vulvic Orb (10 clams)

Settles upset tummies.

30. Grey Wanker (2 clams)

Edible, but not in front of children.

31. Rockfruit (1 clam)

Edible but a bit astringent.

32. Gargler's Demise (15 clams each)

Mildly poisonous and redly luminescent.

33. Smelf's Cap (10 clams)

Large and fibrous, actually makes a decent hat.

34. Wobble Rot (3 for a clam)

Stinky and inedible, attracts bugs.

UMBLEY THE GLOP



I'm not really sure what the pudding-like goo this guy peddles actually is. It's something like mud and something like squished fruit. Also something like fish for some reason. It's also kind of spicy, but I'm not sure what kind of spice. I don't know. It's weird. I'm not sure if I like it or not. I think I do. It's elusive. Maybe I should try it again. Yeah, I'll go now and get some.

Ok, it was pretty good. I think. Definitely worth the three clams I spent. Maybe...

Umbley the Glop can be found wandering just about anywhere in Floom, serving up tepid bowls of something to hungry and confused peeps around town. I'm writing about him here

PAPA WHIPPERSNAPPER'S MOSS MARKET AND OLDE TYME FUNGIORIUM



The wonders and bounties of Stan's Rug and the Soul Patch are profuse and abundant. Vegetal marvels of a sort and plenitude found nowhere else can be nabbed by those with the grit and wit for the nabbing. Of course the one thing these domains host in even greater abundance are horrifying things that want to eat you. That's why most peeps find it safer just to fork over some clams to Papa Whippersnapper and buy the stuff instead. The grizzled smelf and his band of gleaners know the ways of these places better than most. They frequently excuse in search of useful fungi, mosses, and the like to bring back to Floom and puff to the masses.

While Whippersnapper's out harvesting the goods it's his three wives who hold down the fort. Glerkal, Smargus, and Lu are three of the most congenial smelves you'll ever meet. They bustle about the dank, oithen dens and warrens that make up this fascinating shop, giggling and gossiping like a flock of sea boids cackling over a morsel. Don't let their frantic chortlings fool you, though, these three are as bright as they come. They know everything there is to know and several things there isn't about moss, fungi, and other such suchnesses. Wanna know what spices go best with grilled smurve's crote? How about the fanciest way to poison a horc with extract of Stan's glans? Building a house out of stalks from the Soul Patch or thatching a roof with impervious shreds from Stan's Rug and you don't know which slime mold makes the best mortar? Whippersnapper's wives'll tell you all this and more. Just don't touch anything. Half the stuff in here is poisonous and the other half is guarded by mycomantic wards and frustrations, courtesy of Whippersnapper and his spouses, powerful mycomancers all.

I'm not aware of any shop on Oith that boasts half the selection of fungi and related jazz this place does. Here's a tiny sampling of what's to be found:

01. Pottyspronge (40 clams)
Hallucinogenic, reveals the gubertinct.
02. Nilcoddle (4 clams)
Edible and delicious.
03. Glompscat (2 clams)
Edible, crunchy, and unctuous.
04. Two Heads Giant Pop (40 clams each)
Dense and pulpy; used as building material.
05. Luminous Bluem (20 clams)
Luminescent, used as lamps.
06. 1-up (200 clams)
Edible with healing properties.
07. Crusty Lobes (2 clams)
Edible, and almost tasty.
08. Twinsome Kooble (20 clams)
Curative but gross.
09. Red-headed Stepchillun (20 clams)
Edible, boosts energy.
10. Jellymold (10 clams)
Decorative, pleasant scent.
11. The Moss Boss's Breakfast (30 clams)
Poisonous.
12. Munctious Gleep (2 clams)
Mostly harmless.
13. Wondrous Narp (10 clams)
Flexible and bulbous, a child's toy.
14. Stan's Glans (200 clams)
Deadly poisonous.
15. Cuzz-wort (4 clams)
Choice edible.
16. Beige Peepers (5 clams each)
Emetic, causes hallucinations and vomiting.
17. Buns-o-the-wood (20 clams)
Delicious, slices like bread.
18. Boorg's Larva (20 clams)
Edible, sacred to Boorglezarians.
19. Gelatinous Rectangular Prism (12 clams)
Mildly acidic, used to scrub cookware
20. Dlunp (4 clams each)
Edible, flaccid, and limp.
21. Captain Yunk (40 clams)
Poisonous.
22. Toezgobbin (2 clams)
Edible, your momma's favorite.
23. Bifurcated Dozzle-wonk (25 clams)
Edible, toxic to cremefillians.
24. Wainsboon (20 clams)
Large and woody, can be sliced and used as wagon wheels.



UUULON CREPULOS



Uuulon Crepulos is a containimator's containimator, a twisted master of the arts unwholesome. Profane dealings with execrable forces have burgled the sight from his left eye but gifted him with a sarcastic abundance of containimatic moxie. Although some may disagree (rival containimators such as Cerumen Thricewipe, for example), I'd hazard this blighted cremefillian is up there with Oith's most potent trash-slingers, inferior in potential perhaps only to the mighty Litter Bug himself. His dealings aren't limited to containimants and the many minions with which he surrounds himself and his manse of stone and grime, however. As head of the Villainic Consortium, a collaboration of self-proclaimed evil-doers, would-be world-dominators, and other often-hyphenated scoundrelous types, Uuulon is something of a super-villain. He plots plots, hatches schemes, and heckles the Fuzz. He's rich enough to avoid prosecution and he hands out

enough free grub and grog to the denizens of his neighborhood that nobody really seems to mind all that much. Occasionally some hoink or hero gets it into his mind to take Uuulon down, but that usually ends with somebody getting turned inside-out and fed to something gross (or *turned into something gross* and fed to something inside-out), so most such protagonists don't bother.

Folks who muster the gumption to seek Uuulon's services can be assured that all summonings and minion-creations are of the very best quality. Peeps who insult him or refuse to pay his exorbitant fees are prone to the same fate as those would-be heroes from the last paragraph.

Uuulon's towering mansion squats like a thing-that-might-not-be, basking in the stink that wafts from the Hovel Turf behind a thick and bristly wall on a broad peninsula where the holewhence finger of the Hurl meets the Gawd-choppers. Don't go there.

If you go there, don't look Uuulon in the eye (he only has one), and for Boorg's sake don't mention Cerumen Thricewipe unless his name is followed by six expletives and a death threat. Those guys hate each other.

But, seriously, don't go there.

because I think he probably lives in the Mid-section, although he often hangs around at the Froth or in the Mongerdocks.

I've heard some people compare Umbley's glop to the chili at the Chopping Block. Personally I don't see the connection. They really don't taste anything alike. Although I should probably taste it again before I get all judgmental.



UNDER THE SINK



Following the phenomenal success of his croach-centric dining establishment of the same name in New Oorlquar, entrepreneur Grossenfeffer Grubchugger, a former contender on the competitive grub-gobbling circuit and reported originator of the famous “Death by Dessert” torture technique and pastry course, recently opened this eatatorium along the main drag between the Nuzpass and the Leaker’s Leap. As the name suggests, this place caters to croaches, serving the sorts of things croaches dig but most others find horrifyingly unpalatable. The bounds of good taste (literally and figuratively) prevent me from describing too heedfully the recipes and ingredients that litter Grossenfeffer’s menus and tabletops, but suffice to know most of this stuff’s already been eaten once or twice before it makes it to the plate.

Non-croachular customers of Under the Sink, those few who come as guests of a croach or as victims of whatever misadventures lead them through the cylindrical doorway, are encouraged to lessen their conspicuity by disguising themselves in a manner more befitting the usual clientele. Googly antennae headbands and multi-armed aprons are provided for loan in the vestibule to accommodate just such situations.

Once inside, a guest is treated to a veritable wonderland of filth and scuzz. The walls and floors are once-white ceramic tile that glistens with moisture and grease provided by the slowly dripping rusty pipes overhead. The tables and chairs are nothing but heaped mounds of refuse, as soft and inviting as they are revolting. Serving wenches, croaches all, scuttle fro and to, taking orders, flirting for tips, and serving some of the most vile delicatrocities this side of the Chopping Block. If you're a croach, or maybe a flew or a contaminator, this place is awesome. If you're not, what the Nether Regions are you doing here in the first place?

Apparently, a nasty gang of horcish thugs known as the Murder Psycho Banditos hangs out in an alley behind this place, waylaying drunken croaches and ripping off their arms for fun. If you're not into that sort of thing stay away.

**YORPOZZ THE SLEEM'S RIDE-THRU PET STORE
AND BARBER SHOP**



Here's another of Floom's famous landmarks. Nestled in an alley and several adjacent buildings just holeward of the Leaker's Leap, clamorous with the cacophonies of caged beasts and the frantic snippings of scissor and claw, this vibrant emporium offers visitors an experience not soon forgotten. For a handful of clams Yorpozz himself (or one of his several apprentices if the oof is absent or otherwise occupied), will give you the grand tour. Sit your wazoo comfortably in a slog-drawn buggy, uncoif your locks or pop on a wig if you lack locks, and the savvy oof will trim and style your do as the slog lumbers on, through a wondrous menagerie of captive animals, many exotic, some rare, and all for sale.

So masterful is his craft that by the time the slog creeps to a stop your tufts are as snazzy as they've ever been. Never satisfied with yesterday's look, Yorpozz the Sleem (nobody has yet been able to tell me what a sleem is, but Yorpozz is one of them) often leaves town for months at a time, traveling the Oith in search of new beasts and new hairstyles. I'm told he once spent a year among the barbers of Babajuana, perfecting his trade to such a degree that Sultan Pepper himself emblematically drowned him in praise and gifts, not the least of which was a small kennel of fancy show slogs. Yorpozz brought these slogs back to Floom and a new enterprise was born. Nowadays he's still absent as often as present, trusting the day-to-day snippings and petshoppery to his apprentices.

Yorpozz is responsible for many of Floom's trendiest poofs, including the Ewgly Back-fro, the Spiny Slog-puff, and the controversial What-Passes-For-Cornrows sported by Daddy Hassafrass a few years back.

Of course a peep doesn't need the full treatment to do business with Yorpozz the Sleem's. Pets, wigs, and haircuts can be had individually, but it's much more fun to do it up, even if you don't have hair. Here's an itty-bitty sampling of the critters he may or may not have in stock:



01. Show Slog (300-2000 clams)
02. Slutt (50 clams)
03. Brocular Orb (10 clams)
04. Those weird slug-like things (2 clams)
05. Blushing Ogler (30 clams)
06. Mutant Land Fish (20-1000 clams)
07. Bruisal Shag (10 clams)
08. Tortilla Chip (not sure how that got there)
09. Toysaurus (60 clams)
10. Sproing (20 clams)
11. Unicorn (200 clams)
12. Scrambling Funge (30 clams)
13. Phlumf (30 clams)
14. Ivabracedon (300 clams)
15. Boonsplobber (15 clams)
16. Muculent Oonge (40 clams)
17. Shlub (200 clams)

Hurgle Tonguedragger, a weisenheimer of Floom, postulates that the ancestors of today's modern dinosaurs may have been furry prehistoric critters known as dawgs.



Uuulon Crepulos rolls large!

(enough to keep them in chains and piercings, anyway) by safeguarding treasures for some of Floom's clammier denizens. It's a pretty good arrangement for everyone; the Socks get to feed their bellies and their fetishes and the poshsters get a relatively impenetrable dungeon full of agonizingly agonizing traps and tortures with which to protect their trove. Apparently, the Palace is haunted by a bunch of ...of the Danged, remnants of peeps who tried to bypass the Thousand Sacred Anguishes and nab whatever treasure was being guarded at the time. Of course, all these mournful spirits just make the place less hospitable and thus more to the liking of the Socks. See? Everyone wins.

Holy Crap

THE SUFFERING SOCKS

"Imagine a really big chunk of cheese. Not ordinary cheese, but cheese made up of pain and agony and all the forms of suffering a peep can endure. Take a slice for yourself. Not too big, mind you. Just a little stubbed toe or something. Delicious, no? Now there's less left for me. If I take a slice there's less left for everyone else. If I take a really big slice, I mean a slice so huge that my whole existence is all about cheese, like I'm some sort of cheese-infused, cheese-breathing, cheese-o-potamus with cheese as a part of my very Fundamental makeup, then there's way less for everyone else. That's kind of our thing. We take the cheese so you don't have to. The average peep, with his petty miseries and minor irritations might not notice our contribution, but just imagine the agonies the Oith would suffer if we weren't around. Yeah, I know, right?"

-Hooper the Tormentalist

These guys are all about the torment. They inflict so much pain on themselves and each other it hurts me just to write about it. I mean, seriously. Enough. I don't claim to grasp all the nuances of their faith, but the gist goes thusly: apparently there's a finite amount of pain the world can contain. The more agonies the brethren and sisthrens of the Suffering Socks heap upon themselves, the less there is for others to suffer. Sounds pretty altruistic, and they claim to have Fundamental evidence to back it all up, but *what if they're wrong?* Can you imagine going



through a lifetime of torture, on purpose, only to find out you were wrong all along and the world has plenty of agony for everyone?

The Suffering Socks are named for the sacred stockings they wear, which are usually stuffed and crammed with all manner of sharp and unpleasant things. These peeps live their lives in agony and the search for more agony, constantly seeking new miseries, discomforts, and other synonyms for pain (the language is a bit limited in this regard) with which to afflict themselves. It's supposedly all about lessening the amount of suffering on Oith, but I'm pretty sure some of them just get off on it. The atrocities they commit against themselves are the sorts of things one usually associates with the more despicable torture pits of Greef or the fathomless abyss of the Nether Regions itself. A neophyte might begin simply, a pierced tongue here and a nipple-clamp there, but by the time a devotee has climbed through the ranks and achieved ac-

There once was a Suffering Sock... whose business was chopped on a block. When asked how he pisses... he said, "call me missus". I seem to have misplaced my...

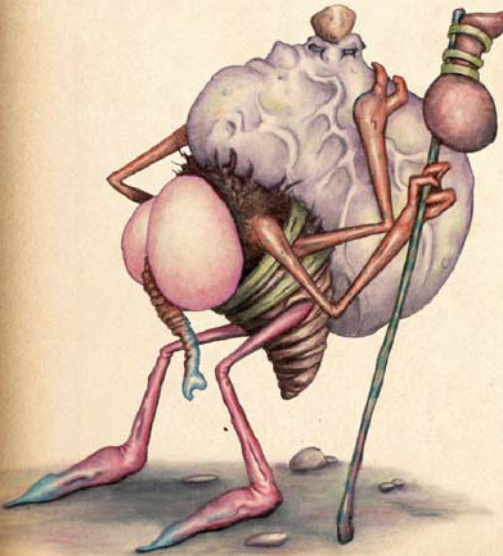
THE HOVEL TURF POINTS OF INTEREST

The Hovel Turf is a poophole. Everything sucks here. It's overcrowded, stinks like old drawers, and is so chock-full of dudes who mean you harm it might as well be Stan's Rug. This is the realm of the downtrodden, the criminal, and those with nowhere else to go. The buildings are built on top of each other to the point where it's pretty much one enormous midden, wallowing in its own decrepitude and stinking of ordure and hate and shame. Poverty and hopelessness pervade, but still, among the crap a kernel or two can be gleaned. Hidden amidst the filth are a few places and peeps worth mentioning, but in general this is a place best avoided.

THE DREGS



Zizz'hnnz the Chintz is a stingy, clam-pincher of a flew. He was banished to the Hovel Turf for blatantly stealing root beer from the Froth and selling it from a grog cart he borrowed in the Mongerdocks. Nowadays he's forbidden to show



himself outside of the Hovel Turf during times of daylight, lest he be forced to pay the many fines and debts he owes to the Bucket Crown. Instead, the miserly flew can be found late at night making the rounds of many of Floom's grog-middens and grubberies, snatching or paying bottom clam for the swill that remains in the cups of departed customers. He collects these dregs in an enormous plunk bladder he wears across his stooped back. Dragging the vile slop to his squat in the Hovel Turf he mixes it with water from the Hurl and doles it out for a clam a bottle to the desperate sloshers of the Hovel Turf. The mixture is revolting and fiery, occasionally lethal, and horribly unpleasant, but potent enough to help imbibers forget what neighborhood they live in.

THE PALACE OF PAIN PERPETUAL



Wow! What a bunch of nuts. The peeps who hang at this joint (some literally) are members of a bizarre religious sect known as the Suffering Socks. We'll get into the Socks themselves a bit later on, but for now let's discuss their digs. It's all jagged metal, rusty spikes, and thorny twigs. The floor is sprinkled with broken glass, thumb tacks, and toe-stubbing bricks. Hooked chains hang from the uneven ceilings, perfect for poking an eye or bonking a noggin. Devices of torture are the only furniture in evidence: the chairs are spiked cones, the beds are of nails, and the tablecloths don't match the curtains. It's hard to believe peeps live in this miserable, dangerous place on purpose.

Live here they do. Part of it is they know the midden bristles with so many deadly traps and skin-flensing whatnots that few intruders would dare trespass. But the real thang of it is the Suffering Socks are named that for a reason. Agony is what they're all about. They actually *want* to bonk their noggins on the low ceilings. They revel in the anguish of a nail through the foot or a hook in the eye. It's a religion thing, y'all wouldn't understand.

Since their pad is pretty extensive, and so full of deadliness no sane peep would even consider going in, the Suffering Socks make a decent clam

So far, only sixteen peeps are known to have croaked from drinking Zizz'hnnz's swill.

be found anywhere. Uncle Pissfoot sells the processed skins to armorers, hideworkers, fashion designers and others for a buttload of clams, very few of which actually make their way into the paws of the peeps doing the actual work, which suits Uncle Pissfoot just fine.



THE STINK SINGER



Once smelven perhaps, but now more akin to a lump of something you scraped off the bottom of your boot, the Stink Singer is a shambling heap of disease, grime, and lunacy. He wanders the Hovel Turf, muttering to himself in a strange language nobody understands (assuming it is a language). Every once in a while he'll say something vaguely coherent if somebody tosses a clam or a bit of grub his way, but he's more likely to react to such generosity with a cackling fit of maniacal rage, screaming and howling as his sores and boils leak foulness and his eyes glaze with insanity. He'll get right up into a peep's grill, yelping with nonsense and contagion. His breath is the breath of death, and not just because it rhymes. Half the peeps subjected to this treatment end up dead of malaise within a week, but those who survive speak of haunted dreams in which a luminous and beautiful smelf sings to them in a voice like buttered flowers, melodiously (and malodorously) hinting at future fortune (which

often comes to pass).

Of course, peeps have tried to kill the Stink Singer before. Nobody wants such contagion hanging around (well, almost nobody). He's been tossed into the Hurl, knifed, clobbered, even eviscerated and burned to ashes, but he keeps showing up the next morning and those who did the hurting end up sick or worse a few days later. Mysterious...

YOB THE LOPPER



If there's one thing the Hovel Turf has in profusion it's beggars. Desperate scroungers and vociferous shucksters alike plead and finagle for clams and grub. The more adventurous of them spill out into the 'Ward Ward and neighboring Midsection, while those who lack the means or gumption stay behind, begging from each other. Unless a peep's a brainy bunco or a some sort of scamster he needs a leg up in the game, or more accurately, a leg *missing*. See, the more maimed and pitiful a groveler appears the more likely he is to get a handout from some soft-hearted spud. That's where Yob the Lopper comes in. For a chunk of your earnings this hulking horc is happy to chop off one of your limbs for you. Assuming you survive, he'll even bandage you up and feed you for a few days as you recover. For an extra



I heard Yob even chopped off the business (and business partners) of a Suffering Sock. For free, no less.

tual ministerial status he's likely to have more metal spikes in his flesh than flesh in his flesh. Oh, and these aren't just cosmetic piercing like you might find on any old goosier. No sir, these spikes mean business. They go through skin and muscle and gristle and all that. The truest thing I can say about the Suffering Socks is I'm glad I'm not one of them.

As much as they dig self-sacrifice, the Suffering Socks aren't beyond inflicting pain in others if the cause is just. Anything that lessens overall suffering by increasing individual anguish is encouraged. Visitors to the Palace of Pain Perpetual, the Socks' cloister in Floom, are given no special treatment, they must sit upon the uncomfortable furnishings and navigate the treacherous labyrinth just like the devotees. Some believers find work outside the cloister as freelance torturers, booty hunters, or assassins. In fact, three such peeps currently work as consultants to the staff torturers at The Can. Others actively seek out and attempt to quash sources of oithly suffering, such as those caused by malign beasts or evildoers. These sorts often find themselves welcome among adventuresome types, where their unusual knowledge and fervor can be quite useful.

Once a year, in an event known as the *Hallowed Reprieve*, Socks cast off their hooks and chains and participate in five glorious days of unabated carnal excess. They devour the finest foods, imbibe the most excellent grogs, and partake of all the various pleasures elsetimes forbidden to them. It's a whirlwind of sensual revelry that makes a night at Stanochio's Swirling Clustergoose look like tea and cookies with the Sockstrosity. Some Sufferers claim these five days and nights make it all worth it. They say the pleasure is intensified so markedly in comparison to the ceaseless torment of everyday life that it's worth all that suffering just to ascend to such immense plateaus of ecstasy and gratification, however temporarily. Enjoy it while you can, Socks; in five days it's back to hooks through your nipples and shards of glass for breakfast.

It's not uncommon for a Suffering Sock to be a devotee of another faith as well. Suffering Sockism neither espouses nor discourages the worship of any particular gawd. As such, many find purpose and direction in the tenets of other

religions. Jeezle Freakism, with its doctrine of penance and atonement is especially popular. Boorglezarianism and its legends of creation and renewal give hope to those who might wonder why the suffering is worth it, as do the post-post apocalyptic prophesies of the Hoomanitarrians. On the other tentacle, Stanism is all about debauchery, excess, and selfishness. It doesn't find much love in the Palace of Perpetual Pain (which is odd when one considers the similarity in fashion sense between the two groups).

Symbol: A teardrop pierced by a nail

Raiment: Hair shirts, piercings, chains, hooks, socks stuffed with unpleasant things, etc...

Virtues: Suffering, self-sacrifice

Sins: Selfishness (minor), comfort (minor), unnatural healing (minor to major)

THE SKINSTOMPER JOINT



The flogging, stretching, and tanning of hides is one of the stinkiest enterprises a peep can endure, what with all the dead things and tinkle and whatnot involved. It's a Hovel Turf activity if ever there was one. A brutish horc called Uncle Pissfoot runs the works, a wicked scourge dangling from his cruel fist and an obscene cuss dripping from his sadistic tongue. He's quick to anger and even quicker to punish. The peed-ons who line up each morning for a chance to earn a few clams trampling flensed skins in the tinkle vats fear his thorny lash almost as much as they fear the destitution and starvation endured by those at the line's end.

The Skinstomper Joint, with its dozens of vats and endless yorts of drying lines, stretching frames, and ungawdly stench occupies a chunk of tenement on the holeward side of the Hovel Turf, where the Hurl meets the Gawdchoppers. It's horrible, horrible work, what with all the pee-stomping and random floggings, but here's a place where rude hides, procured from various hunters, butchers, trappers and the like, are processed into some of the snazziest leather to

the enormous esophagator or else they stumbled down the stairs or passed out before they even reached the rim. Of note as well are several delicious fruity liquors known collectively as Bunsblossom's Bellywarmers. Such concoctions are available in a variety of flavors and they're all delicious. Ask for them by name.

Bunsblossom's distillery is a massive place, almost a castle in its own right. Boot, his family, and their servants occupy half the place, while the rest is taken up by warehouses and stills. An explosion in one of the decanting vessels blew up an entire wing of the place a few years ago. The area's been rebuilt, but the site is supposedly haunted by the remnants of those workers incinerated in the blast. Rumors tell me Boot is currently working with Glomer the Danged-Wrangler to find a way to infuse liquor with the essence ...of the Danged. Who knows to what end such endeavors might bring him, but it's pretty fascinating stuff nonetheless.

BHUUT'S SLICKERS



This small shop sells nothing but waterproof rain slickers made from oiled hides. Nothing about it is particularly remarkable, except that its name sounds like the last two places. Bh uut Unsoggable, a mild-mannered cremefillian with a plush toy sassquash where his left leg should be (victim of a rampaging water slog a while back), is the proprietor and craftsman in residence. Tell him I said hi, I guess.

THE BULGENOGGIN BRANCH



This rickety, dilapidated bridge spans the Chugmarge just holeward of the Rusty Bucket.



I dare you to ask Bh uut why he has a plush toy sassquash instead of a leg. I mean, what did he do to piss off that water slog? Would it help if I told you he used to live in Chund? It might once you read more of the book.

percentage he'll hack off your nose, pluck out an eye (or two), snip your tongue, or disfigure you in whatever way you desire. For an even bigger fee he'll do the same to whichever of your rivals you point him towards. Now that's service!



THE PITS
POINTS OF INTEREST

Peeps in the Pits don't put much stock in ceremony. They want their food, booze, and company durable, strong, and plentiful (not necessarily in that order). Folks around here work for a living, usually as miners or skilled craftspeeps, and they take their pleasures where they can get them. It's a hard-fighting, hard-drinking, hard-loving sort of place where life is cheap and a peep makes his own fortune. The grog-middens in this turf are the haunts of grizzled prospectors and burly diggers, quaffing a few brews and barking a few tall tales before they hit the dirt again in the morning. Also farmers.

BOOTLICKER'S



Shmunkle the Baotlicker, so named because he licks boots (duh), makes some of Floom's most sought after footwear. His boots are crafted from a variety of hides and leathers, many of which come from the Skinstomper Joint in the Hovel Turf. These paw-pavers are prized by many

a miner or gadabout for their toughness and comfort. Although the basic clod clomper's not much to look at, Bootlicker's boots are surprisingly durable, remarkably water resistant, and uncommonly comfortable.

The secret, Shmunkle confesses, is in the licking. After chewing a proprietary concoction of herbs and whatnots, the industrious smelf uses his own personal tongue to coat a newly crafted boot with the resultant saliva. Such a treatment imbues the thing with those qualities we just talked about (durability, water resistance, etc...). A good set of boots, custom fitted to the wearer's tootsies, could set a peep back about sixty clams. Embellishments such as pockets, hidden compartments, googly eyes, and the like are available for a bit more.

BOOT'S LIQUORS



Master Boot Bunsblossom, a bodul presumably named for his resemblance to a shoe, operates this distillery just holeward of the Great Floomian Aurricrap Works. He's a goosin' genius when it comes to turning fruits and what-passes-for-corn into potent libations. Boot and his cohorts produce all kinds of inebriating potables, from fermented mash brews to floofy candywines and schnappsical chugs. He keeps many of Floom's grog-middens stocked with sticky, intoxicating things and fiery, brain-fuddling boozes.

Of special interest are a few of Master Bunsblossom's more uncommon concoctions. A certain slurp, known as Blue Stuff, is so potent it'll shrivel your toes, turn your belly button inside-out, send your mother a birthday card, and scorch out your nose hairs on the first sip. It'll clean your pipes, that's for sure. Winkus at Filthgulper's Flop & Slop in the Mongerblocks has a standing contest offering a hundred clams to anybody who can drink a whole bottle of Blue Stuff and then retrieve a bauble from the bottom of Filthgulper's bowl. So far nobody has claimed the prize. Most who've tried forgot how to sink and were devoured unceremoniously by



THE GREAT FLOOMIAN AURICRAP WORKS



Auricrap is a strange luxury item. Everybody wants to own it but nobody really wants to think about how it comes to be. The process is really pretty simple, albeit a bit on the distasteful side to those of delicate sensibility. Sparkly rocks and crystals containing miniscule amounts of gold and other shiny metals are fed to lithophagic beasts known as umble-grunks. The umble-grunks devour the stone, but their bodies can't process the metals. The digestive jazz ensues and what comes out in the end is a malleable sludge of golden clay. Artisans, jewelers, and sculp-

tors mold the resultant auricrap into all manner of decorative whatnots, which can be cured to hardness by heat and time. Makes a peep think twice to realize that fancy amulet around his neck is actual made of animal poo.

The caverns beneath the Auricrap Works house several dozen subterranean umble-grunks, all of whom are steadily fed a diet of crystals and ore-bearing stones purchased from Floom's several mining consortia. The auricrap they produce is stored in damp chambers to keep it pliable and then sold throughout Keister Island and elsewhere. It's valuable stuff, making Urrister Gold-gravy, the Works' honcho, one of the clammiest peeps in Floom. He employs a company of grim clobberers led by the famous Rumpstable The Unwipable to guard the place, ensuring nabsters and other mischievous sorts stay far away.

Interesting Fact: Only one in thirty umble-grunks is born male. The other males are born female and go through some sort of gender-change later in life.

It was erected a few hundred years ago, during the reign of Sinful Bulgenoggin, and is apparently haunted by some sort of angry spirit or something. Some say the ...of the Danged is the remnant hob of Sinful himself, but that's just ridiculous. Everybody knows his gist haunts the salad bar at Stanochio's Swirling Clustergoose in the 'Ward Ward. Anyway, whatever horrid thingy lurks beneath the bridge, it's scary enough to keep peeps away, and has been for centuries. Every now and then some adventurous lad or ignorant tourist wanders down there only to have his internal organs turn up churning around in the center of the Swirly a few days later.

Rumors abound as to what the actual situation is beneath the Bulgenoggin Branch. Some say it's a secret entrance to one of Sinful's old treasure hordes. Others speculate some predatory monstrosity lurks in a burrow or dwells submerged in the bridge's ocher shadow, feeding on fish and dinghy-hacks and whoever else ventures too close. Erroneous Fizzle, of the Cave Inn, suggests it's all a bunch of shenanigans devised by mysterious "young people" to drive customers away from his digs. That's doubtful, since the tales of the haunting predate the establishment of the Cave Inn by a number of centuries.

It's not just something lurking beneath the bridge that keeps the peeps away, mind you. The bridge itself, in its derelict state, is something of a deathtrap. Few want to cross it, for fear of what skulks below, and certainly nobody wants to linger long enough to repair the thing or even to tear it down. That's not to say peeps haven't tried. Over a century ago Hugormo IX sent a bunch of guys to dismantle the ramshackle span. Every one of them died in some horrible and overly-complicated way before the job could be finished. Our own Hugormo XIII ordered a crew of prisoners down there just a few years ago, but they disappeared at nightfall and none of them were ever seen again. Whether they escaped or met an unpleasant demise is open to conjecture. Still, the Bulgenoggin Branch stands, a testament to persistence. It's been blessed by holy rollers, exorcised by danged-wranglers, torched by dammit binders from Bottom Saloo, and bombarded by catapult stones. All to no avail. Cerumen Thricewipe even sent a containimatronic minion to smash the bridge into oblivion, but the thing

lost its footing and promptly slipped into the Chugmarge where it was immediately devoured by a hitherto-unseen school of extremely rare metalophagic guppies.

The Bulgenoggin Branch joins such places as Stan's Archway and the Palace of Pain Perpetual as a location best left unvisited. Peeps do occasionally cross unmolested, but more often than not they fall victim to a rotted timber or some ungawdly splinter and end up regretting whatever bravado, ignorance, or laziness convinced them to make the crossing in the first place.

THE CAVE INN



It's an inn and it's in a cave. Get it? Yeah, I know. Anyway, this appropriately yet unfortunately named place was opened a few decades ago by a werm named Erroneous Fuzzle, a former competitive fishstomper from Borf. Intending to cater to the miners of Floom but not realizing the implications of the phrase "cave-in" to those superstitious peeps, he purchased a plot of land in the Pits and set to work. Working from a nondescript shopfront in the digs, Erroneous and his cohorts burrowed a series of tunnels and chambers beneath the turf and turned the place into a flophouse. Unlike The Digs, a similarly themed but much less hospitable pad in the Mongerblocks, The Cave Inn is a warm, spacious, and inviting place. The common room hums with conversation at all hours, plentiful lanterns and underlamps keep the place comfortable for those of less subterranean proclivity, and the food and drink are warm and hearty (particularly the braised snails and luberoot stew). Erroneous, despite his advanced age, still finds time to personally greet each customer and occasionally entertains the peeps with his spoken-word renditions of *I Left My Spleen in Borf* and *My Uncle Was a Washerwoman*.

The Cave Inn sports one of the few hot dammit powered fireplaces outside of Bottom Saloo. Apparently there's some interesting history between Erroneous Fuzzle and Uster the Damp. Maybe ask him ask him about it some time...

REASONABLE GROZZ'S BASH AND DASH WEAPON EMPORIUM



Reasonable Grozz is a worm so muscular he's practically spherical. He's the only smith I know who bashes the hammer with the anvil instead of the other way around. He's not just a big wall of meat either; he's talented, able to whack a lump of molten metal into a serviceable clobberer in no time flat. That's a good descriptor for his jazz, too: serviceable. These weapons are nothing fancy, but they get the job done. Forget jeweled pommels and gilded brain-spikes. If you feel like paying for that stuff you'd be better off at Plenty of Deaths in the Bucket Turf or Oily Nad's in the 'Ward Ward. These are a working peep's weapons. They're made for busting noggins, not decorating mantels (unless you're the sort of twisted goose who decorates mantels with busted noggins).

THE RUSTY BUCKET



This is the very first building a peep is likely to encounter when entering Floom on the road from Bucket, which is fitting, since it actually is a huge, upside-down bucket. The big stone statue out front depicts Keistermeister Hugormo X (during whose reign the current place was established) with a mug of suds in one hand and a shovel in the other. He stands atop an enormous sandwich, foot raised in the manner of a conqueror. Beneath his broad grin is a food stained bib with the words "The Rusty Bucket Makes My Mouth All Smiley" painted in faded, time-worn scribbles.

The edifice itself is pretty impressive, if only for its size. It's certainly the largest bucket I've ever seen (unless you consider the town of Bucket, but that's not really a bucket, just a place with that name). Nobody I've spoken with is quite sure where this enormous pail came from, although it's certainly older than Floom itself. In fact, back when this area was a jumbled wilder-



ness it was used as a treasure vault and stockade by Filthy Gob himself, who hadn't considered the ironic folly of putting the criminals and the treasure in the same building. Following the departure of Filthy Gob, the newly crowned Scrubber's Lad King was so inspired by the incredible bucket he used it as the model for the seat of his office, the very first Bucket Throne. Flomp turned the place into a mansion for his buddy Grothnozzle (the agenda guy). Following Grothnozzle's untimely demise at the hands of a sinister idiot known as Droolchin the Imbecile (whose unlikely and equally idiotic descendants would eventually found the Dolts, that moronic cult of dopes whose extinction would lead to the foundation of the Place of Pondering) the pad was haunted by Grothnozzle's spirit and abandoned for almost a hundred years. Grothnozzle was exorcized by a group of danged-wranglers during the reign of Kozzlewongus and the bucket became the clubhouse of Floom's Rocksmashers' Guild, which it remained for over a century until Sinful Bulgenoggin booted the Rocksmash-

Up until about nine years ago there were several auricrap production farms in Floom, but Urrister and his minions put an end to that nonsense during a three week bout of sabotage, vandalism, purple nerples, and busted heads. This conflict, originally known as The Great Auricrap War but then renamed The Moderately Consequential Auricrap Scuffle when the first name proved too ostentatious, led to a Keistermeisterial decree allowing for only a single auricrap operation in the city, the profits of which are heavily taxed by the bucket throne. It's one of those win-win situations (in which everyone wins except everyone who isn't Urrister or the Keistermeister).

PANDALOPE THE PANDERER



Pandalope the Panderer, a pimpular tizn't from Over There, runs a stable of strumpets in the alley between the Slargleflop and Pickled & Plowed. He has a standing arrangement (well, more of a lying down arrangement) with Slargle, the proprietor of the Slargleflop. In exchange

for the discounted use of Slargle's beds, Pandalope extends the security afforded by his multiple horcish bodyguards to the flophouse and its owner.

Pandalope caters to all tastes and inclinations. If your personal perversion isn't in stock he can probably arrange for it within the hour. His stable is pretty respectable too, employing such fine specimens as Amanuensis the Septapod (a seven-armed tizn't with two mouths and an unknown number of other apertures), Kremekle the Kinkqueror (a cremefillian whose artistry with the lash makes grown peeps weep leathery tears), and Teensy Bertilda (a miniscule worm who does her lovin' from the inside). They're clammy but worth it (so I've been told by a friend), far superior to the scraggly hags plying their trade on the tables of Pickled & Plowed.

PICKLED & PLOWED



This dive presumably got its name because those are the two most likely situations a peep is likely to find himself in after spending a few clams here. The owner, a skeezy flew known as Flozzz of the Four Skins (named for the snazzy jacket he wears), offers flavorless-but-potent grog, bland-but-plentiful grub, and all the lovin' you can fit on a table for one low price at the door. His bouncer, a lumpy and scarred werm called Mosaloooh Bowel Movement, makes sure things don't get out of hand. Flozzz's strumpets are nearing their expiration dates, but fortunately most of his clients are too, so it all works out.

Recently a degree of animosity has arisen between Flozzz and Pandalope, who houses a much more presentable stable of strumpets in the alley next door. Flozzz feels clams that should be his are being paid to the tizn't instead, while Pandalope believes the opposite is true. Their disagreements have stopped short of actual violence, but it's only a matter of time before things get out of hand. If it ever does come to that, my clams are on Pandalope. Have you seen that guy's fingernails?





however, is what can only be described as the utter *oofification* of the whole situation. Xeefloxx is all about the extraneous extras. Want a rake with a big glowing “self destruct” button on it? How about a trowel with an incongruous coil of wire jutting from the handle? A broom with a switch labeled “Summon Mutha Ship”? That’s the sort of thing he does. As far as I know, none of the knobs and switches actually do anything, but they make Xeefloxx happy so I guess that’s what’s important.

THE ‘WARD WARD POINTS OF INTEREST

The ‘Ward Ward is indescribably diverse. Some areas are broke, some are clammy. The grub, grog, and flop in some places kick wazoo and in other places they make you want to puke. The digs run the gamut from opulence to squallor. The peeps are friendly and helpful, except for the ones who aren’t. There’s really no point in trying to categorize everything about it, so I’m not even going to try.

BYULUNCULUS THE VIGILANT



Byulunculus kicks buns in the name of righteousness. He’s a hard-smacking, limb-sawing, crime-fighting blob of indiscriminately enforced justice. He wanders the alleys and rooftops of the ‘Ward Ward and wherever else his calling calls him astride his noble steed, a snarling pygmy slog known as Orthington, dispensing buns-wallops to deserving bad guys and less deserving not-so-bad guys everywhere. He might be better at his job if his moral keister compass weren’t busted. See, Byulunculus, blind to the criminality of his own actions, often sees the most minor infraction as a grievous felony. A littering waremonger is just as likely to lose a leg to Byulunculus’s saw-on-a-stick as is a murderous larva-stomper.

It’s unfortunate but the Fuzz in the ‘Ward Ward tend to look elsewhere when Byulunculus trounces their beat. Since he pretty much does their job for them, and he’s a certified buns-kick-

ers and turned the place into a sin-o-gogue. In the centuries that followed the bucket found use as a hoink barracks, several flop-middens and grog-parlors, and even a brothel. Fligsby the Unbleached had the place consecrated as an official artifact of the Hoomanrace but before his plans for a Hoomanitarian temple could be realized Hugormo VII showed up and made it into an internment facility for horscs awaiting deportation or execution. Bossbasher Floombslight clobbered Hugormo VII and the bucket became some sort of torture museum or something. After that it was a hoink barracks again until a sherple named Zerble mysteriously amassed a fortune and bought the place in 442 yafaw.

Nowadays, Zerble's descendants own The Rusty Bucket. As grog-middens and grub-parlors go it's pretty mediocre. The food isn't particularly bad nor is it particularly good. It is plentiful, however, which is how peeps in this hood dig it (as we've said many times). The grog runs the gamut from barely drinkable slog swill to clammy unctuositities rolled over from Boot's Liquors.

The top several floors of The Rusty Bucket have been rented out to the Keistermeister, who uses them to house a barracks and jail for the local Fuzz. The proximity of so many hoinks tends to keep violence and unruly behavior to a minimum and also adds a level of security to one of The Rusty Bucket's other activities. See, here's the best place in Floom for a prospector or miner to get his haul appraised, weighed, and turned into clams. Weighmaster Humert No-thumbs attends to this task on behalf of the Bucket Throne. Ores, gems, and minerals are stored in the bucket's subterranean lower levels, former prison cells guarded by the Fuzz, until they can be properly distributed. Many question the wisdom of housing such wealth so close to the city's outskirts, with nary a city wall to protect it from invaders, but I'm sure the Keistermeister knows what he's doing.

Even though the Rocksmashers' Guild, which represents the interests of Floom's miners, prospectors, ditch diggers, and other tunneling sorts, was evicted by Sinful Bulgenoggin so many years ago, its members still use The Rusty Bucket as their unofficial headquarters, holding meetings once a month to get sloshed and groan about Guild business. Others meet here as well,

including distinguished Hoomanitarian minister Daddy Hassafrass, who hosts weekly revivals in the dining room.

THE SLARGLEFLOP



Slarge Slargeleself opened this floppery about twelve years ago after losing several limbs in a mining accident. Today, the one-armed croach drags himself along on a wheeled board. Too proud and resourceful for a life of begging in the Hovel Turf, Slarge traded the bits of shiny stuff he'd earned from his years of prospecting for a run-down flop midden in the Pits. It turned out to be a worthwhile investment. In the past dozen years the place has gone from a worn-out crap hole to a slightly less worn-out crap hole, which is good enough for most visitors to the Pits. Seriously, if you want luxury go to the Snoot or the Bucket Turf. They've got clean beds in the 'Ward Ward and the Midsection. You can even find a comfy crib in the Mongerdocks. Most of the Slargeflop's visitors are here to get some shut eye after a week of sleeping in the dirt or else they're hooking up with one (or more) of Pandalope's peeps. Clean sheets and a mint on your pillow are not priorities here.

It does, however, offer private rooms, cautious discretion, a blind eye, and a bucket of water to wash yourself in the morning, which suits most of the itinerant miners, wandering farmhands, and strumpeting perverts who frequent the place just dandily.

XEEFLOX THE TOOL



There are dozens of toolmakers in the Pits. Hundreds, maybe. What sets Xeefloxx the Tool apart from the others are the peculiar "finishing touches" he applies to his creations. In function his shovels, picks, wheelbarrows, and the like aren't much different from anybody else's. They're well crafted, but not exceptionally exceptional. The thing that gets a peep's attention,

Xeefloxx once strapped a squiggly doohickey to a spatula and sold it for 1000 clams. I will never understand art.



in style. It works too, if the constant parade of laughing larvae and stumbling guzzlers that follow the thing around like it's their mommy and she's leaking a rainbow of toys and candy are any indication.

The Grog Slog itself, the product of an inheritance Gloother nabbed when his rich uncle somebody croaked, coupled with the wits and wiles of containmaster Uuulon Crepulos and weirdo supreme Oily Nad, is a whimsical monstrosity of raw (also cooked), food serving power. No mere cart or stall, when the Grog Slog visits a turf it knows it's been visited. And it stays visited. Such an impression does the Grog Slog make that things just aren't the same for the other neighborhood grub peddlers once it's been by. Peeps long for the spectacle. I'll set the scene. Imagine you're the average, everyday, ordinary peep on the street, washing some pants in the canal or knitting a hat or whatever it is average, everyday, ordinary peeps on the street do, when the tinkling whine of a Borfian calliope assaults your ears. Soon the giggles of children and the slurred groans of drunkards join the fray. The gentle squeaking of mechanical parts and some sort of soft, pulsating throb hop on board. Your interest aroused, you slowly turn toward

the source of the offending (or enticing, depending on your disposition) hullabaloo. There it is, cresting the peak of the overly-steep-for-dramatic-effect road: an immense slog-shaped construction bristling with banners and who-knows-what-those-things-are oozes along on a hundred hundred tiny undulating feet. The wind changes, pushing the Keister's stench to the periphery and bringing from the Grog Slog a hundred wispy pongs: the acrid sting of smoke and steam and grease, the redolent undercurrents of unwashed larvae and stale sot-vomit, something else undefinable, something almost definable yet elusive, and it's all overpowered by the awesome aroma of fried salty things and the loamy breath of suds and foam. You subconsciously wipe the drool from your chin with the pants you were knitting or washing or whatever and rise to your feet. Your tummy rumbles. Before you even realize what you're doing you're walking dazedly up the street, past the customless carts of a dozen frowning grubhawkers, to stand in line at the mighty Slog. Your turn comes. "Yeah, uh, I'll take a large mug of Bluefoam Brew and an order of crispy linachithi nuggets," you say. You fork over some clams. Life is good.

er in his own right, they're usually content to ignore him. It's only a matter of time before he lops a limb from the wrong guy and ends up croaked or in the The Can, but for now many in the 'Ward Ward view him as a hero, defending them against gangstas and evildoers and protecting their way of life, at least until somebody walks the wrong way down a one-way alley or tosses a fruit core on the street.



CAP'N CUPOUAKE'S



Greasy blue smoke seeps languidly from the drooping stacks that sprout from this enormous pastry like spines on a particularly corpulent and forlorn brickle, assaulting a whiffer's schnoz like a bouquet of dung-laden cream puffs. Delightfully repugnant, the goodies concocted here follow a familiar theme set down by such visionaries as Doorq Snozzleweener and Umbley the Glop, food so foul it's somehow and unavoidably delicious. Cupquake himself, a pile and former officer of the Keisternauts, is a jovial and outgoing old bean, quick with a free sample of whatever just popped out of the oven. Cupquake's pastries and loaves aren't addictive in the manner of the Chopping Block's chili or befuddling like Umbley's Glop, but there must be a hint of hocus pokery in the batter all the same. Either that or

the Cap'n just possesses a rare genius for turning vile ingredients into delicious deserts. It's a mystery. I'm almost embarrassed to admit I snarfed a baker's dozen of his famous crud-dusted uncter balls just last Splatterday.

FRONDS OF THE GLOMP



Berfcifolz Shroomshiver is a despicable little bastard. This grimy little shmurve serves the fodder of the Soul Patch in his grub-midden not because he *likes* mushrooms, but because he *hates* them. He's a vile, mean-spirited fungicidal maniac and he doesn't care who knows it. Funguys and smelves are most definitely not welcome here, unless they want to end up on the menu. Still, serve the fodder of the Soul Patch he does, and peeps longing for a taste of the fungle could do worse. Try the braised glompscomb, if you dare, it'll put hair on your tongue.

The digs themselves are pretty snazzy, all shaped like the head of a glomp and whatnot, but that really doesn't excuse Berfcifolz's despicability.

THE GROG SLOG



Gloother the Grogmonger is a croach with a dream. To hear him tell it, as everyone who frequents the Salty Bean in the 'Ward Ward has a thousand times, there are a million hungry peeps out there and the only thing keeping them from endlessly gorging themselves is the fact most of them don't have the option of hanging out at the Salty Bean all day. That's where Gloother and his amazing invention step up. Rather than force the peeps to come to him, as most grub hurlers and and grog peddlers do, Gloother brings the bites to the peeps. He's not the first huckster with a traveling cart. I mean, dudes have been hawking wares door-to-door for as long as anyone can remember. He is, however, the first one to do so from within an enormous containimaticronic slog. That's Gloother's dream: to bring the suds

them to disperse crowds, and the Keisternauts, who find them useful for clearing the decks of price-o-corn tubs. Oily Nad's workshop shelves are cluttered with such constructions, some ingeniously mundane and others of a weirder bent. Consider, for instance, the wondrous *Oily Nad's Protracting Cephalotic Foe-Vanquisher*, an armored helm whose sword-wielding adornments fight for whoever wears it. Oh, and let's not overlook *Oily Nad's Audibbling Earhancer*, which lets the deaf hear and the non-deaf hear better, or *Oily Nad's Amanuensial Hands-Free Bunsweeper*, which I assume is used to swipe buns or something.

Not everything Oily Nad makes is an ingenious invention or weird device. He's also an extremely talented armorer and weapon maker. With his corrosive touch he carefully etches and shapes all manner of metals into whatever form he desires. His apprentice, a clever young werm named Earboob, then hones, sharpens, and finishes the works to his boss's specifications. Such creations are in high demand throughout Floom, fetching clams a whole lot prettier than their creator.

When he's not creating awesome things in his workshop, Oily Nad is often found wandering the halls of the Museum of Really Nifty Stuff or visiting at the manse of Uuulon Crepulos, with whom he apparently has some history. Folks tend to give him a wide berth, but he's really quite friendly and loquacious if a peep can summon the courage to engage him.

QUIBBLE'S LAIR



This isn't actually the lair of the infamous Quibble, that ravenous umber cuke who ravaged the town of Blist a few decades ago. Nope, that guy has croaked, drubbed and throttled by legendary Floomish adventurer Clarified Onion Juice and his mighty whisk of foe-whisking. Clarified Onion Juice took the bounty he earned by slaying Quibble and opened these digs. As a tribute to his fallen enemy, he decorated the place in a subterranean motif, modeled after the actual lair of the actual Quibble. It's like a little piece of the Underwhere right here in Floom.

As every student of Floomish history knows, Clarified Onion Juice went a bit wiggy as he aged. Tripping off the fame he garnered by vanquishing his umber cuke foe, the fuddled old worm summoned his gumption and joined the Happy Plate Club. He and his cohorts went off into the Underwhere on a safari of cuke-clobbering insanity. He was killed three years into the hunt (by an umber cuke, to nobody's surprise), but not before he filled his flop-midden with all the trophies of the quest. Today, Quibble's Lair is a testament to one worm's obsession, maintained by Clarified Onion Juice's surviving sons and their wives. From the fourteen stuffed umber cukes in the lobby to the umber cuke rind headboards, the lantern shades made of umber cuke eyes, and the floors tiled in delicately planed slices of dried umber cuke flesh, the whole place is all about the cukes.

THE SALTY BEAN



Aside from its construction, the dried and hollowed husk of an enormous bean shipped at great expense from the fields of Glowhio, the Salty Bean isn't all that unusual as far as grub-middens in the 'Ward Ward go. The food is good, but not great. The booze flows readily, if a bit watery. The hearth is warm, if a bit smoky. The wenches are friendly, if a bit plain. The narrative is informative, if a bit boring.

I'm not sure what it is about this place, but it seems to invite a certain pedigree of character. In particular, those of a thunkular bent tend to congregate here. Weisenheimers, inventors, poets, and other brainy types like to hang out at the Salty Bean. There's usually a gaggle of them taking up the comfy couches near the fireplace. They sit around smoking pipes, spouting gab, and thinking deeply profound thoughts. This is a favorite haunt of Gloother the Grogmonger, Crusticle Poom, Chordlebork the Itinerant and other such visionaries, along with the inevitable dribbling of apprentices, followers, and groupies such types attract.



Recently, the Foddermonger's Guild has petitioned the bucket throne to restrict the movements of Gloother and his Grog Slog, citing the detrimental effect it has on local business. In reaction, the Keistermeister has imposed a series of severe tariffs on any mongerstall operator who hawks his wares outside of the district in which he is registered. This effectively limits Gloother to the 'Ward Ward. In an effort to maintain the peace, Gloother has further agreed not to visit a particular neighborhood within the ward more than once in a given week, and to spend one week of every month on vacation, during which time he can usually be found at the Salty Bean, spouting the gab and chugging suds with the locals.

OILY NAD'S REPUTABLE ARMS AND ARMORS



Occasionally, through circumstances about which weissenheimers fear to speculate, one

of those horrifying spirits of filth and yuck and grossness known as containimants defies its Fundamental drift and dedicates itself instead to an opposite nature. As hideous and terrifying as he is brilliant and amiable, Oily Nad is one such atrocity. All three of his mouths are tight-lipped when it comes to the tale of his origin, but if the topic of conversation wends toward weirdness or smithery or the working of shiny things into other shiny things he can spout for hours. See, despite the inclinations of his species, Oily Nad is a creator. He's an inventor, a crafter of arms and armor, and a weirdo of considerable talent. Odd hobbies for a fellow whose very touch corrodes metal and whose breath is so foul poop holds its nose when he walks by. This first conundrum he mitigates with leather gloves and the second with a complex series of tubes and filters that redirect and harvest his rancid exhalations into a series of airtight canisters. Not one to pass up an opportunity to nab a few clams, Oily Nad offers these stench bombs for sale under the name *Oily Nad's Nebulizing Odoriferous Maleflection*. They're quite popular among the Fuzz, who use

Oily Nad doesn't always wear his breathing tubes, especially when he's posing for a portrait. I didn't forget to draw them. Shut up.

thing at all, do not come to Stanochio's Swirling Clustergoose. In fact, go back and unread this entry. You're probably too young for this sort of thing anyway.

THE STOMPING GROUNDS



The wide, steeply sloping hillsides that mark the holewardmost boundary of Floom, just before the cliffs plummet even more steeply into the sluggish murk of the Chugmarge, are known as the Beeturian Heights (after the ill-fated but totally hilarious balloon flight of Beeturio Aloft, which launched from the site in 217 yafwaf and promptly plummeted into the Gawdchoppers). The holewhence grade of this bluff is infested with dozens of squalid tenements, ramshackle coops, and shoddy apartment buildings. The dregs of Floomish society dwell here. Well, not the dregs, as such, they're pretty much busy infesting the Hovel Turf, but maybe these guys are like that last swig from the bottle before you get to the actual dregs: bitter, foul-tasting dross, gritty with unknown sediments and feculent backwash. These are the disregarded rabble of Floom, toiling and scrimping in endless drudgery. Of course, such peeps are everywhere in Floom (well, almost everywhere; the Snoot and the Bucket Turf are graciously bereft). The Stomping Grounds, as this neighborhood is known, simply presents a particularly impenetrable assortment of such citizenry.

While not as overwhelmed with crime and poverty as the Hovel Turf, the Stomping grounds still sports its share of both. It's something of a proving ground, really, where peeps born to pauperism struggle to elevate themselves. This is the hood that birthed such disparate customers as Dregzie the Schnoz, Cerumen Thricewipe, Yerffej S'dloner, Lud the Moist, and Beardo the Beardless. Although various gangs and worse things call the Stomping Grounds home, most of the peeps who live here are just average, everyday shmoes and unskilled laborers. It's nothing to be ashamed of; it's just how things are.

The Stomping Grounds is one of those neighborhoods that burned down when Hugormo

the Oneth overthrew the Bulgenoggins in 269 yafwaf. It was pretty terrible and a lot of peeps croaked. Hugormo II funded the reconstruction of the hood, which is why the crest of the Heights sports a snazzy monument of him shaking hands with Beeturio Aloft (even though the latter died long before the former was born).

SWEET TEETH



It's a wonder this candy store even exists, considering the entire building is made of hardened sugar. What's to stop a horde of hungry scroungers from licking the place to smithereens in a starvation induced binge? Poison, that's the answer. Hokum the Gorge, the gluttonous worm who built the place, infused a hefty dose of Stan's glans essence into the mix. So says the sign on the wall. There was a time, a few years back, when a bunch of desperate peeps decided to see if it was all just a bluff. The drifted mounds





The boss of this particular chunk of Floom is Runkle, a shellheaded snell and erstwhile gad-about from New Oorlquar. Runkle is something of a thunk himself. His recent memoir, *Across the Drink on a Bean*, tells the fantastical history of the Salty Bean along with assorted anecdotes about its clientèle. I hope to read it someday.

STANOCHIO'S SWIRLING CLUSTERGOOSE



Stanochio's Swirling Clustergoose prides itself on being one of the most overcrowded, disorganized, and chaotic pits of debauchery on Oith. Anything goes here. Anything at all. It's an unending maelstrom of depravity, indulgence, and excess. Nothing is taboo. The laws of the land do not apply. Kill who you want. Goose who you want. Eat what you want. Do what you want. Shame does not exist here. Don't want to wear pants? Goose! You don't even have to wear skin if you don't want to. Wanna goose a wild beast?

Bring it on. Drink until you puke then sculpt a puke castle out of the puke, live in it for a night and invite the neighbors over for puke tea? If that's what does it for you. There's no judgment here. Absolutely nothing is forbidden within these walls. Whatever floats your boat, dude. Also there's a salad bar.

Not surprisingly, Stanismists are attracted to this place like flies to a dung heap. It's the only place in Floom, outside of foreign embassies, where, by official decree, the laws of Floom are irrelevant. See, Stanochio's was founded way back during the bad old days, when the Bulgenoggin goons ran the burg. The whole town was a cesspool of thuggery and bad manners back then, with depravity and excess reigning supreme. This was awesome for the resident Stanismists but pretty much sucked for everyone else. When the Bulgenoggin were finally deposed and Hugormo the Oneth ascended to the bucket throne, the new keistermeister, seeing the wisdom in such a concession, declared Stanochio's a safe haven for the city's Stanismists. They were free to practice the indulgences decreed by their faith without fear of official reprisal, as long as such regularly illegal activities were confined within the newly erected stone and iron walls of Stanochio's Swirling Clustergoose (the wooden walls of the original six iterations had a habit of burning down on a regular basis). There was much rejoicing among the general populace and the Stanismists took it all in stride.

Nowadays, after a peep forks over thirty clams to the bouncer at the door, he better be open to anything. Nobody comes here who isn't ready to get busy. If you don't want to get poked by a hundred strangers don't come through that door. Not particularly curious about what it feels like to be a hand puppet? Stay at home. Of course, just because that puke covered slob wants to prod you with unpleasant things doesn't mean you aren't allowed to chop off his legs for being too pushy. That's your right, just as much as it's that other guy's right to pin you down and treat you like the naughty pumpkin-with-a-hole-drilled-in-it you are. Too far? Not far enough...

Stanochio's isn't the only Stanismistic orgy pit in town, but it is the most hardcore and the only one exempt from the laws of Floom. Seriously, if you are squeamish about anything, any-

Assorted Elsewhere's

OTHER BURGS OF KEISTER ISLAND

"I've traipsed my tootsies from one end of this bump to the other and back again crosswise. I've savored the fish-wines of Borf, soaked in Goss's Wallow Froth, licked the Hugemungus of Huku... I've pranced with funguys in the Soul Patch and hid from blor-purples in Stan's Rug. I've met the Dead Fish People and hunted uncters near the Colonic. I've harvested the nuts of Circuspi, loaded caravans in Foot's Wrist, snuffed hot dammits in Bottom Saloo, and languished in boredom on the beaches of Worthwhile Isle. I've been evicted from Unwelcome, arrested in Slump, Chump, and Glop, and been made honorary mayor for a day in Over There. I've partied in Awesome, wonked the spronge in Wernburg, gazed from Blist across Gaud's Keister, and frolicked in the mud pits of Udu and Chund. I've wandered all over Keister Island, met thousands of peeps, had uncountable adventures, and seen enough wonky madness to turn your hair purple (unless it's already purple, in which case it would turn some other color; green perhaps). Despite all that, I still haven't seen a shmurve's toenail of what's actually out there. Each time I strap on my traipsing clogs and prance through my front door it's like I'm seeing the world for the very first time.

-Combo the Gallivant



We've already discussed at length many of the untamed wildernessal realms of Keister Island and spent a great deal of time and effort dissertating the Garden of Smellemental Glee and the bitchin' city of Floom (seriously, do you have any idea how long that took to write?). Let's now attend to some of Keister Island's less familiar burgs and boondocks, those centers of industry, culture (agri- and otherwise), and whatnot that might not have Floom's prestige but are still somewhat interesting in their own right.

In the interest of brevity we'll limit the discussion to those digs with more than a few dozen denizens. There are hundreds, if not thousands, of farms, manors, tiny villages, outposts, and assorted dwellings, ruins, castles, and domiciles throughout the outskirts and wildernesses of Keister Island. Since I've never visited the vast majority of them anything I might spout would be based entirely on hearsay and rumor, and that's just not how I roll. Instead, let's take a quick wink at Keister Island's more populous holes. For instance...

Awesome

This disheveled sprawl of ramshackle huts and brightly painted stone edifices litters the holewhence bank of the Blurp, haphazardly strewn about like so much debris washed in with the tides. It's a challenging place to live, situated within a gallivant of the treacherous Scum Quag and the myriad deadlinesses of Stan's Rug. The burg is a favorite target for assorted predatory things and raiding gangstas who view the denizens as easy pickings. To their chagrin, such malefactors often discover a hidden badassitude in their potential victims. It lurks there, just under the gawdily painted veneers and grog-sodden slurrings, slowly building; an angsty and grumbling rage patiently waiting to be unleashed on some toothsome monstrosity or spork-wielding thug.

of dead bugs that surround the digs should have given them a clue, but in the morning a respectable pile of deceased dumb guys awaited Hokum when he got to work. Luckily, very little of that toxin finds its way into the actual candy, which is some of the most delicious crap a peep can pop in his gob.

Despite his wonderful confections, something about Hokum kind of takes a lot peeps sideways. Maybe it's the sardonic leer that never leaves his face. Perhaps it's his perpetual sheen of flopsweat or the hungry lust with which he shamelessly ogles the neighborhood larvae. Whatever the reason, peeps tend to avoid him whenever possible. Locals never enter Sweet Teeth alone and parents make sure their larvae are close at hand when he's around. If his candy weren't so gawd-goosingly delicious, Hokum would probably have been driven out of Floom long ago. But it is.

Hokum, for his part, claims ignorance when the subject is aroused. He doesn't know why the peeps avoid him, after all, he's just a simple confectioner. His job, he says, is to make people happy, "I loves me some chilluns." Indeed.

TANGLED WEEDS



These digs, with walls and roof woven from its namesake vegetation, specializes in the cuisine of the Scum Quag. Well, not in the cuisine eaten by the inhabitants of the swamp, but in recipes created from the abundance of ingredients that grow there. Here's the best place in town for roasted glubble spleens and sauteed broccodile 'fros. All manner of marsh plants and beasts are served here, most of which are imported by Blue Hiney and his crew. In fact, Blue Hiney is a partial owner in the enterprise.

The ambiance in Tangled Weeds fits its fare. Visitors trudge through knee deep water to reach their seats, which are nothing more than floating globs of weed and muck. The tables are buoyant water-leaves. The serving dishes are the shells of swamp-dwelling critters and the cutlery is carved of glubble bones. The few Squoorks

who dwell in Floom are known to frequent this place, delighting in the wide selection of blood filled glubble bladders the chefs keep on hand. To endear themselves even more graciously to the squoorks, the proprietors have erected a looming idol of Lictish, their cruel and blood-thirsty gawdess.

Of course, squoorks aren't the only peeps who come here. The exotic food and atmosphere bring folks from all over Floom. Just about everybody who can afford it has eaten here at least once. On a semi-related topic, I should clarify my earlier statement. *Food made from* all manner of marsh plants and beasts is served here. The beasts and plants aren't the customers, although sometimes they are.

THROBBANCE THE GROPE



The less said about this guy the better.

ZIGGLE'S ROOST



Ziggle, the blue-feathered groothoo boid who runs this place, emigrated to Floom a few years ago from the realm of Tail in the Incredibly Huge Monstertm. He serves all the delectable delights that place has to offer: crunchy scab slabs, boiled dander mites, some sort of yellowish liquid that's bitter but not too bitter, groothoo down stew, and a bunch of other stuff I don't feel qualified to identify. The place gained a bit of notoriety last year when it played venue to an attempted assassination against our beloved keistermeister. The culprits were caught before any damage was done, following which they were boiled alive and served to the Roost's patrons with toast points and eggless mayo.

That's it, our discussion of Floom ends here. We've only picked the outermost crusties of this happenin' burg, but it's time to move on...

monikered Worthwhile Isle, one might imagine the place has something to offer. It doesn't. Nothing *interesting* anyway. Sure, there are a few spots where a peep can fetch some decent suds or snarf a leg of something, but there's a rank air of anxiety and futility that permeates every boring nook and stale cranny. That's not to say the rival tourism bureaus that compete for jurisdiction don't try to make things better. In fact, that's all they do. The problem is, no matter how many painted signs and museums of random junk that washed up on the beach the denizens erect, nothing of real interest has ever really happened here. The whole place has this sort of clingy, nagging too-muchedness to it that makes a peep want to leave the moment he walks off the boat. It's like the residents are trying too hard to make you want to stay. Their overly-polite manner seems insincere, like they might wipe their buns with your pillow when you're not in the room but then leave two mints and a thank you card. The whole place reeks of flop-sweat and desperation.

It's a shame too, because it's not for a lack of trying. Blablabla has more museums and "tourist attractions" per capita than anywhere else on Oith. It's just that they're all really lame. The Grand Museum of Blablablan History, for example, fills six rooms and an antechamber with artifacts and anecdotes related to that one time Greely Sevenspleens thought she lost a shoe on the beach but then found it three days later in the back of her closet. Oh, and don't even get me started on the beach itself. It used to be nice; white sand, rolling surf, good times... Until one of the tourism boards (led by High Docent Calous Roughtootsies) a few years back decided the beach would attract more visitors if it was sparklier, so they dumped thousands of yorts of broken glass into the sand. Sure, it was sparklier but... I'm not even going to finish that sentence.

Recent rumors leak that the tourism boards, historically vicious rivals, have come together to work on something big. Something, they say, that will finally bring the rubes and their clams to Worthwhile Isle. We'll see. It'll probably be something super lame, like a Museum of Belly Button Lint or the Oddly Shaped Potato Hall of Fame.



Blist

Blist is a rough and tumble town of roughly tumbled rock and tough and rumbling peeps. Strumbled about like the bones in a particularly haphazard game of *Strumbled Bones*, the blocky stone buildings and jagged stockade walls command an impressive view of the Zunkleleft's majestic Upfinger. There's more rhyme than reason to the burg's layout, which is mostly just a haphazard assortment of bouldery lairs, mid-dens, and workshops strewn wherever a claim's been staked or a wild-eyed dude with a pick axe planted his tootsies and refused to leave.

Speaking of peeps, the ones here tend to be rugged and salty, a surly batch of miners, prospectors, linachithi ranchers, and stoneslappers. They're known to mutter their malcontent through gritted teeth when circumstances incline them toward curmudgeony and holler their joy with maniacal jubilance when fortuity prevails. Sure, happiness can be found here, usually in conjunction with a rich vein of some-

See, the thing about Awesome is it's a really dangerous place to live, but the peeps who dwell here are in complete denial of that fact. The partying never stops in this neck of the woods. The populace, to a being, is almost always perpetually schnockered or wonked out on one sparkly herb or another. Beneath this inebriated facade, however, lurks that aforementioned rage. The peeps of Awesome are a super fun bunch, always cheerful and quick with a grog-fuzzled joke or hearty guffaw. Super fun, that is, until something dangerous shows up, in which case things go from happy party time to ultra-violent buns-kicking time in no seconds flat. Most Awesomians don't even stop smiling to indicate a change in demeanor, they'll just whip out a machete or something, cut down whatever offensive thing has drawn their ire, then bong three grogs and a plate of linachithi wings before yelling something about Spring Break and passing out in the gutter. Hard. Core.

Awesomites are all about taking risks. They do crazy shit just because the last guy did something crazy and they feel obliged to outcrazy that crazy nut and nab back the bragging rights. Not surprisingly, the Returners From Whence We Came have a clubhouse here. So too do the Murder Psych-kill Banditos and a number of similar hard-drinking, hard-fighting crews. Street fights, bar brawls, inappropriate gropings, wenches-gone-wild, random fisticuffs, and dudes puking on your shoes are as common here as dead fish in the Mongerdocks. That's not to say the place is lawless. No, indeed. It's not that the mayor, a vest-sporting pile by the name of Moistmugg the Indulgent, is powerless, he just recognizes the need to pick his battles and not sweat the small stuff. As a result, a lot of things that'll get a peep jailed or dissected in other burgs is just the way things go in Awesome. Stealing is a no-no. Murder and rape and that kind of jazz is definitely frowned upon, but just about anything else won't earn a perp more than a wrist slap or an hour or two of public ridicule.

It's been suggested the source of Awesome's party-until-you-have-to-kill-something-then-go-back-to-partying attitude might be something other than the tension of living near such dangerous realms. After all, Stan's Rug really isn't that close, and a lot of other burgs have to put

up with roving gangstas and wandering monsters and whatnot as well. As a possible culprit, Wembley Blurpslurper, a smellcaster sent by the Keistermeister to investigate such happenstances, points to the unique nature of the Blurp itself. Remember way back at the beginning of the book when we talked about that dense, pudding-like layer of sludge down below the lake's surface? Yeah, that. Well, Wembley says he's been able to detect some odd vapors that bubble up through the muddy banks not far from Awesome. These gases, he postulates, tinged with whatever influences such puddingy slurps bequeath, might be affecting the disposition of the town's peeps. Who knows? It's worth a mention, but personally the "stress of living in fear" theory seems a bit stronger to this roving scribbler.

One might imagine, what with all the drunken craziness and assorted rowdiness that goes on in Awesome, that nothing much would ever get accomplished. That's only partially true. The town does have several thriving industries including a fleet of disheveled fishing boats and esophagator harpooning skiffs that ply the waters of the Blurp and the Snooz, peddling their wares as far as Bucket, Foot's Wrist, and Floom. Expeditions excursion overland to periodically plunder the myriad treasures of the Scum Quag and Stan's Rug (occasionally never to return), while a flourishing trade in assorted liquors, herbs, and other wonkinesses keeps the peeps back home in liquors, herbs, and other wonkinesses. There are almost as many suds-middens in Awesome as there are mouths to slurp it all down. The most splendid such place, a brightly painted edifice of stone and timber known as *The Strumpetin' Runt* (or maybe *The Rutting Strumpet*, I couldn't hear very well over the drunken din and it wasn't written anywhere. *The Rusty Trumpet?*), is owned by none other than Mayor Moistmugg himself.

Anyway, if you dig suds, scrappin', boobs, and danger take some time to visit Awesome. Otherwise, give it a pass. There are probably some kids on your lawn that need to be yelled at.

Blablaba

Blablaba is a village founded on hoopla. Situated as it is, cozily nestled among the spiny prickles and barren rocks of the impertinently

grub for all, funded by taxes dredged from Borf's clammier peeps. Also, every day in Borf is a holiday of some sort. Whether it's City-wide Dairy Hamster Appreciation Day or the Feast of Glorblemas there's always a reason to celebrate. It's not like Awesome, where everything is just one big drunken party, but if a peep wants to host a shindig he has an excuse. That's all I'm saying.

Boss of the burg is Inglechorf Borf, a great-great-great-grandson of Gorble Borf himself. To confuse matters a bit more, not only is the ruling family the Borf ilk, and the city itself is called Borf, but the boss is also known as a borf. So, Borf is ruled by Borf Inglechorf Borf of Borf, Seventh Borf of Borf. A borf isn't so much a king as he is a guiding influence; an adjudicator and tie-breaker. He has the power to issue edicts and demand fealty, but he seldom has need to do so. Peeps come to him with problems and disputes, agreeing to abide by his word, and he settles disputes with impartial wisdom and fairness, lounging astride the ceremonial Borf Bench, decked in his ceremonial Borf Bonnet and wielding the sacred Borf Bag. This is how things have been since the days of Glorble Borf and it's served the city well so far.

Borf is a big city, chock full of fascinating places to visit, interesting peeps to meet, engaging intrigues, and intriguing engagements. Perhaps one day an entire volume of *The Whole Hole* will be written about it and the other sizable burgs of Keister Island (Torkle and Goss), but today is not that day. Let's move on...

Bottom Saloo

Nestled in the chasmic coastal foothills of the volcanic Crumplehorns, Bottom Saloo (not to be confused with the skin affliction of the same name) is a burg on the rise. Until recently, the place was nothing more than a wilderness outpost and way station for miners and prospectors exploiting the treasures to be unothed in the surrounding mountains. Constant depredations by unsavory beasts and persistent immolations courtesy of the region's resident hot dammits made the fledgeling village a tough place to hang, despite its shallow harbor and sturdy clay buildings. That all changed a couple of decades ago, however, when a Floomish weirdo and ho-



cus poker by the name of Uster the Damp devised a method to bind and compel the nuisance dammits. Nowadays the metaphorical tables have turned and it's the dammits who serve the townsfolk. Just about every hearth, stove, forge, and smelter in Bottom Saloo is home to a bound hot dammit, which is great for the peeps since most of the local trees have long since been incinerated and the old dung-fueled fires left much to be desired.

The constructions and hocus pokings involved in the hot dammit binding process are proprietary and taught only to a select few. The Dampmanse Academy is where it all goes down. This lanky tower juts from the caldera of the fuming Mount Cantankerous, overlooking Bottom Saloo and commanding a majestic panorama of the Crumplehorns and the cliff-ridden holewhence coast. Behind these imposing iron doors and mighty walls of rock and rune a select hand-

thing shiny or a pan full of aurulent grit, but greed-heaped violence, robbery, and thugdom are more common orders of the day. That's why most peeps who strike it rich tend to hoard their trove and scoot their booty elsewhere posthaste. Indeed, few denizens of Blist can boast of a lengthy residency. Those that do tend to be the most thuggish and violent of the lot, living off the ill-gotten fruits of others.

The boldest of these is also the town's nominal mayor, a blustering and abnormally *plentiful* croach called Crustulance the Benefactor. This towering brute has made himself even scarier by gluing all sorts of monster teeth and other sharp bits all over his crunchy shell, (also he never bathes). Surrounding himself with a gang of similar ruffians, Crustulance wanders Blist and the outlying mines and mounds collecting protection clams and "taxes" from his fellow Blisters.

Despite the inherent violence and thugular depredations experienced by the peeps of Blist, far deadlier things lurk not far away. See, Blist just happens to be in the general vicinity of one of Keister Island's most well-known and oft-used entrances to the Underwhere, a network of tunnels thoroughly infested with scary ass muthas (including at least several recorded *queen* muthas, those vile and obnoxious birthers of mayhem) and worse. As a staging point for expeditions into the darkened realms underfoot, Blist offers supplies, lodging, guides, and preemptive funerals for those planning to delve below. It's a rough and often brutal burg in which to dwell, but great treasures can be attained by those with the gumption to find and keep them.

Borf

A century and a half ago the rugged bluffs and black sand beaches that underlay the glorious city of Borf were desolate and barren, bereft of denizens save the uncountable scary ass muthas and other unwholesome beasts that adamantly discouraged visitation. Historically, the lands were the ancestral property of the Borf family, but no Borf had strode the turf in decades having been evicted by a small volcanic eruption and a horde of muthas. Ironically, it fell upon an unlikely scion of the Borfs, a young worm named

Glorble, to reclaim his birthright and restore some dignity to the family name. Glorble was the runt of his litter, standing only knee-high to his older siblings, but he had moxy. There was a cut to his jib that peeps liked. Anyway, long story short, he gathered what meager fortune he could scrounge, purchased a seafaring tub of some sort, summoned a crew and set sail from Goss to get things done (which is a rather difficult thing to do from a landlocked city). All sorts of zany misadventures ensued as Gorbale and his chums ventured the Big Drink, the fodder of bedtime stories and suds-midden yarns, chock full of voracious beasts, ancient mysteries, mystic wonders, and oily guys in loincloths. The voyage of a decade (which one can read about in the epic saga *Ten Years of Glorble Borf* by Unglebarm Who-Wasn't-There) ended on the rocky shores of Keister Island as Glorble Borf rowed ashore in the company of his loyal friends. It began there too, on a different part of the island, but that's not really the point.

Happily, Glorble's landfall coincided with the mass exodus of horcs fleeing Floom during the purges of Hugormo VII. This worked out perfectly for Glorble. He hired horcs by the boatload to work his lands, construct his mansions, and protect the realm from other horcs and the aforementioned scary ass muthas. Before long a thriving city was born, populaced by the descendants of renegade horcs, Glorble Borf, and his adventuring pals. Today the burg prospers, a resplendent and flourishing carbuncle nestled among the wildernessical reaches of Keister Island.

The peeps here are a bit on the flamboyant side, at least those with the clams to back it up, often snooty, well-dressed, and adventurous. They enjoy the finer things in life, such as the city's celebrated fish wines, obsidian jewels, and masterful glassworks. Not surprisingly, Borf is home to a number of recent history's most famous gadabouts, explorers, and adventurers, each seeking to relive the romantic journeys of Glorble Borf. Even the horcs here are a tad more refined than those elsewhere, having ripened in a society of tolerance and privilege.

Borf's servants and laborers have it pretty good as well. Local law, enacted by Glorble Borf himself, provides for decent digs and palatable

the wake of Uster's discovery. Pokers, weirdos, and wannabes come here in flocks, vying for a spot on Dampmanse Academy's exclusive roster and a shot at the posh life of a dammit binder.

The law in Bottom Saloo vigorously restricts the sale of pound dammits outside the city. Although the penalties are terribly obscene (and obscenely terrible), smuggling happens more often than Uster and the ruling council of guild-bosses would like (which is never). Special gangs of bunsickers, armed with flame launching dammit cannons, are commissioned to hunt down such perpetrators and bring them to justice.

Bottom Saloo is an increasingly sweet place to hang, especially if you're in the market for snazzy works of metal and pastry. If you're in the neighborhood I highly recommend a visit, if only to scope the dammit-driven smeltworks and gobble a few sourloaves at the Sooty Tonguewaggler, if nothing else.

Bucket

The boulder-strewn drag between Floom and Bucket hugs the Gobscraw through a few yorts of farmland and marsh before jaggng toward the Left Cheek and the rocky banks of the roiling Colonic. From there, the road veers holewhence for a day or so before the wooden palisades and stone battlements of Bucket emerge from the murky fogs that waft off the Blurpular floodplains holewhence of the burg. Bucket is a fortress-town, home to three thousand or so troops of the Keisternauts' landlubber division and a few hundred farmers, craftspeeps, waremongers, and others.

Kernel Bitterroot Flibberlibber, known as Flibberlibber the Unrelenting, is commandant of the burg. He's a big, burly croach whose carapace, bucket helm, and panoply of medals are burnished to a sheen that would embarrass the Polishers. The kernel and his stalwart peeps defend Floom from inland invasion, escort official caravans and dignitaries, guard the bridge across the Colonic (which is in desperate need of repair), patrol the Blurp and its tributary streams, and otherwise protect Floom's interests in the region.

Although it's primarily a military fortress, Bucket has a number of amenities catering to ci-

vilians as well. Since just about all of the overland traffic coming and going between Floom and the Left Cheek (and the Garden of Smellemental Glee) has to cross the bridge over the Colonic (whose turbulent churning make passage by ford or ferry dangerous, if not suicidal), Bucket is a popular waystation and trading post. Flopmiddens, grubberies, and suds-parlors abound. Waremongers peddle the goose out of traveling supplies, pack animals, wagon repairs, and such. Strumpets, crooners, and other entertainers do their thang while hunters, trappers, and other wilderness folks stop by for a taste of civilization and to barter their jazz. The Keisternauts keep everyone in line (those caught misbehaving too egregiously are either booted out of town or pressed into service).

Bucket is pretty much an essential stop for anyone traveling between Floom and all points left of the Colonic. As long as a peep minds his manners he'll be welcome here, but woe unto he of dastardous intent. In times of trouble the whole place locks up tighter than a Bottomliner's clamsack and it's spinier than a box of bricks. The fortress has only had to batten down a few times in its centuries of existence, most recently about twelve years ago when Wretched Rumpraper and his gangsta army trudged down from their hidden lair in the Bunn Skrak in an attempt to abduct some Gossian diplomats on their way to a party in Floom. They were quickly defeated and Rumpraper was put to death in a particularly unpleasant manner (I'll spare you the details but it involved two hamsters, a length of rope, and something called a "rectal corkscrew"). Some say the remnant specter of Wretched Rumpraper roams the nearby wilderness, patiently plotting, desperately seeking revenge and some sort of hot water bottle or something.

Chump

The rickety burg of Chump sits on a bend in the River Snooz, just holeward of the terminus of the Runs and the Uncer Gush. It's about halfway between Goss and Borf/, the only town of respectable size within half a hundred yorts. Honestly, it's a pretty crappy location, smack in the craggiest part of the Dimplestacks. The path to Goss wends past the holewhence stab of the



ful of apprentices are taught the ways and wiles of weirdness, the zazz and rituals of hocus pokery, and the techniques and tactics needed to trap and bind rampant hot dammits. Venerable but still ticking, Uster the Damp presides over all. The sagacious and shrewd snell owns most of Bottom Saloo, which is unsurprising when one considers the hefty fees he and his cohorts charge to bind a dammit. Still, the peeps don't mind. For a few hundred clams they basically nab themselves an oven that needs no fuel and never grows cold.

Not surprisingly, soon after Uster the Damp started hitching hot dammits Bottom Saloo goosin' exploded (not literally, it just grew really quickly), attracting some of Oith's most talented metalpounders, weaponizers, and bakers. Today, peeps everywhere know it as the place to be for all sorts of exceptionally crafted weapons, armors, and other sparkly jazz (also muffins). Here's a place where the metallic clangings of

such legendary adepts as Shermal the Shaft, Opodongo Opongo, Yunkee Halfstache, Irbles the Shlep, and Dross Laska of the Vibrant Undercarriage compete for attention with the aromatic fodder of bakers and pastrifiers the likes of Cakemaker Huzz, Biscuit of Borf, Scrump Loafpincher, and Lurbles the Leavener. Bottom Saloo went from a backwater podunk to a thriving burg in a few short years. Well, the years weren't actually any shorter than any other years, but they seemed that way, you know, relatively speaking. If things continue as they have, it won't be long before Bottom Saloo rivals Goss, Torkle, and Borf as a contender for Keister Island's next Floom.

It's not just bakers and craftspeeps that burst the girdle of Old Saloo. Nope, the old school prospectors and miners are still here and living larger than ever, along with all the attendant war-mongers, grubsters, suds-peddlers, and "entertainment professionals" who rode the drove in

their boats, singing their stupid slog-clobbering ditty all along. Yeah, I know the soglets have the plushest pelts, and peeps slaughter slogs all the time, but there's something about the wanton snuffing and flensing of hundreds of infants that just gobs my craw sideways. Oh great, now the song's in my head. Enjoy...

*Ooooooooooh, sing a song of slog slaughter
Sing a song of skins
Slay more slogs than we aught'er
Stuff 'em in our bins
Sing a song of slog slaughter
Whack each little brute
Rinse 'em out with sea water
Sell 'em for some loot.*

Reprehensible. Still, if you can get past the annual slog-based unpleasantries, Chund is definitely worth a visit. Just don't go in the middle of Fouruary unless you're in the market for waterproof dead baby skins.

Circuspi

The squat towers and tumid silos of Circuspi straddle the banks of the brackish Hookworm like a hundred addled suds-guzzlers scrambling for a spot at the communal piss trough. Dozens of narrow bridges and precarious zip lines span the shallow estuary, shuttling peeps and products from one side to the other. The folks here are hardworking, if a bit disfigured (we'll get to that in a moment), with days spent harvesting the myriad bounties of the estuary and the ash-laden volcanic soil. Chief among these harvestings are the eponymous circuspi nuts, for which the town is named. A vile and debasing assault on the sensibilities of all who taste them, these abhorrent *things* are at once the source of Circuspi's prosperity and its scourge.

See, the thing about circuspi nuts is, although they taste like candy scented farts and their texture is a bit like a sock and a bit like something a pile might find in his belly button, they're actually really nutritious. So nutritious, in fact, that a single nut is enough to keep an average peep stuffed and sated for an entire day and night (in the unlikely event he can actually keep it down). What most folks don't know, however, is the



nuts are actually quite toxic when crammed in quantity. The peeps of Circuspi know this, but you could fill an entire silo with all the craps they don't give. They've actually developed a taste for the junk, craving ever larger quantities as the satiating effect weakens with persistence and their bodies become ever more twisted and deformed by the accumulating poisons.

Not all of Circuspi's denizens bemoan their gross deformities; some revel in their mutations, wearing tumors, blights, and extra limbs like badges of honor. Not unlike the subterranean Crusty Ones of the nearby Crumplehorns, a race of croaches whose circuspi nut addiction long ago mutated their ancestors into heat defiant lava tube dwellers, a sect of Circuspian Hoomanitarrians seek to evolve beyond their current forms through the sacred arts of circuspi poisoning and selective canoodling. Under the watchful eyes (all twelve of them) of Daddy Potrophio Feet-Where-His-Hands-Should-Be, mutations are monitored and encouraged; the stated goal being to eventually re-evolve a bodul into an ancient hoomanracian (if indeed boduls evolved from hoomans in the first place, which nobody's ever really proven). Bold goals, for certain, and ones which have attracted unwelcome attention from certain do-rag sporting cremefillians.

Of course life in Circuspi isn't all mutations and arranged mating. Not everyone in town is a

Chund

Bunn Skrak, a pass constantly predated by colossal uncters and other nasty things. A ramshackle ferry just holeward of Chump is piloted, for a hefty clamsack, by a crass horc called Tottering Alechugger. Even still, once on the other bank, a meager smattering of foothills is all that separates a peep from the innumerable deadlinesses of Stan's Rug. Holewhence of Chump, the rapids and cascades of the converging rivers make water travel all but impossible. That area, too, is the realm of uncters, sassquashes, cute little duckies, and other carnivorous monstrosities. For these reasons (and others) most overland travel between Borf and Goss takes a more holewhence route.

Sure, the occasional chunk of something shiny can be found here, but few prospectors strike it rich in Chump. No, the citizens of Chump aren't about wealth and booty; they live here because they don't want to live elsewhere. Many of them are outlaws, on the lam for some affront or another. Some have something to hide or are hiding from something. Most are just outdoorsy, independent sorts, living off the land and occasionally trading hides and meat for other supplies. They're rugged and tough, like the peeps of Blist but without the Blistian undercurrents of angst and greed.

Also like Blist, Chump's vicinity plays host to several inlets to the Underwhere. One in particular, the location of which is a secret closely guarded by the few guides and woodsies hip to the knowledge, is home to one of Keister Island's only known herds of wild umble-grunks. Another is the lair of Wermtoes, a three-headed uncter of remarkable size, so named for the werm-stomping fetish he displays during his occasional rampages.

There's no real law in Chump. Peeps here tend to mind their own business and seem generally content with their lot. Anyone who causes too much trouble is usually put in his place by someone else and things return to normal pretty quickly. Chump has two flophouses (*The Ugly Onion* and *The House of the Bellowing Uncer*) to accommodate visitors and enough grubberies and suds-middens to keep everyone sated and sloshed. If your travels bring you here, try the brined schnooble spleens at *Lungfandler's Grotto*, they're marginally edible.

Chund is a snazzy town, one of my favorite spots to visit as I bout my gada across Keister Island. The entire burg, to combat the sopping mudflats above which it's built, is perched atop a number of tall stilts. These props, towering over the briny mire below, are fashioned of shipwrecks, driftwood, stones, shells, and other things. The city's architecture is something to behold, designed over two centuries ago by visionary arteest Romblo of Floom (a former monk of the Eighth Septum), it's all full of swirled archways, spiraling towers, twisted bridges, and bulging domes. From a distance the whole town looks like a bunch of insane mollusks congregating atop somebody's dining room table (with chairs!).

The peeps of Chund, under the auspices of Shellshucker Choomance Understrump (Choomi the Gash), whose family has ruled here since the town began, are an artistic and sedulous lot. Bouts of low tide are spent scouring the mudflats for shells and flotsam while the higher tides are times for fishing and industry. In fact, shells, fish, and artwork made from shells and fish are Chund's dearest exports. Delicately carved scrimshaw, salted eel jerky, clams with googly eyes glued to them, and other such treasures keep the peeps busy and fulfilled.

Not surprisingly, Some of Oith's most delicious seafooderies can be found here. The braised filet of purple-faced buns-haver at *Loin-fruit's Eatthedral* is the best I've ever munched and an actual war has been fought over the balloon knot and barnacle chowder at *The Tug Tub*. Yes indeed, folks in Chund take their vittles seriously, as anyone who's ever gobbled the invasive procedure tacos at that nameless grub stand near the esophagator bone statue of Romblo can attest. It's probably a crime against Boorglezar to visit Chund and not snarf a batch or three.

Speaking of crimes against Boorglezar, once a year a bunch of Chundan peeps hop into their canoes and do something I really can't condone. Armed with nets and clobbering rods they row a dozen yorts out to sea until they run up against the jutting enormosity of the Scybalic Mass. They clamber ashore and set about walloping enough newly weened baby water slogs to fill

ham hockings, mud wrestlings, and all manner of diversions are enjoyed. By the time it's all over, the town's coffers are full enough for another year, many of the local homes and ventures having been converted into temporary flops and grubberies for the affair.

Of course, there's more to Foot's Wrist than an annual party. Its proximity to the Scum Quag makes it an ideal embarkation point for caravans and travelers heading into the swamp and holewhence toward Slump and Borf. Blue Hiney, the well-known caravan guide resides here. So too do infamous holy roller Goshsogsox of Stan, renowned weissenheimer Tululabesh Half-shell (author of the oft-copied treatise *Amok in the Muck*), and contaminator Usance the Nuisance (who dwells in a boggy cave beneath the bouldery sprawl), among others.

Glop

Holeward of the Aunt Flow, nestled in a cavernous crush of boulders and scree overlooking the precipitous Bunn Skrak just holewhence of the mighty Speculum, rise the lofty towers and ornate stone edifices of Glop. It's a relatively prosperous burg, somewhat equidistant from the major hubs of Floom, Goss, and the Garden of Smellemental Glee. Several flourishing industries live here. Hundreds of stoneslappers and peed-ons tend the multiple quarries and shiny-holes that line the Bunn Skrak. Crud swimmers harvest price-enhancing red crud from the vermillion waters of the Aunt Flow. Flop-middens, grub-shacks, suds-parlors, and strumpetoria serve the needs of the innumerable travelers that continually pass through on their way from one cheek to the other. Here are the barracks that house the various toll collectors and custodians of the Speculum. Indeed, Glop is a town of many endeavors, and it's all overseen by Shroothoozula Crudmuffin, Doyenne of Glop and direct descendant of Aunt Scrimpledumpkins herself, inventor of red crud and the original maven of Glop.

The Doyenne has her chitinous fingers in just about every cookie jar in town. She's the primary holder in the Red Crud Concern, the owner of three of the five rock quarries in the vicinity, matron of several famous arteests, including celebrated sculptor Tibbid Stoneshaver and

caricaturist Lemon the Limp, and primary investor in a great number of flops, grubs, and suds in Glop and elsewhere. Her wealth is the stuff of legends (legends that tell of vast clam-filled catacombs beneath Crudmuffin Manor, her familial cavern-palace). Lest any trope-snatching nabsters plot designs on her hoard, I'm told it's guarded by a host of Nest Eggs, those same fanatic treasure protectors that defend the Other Side of the Fence in Floom. Oh, peeps try all the time. In fact, the vestibule of *The Other Cheek*, a local brothel and suds-midden, is carpeted with the flayed skins of those who've learned too late how unwise it is to underestimate Shroothoozula Crudmuffin.

Of course, the doyenenne isn't the only poshster in town. Certain hoods in Glop make the Bucket Turf look like the Snoot. The Bottomliners have a strong foothold here, what with the Speculum nearby and so many travelers and waremongers passing through town. The accumulation of wealth and the obnoxious display thereof are the bread and butter (also the jelly, pickled onions, and fish paste) of such peeps. They wander through town on clammy hamster-drawn carriages and gilded slog carts, spending hilarious clams on shiny trinkets and crud-fuddled vittles while scoffing at the gutter-dwelling riffs and raffs who grovel with crestfallen resignation at their feet. *Woe unto the heathenous poor*, they probably think.

Glop is a burg bristling with political intrigue and underhanded dealings. Wealthy waremongers and venturists squabble and plot, their purses already engorged past bursting. Unlike the peeps in Borf and other relatively prosperous burgs who use their clams to fund a life of adventure and revelry, the poshsters of Glop tend to seek wealth as its own end. Bottomliners to the core, there's no such thing as enough and even if there were it wouldn't be enough.

Of course, all that just applies to the growing population of bloated peeps and Bottomliners. The typical peed-ons, craftspeeps, and whatnots are pretty much the same here as they are everywhere. All in all they don't have it too bad, their lot just seems lessened when compared to their clammier neighbors. Glop is a swell place to visit, especially if you have clams to spend, but I wouldn't recommend sticking around once your sack grows light.

deformed, nut-addicted, monstrosity. A lot of peeps make a living as traders and waremongers, bartering with the Crusty Ones and running caravans holewhence to Bottom Saloo and holeward to Wernburg and Torkle. A deep water port on the property of Baron Fro Tuchus, lord mayor of Circuspi, lies half a day's jaunt overland where the holeward bank of the Hookworm meets the Big Drink, providing access for tubs too large to make the journey up the shallow estuary.

Speaking of Fro Tuchus, the baron and his family own most of the harvesting grounds around Circuspi (which is to say most of the circuspi nut harvesting grounds on Oith, since the disgusting things don't really grow anywhere else). They're horrifyingly wealthy, but don't really take much of an interest in politics, preferring to let the peeps handle things on their own. They relax in their holeward estate, or in the palatial townhomes they maintain in Borf, Floom, New Oorlquar and who knows where else, collecting taxes, sipping fine boozes, and assigning the daily business to various functionaries. Posh.

Circuspi is a fine place to visit. The peeps are mostly friendly, if a bit unsettling, and the ashy beaches are lovely most of the year. Just don't eat anything you can't identify. In fact, maybe it's best to just bring a lunchbox from home. Also, don't stare. It's rude.

Foot's Wrist

On a rocky promontory of land that bulges from the marshy prairie between the holewhence bank of the Snooz and the most holeward reaches of the Scum Quag, squats the rustical burg of Foot's Wrist. Gobby mud brick buildings sprout from the mossy rock like slurpers on a schnoobles rump, overshadowing the oft-derelict caravan fields below. Most of the year Foot's Wrist is not much more than a crossroads, a place for peeps traveling between Awesome and Floom to catch some comfy snooze or a bucket of suds, or for those braving the squish and squiggles of the Scum Quag to stock up on rations and supplies.

Once a year, however, during the first two weeks of Sixuary, the populace of Foot's Wrist swells elevenfold as peeps from all over Keister Island, and indeed the whole world, flock in to participate in the celebrated Gajillion Faces Fes-



tival. This event, sacred to certain Boorglezarians and Stanismists but enjoyed by just about everyone, begins in the various festhalls of Floom on the first day of Sixuary. A parade of revelers forms the next morning. Bedecked in spangly costumes, ornate masks, and various other ostentatious flamboyances, they saunter through the various turfs of Floom, frolicking and singing as they spread their contagious merriment (or annoyance, depending on a peep's disposition). As the day wanes, the thousands of carousers trounce through the Pits and along the verge of the Chugmarge. They camp overnight in a clearing on the banks of the Snooz and cross the next morning on ornate ferries decorated for the occasion by Floomian dinghy-hacks who regularly operate in the Bay of Dismay and the Snoozian drench. From there it's less than a day's trudge to Foot's Wrist. The paraders arrive to find the entire town gaudily painted and decked out with fancy lanterns and colorful bonfires. Several days of random merriment ensue. Celebrants mix it up with Boorglezarian pontification and Stanismismic blood orgies while celebrators enjoy the music, dancing, grub, and suds. Puppet shows,



Fisherpeeps in Goss often employ mutant land fish in their endeavors.

Goss

The ancient and industrious city of Goss hun-
 kers among the craggy peaks of the Dimplestacks,
 perched like an impudent toddler cooing over
 the bubbling Wallow Froth and dipping its feck-
 led tootsies in the turbulent Imple Slew. Goss is
 an old city (that's what ancient means, *duh*), per-
 haps the oldest on the island, although the fine
 folks of Torkle would have the nads of anyone
 who makes such claims. Regardless, it predates
 Floom and even the Garden of Smellemental
 Glee by several centuries. In fact, the hallowed
 Unbuttoned Sweater People are believed to have
 fled an already venerable Goss over a thousand
 years ago in search of greater religious oppres-
 sion.

Sure, Goss is an old city, but more accurately
 it's several old cities, a couple of middle-aged
 ones, and a new city or two thrown in on top.
 See, the particular patch of Dimplestacks that
 plays host to Goss is apparently some sort of ca-
 lamity magnet, or so it seems. Goss, throughout
 its long history, has been victimized by enough
 catastrophes and disasters to make a Suffer-
 ing Sock jealous. It's seen invading armies (the
 Torklian invasions of 347, 344, 212, 189, 110, 34,
 and 12 befof; the Aggoggian Incursion of 421
 yafwaf; The Great Scary Ass Mutha Population
 Boom of 444 yafwaf; various others), natural
 calamities (the great oithquakes of 300, 177,
 129, and 11 befof and 110, 328, and 542 yafwaf;
 the eruption of Mount Grunkula in 429 yafwaf;
 the Stanky Rains of 476 yafwaf; the Indefinable
 Unpleasantness of 511 yafwaf, the what passes for
 corn famine of 542 yafwaf), and an assortment of
 other city-shattering adversities (the rampage
 of Ruuumph the Uber-cuke in 79 befof, the re-
 venge rampage of Uuurrmph Ruuumphspawn in
 17 yafwaf, that thing that fell out of the sky in 131
 yafwaf, the boiling of the Wallow Froth in 222
 yafwaf, the plunderings of Odonculus Fonza-
 relli, the Diabolical Dance-off and Subsequent
 Serving of 291 yafwaf, the Tainted Bean Incident
 of 409 yafwaf, the advent of Toeseoph Oithsun-
 derer in 388 yafwaf, the Great Hangnail of 441
 yafwaf, etc...). Yes indeed, Goss does seem to
 get dumped on. Every time, however, the peeps
 pull themselves up from the rubble and rebuild.
 Consequentially, the city is up to its nuggets in

ancient ruins, buried treasures, untold secrets,
 and other mystical jazz. Not only that, it seems
 like each calamity is answered by some sort of
 apology from the gawds or somesuch. For exam-
 ple, when the waters of the Wallow Froth boiled
 over 300 years ago its muds and suds became fer-
 mented and infused with the soothing vibe that
 makes the area such a popular (and profitable)
 spa resort today. Similarly, the oithquake and
 what passes for corn famine of 542 yafwaf led to
 the uncovering of extensive brime deposits and
 the discovery of that substance's explosive po-
 tential, which is the foundation of the economic
 boom Goss currently enjoys. Not surprisingly,
 the denizens of Goss are a persistent and in-
 novative bunch, known to take things in stride
 and not get too serious about stuff they can't
 control. Why don't they just move if things are
 so dangerous? I don't know. You'll have to ask
 them.

Since the discovery of large brime deposits in
 the vicinitous Dimplestacks Goss has been at-
 tracting a steady flow of immigrants. Some are
 inventors and other thunkular types, enthralled
 by the wonders of Grun's powder and its deriva-
 tive gizmos. Others are miners and prospectors,
 working the veins and seeking new sources of the
 crustular funk. Of course, just about every indus-
 try in town has enjoyed a boom. Flop-middens,
 such as *Ozznoobler's Roost* in the Tootsies and
 the supposedly haunted (by strumpets ...of the
 Danged, no less) *Creaking Crib* in Goss's Back-
 side district, are constantly clogged to capacity.
 Even the crappy flops, like *What's That Stain* and
The Chalk Outline in the Alleystabber's Turf rarely
 have a bed free. Suds and grub are in even greater
 demand. You definitely have to goose somebody
 (not sure who) to get a table at *The Spiffy Spork*.
The Greedy Gullet hasn't had an open seat in over a
 decade.

Brimining and Grun's powder might be the
 hot things in Goss at the moment, but they're
 far from the burg's only industries. The sooth-
 ing foams and salts of the Wallow Froth... The
 teeming schools of the Imple Slew... The flow-
 ing mucks and torrents of the Underflow, Goss's
 legendary sewer system... The thunkular brain-
 structions of the Weisenheimers Plunderbund...
 The roving herds of linachithis, slogs, hamsters,
 and plorpss... The devious machinations of the



Actually, I don't know how Hooo got its name.

The current boss of Hooo is Mayor Chumbusker the Lip, a notorious gambler and former assador of Goss's Beanshucker's Guild. He moved to Hooo a decade ago and started peddling boiled fish guts from a mongerstall under one of the burg's many piers. I'm not sure what happened, but within a year he owned three of the most profitable guzz-shacks in town and two years after that he was elected mayor. Chumbusker runs Hooo like you'd expect a gambler to, carefully considering the possible outcome of every situation and basing his decisions on informed, well-conceived considerations. Not really, he pretty much just puts everything on red and spins the wheel. It seems to be working so far.

Hun's Bollow

The agrarian sprawl of Hun's Bollow is the buffet from which the city of Torkle nabs most of its grub (terrestrial grub, anyway). It's a broad, scraggly expanse of farms, ranches, orchards, and pastures with a few flop middens and chow houses in the mix to service travelers gadding about along the road between Torkle and Blist. It's a realm of cobs, croppers, and grazers, similar to the rural stretch between Floom and Bucket

but with larger boulders and fewer marshes.

It's not that the fields of Hun's Bollow are particularly fertile, it's just that the peeps who work it are exceptionally good at their jobs. Some of the heftiest gourds this side of Glowhio are grown here. So too are vast fields of what passes for corn and other crops. If they eat it in Torkle and it doesn't come from the Big Drink or the Soul Patch chances are it was grown in Hun's Bollow.

Despite the countrified locale, several prominent figures of interest hale from this bucolic patch of dirt. First, and most obviously, there's the legendary linachithi rancher Hun Spudwinkler, for whom the burg is named. His ancestors still maintain the largest and most prosperous plantation in town. Famed shoe peddler Oonus the Detangler (perhaps you've heard of him?) hales from these parts as well. He eventually moved to Torkle, but I'm told his nephew still lives here. Oh, and let's not ignore Imy Keisterflop, inventor of that device that lets you hook three slogs to a two-slog cart, or Chezz Z'klozz'quozz, the oof who bred what passes for corn with a slightly purplish tint to the kernels. Oh, and Brunskin the Pantsless, whose prized hamster birthed a baby with two faces. Those guys are from here too.

I have no idea what a bollow is.

Ellipsis Propagation Consortium... Lots of other stuff...

Governance in Goss is by some sort of parliament or something made up of representatives (*assadors*) from all fifty-seven of the burg's sanctioned guilds and factions. This council, known as the Efficatorial Assembly of Goss, is presided over by a *prez* elected every six years by the various *assadors*. The current *prez* is Udfucious the Plunge, former *assador* of the Benevolent Brotherhood of Briminers, Dredgers, and Sludgesappers. A complex system of courts and arbiters supposedly keeps everyone in check, while Goss's police force, known as *The Man* for some reason, beats the streets for bad guys and whatnot. This is the way things have been in Goss for hundreds of years, ever since King Snackalope III was squished to toejam by Ruuumph the Uber-cuke in 79 befor, putting an end to the fourth or fifth Gossian dynasty (or maybe the sixth) and opening the way for a representative government. Sure, there have been uprisings, revolutions, and insurgencies over the years, but this sort of thang has worked pretty well for the peeps of Goss for more than a millennium.

Goss is another of those enormous burgs that really deserves its own book. Heck, a few simple explorations of the ruins *beneath* the city could fill a hundred volumes. Like Borf and Torkle, it'll just have to wait its turn. Maybe some other gadabout will pick up the quill I'm about to drop. Maybe *you*? Dot, dot, dot...

Hooo

A few yorts directly holewhence of the Slog-slip Cleave (or maybe it's the Grumlerent), where the bushy Mungepile foothills give way to the craggy Dimplstacks, lies a dingy, shabby ruin of a town. The collapsed buildings and derelict rubble piles of this abandoned shanty (formerly known as Slab and currently known as the Ruins of Slab) are home to nobody but carrion beasts and lurking predators. Its resources and treasures were plundered long ago. All that remains is a shell. A bitter, ramshackle shell. Also a road.

If a traveler follows this road along the rim of the Keister he'll either end up in the hamster ranches of Somewhat Unusual (most likely just passing through on his way to Blist or Torkle) or

crossing the massive span of the Speculum, depending on his direction. If he forks off (as certain scribbled graffitis urge him to do) and heads holewhence he'll find himself approaching, after a day or two, the coastal village of Hooo. It's a rowdy place, abustle with price-o-corns, shipsmitters, and other nautical types. Things in Hooo aren't quite as rambunctious as they are in the neighboring burg of Unwelcome, but poop goes down nonetheless.

Here is a town built of four things: suds, ships, strumpets, and sailors; not necessarily in that order. The groggeries in Hooo are boisterous and unruly places overflowing with strong-chugging boozes and strong-smelling roughhousers. A typical Hoooon tavern, such as Arvo Jellyfoot's *The Dainty Trollop* (a converted tub that floats just offshore), is the sort of place where sawdust covers the busted teeth on the floor. Fights are commonplace, even encouraged, but they seldom end with as much finality as those in Unwelcome. No froofy umbrellas and gimmicky tuzzle-flimps here. Folks chug their suds as much to avoid the taste as they do to get sponged, and they prefer it that way. The grub is salty and fried, all the better to get the blood roiled and the peeps guzzling. The strumpets in town are of a similar bent. I wouldn't say they're fried (although some probably are), but they are salty and meant to roil the blood, possessed of such wiles as to make a price-o forget his corn or a Keisternaut drop his bucket.

Shore leave shenanigans aside, the main industry in Hooo is ship building. Various waremonger floats are cobbled in the coastal yards. Many of the price-o-corn tubs that tarry from the Yolo Vein to the Straits of Phloppun were tossed here. Similarly, those Keisternaut barks that chase them (the foppish circular ones with the outriggers and the long prow, not the the barrel-shaped ones with the arched mast, those are made holewhence of Floom on the Bay of Dismay). All sorts of other nautical jazz is crunked here too; sails, ropes, nets, all that stuff. If it's a boat or part of one, chances are somebody in Hooo has a hand in its construction. Even most of the houses and buildings in town are made from landed tubs or the remains thereof. Heck, the only reason the town's called Hooo is that "Boatburg" sounds lame.

mucky substrate.

It's really quite a sight to behold as one approaches Over There by tub or tootsies: an enormous trochiform bulge, its operculum astray, exposing a cavernous, partially flooded interior, speckled inside and out with bold and tenuous structures. Here a tower of esophagator bone and fish scales marks the barber shop and Hoomanitarian shrine of eminent Daddy Leopatridge Elepotamouse. There, crafted of driftwood and mud bricks is *The Minty Pillow*, a flop-midden and millinery owned by the lovely Cassoweasel Aardvulturtle. In the shadow of the vaulted aperture various tubs dock at piers made of pop stalk and flotsam, the city's vaunted harbor and the turf of Portboss Hyenarwhallabass Pythoctopine. Nearby is the suds and shoe shop of Iguacelope Girabbitoad. Like the peeps who run them, the businesses here are an eclectic mix. Nobody just does one thing. The same guy that hustles decorative glomp figurines might also peddle fish hooks. That fellow who gives back rubs in the alley near the rightward verge of the ninth varix also gives foot rubs. Saguavapple Rhododandelope, the dignified tain't in the leather cravat who dispenses healing reeks to the poor is also a marriage counselor. Executioner Gorillion Zebrattlesnail traffics in curdled slog milk from a mongerstall where the docks meet the peristome when he's not lopping limbs by decree of the mayor. That short guy with the long neck who chugs urple-bangers in front of Babooningale Tarantulemming's bowling alley and lunchbox emporium also earns some clams by helping visitors pronounce peep's names. Other peeps do other stuff.

Over There is an astounding place. On clear days the burg's upper reaches command some pretty majestic views of the Keister, the Badunka Bight, the Right Cheekian Mudbogs, and the Big Drink. When exceptional weather permits, a peep might even catch a vague glimpse of the distant Soul Patch. Irregular steps and curving roadways weathered and carved into the periostracum and tunnels bored through the mammoth husk, along with a rather sophisticated series of pulley-driven lifts, intricate scaffoldings, and complex ramps and stairways ease a traveler's journey within the cavernous aperture and across the exterior whorls. Terraced gardens,

naturally occurring algae patches, and glistening rainwater pools decorate the posher turfs while dim fungal torches and unidentifiable puddles of something vaguely luminous seep within the dankest interior reaches. From the humid and briny underbelly squalor of the innermost protoconch slums to the majestic towers and mansions that cling to the clammy heights of the pinacular varices the city of Over There is as varied and polychotomous as its inhabitants. Visit at your earliest convenience, but don't stare.

Point Slurmp

Although it's not actually part of Keister Island, the trading post of Point Slurmp is an important holding of Floom. It's just about the only civilized (relatively) town on the savage-ridden island of Mungus. As the lone port in that tangled, tree-infested realm Point Slurmp offers a refuge for traders, waremongers, and other peeps who have business on the island. It's a comparatively safe compound surrounded by thorny palisades and guarded by rugged keisternauts. Outside, the snarl claims all. Mungus is a dense, gnarled labyrinth teeming with ferocious brutes and brutish ferocities. The whole island might as well be Stan's Rug but with bigger thorns. It's a dark, mist-laden realm of mountainous jungles and dank, gooey quagmires. Tortuous caves and eerie grottoes hide things unmentionable. Warring cannibal tribes lurk seemingly everywhere, eager to snatch a peep's noggin as a souvenir or gut his corpse for whatever reason such savages gut corpses (home decorating?). Blor-porples, scary ass muthas, scarier ass muthas, and things yet scarier abound. It's a deadly place, but not without a certain rustic, pants-poopingly horrifying charm.

Despite the dangers of Mungus's *Mungusness*, peeps still find a reason to visit Point Slurmp. Some, as mentioned earlier, come to trade with the cannibals. There's actually a pretty sincere market for various Mungussian trinkets and bone tools and such. Clammy folks in Floom and Goss use them as conversation starters and to decorate their posh digs. Others are adventurers, gadabouts, and treasure seekers, thirsty to explore the untamed gnarls and wild frontiers the jungle presents. A lot of those guys get eaten



Over There

Among the marshy mudflats and briny muck-sops that splatter the coast of Keister Island where the Badunka Bight meets the Yolo Vein, the enormous, sun-bleached and algae-riddled carapace of some ancient gastropodic monstrosity rises from the goop. Most of the year, especially when the tide's in, this squish-speckled shell is the only dry land of habitable size for yorts in any direction. It's here, on (and in) this bulbous husk among the silty mire and tide pools, the tizn'ts of Over There plop their digs (and dig their plops, one supposes).

Camelobstrich Salamandrill, a gallivanting tizn't from Floom, discovered the errant shell over two centuries ago and petitioned the leaders of Floom, Borf, Goss, and Torkle to sanction a new settlement. They agreed, seeing the benefit of a harbor on the Badunka Bight, and the town of Over There was born. Camelobstrich declared the burg a haven for tizn'ts and tain'ts, a place where those dudes could hang without the

constant scrutiny and curious glances of normal peeps (sentient hunks of filth, living snack cakes, stranded aliens, *regular* folk). Such fellows and fellarinas thronged to the new town from yorts around, despite the muck and moisture. Nails were hammered, planks were plunked, stones were hauled, sweat dripped, backs ached, and before long tizn'ts and tain'ts from all corners of the Oith had a ginormous snail shell to call their cwn.

It's not like tizn'ts weren't welcome in most of Oith's other cities, but before Camelobstrich cobbled his nest and declared it a no staring zone they had nowhere they could go to enjoy the fruits of civilization and the benefits of privacy. Just about anywhere a tizn't goes he's got to put up with a gazillion questions from curious onlookers and would-be weissenheimers. Peeps don't usually mean any harm, but the gawking and pestering can get pretty annoying. That's why Over There is such a special place. See, in case the reader is unaware, tizn'ts aren't born, hatched, or sprouted like most other peeps. There's no such thing as a baby tizn't. We just kind of wake up in the middle of a field or in a cave or somewhere like that, fully formed and cognizant, usually wearing nothing but a name tag and a birthday suit. Most of our ilk eventually find their way to a city or village of one sort or another where we smoosh in as best we can with the local populace. With the establishment of Over There tizn'ts finally had a destination, somewhere to go to be among their own kind, such as they are.

Other peeps are welcome here as well, but anyone caught gawking will be asked to leave. Mayor Rhinostrichuck Caterillapus enforces the law of the burg with the help of Over There's homespun militia, a motley bunch who refer to themselves as the Freakish Band of Wuthufux (or just The Wuthufux for short). The mayor's mansion is the largest building in town, surveying the scape from atop the shell's highest spiral. It's more of a palace, actually, constructed of pop stalks from the fungles of the Soul Patch and huge blocks of orange stone dragged at great expense all the way from the quarries of Glop. In contrast, most of the burg's buildings are constructed of driftwood and flotsam, whatever resources can be dredged or scrounged from the

some dim. Some flicker or pulsate. Others project rays and beams. Some stay dim for weeks and then suddenly burst forth a gleam of blinding radiance. What hocus pokery could be at work here? Is there a meaning to the seemingly random pattern of flashes and throbs? What power or gawd commands such sparks?

Where did Quality Grimace come from? Who built it? Why does it move around? How does it move around? Why, after it departs, does it leave a perfectly normal and undisturbed patch of ground in its place? Is it somehow related to Keister Island's mysterious statues? Does it have anything to do with the legendary Primordial Soup Kitchen? Why are so many giggities found in its vicinity? What's the strange throbbing hum that occasionally pulsates from the very foundation of the place? What about the cryptic symbols that sometimes appear in luminous scrawl across the spires and byways of the burg? What do those mean? Why is it called Quality Grimace? I don't know. Like I said, mysterious...

The peeps of Quality Grimace don't really live *in* the city so much as *on* it. The metallic towers and shiny foundation are just that, the base from which the rest of the burg is built. Utilizing a huge assortment of materials, gathered over the decades from wherever the city happens to be at the time, the folks have cobbled together a hodge-podge of buildings, homes, and structures. It's much like any other small town, just built atop an edifice of bizarritude and supported by looming towers of anomaly. Many of the peeps who dwell here are weissenheimers and other thunkular types, studying the riddles and mysteries posited by their outlandish home. A lot of oofos hang here, too. They're attracted by the possible link between the burg and their antediluvian predecessors. Quality Grimace is a tough place to live, not because of any inherent roughness or civil danger, but because one never knows when it'll decide to take off and where it will go when it does. For this reason, many of the town's denizens, fearing accidental abandonment, seldom leave the confines of their abnormally circular city limits.

Oh, and don't even get me started on the bizarre, time-altering influence Quality Grimace exudes. For whatever reason, time moves along at a different rate within the confines of the

burg. A peep can enter the town, spend an hour or two wandering around or having a slurp at *The Canoodling Oofo*, only to find, when he leaves the burg's borders, that an entire season has passed. Or, maybe, he leaves town a few minutes before he arrived. I know, it's weird. The residents don't seem to mind, though. They learn to adjust. Whether this time-stretching (or time-squishing) effect is related to Quality Grimace's odd locomotion or outlandish construction is another matter of debate. Perhaps the observed profusion of time flies in the vicinity is somehow connected?

Quality Grimace is one of those places you hear about that's just a clustergoose of mysteries. Answer one puzzle, or think you did, and sixteen more pop up to confound you. Weissenheimers have dedicated decades to solving a single one of Quality Grimace's enigmas, only to have their life's work repudiated by the findings of the next thunk.

Slump

This small burg, built atop a rocky jumble of scree and detritus just holewhence of the Scum Quag, is kind of like Borf's less popular little sister. If Borf, with its posh fish wines and clammy waremongers, is borrowing daddy's slog wagon to go out with the captain of the buns-ball team while decked in trendy duds and listening to the hippest minstrels, Slump is clinging to her leg, pouting and whining, begging to be included. In reality, and to its consternation, Slump isn't much more than a way-station on the path to Borf. It has a cramped marketplace, a meager harbor, and a number of humble flops, slops, and grubberies. Slump is where peeps from Borf go to slum it for a while. She's stuck with the shlub who digs clams while Borf landed the guy with the clammy digs.

Slump's not a bad place, really. It has a few things going for it. It's just not Borf (although it desperately wants to be). The marketplace, while disheveled and a bit crowded, is the first stop for goods crossing Blue Hiney's caravan trail through the Scum Quag. Jazz heading to Borf from Floom, Bucket, Awesome, Foot's Wrist and other places stops here first, which offers the locals a number of opportunities. The food, drink,

by things, but we can't begrudge them their enthusiasm. Those who survive often come out enriched by the experience. Sure, Mungus has treasures. Fruits, herbs, and foodstuffs grow here that are found nowhere else on Oith. I'm told at least three ruins of the ancient Hoomanrace lay somewhere beneath the tangle, just waiting to be located and plundered by one intrepid band or another. Keisternauts and other agents of the bucket throne come here as well. Some to protect Point Slurmp from incursion, others to explore the realm and attempt to form treaties and trade agreements with the locals (to varying degrees of success).

Point Slurmp itself is a sparse burg, not much more than a bunch of wooden huts and bungalows surrounded by a spiny wall of wood and thorns. A shallow harbor provides anchorage for whatever ships come by and an open marketplace facilitates trade and waremongering. A single flop-midden and three or four suds-parlors and grubberies give gads a pad to plop. It's a good place to pick up a guide or translator before you gather your kaboodle and head into the jungle (and your ultimate demise, most likely). That's really about it.

Quality Grimace

Hidden. Cryptic. Legendary. Quality Grimace is a town on the verge of existence, or maybe it's on the verge of nonexistence. Sometimes it's here. Sometimes it's there. Sometimes, apparently, it's nowhere. I don't know, it's really confusing. I'll start over.

Long ago in the distant future, or maybe it was pretty recently, there was, is, or will be, a dandy little burg of silver spires and strange multi-colored lanterns. It nestles comfortably in a Dimplestackian valley just holewhence of Goss, although sometimes it's plop in the middle of the Scum Quag or steaming in the caldera of Mount Cantankerous. If it's not there it's certainly either perched on the craggy cliffs near Miniature Gulf, hunkering in the shadows of the Zunklecleft, mired in the sopping bogs near Over There, basking on the black sand beaches holeward of Borf, or working the 'spronge midst the Soul Patch's vibrant phalli. It might be buried deep in the benighted Underwhere, taunting the monstrosities of the Gorf free Slab, teetering on the edge of the Bunn Skrak, or floating lazily along the banks of the Blurp. The point is, nobody really knows exactly where or when Quality Grimace will be at any particular time. Occasionally it'll stay put for a month or two, but more usually it's gone within a week, Quality Grimace follows its own rules. Apparently, whatever boss controls such things doesn't give three craps what anybody else thinks.

Just what is the odd silver stone from which the towers of Quality Grimace are made? Many thunks have likened it to the strange substrate that forms the bedrock of Floom's Place of Pondering. Both are nigh invulnerable, unsubject to the wiles of weather, flame, impact, or hocus pokery. Both glisten with a dull metallic sheen, yet resist all attempts to mold, shape, or influence them. Could these be relics of the Hoomanrace? Ancient artifacts of ancestral oof progenitors? Some odd Fundamental mysticism? The creation of a deranged weirdo? Any of these are possible, perhaps several at once. Perhaps something even stranger...

And the lanterns, what's up with those? They gleam, twinkle, and shine in an ever-changing panoply of colors and brilliance. Some are bright,



There's quite a bit of debate as to the origin of time flies. Are they Fundamentals of time? Botched hocus pokings? Did a mommy fly and a daddy calendar hook up? Contanimatronic minions gone awry? Why are they always plural?



flew named Sogfroth Bugplutt, a former price-o-corn and Stanismismic holy roller. Sogfroth soon converted the place into one of Oith's most wallowing sin-o-gogues. Peeps from all over travel here to participate in sacred rituals, random gropings, and the aforementioned cannibalistic blood orgies. Weird sounds, obscene gestures, unexplained disappearances, and unconfirmed rumors hint at strange things in the castle's bowels, where a tenuously clenched portal to the Nether Regions is said to exist.

The rest of Somewhat Unusual, aside from the glomeration of flops and such in the center of town, is mostly farms and ranches. A lot of ranches. In fact, wrangling and beast-punching are the town's main activities. Everyone who knows such things knows the bossiest hamsters on Oith come from the pastures and tunnels of Somewhat Unusual. Dozens of varieties, from the typical steed or feeder to the rare and ravenous subterranean nether hamster, can be found at the monthly swap meet and livestock market held on the fields in front of Stan's Girdle. Some such beasts find glory or disgrace in the racing tubes of Torkle or the fighting pits of Floom's Scrappin' Hole, but most end up towing carts, carrying rumps, or sating the nutritive urges of grub-midden patrons throughout Keister Island and elsewhere.

While passing through, a gad could do worse

than to drop in on *Papa Nop of Glop's Flop, Sop, and Slop*. This delightful hacienda in the midst of a mushroom grove on the inskirts of town serves nilcoddle broth so tasty it'll turn your armpit hair blue (unless it already is blue, in which case it'll turn it red or something. Shut up, it's just a metaphor). Papa Nop is a fungish smell from Glop who's always happy to lay a blessing on a peep or sprinkle a bit of something somewhat unusual on your braised munctious gleep.

Of course, other places of interest are here too. Consider *Sloggroper's Saddles and Seats*, run by Hoobwallop Sloggroper, brother of Barnswoggle Sloggroper, of Rump's Rest in Floom. Hoobwallop is almost as talented as his brother, and slapping your buns on one of his saddles is considerably less clammy. If a gad's in the mood for another type of clammy buns-slapping, *The Auricooze*, Somewhat Unusual's most popular pleasure den, caters to all sorts of crazy perversions. The staff are devout Stanismists, so pretty much nothing is taboo. For freaky play of a less demented nature wash yourself off, pick up some hamster oil salve from Zizz Not-of-this-Oith, and saunter across the road to *The Pampered Tuchus*, Somewhat Unusual's second most popular funhouse. They have bendy straws!

Also, the grass in Somewhat Unusual is, somewhat unusually, pink for some reason. I forgot to mention that earlier.

and cots here are indeed humble, but to a clod who just crossed the Scum Quag on the back of a glubble, living off broccodile fros and swamp water, it's a welcome respite. There's no call for fancy, clammy digs or gourmet vittles.

The harbor in Slump is a bit on the shabby side, but so are the tubs who land here. The majestic ports of Borf are but a day or two's paddle holewhence and most of the trade in Slump comes through the Quag or overland from Chump. There's simply no call for a schmancy, harbor. What vessels dock here are either in desperate need of repair, which harborboss Tuzal Boatbender and his team of strong-backed lads are happy to offer, or they're price-o-corns too wary of Borfian and Floomian anchorages to dock in those burgs, in which case they don't mind the scraggly piers. The peeps of Slump are not so prejudiced against such seafaring ne'er-do-wells. Ill-gotten clams spend just as heartily as their more legitimate kin.

There's one peep in town a visitor to Slump should be sure to visit. Crenthuzella Beeble, one of the fattest croaches I've ever met, peddles her decorative stone buttons from a mongerstall on the gravelly beach just holeward of *Fungetooth the*

Eyeless's Globs o' Guts (one of Slump's tastier grub-middens). Sitting cross-legged in her shadow, can usually be found a small worm by the name of Oblation Remains, called the *Grunst-grunter* by some and the *Glubbler* by others. He makes these cool kazoo-like horns that sound something like the groaning call of a mustung glubble. Ask him where his brother, the eminent smellcaster Chozzicle the Schnozzicle, is at the moment. Go there and buy some of Chozzicle's "special" reeks. Trust me. You won't regret it.

On its own merits Slump's not such a bad place. It's probably not worth a trip just for the experience, but if you happen to be passing through on your way to (or from) Borf, you might find something worth finding if you look in the right places.

Somewhat Unusual

Hunkered on the rocky, tunnel-bored strew of the Mungepile foothills, about midway between the Zunklecleft and the Grumblerent, Somewhat Unusual is a decent place to pause on a gad's traipse between the upper and lower slabs of the Left Cheek. It's a stopover point, a berth where a peep can rest his tootsies, gobble a bowl a grub, pound some suds, resupply, and maybe participate in a cannibalistic blood orgy or three. It's a relatively quiet burg, most of the time, peopled by farmers, beast-breeders, flop-minders, and other hospitable, if a bit self-absorbed folk.

The largest digs in Somewhat Unusual are *Stan's Girdle*, an ancient and massive castle that encircles a jagged hill at the center of town (*Stan's Gut*). A relic of olden times, when an infant Floom went to war with Goss and Torkle, the castle was once the property of King Turkelope Wallabeaver of Torkle. It was the site of an unsuccessful three-year siege by Floomian forces before the devourment of Keistermeister Pretzelnoggin ended the war in 67 yafwaf. Over the next few centuries the fortress was harassed intermittently by Aggoggian horcs, scary ass muthas, and the containimatronic armies of The Filthmonger. It fell out of use soon after the Filthmonger was defeated and banished to an island off the coast of Borf. Recently, the king of Torkle lost interest in the stronghold and the whole shebang was sold to a heavily tattooed



With All the Sand is ancient, but it's respectably elderly. I mean, it might be really, really old. In fact, it probably is. The thing is, though, a lot of the city has been torn down and rebuilt so many times that it doesn't really look that old. Unlike Goss, with its piled, buried, and occasionally uncovered layers of grizzled ruins and newer hoods, Torkle isn't really all about keeping its old digs intact. It's kind of traditional for a new king to raze the palace of his predecessor and build a new one in its stead. The peeps of Torkle like to do what their king does, so a lot of historic architecture regularly gets ripped down and built into something new. Sure, a few relics remain, such as the immense defensive wall that's encircled the entire burg for centuries, defending it from countless invaders and invading countesses (well, actually only one invading countess), and the Hugemungus of Huku, an enormous effigy of the Torklian general who defeated Keistermeister Pretzelnoggin in 67 yafwaf. This impressive erection rises hundreds of yorts into the sky, towering over the burg like some sort of burg-towering erection. It might be impressive, but the Hugemungus is also grotesquely ugly, seeing as to how General Huku was a pile with a severe skin condition (or whatever passes for skin on a pile). The sculptors left out not a detail. Not one.

Anyway, as I've written many times in this tome, there just isn't room to tell you everything of interest a peep might wonder about Torkle. There's a lot we haven't even touched on, like the city's celebrated harbor, its intricate system of laws and punishments, or the many famous (and infamous) folks the burg has spawned. I'm sorry. Deal with it.

Udu

The mud pits and clay slurries of Udu teeter on the brink of the Keister just holeward of Chund. The land here is a puzzling mix of colossal boulders and loamy hillocks that rise from the muddy plains, constantly berated by the myriad streams and muddy landslides that flow from the nearby mountains on their way to the Keister's edge, where they tumble and spray over the eroded cliff side in a gazillion brilliant rivulets. The city itself perches atop the aforementioned rocks, a



dozen craggy islands connected by arched bridges of stone. Here a few thousand peeps, mostly worms, dwell. Many spend their days gathering various muds and clays from the numerous delvings and fissures in the region. Others work the brick forges and pottery dens, shaping and baking said clays into durable blocks, functional containers, and schmancy works of art, which are then exported by sledge and caravan to Chund, and elsewhere from there.

Udusical mud isn't just noted for its utility as a building material. A rare orange variety, known as *squatsclod* is gathered on a plot owned by Juster the Squat. It's a prized delicacy in many grub-middens throughout Keister Island and everywhere else worms gawp their craws. Another sort, this one pale beige and known as *udusquish*, is a favorite of sculptors, cherished for its workability and long drying time. And let's not omit the legendary *mudmail slush*, which dries into a temporary armor casing when mixed with oils and slathered over the flesh of a warrior. Many other useful clods and oozes can be found near Udu as well. Of course, mud and clay aren't especially scarce commodities on Keister Island, but even the rare forms of common things can be exceptional.



Torkle

Torkle is a huge and hoary burg. It claims to be bigger than Floom and older than Goss. Maybe it is, but there are those who would dispute such claims. Its true age is lost to the sands and ashes of history and that whole mine-is-bigger-than-yours mentality doesn't usually sit well with the guys who officially measure these things (who happen to live in Floom). Whether valid or not, the folks of Torkle certainly believe such assertions and most are quick to pipe up when the topics are mentioned. Regardless, Torkle is indeed old and it is indeed very large. Doubtless, it would be every bit the equal of Floom if its kings and peeps weren't so arrogant and insular. Not to say Torklians don't get around. They definitely do, and the kings of Torkle, throughout history, have wielded as much or more influence over the shaping of Keister Island as anybody else. It's just that they do so with such pretentious aloofness, like everyone else is beneath them. Part of it is civic pride, no doubt, which is surely a positive trait, but there's something else as well, a sort of insecure pompousness that's both infuriating and also a bit pitiable. This isn't the self-assured braggadocio of a Borfian buckler of swatches nor

the raving megalomania of a deranged contanimator. There's a note of pleading in the boasts of a Torklian, like he really wants you to believe him even though he's not so sure himself. Obviously, not everyone in town acts this way, but it's the general undercurrent of the place. The vibe, if you will (also if you won't).

Beneath the bluster and smug is a city much like any other. Some hoods are posh and clammy, like the Upper Crust in the vicinity of the king's palace, while others, such as the shantyburgs and crap-towns in the crevice of the Grease Tunnel Turf, are squalid and beggarly. Of course, to hear them tell it, even the filth-wallowers here are better than those elsewhere. Sure, Torkle has a lot to offer. Some of the grubberies here are top notch. Take *In Your Face and Buffle's Slop Pot* for instance. Both slap stuff on a plate that would make a gourmancer blush. Of course others, such as *The Lipping Shmurve* in the Hukustomp Confines and *The Glomp's Gullet* next door, would rise the gorge of that same gourmancer (the fruits of which might find their way to *Exeziclee's Eclectic Emesis* a few streets over). Suds-middens are no different. Excellent slurps exist, like the hamster bladder wines of the Upper Crust's *Fuzztongue* or the bold and wonky mushroom potatoes of *Mama Gibbostril's* in the Smelfghetto Turf. Conversely, so too do foul and ichorous dregs, like those found at *Mugsmasher's* in the Grease Tunnel Turf or *The Slippery Tonsil* in the holeward Mudstain District. The point is, while many of Torkle's establishments are very fine indeed, it has its share of crap as well. It's all that, but not necessarily a bag of chips.

Flops in Torkle run the gamut as well. Digs in the posher hoods (*The King's Clamsack* in the Upper Crust, *Eleven Toes in the Sock Garter District*, and *The Happy Ending* in the Shoehorn, for example) are clammy and well appointed, while the dumps found in lesser realms are less so (*Unnameable Cholf's Pile of Blankets* in the Mudstain District, *Culler Cleaverkill's Cozy Cradle* in the Armpit, and *The Greased Tunnel* in the Grease Tunnel Turf, to name a few of the most vile). A gad'd be better off popping a snooze in the gutter than laying her noggin in any of those last three places.

Torkle is an old city, that's undeniable. It's not really ancient, in the way That One Place

There once was a Torklian pile... who's aroma was acrid and vile.

When pestered with soap he would stomp off and mope... but his essence would linger a while.

ad bar, although Unwelcome has plenty ...of the Danged). There's no law here, no governance, and no restrictions. Peeps do what they want and the only consequences are those brought on by other peeps with the same freedoms. Thankfully, not everyone is town is a maniac and folks generally recognize the downside to the anarchy that could easily ensue should they all decide to simultaneously act on their baser impulses. Oh, there's plenty of chaos, but the mayhem is tempered by an occasional burst of reason or, barring that, somebody with a bigger clobbering stick and a slightly more highly evolved sense of or opportunity.

Not surprisingly, Unwelcome is veritably infested with price-o-corns, gangstas, hooligans, and crooks on the lam from other burghs. Life here is violent and lascivious, with enough scrappin', booze, and debauchery to satisfy even the most depraved Stanismist. There's a thicker clot of suds-parlors, orgy pits, sin-o-gogues, and scrappin' dens in Unwelcome than just about anywhere else. Unlike Chump, another lawless burg on Keister Island, where peeps just want to be left alone to live how they dig, Unwelcome is a bad ass hive where havoc and fracas are cardinal virtues.

One might be led to imagine, considering the chaos of the burg and the proclivities of the residents, that corpses would litter the streets and clog the ramshackle harbor. Sometimes they do, but more often the streets are simply littered with sopped bubbers and the harbors are cluttered with price-o-corn tubs and boats hauling in more booze from Torkle or wherever. Peeps may be impulsive, reckless, lewd, and rowdy, but they aren't all bad eggs. They recognize a good thing when they have it. Not only that, peeps tend to have friends, and in Unwelcome those friends often come equipped with big knives and overly developed senses of revenge.

Wermburg

Surrounded by the shroomtastic wigginess of the Soul Patch and teetering on the brink of the Keister, Wermburg is a trippy place where fun-guys frolic and the Fungish squat their digs. It's by far the largest settlement in the Soul Patch and the center of Fungish devotion on Keister Is-



land. In fact, Wermburg is probably the thickest enclave of such folks outside of the Phesterance. It's a pretty happenin' locale where most of the buildings are hollow mushrooms and a large portion of the populace is perpetually wonking the spronge.

Outsiders sometimes think of Wermburg as one of those quaint, bucolic backwaters where peeps don't have teeth and *bumpkin* is a verb (Hah!), but it's really not that way at all. Sure, the place has its share of yokels, but such peeps are in no greater abundance here than in any other similarly remote town on the island. What it does have in profusion are smelves. They aren't the only peeps here, but they outnumber everyone else in town by ten to one at least. There might be more smelves at the Garden of Smellamental Glee or there might not. Either way, I wouldn't want to be the guy who has to count them all. Anyway, with all the smelves around one might be concerned about bumping his gourd on doorways and constantly stooping over to avoid low ceilings and whatnot. Thankfully, that's not necessary. Since most of the buildings in town are the husks of enormous shrooms, the natural ceiling level is high enough to spare all but the tallest noggin.

Not surprisingly, mud wrestling is a big pastime in Udu. Once a year peeps travel from as far away as Chund to witness the championship bouts. They come from even farther away if the contestants are particularly hot. Not much more to say about Udu, really...

Mud.

Unas

Unas is a small but resilient burg snuggled up among the rocky crags and crashing surf where the Straits of Phloppun meet Wuzzat Sound, a trudge or three holewhence of the Hoomanitarium. It's pretty much the only safe harbor on the holeward side of the Straits (most of the myriad coves and sea caves are already occupied by price-o-corns, Dead Fish People, or horribly carnivorous whatnots, or else they're too jagged, frothy, or mired to park a boat). The peeps here are just as craggy and turbulent as their home. Most are scarred and battered, sporting a cauterized stump or a spare part of one sort or another, courtesy of a lifetime of run-ins with those things from two sentences ago.

Sure, life in Unas is challenging, but the folks don't seem to mind. Despite the obvious dangers posed by their unruly neighbors, most Unasians don't really give three craps. They do what they do and no stinking Dead Fish Person or price-o-corn is going to turn their grin outside-in. The peeps of Unas are a bruised lot, but they don't let it get them down. In fact, they're some of the smiliest dudes around. It's not the cocky bravado of a Borian buckler of swatches nor the sloppy cheer of Awesome's suds-guzzlers. Instead, it's the giddy, practically lunatic happiness of someone who's survived unfathomable dangers and is eager to see what else life can throw his way. These guys fear nothing but boredom. They don't mind losing a few fingers or a leg or two if it gives them the right to tell the story of how it happened.

And tell the stories they do...

In fact, story stretching and word wiggling are the highest of arts in Unas. Oldtimers (the few in town who survive to earn the title) and youngtimers alike mob the sudseries and grub-midens, gnawing on fish sticks and slurping bold hooches and frothy boozes while each takes his

turn to outdo the other with embellished tales of adventure and awesomeness. Clammular gain and fancy duds mean very little to the peeps of Unas. They merrily, merrily row their boats leftwise through the Straits of Phloppun, seeking a bit of frolic with the resident terrors, or rightwise into the Big Drink, harpooning bigemoths and other fearsome monstrosities, and they do it not for material reward but to gain more yarn for the spinning. Not surprisingly, some of history's greatest word wigglers hail from Unas. Krubus "One Mitten" Earwanker, author of the epic *All Y'all Muthagoosers Ain't Gonna Believe This Shit* grew up here. So too did harpooner Trollup Yogurt, who scrawled the famous saga *The Biggest 'Hemoth* and its companion work *The Biggest 'Hemoth*.

The buildings in Unas, like the peeps who made them, are rugged, patched, and uproarious. Rather than camouflage their digs among the boulders and scree of the surrounding cliffs, the bold citizens of Unas instead chose to festoon them in garish hues and deck them with brightly colored lanterns, banners, and streamers. An enormous mural, painted across the immense rocky scarp that provides a backdrop for the entire town, declares "Come Get Some!" above the crudely scrawled likenesses of a dozen boid-flipping and buns-mooning townspeeps. It's like the Unasians are daring their enemies to invade. Anyone crazy enough to provoke opponents thusly must be bad enough of ass to make good on the threat, so the thinking goes. So far it seems to have worked. In the two or three centuries that Unas has been around it's never been invaded, or even harassed, by price-o-corns, Dead Fish People, or any other malevolent outsider.

Unwelcome

Crazy, crazy stuff goes down in Unwelcome. A peep here is just as likely to disembowel you with a spork and use your long gut as a jump rope as he is to chop off your toes for fun or rip out your tongue to sop the sweat from his forehead. Of course, that's just that one guy. Some of the other folks are nice enough, although everyone tends to be a bit on the licentious side. It's almost like a city-sized version of Stanochio's Swirling Clustergoose (without the haunted sal-





Speaking of buildings, Wermburg has some doozies. Take the Basidican, for example. This enormous spongiform monstrosity is the central temple of the Fungish faith. Although the preachings of Grand Papa Uncle Mosstache and other Fungish leaders declare the presence of the Moss Boss anywhere fungi bloom, mosses mass, and mildews molder, it's nice to have a gathering place. You know, somewhere to spout the gab and host pot lucks and swap meets and that sort of thing. Similar to, but fundamentally unlike, the towers of the Garden of Smellemental Glee, which are sculpted and warped by monks of the Eight Septum, the fungal digs in Wermburg are made from the hollowed (and frequently hal-lowed) hyphal chassis of various species of ginor-mous shroom. The Basidican is by far the largest but many others are worthy of note.

Dig, for example, the renowned Oithwerm Brewhouse, the burg's biggest gut filler. Koze-bacon Peez, the rotund and tattooified smelf who owns the place, whips up a frothy mug of Oithwerm Brew that'll pull the hair from your tongue and leave your gullet screaming for its mommy. Be sure to try the fried dumblecrumps and the jellied glompscat burritos. Awesome stuff. There are a few other solid grubberies and suds-middens in Wermburg, such as *Papa Schnooblescrichters* and *The Happy Hypha*, as well as

some best avoided, like *Fleezle's Fungle Funk* and *The Hungry Hamster*, but none are as popular as the Oithwerm.

Not surprisingly, given its proximity to the Soul Patch, an incredible abundance of fungi can be found in the stalls and market carts of Wermburg. Mongers hock a huge variety of shrooms, stools, clumps, and clods. If it grows in the Soul Patch, chances are you'll find it here. Plorp-drawn caravans leave town occasionally to peddle the fungle's bounty in Torkle, Circuspi, Over There and points elsewhere, but the Fungish peeps of Wermburg, when they aren't out gathering shrooms or wonking the sponge, are usually happy to stick around town and hang out with their numerous spouses and chillunz.

Zonkle's Nest

Zonkle's Nest is a Floomian outpost on Forjorلدlund. It occupies a steep valley on the hole-ward banks of the Straits of Phloppun and is an important supply point for tubs trudging through the straits and for peeps journeying across Forjorلدlund's craggy peaks and weedy scarp. Not unlike the Mungusian compound of Point Slurmp, Zonkle's Nest is run by the Keisternauts and populated by rugged gadabouts and assorted tub-scrubbers, hunters, and fisherpeeps.

Forjorلدlund is a rugged land and the beasts that dwell here are rough and scrappy. The monstrous and eponymous Zonkle, a horrifying mis-creation whose teratismic anatomy defies sane description, was driven from his nest over a century ago, although some still claim he roams the holewhence mountains plotting revenge. Whether it's Zonkle or not, there is certainly something terrifying that lurks among the ridges, gobbling passersby and discouraging further exploration.

Price-o-corns avoid this place because of the heavy Keisternaut presence and the relative dearth of anything worth plundering. Although hunters and beast baiters occasionally bring in something interesting, and the odd shiny rock can be found every now and then, Forjorلدlund is still largely frontierial and mostly unexplored. Who knows what untold riches lurk within the mountainous crags, gravelly moraines, and barren scarp? I have no idea. If abominations like Zonkle have any say in the matter I never will.

Papa Crumbcrammer, a Fungish gabspouter, actually ate himself to death at the Oithwerm. Literally. Apparently, while wonking the 'sponge he didn't notice when his plate of glompscat burritos ran dry. So he ate the plate, followed by his own hands and arms.

smack down, but they can be pretty formidable when pushed. Most aren't big fans of physical violence, preferring to use their various spores to confuse, distract, or discourage attackers, but a few notable exceptions exist. Witness the mirthsome wrath of Fr'zklom'p the Flenz, one the Scrappin' Hole's most popular gladiators, for example. Funguys know when to get busy, though. If their friends are threatened they'll open a metaphorical barrel of buns-kick in nothing flat.

GETTING ALONG WITH OTHERS

Funguys are relatively easy to get along with. They don't want to harsh anyone's mellow, nor are they apt to get up in a peep's grill. "Do what you do and I'll do my thang," a funguy might remark. They are especially friendly with smelves and the Fungish, although they often find horcs and other bellicose sorts to be a bit distasteful.

FUNGUY NAMES

Most peeps find funguy names notoriously difficult to pronounce. They tend to use a lot of hard consonants, glottal stops, clicks, and diphthongs. Ridiculously complicated names, like Q'qop'lochzoq, Gr'fz'q'lomp, and P'p'p'cho'cho are known. Funguys have their own language, the diction of which sounds a lot like their names, but most are fluent in at least one other language as well.

RACIAL EDGES AND HINDRANCES

Gleening the 'tinct: When within a realm infused with the gubertinct (The Soul Patch, The Phesterance, any other place the Boss decides) a funguy may attempt to glean a secret from the hidden colors, as described on page 197. Since funguys don't have to inhale pottyspronge spores in order to perceive the gubertinct, they can do so without suffering any of the hallucinogenic or aphrodisiacal effects of such business. They may simply roll on the Epiphany Chart once per day.

Spores: As an action, a funguy may emit a cloud of spores from the gills under his cap. There are several types of such spores, which fill a medium burst template centered on the funguy, and each funguy has access to a single type (decided at character creation). Opponents within a spore cloud may attempt an Agility roll at -2 to



Funguys can actually blast spores from anywhere they have gills, such as under their caps, the undersides of their hands and arms, and a place best left unmentioned. Hint: The sun does not generally shine there.

APPENDIX 01: PEEPS

FUNGUY

THE SHROOMANRACE

"Two funguys walk into a grog parlor. The bartender grumbles, "We don't serve mushrooms." The first funguy says, "But I'm a funguy." The suds-slinger says, "Clever homophonous wordplay aside, we don't serve mushrooms." The second mushroom says, "But we're funguys." The grog-jockey says, "Fun guys? That's not even a homophone."

-Worst Joke Ever

The Low Down

Funguys and Fungals are fungous lifeforms native to many of Oiths danker digs. The Soul Patch is rife with them, as are many other murky, fecund, or subterranean locales. Vagarious, curious, and peaceful, funguys dig exploring the world around them and learning how the Oith functions. Often disparaged by cruder peeps as a bunch of shroom hugging wusses, they can lay the smack down when the occasion warrants. Armed with mighty spores and deep insights, these fungophytic fellows and fellets wander and ramble, seldom setting up permanent roosts.

Unlike most organisms, funguys are gifted with a wondrous perception. Although their vision kind of sucks in normal situations, they are among the only peeps who can peer the gist of the gubertinct without tripping the 'spronge. This is the source of their insightful ponderings and the reason they often appear addled or oblivious to ignorant haters. They aren't imbeciles, nor even unwise, they just see things a bit differently than everyone else. In some places, especially among the Fungish, funguys are revered and respected, occasionally even venerated.

Physically, funguys are easy to spot. They just sort of look like wandering mushrooms, usually with gangly arms and squat legs, although those features vary from individual to individual. Fungals, the females of the species, tend to be shorter and squatter, but that's far from a universal characteristic.

SCRAPPIN'

In general, funguys are pretty laid back, pacifistic peeps. They don't usually enjoy laying the





They are capable of great creative works and bold, emotional dramatics, but often have trouble with the redundant or mundane challenges of everyday living. Such things as cleanliness and nutritive sustenance are forgotten as a flew works toward the perfect macaroni-glued-to-a-paper-plate collage, the most emotive power ballad, or the ultimate knitted snout warmer. For this reason, flews have difficulty making friends and even more difficulty keeping them around. They aren't xenophobic, or even particularly rude or insular, just a bit self-absorbed is all.

Despite their lack of wings, flews do have four arms, so that's something. Their bodies are oddly tapering balls of fuzz and gristle topped by two enormously bulbous peepers. Their snouts are truncated and floppy, dangling flaccidly from

haggard noggins, while their naked, spindly limbs seem unable to decide on a comfortable position. Even when a flew's in a good mood she usually looks dejected and a bit wretched, like a pet left out in the rain. She's miserable and disgusting, but for some reason you can't help thinking it might be your fault.

SCRAPPIN'

Flews seldom back down from a fight, but they aren't known for being particularly aggressive, except when they are. Each flew is an individual, of course, but as a group they are flighty and tumultuous, slapping a hater silly with all four arms and then suddenly backing off and apologizing for their brashness.

move to an adjacent square and possibly avoid the effects. Funguys are unaffected by their own spores, but not those of other funguys. When blasting spores, a funguy makes a Vigor roll, with the spores lingering and retaining potency for a number of rounds equal to twice the result. Creatures caught within a cloud must make the relevant trait roll each round until they leave the area or it dissipates.

Agglutinative: These spores are extremely sticky, binding whatever they touch. Anyone affected must make a Strength roll or be stuck in place, unable to walk, and suffering a -2 penalty to all physical actions. Even peeps and creatures trodding onto an area of previously blasted spores is thusly affected.

Hallucinogenic: Anyone caught by these spores is subject to confusing hallucinations (seeing double, weird colors, etc...) and must make a Smarts roll or be Shaken. As a side effect, the funguy may make a Smarts roll to perceive any magical or enchanted objects or creatures within the cloud.

Luminescent: These spores glow in the dark, illuminating an area the size of a large burst template. Funguys often use them to light their way when traveling underground or at night. Peeps attacking someone coated in such spores do so with a +2 bonus if the conditions are otherwise dim or dark.

Miasmic: These spores create a misty cloud that fills the area, creating fog-like conditions and imposing a -2 penalty to all physical actions on anyone within (except the funguy, who can see normally). Such a cloud lingers for 2d4 rounds.

Soporific: Soporific spores force everyone within the area to make a Vigor roll or fall into a natural sleep (from which they can be roused by movement or loud noises). If the Vigor roll (or Wild Die) is a 1, the victim falls into a much deeper sleep and can't be woken for 2d4 hours.

Unkeen Peepers: Although they can perceive the gubertinct, a funguy's vision tends to get a bit blurry after a few yorts. As a result, they suffer a -2 penalty to attack or notice anything more than 4" away.

FLEW

THE BUZZ KILLER

"HereholdthisformelthinkI'montosomethingwaitpleasedon'tgoIneedyourhelpIgoosin'hateyouloveyoupleasedon'tgofinegoIdon'tneedyouanywayhereholdthisforme..."

-Zzfrunk of Floom

THE LOW DOWN

Flews are some bitter peeps. Not all of them, but most of them. See, apparently, their ancestors used to have wings and could buzz around like nobody's business. Today's flews are ground-bound and they resent the goose out of that situation. Of course, when they aren't being morose and bummed out they're making up for it with frantic enthusiasm and constant excitement. They tend to be fickle, mercurial, and a bit scatterbrained (although not unintelligent).

When a flew sets itself to a task it's inclined to do so with oblivious resolve, but finding that task in the first place is sometimes a challenge.



apply. They receive a +1 bonus to Climbing rolls and to Strength rolls when grappling, lifting, or pushing (assuming all four arms are being used).

Wary: Flews are particularly adept at avoiding danger. They have the Danger Sense Edge (Notice at -2 to avoid surprise attacks) and a +1 bonus to Parry.

SNELL THE SHELLHEAD

"If there exists a task, and that task is a task worthy of accomplishing, that task is worthy of being accomplished utilizing the entirety of the buns of a being. We snells do not abide the half-bunsing of a worthy task."

-Fonk Sevenwhorls

THE LOW DOWN

Snells, those shell-headed and ponderous peeps, are some of the more pleasant denizens of Mutha Oith. Their tendency to overthink a situation might seem a bit tedious to more impetuous beings, but it works for the snells. Slow to anger, slow to, well, slow to just about everything, snells are patient and calculating. They peer at a problem from multiple angles, taking their time and considering the variables. In some ways, they are the anti-flew. While those flighty peeps buzz around manically, fixate exclusively, or languor depressively snells tend toward pragmatism and forethought. They make wondrous weirdos and hocus pokers, possessed of the patience and humility demanded by such vocations.

That's not to say snells aren't capable of more impulsive decisions. A snell who accidentally steps into a fire won't just stand there mentally analyzing the most efficacious manner of escape. He'll hop his goosin' wazoo out of there, posthaste! Similarly, when immediate decision is necessary, a snell will act. They just prefer to evaluate the possible outcomes when they can. Besides, a penchant for deliberate contemplation isn't what most peeps gab about when a snell trudges themwise.

No indeed. A snell's most prominent feature isn't her noggin. In fact, her noggin is most often partially concealed within her most prominent feature. Of course, we're spouting about her shell, that glorious head-house that adorns

the belfry of every snell (except those who, through some misadventure or accident of birth are bereft of such adornment). A snell's shell is no mere helmet, although it functions as one. A snell can squirm her entire body up in her shell, slamming the opercular door, so to speak, and ruminate and excogitate to her heart's content without fear of outside intrusion or distraction. Only the heartiest of weapons can crack a snell's shell, and most predators will quickly grow discouraged by its veritably impervious nature. Of course, a snell can't move much when within her shell, but moving around isn't really her style anyway.

Probably due to lugging those huge shells around wherever they go, snells have thick muscular bodies. Their limbs are squat and rubbery, with blunt fingers and stocky feet. Skin tones range from light pink to deep purple, with occasional splotches of green, brown, blue or just about any other color hopping into the mix haphazardously. Shells can be just about any color imaginable, often polished to a gleam and embellished with paintings and glued-on adornments.

SCRAPPIN'

Snells don't move all that quickly, what with lugging around their heavy shells and all, but those same shells give them a significant defensive edge. Although they usually prefer to avoid combat, they are methodical and creative fighters when they have to be.

GETTING ALONG WITH OTHERS

In general, snells are pretty easy to get along with. They tend to be a bit introspective, even timid at times, but are unwaveringly loyal to their friends and forgiving of those who transgress against them. If pushed too far, however, they can be crafty and persistent enemies.

SNELL NAMES

Snell names tend to be rather simple and uncomplicated. One or two syllables, nothing fancy... Runkle. Gorth, Pollis. Occasionally, a snell will adapt an epithet or sobriquet, such as Uster the Damp or Olgo Sludge-trudger, but these tend to be more descriptive than pompous.



GETTING ALONG WITH OTHERS

Flews have a reputation for being gruff and argumentative one moment then manically exuberant the next. They are unpredictable and flighty, changing their minds like most peeps change their drawers, only more often. Despite their erratic personalities, most flews are very loyal to their friends and equally determined when it comes to showering revenge up on those who have wronged them.

FLEW NAMES

Z'zinnz, Hnxzozzler, Ziznozz... Flews dig the letter z. It just sort of works for them, what with

their warbling snouts and the oscillating buzzes that issue so naturally from them. Non-flews often have a great deal of trouble pronouncing flewish names, but it ain't no thang.

RACIAL EDGES AND HINDRANCES

Don't Bother Me: Something about flews just sort of rubs peeps the wrong way. It's like a weird mix of pity and disgust. As a result, they begin with Charisma -1.

Four Arms: Flews have four arms. They can wield a weapon in each one, if they so choose, but normal multi-action and off-hand penalties

DAMMIT BINDER (Professional Edge)

Prerequisites: Seasoned, Taunt d6, Arcane Background (Hocus Poker, Weirdo, or Contaminator), resident or former resident of Bottom Saloo.

You have mastered the skills needed to bind hot dammits and force them into servitude. A bound hot dammit acts as an unending and adjustable source of flame to operate ovens, weapons, smelters, and the like. It takes 1d4 days and utilizes assorted ingredients and resources costing 10-100 clams (1d10 x 10) to bind a single dammit, plus the cost of the whatever the dammit is being bound into. Once it's bound it knows it's bound, and it stays bound and dedicated to the purpose with which you imbue it, so don't worry your pretty little head.

Check out the New Equipment section on page 200 of this book for more information on bound dammits and the uses thereof.

FUNGISH (Professional Edge)

Prerequisites: Novice, Arcane Background (Holy Roller)

You gain a +2 bonus to Holy Rolling when in the proximity of a large number of fungi or mosses (such as within the Soul Patch or Stan's Beard.). You also get a +2 bonus to Vigor rolls made when reading the gubertinct and a +1 bonus to Charisma when interacting with funguys (even if you are a funguy).

GOOD SPORESMANSHIP (Combat Edge)

Prerequisites: Seasoned, Funguy

You may choose between the medium burst template, the large burst template, or the cone template when blasting your spores. Alternately, you may make a Shooting roll to launch your spores at a single target (6/12/18).

KEISTERNAUT (Professional Edge)

Prerequisites: Novice, Boating d6, Fighting d6, tattoo of a bucket

You are familiar with the various waterways, inlets, and coves surrounding Keister Island. Most cap'ns only charge you and your heap half the normal fee to stow aboard their vessels and you can usually nab your grub, suds, and flop for half the usual charge at just about any establishment in Floom.

**KEISTERWARENESS (Weird Edge)**

Prerequisites: Novice, Spirit d8

Your brain is a built-in keister compass, figuratively speaking. With a successful Smarts check you can tell in what general direction the Keister lies. A raise gives you a more precise indication. This sense is part of your intrinsic nature and works even when you're underground or blindfolded.

MONK OF THE GARDEN (Professional Edge)

Prerequisites: Novice, Spirit d6

You are familiar with, and have access to, most of the areas within and surrounding the Garden of Smellemental Glee. Your familiarity with the smellements gains you a +1 bonus to Tracking and Notice rolls in which the sense of smell is of use. Also, choose a Septum and gain the relevant advantage.

The First Septum: Free d4 in Knowledge (Fungi) and Knowledge (Agriculture) skills.

The Second Septum: +2 to rolls involving housework, cooking, or larva care.

The Third Septum: +1 to Investigation.

The Fourth Septum: +1 to Fighting when defending the Garden or another monk.

The Fifth Septum: You are an apprentice to a scentinel and may one day become a scentinel yourself. +1 Charisma to smellcasters and other monks.

The Sixth Septum: +1 to Persuasion.

The Seventh Septum: Reeks cost one fewer PP when you coalesce them at the Garden (minimum of 1). **Prerequisite:** Arcane Background (Smellcaster).

RACIAL EDGES AND HINDRANCES

Shell: A snell's shell gives it Armor +2, but also limits it's maximum Agility to d8. A snell can, as an action, retract its entire body into its shell, giving it Heavy Armor +4 but reducing its Parry to 2, Pace to 0, and making any physical action impossible (other than climbing out of the shell).

Sluggish: Snells prefer to take thing slowly, thinking through each action, and disinclined to rush. As a result, and also due to the big ass shell on their heads, they are unable to run. The best they can manage is a lugubrious trudge, adding 1d2 to their Pace when hurrying.

Thunkular: Snells are methodical and creative, considering many possible outcomes for a given concern. They begin with Smarts d6, a free d6 in one Knowledge skill, and a +1 bonus to all Smarts related skills.



APPENDIX 02: HINDRANCES & EDGES

HINDRANCES

No Shell (major)

Due to some misadventure or accident of birth, a snell with this Hindrance doesn't have a shell, and therefore gains none of the benefits of the Shell Racial Edge and may add 1d4 to Pace when running instead of 1d2.

Righteous Indignation (major)

You are always spouting the gab about how your religion is better than everyone else's and how they're all going to suffer for eternity while you bask in the glow or suckle the teat of whichever gawd you worship. You can't keep it in. As a result, you suffer a -2 to Charisma when interacting with anybody who follows a faith other than your own. Furthermore, you find it distasteful to enter a temple or any other area sacred to another faith. You must pass a Spirit roll at -2 in order to do so or suffer a -2 penalty to all rolls made within.

EDGES

Bottomliner (Professional Edge)

Prerequisites: Novice, Rich, Faith d6+, Arcane Background (Holy Roller)

You gain a +2 bonus to Holy Rolling when carrying or wearing at least 2000 clams worth of non-magical jewelry or clothing. The bonus grows to +3 if the value of the items is 5000 clams or more.

Crud Swimmer (Professional Edge)

Prerequisites: Novice, Cremefillian, Swimming d8

Your years spent gathering algae for the Red Crud Concern in Glop have given you the ability to move through water without causing a ripple. When you swim at your normal speed you make no discernible vibrations or splashes. Choppy water does not count as rough terrain for you. Additionally, your flesh is especially spongy, allowing you to soak up more water than a regular cremefillian, effectively giving you a +2 Toughness bonus against fire for 4d4 rounds after immersion and negating your Foul Taste for 1d4 days.

The most famous crud swimmer of all time is arguably Flung Dung Pu, who could harvest sixteen bushels a day at the height of his skill. He was, unfortunately, devoured by discerning broccodiles one afternoon.

APPENDIX 03: SETTING RULES

SYMBOLS

Toucanacondor's symbols denote relative values based on his observations and opinions. Final values are at the Boss's discretion.



CLAMS: This symbol denotes the relative price of goods or services. The more clams, the more expensive an item is compared to the base value of a similar item as listed in an equipment guide or decided by the boss.

1 clam: less than base price, **2 clams:** base price, **3 clams:** double base price, **4 clams:** triple base price, **5 clams:** four or more times base price.



THUMBS: Thumbs-up speak to quality of an item or service. Such things are described as crappy, decent, good, snazzy, and pimpin'.

1 thumb: crappy, **2 thumbs:** decent, **3 thumbs:** good, **4 thumbs:** snazzy, **5 thumbs:** pimpin'.



BRAIN: Brains talk about how easy it is to learn something or gather information in a locale. A bonus or penalty is applied to Streetwise or Investigation rolls. In some cases, at the Boss's discretion, the number of brains may relate more to the knowledge available at the locale rather than the ease of gathering it.

1 brain: -1, **2 brains:** 0, **3 brains:** +1, **4 brains:** +2, **5 brains:** +3



BUNS: Kicked buns are all about how dangerous a locale may be. A bonus or penalty is applied to Persuasion rolls and to any rolls made to determine the reactions or disposition of an NPC or monster, with additional threats at the whim of the Boss.

1 buns: +2, **2 buns:** 0, **3 buns:** -1, **4 buns:** -2, **5 buns:** -3.



KEISTER COMPASS

A Keister compass can be created by a character with the Arcane Background (Weirdo) Edge using the Detect/Conceal Arcana power. The device may be constructed from just about any material and can be sold or purchased for about 200 clams plus the material cost. It can be built anywhere but must be attuned in the basement of the Garden of Smellemental Glee, a service for which the monks usually ask a favor of some sort. Attuning a compass takes 2d4 hours, at the cost of one PP per hour, and a successful Weirdness skill check (made at the end).

STANKY RAIN

Anyone caught within a burst of stanky rain must make a Strength check at the beginning of each round. A failed roll reduces movement by half and forces a -2 penalty on all physical activities that round. Creatures with the Slimy Edge are immune to stanky rain.

The Eighth Septum: You are hip to the methods and tools used to shape the fungal architecture of the Garden. Once a day, you can influence nearby fungi to create an effect identical to the Entangle power (use Spirit instead of arcane skill to determine the strength of the entanglement). The size of the entanglement is determined by the abundance of fungi in the area as decided by the boss (maximum of medium burst template).

MORE SPORES (Weird Edge)

Prerequisites: Novice, Funguy

Your body can produce more than one type of spore. Choose another from the list in the Funguy description. You may nab this Edge multiple times.

RETURNER FROM WHENCE WE CAME (Weird Edge)

Prerequisites: Novice, Worm, Guts d8

As a devout Returner from Whence You Came, if you die anywhere other than the Keister of Gawd, the digestive tract of The Incredibly Huge Monstertm, or by being swallowed alive by some beast, you will be reborn a day later (with 3 wounds), healing and regenerating as you normally would. If your body is destroyed or chopped into bits you will be regrown from the largest remaining chunk, smudge, ash or whatever. With a successful Spirit roll you are reborn with two wounds in 2d4 hours; a raise raises you with one wound in 2d4 rounds; two raises raises you in 2d4 rounds and free of injury (although not free of disease or poison).

SUFFERING SOCK (Weird Edge)

Prerequisites: Novice, Vigor d8, Guts d6

As a member of the Brethren and Sisthren of the Suffering Sock pain just doesn't bother you. In fact, the more torment heaped upon your sorry butt the better. If you are shaken by physical damage you don't suffer any ill results. You still make a Spirit roll to recover. If you fail, keep your marker on Shaken, but don't worry about halving your Pace or limiting your actions. Tests of Will and other situations can still shake you as normal.

SUPER SNIFFER (Weird Edge)

Prerequisites: Novice, Smelf or Bodul, Smarts d8, Notice d8, Arcane Background (Smellcaster)

You have an extremely sensitive schnoz. With a successful Notice roll you can determine all sorts of things: what a peep's eaten lately by smelling his breath, where he's been by smelling his clothes, who's been in a room, etc... The ability reaches back about a day (based on the potency of relevant scents), plus an additional day for each raise. Raises also give more information, at the Boss's discretion. The sniffer must have some context in order to discern certain things, for example, he can't tell if someone's been in a room if he's never smelled that person before (although he could still determine what the person who was in the room smelled like for future comparison).

WHIFF (Power Edge)

Prerequisites: Novice, Smellcasting d8, Arcane Background (Smellcaster)

Whiffs are like the little brothers of reeks. They manifest as a lesser version of the reek in question and can be coalesced on the fly with a successful Smellcasting roll. Whiffs can not be bottled for later use; their power manifests when they are invoked. A character with this Edge may summon whiffs related to any Power he knows, but the trappings and final outcome are decided by the Boss. Whiffs do not benefit from raises, but can be maintained. They usually have a range of touch or 6/12/18, at the whim of the Boss.

Here are a few examples:

Quickness: Stinging gasses jab the target in the butt, spurring him to grab one additional action this round.

Blast: The stench of charred meat and sulfur produce a sudden spark sufficient to light a candle or torch.

Invisibility: Cloying vapors cling to the target, turning him translucently purple (-2 to opponents' Notice rolls).

Stun: A single target is overwhelmed by a craving for pizza brought on by your mouthwatering manifestation and is shaken.

Whiffs have a PP cost of 1(1/round).

18. Lesser Swogglehorn (200 clams each)

(Vigor) Also clings tenaciously to host's body, giving host a natural horn attack (Str+d4)

19. Osmotic Sump (850 clams)

(Vigor) Sticks in host's nose and gives him the ability to breath underwater.

20. Squiggly Blumper (200 clams each)

(Agility) Attach to bare feet and add 3" to host's jumping ability.

21. Ewgian Thrombal (800 clams)

(Vigor) Glows in the dark (Parry -2 in dim or dark conditions). +3 to Vigor rolls made to resist radiation.

22. Glunculous Wreck (400 clams)

(Strength) If a horc swallows one of these it'll double the amount of stuff he can keep in his gullet.

23. Romblant Florg (400 clams each)

(Vigor) This things sticks to a peep's head where it will slow his descent, preventing injury from falls.

24. Latentious Loaf (200 clams each)

(Smarts) This thing just sort of sits around, attached anywhere on a host, and giving her +1 to all Knowledge skills. If the host aces a Knowledge skill roll, she must make a Vigor roll or the loaf will die, inflicting a wound on the host in the process.

25. Contanimous Foulth (800 clams)

(Vigor-2) +1 to Contanimating rolls because it's so gross.

26. Snail Mail (20 clams each)

(Vigor) Attaches to host. When host takes a wound, the snail mail is killed instead. Up to 8 snail mails may be afixed to an individual of average size.

27. Stellar Gleerk (200 clams)

(Vigor) Covers the host's body in flame resistant slime when agitated. It takes 2d4 rounds to coat a host and the protection (+2 Toughness against fire) lasts 6d10 minutes.

28. Scrumptastic Fluzz (200 clams)

(Vigor) Heals 1 wound when applied to a cremefillian or related organism.

29. Hocus Helper (400 clams each)

(Smarts) A hocus poker playing host to one of these gains 20 PP and a +1 to Hocus Poking. The thing falls off and is useless after 20 PP are spent.

30. Chinny Chin Chin (20 clams)

(Vigor) Attaches to host's face and gives +1 Charisma.

FUNGUS

Many of the fungi found throught Oith have culinary, medicinal, toxic, or other unusual qualities that require a bit of out-of-character description. If a fungus is merely edible or otherwise adequately described earlier it is not included here. Please refer to the drawing on page 131 when consulting this list.

01. Pottyspronge (40 clams)

Traipse on over to page 197 for more info.

03. Two Heads Giant Pop (40 clams each)

The wood-like stalks of this mushroom have Toughness 10 and be used for construction.

05. Luminous Bluem (20 clams)

When shaken this fungus emits light in a 5" radius for 2d4 hours before disintegrating.

06. 1-up (200 clams)

Swallowing one of these can instantly cure 1d3 wounds.





YELLOW SNOW

A character who eats yellow snow must pass a Vigor roll or be Shaken for 1d4 rounds due to painful yellow mouth blisters, which stick around for 2d4 days (-1 Charisma, -1 to any skill that requires speech). Even croaches are not immune.

BODY BUDDIES

These little guys are pictured on page 123. In order to attach a buddy, the host makes a roll for the parenthesized trait. Success means the body buddy attaches and the described effect is actualized. Failure indicates the host and buddy are incompatible and unable to join for a full day (at which time another attempt may be made). A Raise means the buddy will stay attached for double the normal duration. If either the trait die or the Wild Die are a 1, the buddy dies and the host is Shaken and takes 1 wound.

Buddies can be removed any time, with a trait roll being made whenever they're reattached.

01. Bustling Tongue (1500 clams)

(Vigor-2) The tongue attaches to the host's real tongue and acts as an arm (Reach+1), which can be used for an extra action with no penalty. Speaking and Skills that require speaking are impossible.

02. Knobby Bastard (800 clams)

(Vigor) +2 Armor to head and the host gains +1 Agility and -1 Smarts.

03. Creeping Peeper (500 clams)

(Vigor-2) Attaches to host's eye, extending vision in any direction and around corners and small obstacles. +2 to avoid sneak attacks.

04. Jorbble's Armored Cootie (20 clams each)

(Vigor -1 per cootie) Cling to host's flesh and add +1 Armor per cootie (maximum of 8). Can be worn for duration of Vigor roll in hours, after which time the host is Fatigued for a day.

05. Mungusian Mustache (80 clams)

(Spirit) Clings to host's face. +1 Charisma.

06. Blobulorb (500 clams)

(Vigor) Sticks to host's back and twitches when danger is near. +2 to Notice dangerous creatures.

07. Smerkle's Harmonica (200 clams)

(Vigor-2) This guy lives in a host's throat, where it allows her to say two things at the same time and to "throw" her voice up to 3".

08. Astrocity (500 clams)

I still don't want to talk about it.

09. Intangible Hoaxfraud (1200 clams)

(Smarts) This thing can't be seen, touched, smelled, tasted, or sensed in any way. It has the ability to make a host spend clams on nonsense.

10. Mawbomination (900 clams)

(Vigor) A peep can stick one of these on his bod and gain a bite attack (Str+d4).

11. Bladdersac (350 clams each)

(Vigor) Can emit a cloud of poisonous gas once per day [large burst template; Vigor -2; Success: -1 to all rolls; Failure: Shaken and 1 wound, -1 to all rolls; Raise: No effect].

12. Pink Tickler (100 clams)

(Vigor) Heals 1d3 wounds when placed on an open wound for an hour.

13. Eh? Wuzzat? (500 clams)

(Smarts) Attaches to host's head and acts as an extra ear. Cures deafness or +2 Notice when hearing is a factor.

14. Wunkle Glob (400 clams)

(Vigor) Works as goggles, protecting the host's eyes from dust and debris and allowing her to see underwater.

15. Violet Lug (500 clams)

(Vigor-1) Attaches to host's head, increases Smarts one die type but causes headaches (-1 to Spirit rolls).

16. Limpnoodle's Suppository (200 clams)

(Vigor) Lives in a host's tummy and gives her +3 to Vigor rolls made to resist poisons.

17. Greater Swogglehorn (300 clams)

(Vigor-2) Clings tenaciously to host's body, giving host a natural horn attack (Str+d8).



stepping on the puddle must make an Agility roll or fall down.

06. Mutant Land Fish (20-1000 clams)

These are big terrestrial fish with long legs. The listed stats are for a small, pet-sized one. (AGI d8, SMA d4(A), SPI d10, STR d4, VIGOR d10) (Fighting d6) **Pace:** 8 **Parry:** 5 **Toughness:** 7 **Bite:** Str+2. **Pack Mentality:** Every five mutant land fish in a group adds +1 to their Smarts.

07. Bruisal Shag (10 clams)

Aaah. These little balls of fuzz and fangs are so goosin' cute and cuddly. (AGI d8, SMA d8(A), SPI d8, STR d4, VIGOR d8) (Stealth d10) **Pace:** 6 **Parry:** 4 **Toughness:** 6 **Bite:** Str. **Cuteness:** Adds +1 to owner's Charisma.

08. Tortilla Chip

One of Yorpozz's apprentices must have dropped this here. I guess you could have one as a pet, but I'm not sure you'd want to. (AGI d0, SMA d0, SPI d0, STR d0, VIGOR d0) **Pace:** 0 **Parry:** 0 **Toughness:** 1 **Snack Food:** Tasty with guacamole and salsa.

09. Toysaurus (60 clams)

These little dinosaurs are furry and adorable. (AGI d6, SMA d6(A), SPI d6, STR d6, VIGOR d8) (Fighting d6) **Pace:** 6 **Parry:** 6 **Toughness:** 8 **Horns:** Str+1d4. **Shield:** Armor +2.

10. Sproing (20 clams)

Sproings love to bounce around like little maniacs, to the delight or consternation of their owner.

PETS

08. Twinsome Kooble (20 clams)

Sort of poisonous. [Vigor; Success: No effect; Failure: Vomiting, Shaken; Raise: Heal 1 wound].

09. Red-headed Stepchillun (20 clams)

Gobbling one of these increases a peep's Agility and all related Skills by one die type for 3d6 rounds.

11. The Moss Boss's Breakfast (30 clams)

Poisonous if ingested. [Vigor -2; Success: Paralyzed for 3d6 minutes; Failure: Paralyzed for 2d6 hours; Raise: Fatigue].

14. Stan's Glans (400 clams)

Deadly poisonous if ingested or injected. [Vigor -3; Success: 1 wound and Exhaustion; Failure: Death is 2d6 rounds; Raise: Exhaustion].

16. Beige Peepers (5 clams each)

Emetic if ingested, causes hallucinations and vomiting. Lessens the effects of another poison if taken within 4 rounds (change a Failure to a success or a Success to a Raise). [Vigor -2; Success: Vomiting and Shaken; Failure: Vomiting, Shaken, and -2 to all rolls for 3d6 hours; Raise: Vomiting].

21. Captain Yunk (40 clams)

Poisonous. [Vigor -2; Success: Shaken; Failure: Shaken and 1 wound; Raise: Fatigue].

23. Bifurcated Dozzle-wonk (25 clams)

Poisonous to cremefillians and related organisms. [Vigor -2; Success: 1 Wound and Exhaustion; Failure: Incapacitated, Death in 1d4 hours; Raise: Exhaustion].

26. Underlamp (20 clams)

Glow in the dark. Changes dark conditions to dim in a 5" radius.

28. Gobb's Folly (5 clams each)

Milky secretions ease stings and itches. Remove penalties for itches and other skin conditions for 2d4 hours.

29. Vulvic Orb (10 clams)

Settles upset tummies. Remove penalties due to indigestion for 2d4 hours.

32. Gargler's Demise (15 clams each)

Redly luminescent. Illuminates 2" radius for 6d10 minutes. Poisonous if ingested. [Vigor -2; Success: No effect; Failure: Shaken; Raise: +1 to Agility based skills for 2d4 rounds].

Dig the drawing on page 135 to peep a gander at these critters. The following beasts are all suitable animal companions. Well, most of them.

01. Show Slog (300-2000 clams)

Show slogs are fancy pygmy slogs. Clammy peeps really get into these guys, hosting parades, fashion shows, and other floofy jazz.

(AGI d4, SMA d6(A), SPI d6, STR d6, VIGOR d6)

(Notice d6) **Pace:** 6 **Parry:** 4 **Toughness:** 5

Bite: Str. **Immunities:** Immune to disease and poison except those that affect cremefillians.

02. Slutt (50 clams)

Closely related to slogs, slutts are small, dingy scrubs that are always humping peep's legs.

(AGI d4, SMA d6(A), SPI d6, STR d6, VIGOR d8)

(Notice d6) **Pace:** 6 **Parry:** 4 **Toughness:** 6

Bite: Str. **Immunities:** Immune to disease and poison except those that affect cremefillians.

03. Brocular Orb (10 clams)

These guys roll around pretty quickly. They can spit venom, but they usually don't.

(AGI d4, SMA d6(A), SPI d6, STR d4, VIGOR d6)

(Climbing d6, Shooting d6, Stealth d6) **Pace:** 10

Parry: 4 **Toughness:** 5

Spit Venom: (Shooting) Vigor -2; Success:

Shaken; Failure: Shaken and 1 wound; Raise: No effect.

04. Those weird slug-like things (2+ clams)

These things are pretty ubiquitous, but the more boldly patterned ones can fetch a decent clam.

(AGI d4, SMA d4(A), SPI d8, STR d4, VIGOR d6)

(Climbing d12) **Pace:** 2 **Parry:** 4 **Toughness:** 5

Wall Walker: Climb walls and ceilings.

05. Blushing Ogler (30 clams)

Blushing oglers love to lounge casually atop their owner's nogging, taking it all in...

(AGI d8, SMA d8(A), SPI d8, STR d4, VIGOR d6)

(Climbing d12, Notice d10) **Pace:** 2 **Parry:** 4

Toughness: 5

Copious Tears: A blushing ogler can turn on the waterworks at will once per hour, filling a small burst template with slippery tears. Anyone



(Climbing d12, Stealth d10)**Pace:** 6 **Parry:** 4
Toughness: 8

Slimy: +4 bonus to Str rolls made to oppose a grapple. Oonges can transfer slime onto a peep, giving that guy the same ability for 4d4 minutes.

17. Shlub (200 clams)

Although shlubbs look like depressed pygmy slogs, they aren't really unhappy, they just look that way. Shlubbs are easily trained and can learn to fetch, roll over, play dead, and that sort of stuff.

(AGI d4, SMA d6(A), SPI d10, STR d6, VIGOR d6)
(Notice d6)**Pace:** 6 **Parry:** 4 **Toughness:** 5

Bite: Str. **Immunities:** Immune to disease and poison except those that affect cremefillians.

THE STATUES

Although the Plot Point Adventure included in the original *Low Life: The Rise of the Lowly* RPG core rule book describes a possible purpose for the statues of Keister Island, that is just a use to which they have been put, not their reason for being.

POTTYSPRONGE AND THE GUBERTINCT

The gubertinct, those mystic pseudocolors that linger just beyond a peep's peepers, infuses and permeates almost everything. In some regions, however, it is especially potent, saturating the ecosystem like a puddle-stomped sock. It's in these regions (The Soul Patch, The Phesterance, any other place decided by the Boss) that a peep can wonk the spronge and experience the epiphanic wigginess of the gubertinct. Wonking the spronge is pretty simple, one just squeezes a pottyspronge puffball and inhales the spores. Some peeps, funguys for example, don't even need pottyspronge to see the gubertinct. Anyway, once per night, a being may attempt to gleen something of interest from the gubertinct. Most folks don't attempt this too often, since there can be some scary things hiding in the 'tinct. Things you can't unsee. After inhaling pottyspronge spores (or being a funguy) the peep makes a Vigor roll and compares the result thusly:

There isn't room here for the next spiel. Read on and be enlightened...



APPENDIX 04: EQUIPMENT

Barnswoggle's Blend: Barnswoggle makes special feeds for all types of domestic animals. Any beast whose diet is primarily made up of such grub gains +1 to all Vigor rolls.

(2-10 clams/day depending on animal)

Grun's Powder: Grun's powder is flammable and combustible. When ignited it will explode. Small amounts can be used to propel projectiles while larger amounts can blow the goose out of all kinds of stuff. Here are some examples of weapons that use Grun's powder. They are very rare and often more dangerous to the wielder than his opponent.

(price varies)

Doom Boomer (Range 10/20/40, Damage 3d6, RoF 1, Weight 12, 2 actions to reload). A doom boomer is basically a big metal can with a complicated, gear-driven candle attached to it. The candle ignites some powder, which launches a rock at great speed. If the wielder's Shooting roll is a 1, the whole thing blows up, inflicting 2d6 damage in a small burst template.

(300 clams)

Kaboominator (Range 5/10/20, Damage 2-6d6, Weight 10 per d6). A kaboominator is a jar of Grun's powder with a fuse or candle attached to it. The user lights it and throws it, then runs away. A 2d6 damage kaboominator explodes in a small burst template, a 4d6 uses a medium burst template, and a 6d6 uses a large burst template.

(50 clams per d6 damage)

Sparkle Sticks: These are short sticks whose tips have been dipped in a waxy goo containing Grun's powder. They ignite when touched by a flame or scraped against a hard surface and continue to burn for 2d8 rounds.

(4 clams)

Red Crud: Red crud enhances the price of any dish in which it is used. It doesn't really taste like much, but it is expensive.

(2 clams per dash)



Rump Rester Saddle: A peep using one of the special Rump Rester saddles, available at Rump's Rest in Floom for a variety of mounts, gains a +1 to Riding rolls.

(500+ clams)

Chopping Block Chili: Anyone who eats the chili at The Chopping Block must make a Spirit roll the next day. Failure means the dude becomes addicted and gains the Junkie Hindrance (-1 to all rolls every day he doesn't get his fix; this increases by -1 every two days to a maximum of -4). One the penalty reaches -4 the peep may attempt a daily Spirit roll (at -4) to overcome the addiction.

(5 clams per bowl)

Dammit-bound: Hot dammits can be bound to all sorts of items. Ovens and fireplaces and the like work just like their more mundane counter-

POTTYSPRONGE MUNCHING

Vigor Roll

Failure: Overcome with random hallucinations while wandering aimlessly (-1 to all rolls) until morning.

Success: Overcome with hallucinations while wandering aimlessly (-2 to all rolls) until morning. Make a Smarts roll (no penalty and consult the **Epiphany Chart**).

Raise: Lucid hallucinations. Make a Smarts roll at +2 and consult the **Epiphany chart**.

Two Raises: As Raise but Smarts bonus is +3.

1 on Vigor or Wild Die: Comatose until morning, Smarts reduced by one die type for 2d4 days.

1 on both dice: Comatose until morning, Smarts reduced by one die type permanently.

EPIPHANY CHART

Smarts Roll*

- 1 Guts check at -2 or develop random insanity (as decided by Boss)
- 2 Guts check at -1 or develop random insanity(as decided by Boss)
- 3 Guts check or develop random insanity (as decided by Boss)
- 4 Nothing of interest
- 5 Nothing of interest, roll again with -1 penalty
- 6 Interesting tidbit of knowledge gained
- 7 Interesting tidbit, roll again with +1 bonus.
- 8 Random Knowledge skill gained at d4
- 9 Random Knowledge skill gained at d6
- 10 Secret relevant to current situation learned
- 11 Relevant secret learned, random Knowledge skill gained at d6
- 12 Smarts increased by 1 die type. Relevant secret learned
- 13+ Cryptic secret of the universe learned (possibly in riddle form)

*Have the Boss make the Smarts roll in secret so the player doesn't know the result.

**Insane peeps make a Spirit roll. Failure means the insanity is permanent. Success means it lasts 3d10 days. A Raise means it lasts 1d4 days.

WEEDY RAFTS

When the Boss decides a weedy raft contains weak points any character traversing it must make an Agility check at -2 whenever the Boss feels it's appropriate. Failure indicates the character has fallen through a hole. If the water is shallow enough for the character to stand the danger is minimal; he can simply climb out with another successful Agility check. A failure on the second check means the character has slipped on the muck below and is now trapped beneath the weeds. If he failed the second Agility roll or the water is too deep for him to stand he must make a Swimming check each round or begin to drown (see the Drowning rules in the *Savage Worlds* rulebook). Breaking through the weeds from below requires a successful Swimming check and Fighting check. The weeds have a Toughness of 3 to 5 depending on their thickness. They are immune to damage from piercing or blunt weapons.

SWIFTSRLURP SLURRIES

Anyone trodding over a swiftslurp slurry must make a Notice check at -2 or fall victim to the shifting muck. A Swimming or Agility check at -2 (at the Boss's discretion, depending on the depth of water covering the slurry) allows him to swim or scramble to safety, while a failed check sucks him beneath the sandy water, where he must make a Swimming check each round with a -1 penalty or begin to drown. Each failed Swimming check drags him deeper below and increases the Swimming penalty by 1, while each successful one brings him one step closer to the surface and reduces the penalty by 1 (minimum of 0). To reach the surface a character must succeed more rolls than he fails before he drowns.



Bad'spronge workings are probably the most common cause of insanity among smelves. Take, for example, the case of Shlurple, a Fungish devotee from Werburg who ate his own tongue for sassing back.

APPENDIX 06: BESTIARY

Here follows a brief and incomplete compendium of a small sampling of the beasts and critters that roam the wildernesses and assorted realms of Keister Island.

BIGHEMOTH (WILD CARD)

Bighemoths are enormous carnivorous fish that range throughout the Big Drink. They use their magnificent tentacular tongues to gobble up other large creatures of the briny blue (*bluish*, anyway). They devour just about anything they can nab, including esophagators, sea slogs, and the occasional price-o-corn or keisternaut tub.

Despite their extreme hugeness and legendary hunger, bighemoths are actively hunted by the bad asses of Unas and other coastal burghs. Such stalwart peeps as Earless Fishstick (who provided the entryway and most of the fixtures at the *Borfan Vats* in Floom) and Pinkish Poonharper (The Fishmincer of Hooo) bait the beasts during mating season, stalking them in tubs painted to resemble other horny bighemoths, pursuing and taunting them for days, needling them with harpoons, nets, your mama jokes, and floating barrels until the hapless monstrosities expire from exhaustion and sexual frustration.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d12+9, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d8, Guts d12, Notice d4, Swimming d10

Pace: - **Parry:** 6 **Toughness:** 15

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Aquatic: Pace 8.

Chomp: The ship-sinking bite of a bighemoth can affect Heavy Armor. Str + d8.

Huge: Attacks against bighemoths are at +4.

Size +8: Bighemoths are goosin' huge!

Tentacular Tongue: The tentacle tongue of a bighemoth adds 6" to its reach. Anyone struck by the beast's tongue must succeed a Strength roll opposed by the monster's Strength. Failure results in no damage by the victim is drawn into the bighemoth's maw and automatically bitten on the next round. A hit to the tongue that causes damage or a Shaken result (called shot at -2) will cause it to drop its victim.

**BLOR-PORPLE**

These little goosers are just about the most violent guys around. They infest the less hospitable ranges of Keister Island and elsewhere, occasionally excusing from their lurks among the mossy hillocks of Stan's Rug or the bouldery strew of the Knobby Rumble to waylay travelers, ransack villages, and cause whatever mayhem they can. Nothing delights them more than wholesale carnage and random havoc. Little remains in their path but shreds of flesh and visceral smears. Fortunately, blor-porples are kind of short and they only have one eye. Unfortunately, they use some wicked weapons and tend to attack in droves.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d6-1, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d8, Guts d12, Notice d4, Survival d8, Tracking d8, Throwing d8-2

Pace: 6 **Parry:** 6 **Toughness:** 6

Gear: Some kind of nasty weapon (Str +d8).

parts, except that the temperature can be manipulated much more easily. Binding a hot dammit to a weapon counts as a perk and increases the price by 100 clams plus the amount below:

FIRE DAMAGE

1d4	50 clams
1d6	70 clams
1d8	90 clams
1d10	110 clams
1d12	130 clams

Such a weapon must be large enough to hold the bound dammit in some manner, for example:

Dammit Cannon (Damage 2d10, Weight 24, Min. Str. D6, Range cone template): This is a hollow metal tube with a hot dammit inside. On command, the dammit can issue forth a gout of flame that inflicts 2d10 damage using the cone template.
(420 clams)

Dammit Hammer (Damage Str+d8+2d10, Weight 25, Min. Str. D8, Reach +1): This large hammer has a hollow head inside of which a hot dammit is bound. Upon striking a foe, the weapon inflicts normal damage and an additional 2d10 points of fire damage. It also doubles as a torch, illuminating a 4" radius on command.
(440 clams)

APPENDIX 05: A LIST OF FLOOM'S VARIOUS GUILDS AND TRADE ORGANIZATIONS

Enjoy this listing of many of Floom's guilds, trade organizations, and power groups. New such things are forming all the time and this list is not even close to being comprehensive (Heck, it's barely *comprehensible*), but should give the reader an idea of who wears what pants among the peeps of Floom.

A Bunch of Weirdos

weirdos and inventors

The Amalgamated Brotherhood of Sherples, Dinghy-hacks, and Beastpunchers

sherples, dinghy hacks, and beastpunchers

The Bushelpusher's Proffer

basketmakers

The Candelabric Cartel

candle makers

The Chisellers

stone masons

The Convivial Kindred of Girdlers, Belters, and Harnessers

belt makers, bondage afficianados

The Crop-Hopper Horde

farmers

The Dementional Discotesticus

dementalistis and oofos

The Enthusiastic Fellowship of Pricks

needlemakers

The Fishsticker Stack

fisherpeeps and fishmongers

The Flopflinger Foundation

landlords and flophouse owners

The Foddermongers Guild

purveyors of grub and grog

The Garment Grafter's Guild

embroiderers and fashion designers

The Hackersmack Posse

weapon makers

The Happy Plate Club

hunters and trappers

The Ho-Moaners Association

pimps and strumpets

The League of Powerful and Anonymous**Hocus Pokers**

hocus pokers

The Mabobbers Bundle

carts, wagons, etc...

The Meathacker's Mess

butchers

The Murder Psycho Banditos

purveyors of random violence

The Rocksmasher's Ruckus

miners and stonecutters

The Shinysmithers Synod

armorers and smiths

The Stainmakers Guild

dyes and paints

The Sororal Society of Stalkslicers

mushroom stalk workers

The Villainic Consortium

evildoers

The Waremonger's Wode

small merchants and mongerstall owners

The Woodwhacker Crew

lumberjacks and carpenters

that may takes years or even decades to unfurl, often employing minions and form-altering reeks to work unmolested among their hapless and unsuspecting victims.

Most f'reeks don't start out evil. It's sort of a side effect of the whole enf'reekinating process. No, f'reeks used to be normal smellcasters, usually smelves, but not always. The exact sequence of clustergooses that have to occur in order to change a regular, presumably mild-mannered, smellcaster into a pants-poopingly horrific monstrosity bent on the destruction of all things good and harmonious, are unclear. Smellcasters and weisenheimers at the Garden of Smellemen-tal Glee and elsewhere are working on the problem, but the obscenely dangerous nature of such research and the Garden's forbearance against harming such fiends, makes it an increasingly unpopular pursuit.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d10, Spirit d12, Strength d10, Vigor d12

Skills: Fighting d8, Intimidation d10, Notice d10, Smellcasting d10, Tracking d8

Pace: 6 Parry: 6 Toughness: 11

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Bruised, Battered, and Scarred but Hard:

A f'reek's flesh is calloused and thick, giving it decent armor and a hefty pimp slap. +1 Armor. Str+d4.

Infused: F'reeks are saturated with concentrated redolessness. Whenever one is wounded it emits a random reek that affects everyone in a medium burst template (except the f'reek). No Smellcasting roll is required.

Unconditional Warranty: If a f'reek is destroyed it will reform in 1d4 hours as the vapors emitted by its passing coalesce into an identical beast. The only way to keep it down is to collect every chunk, ash, or dripping and contain them within a sealed, airtight container of some sort.

Reeking Blisters: F'reeks are all former smellcasters. They can manifest reeks from the stinking blisters of their own body and hurl them as if they were whiffs. Most f'reeks have 40 PP and access to twelve random Powers. Not only that, any hit on a f'reek has a 50% chance of bursting a blister and releasing a random reek, which affects a medium burst template.



Super Sniffer Deluxe: F'reeks have a legendary sense of smell. Although they are eyeless, they can sense everything within 50" regardless of lighting conditions, wind, or obstructions. They also have the Super Sniffer Edge.

...of the Danged: F'reeks are no longer with us.. They gain a +2 bonus to Toughness, a +2 to recover from being Shaken, and are immune to poison, disease, wound modifiers, and extra damage from called shots.

GLOMP

These huge, four-armed dudes can be found among the stalks and fronds of the Soul Patch and other fungles. They love nothing more than munching smelf heads and are known to raid villages and waylay scroungers in search of their favorite treat. Glomp's are sort of an ever-present threat in the Soul Patch, not overly common, but dangerous and abundant enough to make things tense. Those who wander off while wonking the 'sponge are more likely to find themselves dissolving in a glomp's tummy than trimming the Moss Boss's toenails.

SPECIAL ABILITIES

One Eye: Blor-porples suffer a -2 to

Throwing and Shooting rolls.

Sick Mutha Gooser: Blor-porples are into some sick shit. They don't just try to kill peeps, they do it with as much horror as possible. Spirit rolls made to recover from blor-purple attacks have a -2 penalty.

Size -1: Blor-porples are a bit on the small side. Attacks against them are at -1.

CORPULENT SLUDGE

Corpulent sludges are thick, vaguely upright masses of gelatinous crud who roam the danker domains of the Oith, slurching through fungles and other humid, musty realms. Although they are predatory and cunning, these jiggly goosers occasionally interact peacefully with other beings. Still, it's best to be wary. Sure, they might occasionally be found trading glompscats and 1-ups with the peeps of Wernburg, but they're more likely lurking amongst the wonkstalks, ambushing scroungers in the deep fungle or dining on scary ass muthas in the Underwhere (which isn't so bad).

Thankfully, corpulent sludges don't typically care for each other's company. They might form little bands of five or six, and small populations can found in the filthier turfs of some burgs (Floom has a midden or two slinking through the sewers), but they seldom congregate. It's a good thing, too. Sludges might not be the most terrible dudes around, but they can be brutal when the mood strikes and they're notoriously difficult to keep down.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d8

Skills: Climbing d8, Fighting d8, Notice d10, Stealth d8

Pace: 6 **Parry:** 5 **Toughness:** 10

Gear: A weapon of some sort.

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Clobber: Sludges usually fight with their fists (Str +d4) or a weapon of some sort.

Corpulent: The body of a sludge is dense and gelatinous. They are immune to most poisons and diseases. Toughness +4.

Fast Regeneration: Corpulent sludges may attempt a natural healing roll every round unless injured by fire or killed.

Seriously?: Peeing on a sludge (or otherwise dousing it in urine) will cause it to be Shaken.

Sludgy: Their flesh is slimy and slightly caustic. They gain a +4 on rolls made to escape grapples, snares, and other entanglements (including the Entangle power). Anyone whose bare flesh touches a corpulent sludge must make a Vigor roll or be Shaken.

Weird Senses: Sludges don't have much in the way of sensory organs but somehow they are able to see, hear, smell, taste, and talk just like anybody else. They can even see in complete darkness and are unimpeded by fog or obscurity.

F'REEK (WILD CARD)

F'reeks are shambling, murderous cautionary tales about the dangers of smellcasting gone awry. They are hideous, blistered and insane, prowling Oith's caliginous places and plotting terrible, terrible things. Possessed of dark intellect and an indelible hatred for just about everything, these monstrous miscreations enjoy inflicting agony and terror. They hatch schemes



Not long ago somebody dropped a dead corpulent sludge into a well near Blist. Everybody walked around all cranky and sore-throaty for a few days before the thing was discovered. The unknown prankster is still at large...

HOT DAMMIT

Hot dammits are Oith's little pyromaniacs. They scamper about on spindly legs, setting fire to stuff and giggling stupidly. Nothing delights a hot dammit more than frolicking through the flaming remnants of someone's house, cackling madly as the inhabitants run in terror. It's unclear whether the dammits get off on the suffering they inflict or if they just dig the crackling flames, but they're definitely a nuisance and are treated as such. Filthy Gob and his crew ran off or snuffed all the hot dammits around the Bay of Dismay years before the founding of Floom. Those who survived fled to the distant and volcanic Crumplehorns, where today they cause trouble for the denizens of Circuspi and Bottom Saloo.

Well, not so much Bottom Saloo. Thanks to the workings of Uster the Damp and his dammit-binders, hot dammits in that burg are a valuable commodity rather than a pestiferous plague. Elsewhere, however, hot dammits are snuffed on sight by those with the means and inclination or fled from in terror by those without.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d4, Vigor d12

Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d8, Shooting d8

Pace: 6 **Parry:** 7 **Toughness:** 7

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Heat Honcho: Hot dammits can adjust the heat they emit, going from glowing ember to fiery inferno in the blink of an eye. The touch of a hot dammit causes from 1d4-3 to 1d10 damage, depending on the whim of the dammit. Fires caused by hot dammits spread in the usual manner.

Heat Waves: The air around a hot dammit ripples and wavers, giving it a +2 to Parry.

Immunities: Hot dammits are immune to most acids, poisons, and diseases. Obviously, they can't be harmed by heat or flame, although submerging them in water or imprisoning them in an airtight container causes them to drown.

Infernal Blast: Once every three rounds a hot dammit may blast forth a cone of flame (cone template). Everyone in the cone must beat the dammit's Shooting roll with Agility or take 2d10 damage. Alternately, the dammit may choose to emit a circular burst of fire (medium

burst template centered on the dammit) inflicting 2d6 damage on everyone within.

Size -1: Hot dammits aren't very big.



LICHENTHROPE (WILD CARD)

Most of the time a lichenthrope is just a regular guy. Sometimes, however, he's a crazed moss-covered killing machine bent on grisly (and often gristly) mayhem. The bite of such a fiend is a contagious thing, spreading its foul disease to any victim who survives. A lichenthrope in the throws of such transformation can remain in the state for up to four days, during which he's a ravenous monstrosity, bereft of compassion and possessed of murderous compulsion.

Many afflicted peeps, not wishing to harm their friends, become hermits or recluses, retiring to the farther wildernesses of the land. Stan's Rug has its share. So too do the boondockular caverns and chasms of the Knobby Rump. Of course, not everyone is so benign. There are those who seek the change on purpose. First tracking a lichenthrope and then inciting it to bite, hoping to gain whatever freedoms and exhilarations a life of random mayhem may provide.

Glomp's are big, mean, hungry, and perfectly adapted to life in the fungle. They are the bane of smelves and funguys, although far from the only such one. While they're not very bright, glomps are smart enough to form clans and hunting parties. Not only that, they aren't above wonking the 'sponge themselves, seeking visions that will lead them to smelven prey. As if they weren't bad enough to begin with, many are driven insane by such shenanigans. There are few things in the fungle worse than a crazy glomp on a rampaging pottysponge bender.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d12+5, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d10, Notice d8, Stealth d8, Throwing d8

Pace: 6 **Parry:** 7 **Toughness:** 10

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Improved Sweep: A glomp may use its head fronds to simultaneously attack all adjacent creatures. Str +1.

Large: Attacks against glomps are at +2.

Multidextrous: Glomps do not suffer penalties to use an off-hand.

Shroomy: These guys are perfectly adapted to fungle living. They gain +2 Stealth while in a fungle environment.

Size +3: Glomps are pretty big.

Squish: Glomps usually attack with their mighty fists. They tend to focus on a single target, attempting to squish it between two fists (normal multi-action penalties apply). Str +d4.

GLUBBLE

Peeps trudging through the Scum Quag and other marshy sogs praise Boorglezar (or Lictish or whoever) for the humble glubble. These easily domesticated fish are more than happy to let a dude plop his buns on their dorsal surface in exchange for a handful of swamp grass or a bucket of bladderblooms (which grow abundantly in all the regions glubbles are found). Feed a glubble a handful of red crud and it'll be your pal for life. It's a sweet deal, really. The rider no longer has to trudge and the glubble gets whatever protection from predators the rider affords. Swamp caravans, such as those maintained by Blue Hiney and his cohorts, couldn't exist without glubbles, which is why Blue Hiney has petitioned the boss-

es of Slump and Foot's Wrist to offer a bounty on the heads of glubble poachers. They said no.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d12, Vigor d10

Skills: Notice d8, Swimming d8, Tracking d6

Pace: 4 **Parry:** 4 **Toughness:** 9

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Beast of Burden: Glubbles are easily trained and have a load limit of 800 pounds.

Bite: Although herbivorous, glubbles but may bite if threatened. Str.

Semi-Aquatic: Glubbles can travel over land or in water, although they suffer one level of Fatigue for every two hours away from water. Swimming Pace 8.

Size +2: Bigger than the average sofa.

HAMSTER

Hamsters are big furry animals used as mounts, beasts of burden, fashionable apparel, and entrée's by peeps all over the Oith. Dozens, perhaps hundreds, of varieties exist, each selectively bred and raised for a specific purpose. There are sleek racing hamsters, durable hoard-hauling hamsters, obese and delectable meat hamsters, bloodthirsty, armored fighting hamsters, fluffy, multi-colored show hamsters, long haired fur-bearing hamsters, and so many more. There are even wild, carnivorous hamsters prowling the mountains and caverns of Mutha Oith.

The stats here are for a typical, normal hamster, which doesn't really exist.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d12, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d8

Pace: 8 **Parry:** 5 **Toughness:** 10

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Beast of Burden: Hamsters can be trained and have a load limit of 400 pounds. Smaller hamster carry less, stronger ones carry more.

Bite: They can deliver a nasty bite. Str +d4. Some varieties have a more powerful bite.

Size +2: Hamsters are big enough to carry a rider.

Speedy: Most hamsters roll a d10 when running instead of a d6.

Mosstrich beaks and feathers are valuable treasures, usable as weapons and clothing by peeps across Keister Island. A thriving trade in such things exists, with hunters stalking the moss mounds and setting traps for the dangerous boids. Such hunters seldom live long lives, but those that survive do so with bulging clamsacks.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d10, Strength d10, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d10, Guts d10, Notice d10, Stealth d10, Tracking d12

Pace: 8 **Parry:** 7 **Toughness:** 7

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Camouflage: Mosstriches can alter the color and pattern of their mossy feathers. Opponents receive a -4 to Notice rolls made to spot a hiding mosstrich.

Combat Reflexes: +2 to Spirit roll made to recover from being Shaken.

Fast: Mosstriches roll a d12 for running.

Pain in the Axe: Mosstriches attack with their axe-like faces. Str +d8.

MUNCT

Muncts, also known as Stan's suppositories, are these nasty slug-like things that ooze with paralytic mucus. They are predatory in the most terrifying way, entering the body of their victim (usually through the end that doesn't have teeth) and devouring it from within. There's nothing with a butt and a brain that isn't terrified of muncts. In fact, seasoned gadabouts traveling the byways of the Bunn Skrak and other realms where muncts are common often sleep with leather scarves and reinforced underpants.

There are few things as horrifying to a peep as having his guts devoured from within. You could fill a giant slog carcass with all the craps muncts don't give.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d10, Strength d4, Vigor d6

Skills: Climbing d12, Fighting d6, Notice d6

Pace: 4 **Parry:** 5 **Toughness:** 5

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Burrowing Nastiness: Once a victim is paralyzed, a munct will attempt to crawl down its throat and devour it from inside. Such a victim takes 2d6 points of damage each round (ignoring

armor). Strong alcohol forced down a victim's throat will cause the munct to evacuate, inflicting 3d6 damage on the way out.

Paralytic Secretions: Anyone whose bare flesh touches a munct must make a Vigor roll at -2 or become paralyzed and unable to move for 2d4 hours, beginning in 1d4 rounds.

Size -2: Muncts are pretty little.

PLORP

Plorps are big, vaguely spherical quadrupeds used as beasts of burden by the peeps of Keister Island and elsewhere. In the wild these plant-munching plodders roam the plains and marshes in great herds, devouring unimaginable quantities of moss and scrub. They're known to stomp a predator to paste, sometimes just for fun, but the domesticated breeds are much more docile. In fact, plorps have been bred and hunted as mounts, meat, and material for centuries. Their bones, flesh, skin and guts have a gazillion and one uses. So many, in fact, that a cult devoted to plorp worship (plorship?) is gaining popularity in Goss and other burgs. Ironically, devotees refuse to partake of plorp meat or any other fruits of plorp slaughter, claiming a beast who provides so much must be sacred, and therefore to kill it is a sin. Irony can be so ironic sometimes...

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d12+10, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d4, Notice d6, Swimming d8

Pace: 4 **Parry:** 4 **Toughness:** 12

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Beast of Burden: Plorps are easily trained and have a load limit of 2000 pounds.

Size +5: Plorps are pretty big. Attacks against them have a +2 bonus.

Trample: Plorps are notoriously docile but will trample a foe if threatened. Str +d6.

QUEEN MUTHA (WILD CARD)

Scary ass muthas are some scary ass muthas! Hence the name. They ramble in disgusting hordes across all the terrains of Mutha Oith, killing indiscriminately and turning everything into a big clustergoose. Trousers get soaked when muthas come calling, and rightfully so. In fact, the only thing keeping scary ass muthas from taking over the entire world is the fact that, in-



Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d12, Strength d12+2, Vigor d12

Skills: Climbing d10, Fighting d10, Intimidation d10, Notice d8, Stealth d10, Tracking d12

Pace: 6 **Parry:** 7 **Toughness:** 10

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Infectious Bite: Str+d4. Anyone who suffers a wound from a lichenthrope's bite and doesn't die must make a Vigor roll (with a penalty equal to the number of wounds) or become a lichenthrope the next time he eats fungus.

Invulnerabilities: Lichenthropes can only be harmed by magic, fire, or weapons made of fungus (including unarmed funguys).

Lichenous Hide: Armor +2

See in the Dark: Lichenthropes can see in dim and dark conditions, but not in pitch blackness.

Trigger: Lichenthropes are just normal peeps most of the time, although they transform into horrible beasts 1d4 rounds after eating any kind of fungus and remain that way for 1d4 days. Being caught in a funguy's spore cloud can trigger the change as well. The stats above are for a transformed lichenthrope.

LINACHITHI

Everybody knows what a linachithi is. Nether Regions, you probably had one for dinner last night. These little guys are plump, weak, and delicious. Apparently extinct in the wild, they're raised on farms and ranches throughout Mutha Oith, filling the bellies of peeps everywhere.

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d4, Strength d4, Vigor d4

Skills: Notice d6, Shooting d10

Pace: 4 **Parry:** 4 **Toughness:** 2

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Size -2: Linachithis are knee-high to a smelf.

Small: Attacks against a linachithi are at -2.

Stinky Doo Doo: Linachithis can squirt noxious poop at nearby opponents (Shooting, range 3/6/9). This doesn't hurt, but it does tend to attract predators and repel other peeps (-2 Charisma) if it isn't washed off quickly.



MOSSTRICH

These deadly predators haunt Stan's Rug and other moss-laden places. They lurk among the scrub, lunging at prey with their facial cleavers and chopping their kills into bite-sized gobbets.

Mosstriches are fast runners, able to outdistance most threats and chase their quarry for long distances. They are occasionally trained for use as mounts by blur-porples and other inhabitants of Stan's Rug, but they aren't happy about it and usually turn on their rider when the opportunity arises.



Stank: The blood of a queen mutha is volatile and toxic. Anyone adjacent to her when she suffers a wound must make a Vigor roll or be Shaken by the fumes.

The Willies: Anyone within 10" of a queen mutha must make a Guts check at -2 or be overcome by the creeping willies, peeing himself and fleeing in terror (Shaken and running in a random direction) for 1d4 rounds. A character may make a Spirit roll to overcome the willies once each round after the first.

SASSQUASH

Deep in the rocky, tree-infested, reaches of the Knobby Rumples dwell the lumbering, vegetal sassquashes. These burly, orange-rinded creatures lope through the woodlands with an arm-swinging gait. They aren't particularly aggressive, but can rip a peep two new ones if the mood strikes, which it often does when

sassquashes feel cornered or are protecting their sprouts.

Speaking of sprouts, sassquashes form very tight family clans and are seldom seen alone. If a member of its family is threatened, a normally-placid sassquash is apt to fly into a blind, howling rage all full of dismemberments and disembowlings and whatnot.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d10, Strength d12+4, Vigor d10

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d8, Notice d6, Stealth d8, Throwing d8, Tracking d10

Pace: 6 **Parry:** 8 **Toughness:** 10

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Blurry: When a sassquash gets riled up it tends to go out of focus for some reason, giving it a +2 to Parry.

Claws: Sassquashes attack with both claws at the same time, against one or two adjacent opponents without penalty. Str+d4.



dividually, they're not really all that tough. Sure, more powerful variants abound, including the terrifyingly horrible scarier ass muthas, but the normal guys, the ones who rampage so abundantly, aren't so bad. Certainly nothing your average worm with a fork can't handle. The real danger from scary ass muthas is the remarkable profusion in which they are sometimes found. It's the rare and elusive queen muthas we have to thank for that. They spend most of their time getting funky and squirting out more scary ass muthas in a seemingly unending scary ass orgy of sickening, bile-gorging horror.

I don't want to talk about it.

Anyway, queen muthas are the bosses of scary ass mutha society, such as it is. Regular scary ass muthas do what they're told. Of course, queen muthas rarely command them to do anything other than rampage and pillage so there's not much conflict of interest.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d10, Strength d12+2, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d10, Notice d6

Pace: 6 **Parry:** 7 **Toughness:** 10

Special Abilities

Bite: You do not want to get bitten by a queen mutha. Str +d6. Anyone wounded by a queen mutha must make a Vigor roll or be affected with the Willies (described below).

Maternal Instincts: All scary ass muthas (and variations thereof) gain a +2 to Fighting, Toughness, and Spirit when within 50" of a queen mutha. If the queen mutha is killed the bonus becomes +4 for 2d4 rounds.

Mother of Muthas: A queen mutha may swallow the corpse of a dead or wounded scary ass mutha and regurgitate it, alive and fully healed the next round.

Size +4: Queen Muthas aren't small. Opponents get a +2 to hit them.

Toxic Chaw: Scarier ass muthas can spit a disgusting mass of something unpleasant at a single target (Shooting roll, range 6/12/18). Anyone struck must make an Agility roll or suffer a -2 penalty to Pace and all skills and rolls related to Agility or Strength for 2d4 rounds. If the mutha gets a raise, the Agility roll is made at -2 and the penalty is increased to -4.

SCENTIPEDE (WILD CARD)

If f'reeks are the result of errant smellcasting gone badly (they are), then scintipedes are an example of errant smellcasting also gone badly, but with a better outcome. These guys are pretty awesome. Not only are they totally powerful, hurling reeks from their stink stacks and sputtering whiffs like nobody's business, they're also generally decent folks. In fact, a lot of scintipedes make it their life's work to hunt down and attempt to cure or destroy menacing f'reeks.

Sure, scintipedes are freaky. They're big and squiggly and not the most attractive of peeps, but if my grandmammy taught me one thing it's how to bake a bitchin' glompscat casserole. If she taught me two things, it's that and not to judge a peep by the way he looks. Scintipedes are good guys. Except for the few who get corrupted and turn to evil; that happens too.

Nobody's quite sure how scintipedes come to be. There's an extremely rare mix of variables and happenstances that that have to collide in just the right way, but it happens often enough that they're a thing. All that's known is smellcasting is involved and just about every scintipede on record was formerly a smelf.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d8, Vigor d10

Skills: Climbing d12, Fighting d6, Notice d6, Shooting d6+2, Smellcasting d12, Throwing d8+2, Tracking d8

Pace: 8 **Parry:** 5 **Toughness:** 9 (head 11)

Gear: At least ten assorted reeks.

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Reek Resistance: Scintipedes can choose whether or not to be affected by any particular reek, regardless of its affect or trappings.

Shadow of His Former Smelf: Scintipedes used to be smelves and retain many such traits. They add +2 to all Shooting and Throwing rolls,



+4 to Notice and Tracking rolls in which scent is a factor, and a +2 Armor bonus to the head.

Size +2: Scintipedes aren't huge, but they're nothing to scoff at.

Smellcasting: Scintipedes are powerful smellcasters. They usually have 50 PP and know twelve Powers. A scintipede usually carries at least ten assorted reeks at all time (in addition to the ones in its stink stacks).

Stink Stacks: The tubes on a scintipede's back are Reek Repositories. Each one holds a particular reek, which can be released at the creature's whim. Releasing a reek does not count as an action and the scintipede can release as many of them simultaneously as it wishes. Once a reek is released the tube is empty until the scintipede fills it again.

Whiff: Scintipedes have the Whiff Edge.

SHMURVE

It might appear as though a lot of the denizens of Keister Island are little guys who love stabbing peeps in the eye. One could be forgiven for thinking that (because it's true), and shmurves are no exception. These dudes hang out in the



Rage: When its family is threatened a sassquash goes into a rage. -2 Parry, +2 Fighting, Strength, and Toughness.

Size +3: Sassquashes are about twice as big as the average horc. They're used to fighting small peeps, though, so nobody gets a size bonus against them.

Vegetal: Sassquashes are only affected by diseases and poisons that affect plants.

SCARIER ASS MUTHA

These monstrous goosers are bigger, scarier, and far more dangerous versions of their lesser kin. The can be found just about anywhere, sometimes amid a horde of regular scary ass muthas but more often alone or in a small pack with a few of their bros. Although just as sadistic and bonkers as regular muthas, these guys are substantially more cunning and patient. They are vile and relentless, enjoy the chase as much as the kill. Once a scarier ass mutha decides on a victim it will pursue that victim (not necessarily to the exclusion of other victims) until it (the victim or the mutha) is dead.

Scarier ass muthas are armed with enormous teeth, hooked talons, and an arsenal of bad habits. They don't want anything from you but your painful, prolonged demise.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d6, Spirit d10, Strength d12, Vigor d10

Skills: Climbing d10, Fighting d12, Guts d12, Notice d12, Shooting d10, Stealth d10, Tracking d10

Pace: 6 **Parry:** 8 **Toughness:** 9

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Chortling Gab: Scarier ass muthas sometimes utter an unnerving babble when excited. Anyone within hearing range must make a Spirit roll or suffer a -2 penalty to all rolls for the duration of the encounter (or until the mutha shuts up). Muthas can chortle even when biting.

Middle Fingers of Doom: A scarier ass mutha may attack with both claws simultaneously without penalty. Str +d6. The mutha may make a free bite attack (Str +d10) against anyone Shaken by one or both such attacks.

Nasty Ass Maw: The bite of a scarier ass mutha is an experience best avoided. Str +d10.



Mossy Coat: The mossy fuzz that covers a sloss mogg (1 mean moss slog) provides it with +2 Armor and gives opponents a -4 to Notice rolls made to spot the thing in a mossy environment.

Smotherfication: These guys can forgo the normal bite attack and instead attempt to crawl over an opponent and suffocate it. An opponent Shaken by such an attack takes one level of Fatigue each round the beast remains in place. Soporific secretions in the fuzz force a -2 penalty on all trait rolls to a victim thusly discomposed. A victim can be freed by a successful Strength roll opposed by the monster's Strength.

SMELFSTABBER

These aggressive flightless boids hide among the shroom shrubs of the Garden of Smellemen-tal Glee, preying on smelves and other Gardeners. Despite their predatory nature, they shy away from the sound of tinkling bells, and others of their kind make them uncomfortable.

They can also be found elsewhere, and I'm sure they're very fascinating, but that's all I have to say about them for now.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d8, Strength d8, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d10, Stealth d10, Tracking d10

Pace: 8 **Parry:** 7 **Toughness:** 6

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Bite: Str+d8

Unobservant: For some reason these guys can't tell the difference between one their own ilk and a smelf wearing a smelfstabber hat. They seldom attack such a guy.

SOME KIND OF PINK WORM-LIKE THING WITH TEETH ON ITS FACE

I don't even know what the goose this thing is. It seems to dig hanging out in dark holes and swinging out a peep like some kind of monstrous hammer-faced wormular thing.

Attributes: Agility d12, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d10

Skills: Climbing d12+4, Fighting d10, Notice d8, Stealth d10, Tracking d8

Pace: 6 **Parry:** 7 **Toughness:** 9

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Counterattack: The monster gets one free attack per round against one adjacent opponent who failed a Fighting attack against it.

Faceslam: These things attack by clobbering prey with a their toothy faces. Str+1d6.

Rubbery: The rubbery hide of a one of these gives it Armor +2.

Soul Patch and other dank realms, living, so it seems, just to torment smelves and their friends. Shmurves will spend weeks setting up an elaborate ambush, resplendent with intricate traps and multiple avenues of attack. When their hapless victims wander by and the trap is sprung the shmurves leap to the attack, razors to the sky, giggling and singing as they hack their foe to ribbons. Then, with a high five and round of moonings aimed at the singular victim they usually leave alive to tell the tale, they're off into the scramble and planning the next wave.

Make no mistake, if shmurves were the size of horcs we'd all be doomed. Thankfully they're knee-high to a blor-purple and enough things living in the Soul Patch find them tasty that a full scale invasion seems unlikely. It's a good thing all these short guys with big appetites for violence don't play well with each other. If they did, we'd really have reason to wet our beds.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d6, Spirit d12, Strength d4, Vigor d10

Skills: Climbing d8, Fighting d8, Notice d8, Throwing d8+2, Tracking d8

Pace: 6 **Parry:** 6 **Toughness:** 5

Gear: Some kind of weapon (Str+d4)

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Sadistic Little Bastard: Shmurves gain a +2 bonus to all attacks against smelves and funguys.

Size -2: Shmurves are tiny little guys. Opponents have a -2 to hit them.

SLOGSLURPER

Slogslurpers prowl the trenches and ravines of the Bunn Skrak and the Knobby Rumpel, climbing effortlessly with their sucker-like feet and multiple, clinging arms. Not surprisingly, a slogslurper's favored prey are slogs and cremefillians. They slowly stalk such creatures, attacking from ambush with their extendable tongues and the laughter-inducing secretions with which they drip. A slog (or cremefillian) afflicted by the toxin begins to giggle and quiver uncontrollably. This causes the victim to begin exuding its delicious crème filling, which the slogslurper then slurps up (hence the name). A slogslurper seldom drains its prey completely, preferring to slake its hunger then move on once the toxin wears off.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6 (A), Spirit d8, Strength d8, Vigor d10

Skills: Climbing d12+4, Fighting d8, Notice d12, Stealth d10, Tracking d8

Pace: 6 **Parry:** 5 **Toughness:** 7

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Bite: Str+d4

Suckerfeet: The suckered feet of a slogslurper allow it to climb almost any surface, including vertical walls and upside-down ceilings at its normal Pace.

Tonguetastic: Anyone (including cremefillians) struck by a slogslurper's tongue (Reach 3) must make a Vigor roll at -2 or be Shaken with fits of uncontrollable laughter by the beasts's toxic saliva. A cremefillian or slog suffers one wound of bleeding damage every two rounds that it remains Shaken.

SLOSS MOGG (I MEAN MOSS SLOG)

Dozens, perhaps hundreds (maybe even thousands, if you consider all the show breeds) of slog varieties ooze their way through the myriad realms of Mutha Oith. Sloss moggs (I mean moss slogs) are one such thing. They dwell among the mosses and monsters of Stan's Rug, preying on whatever they can fit in their mouths or rip into bite-sized chunks. Sloss moggs (I mean moss slogs) are among the more predacious of slog species, most of whom are primarily herbivorous, but they have really big mouths and sharp teeth, so why not.

Sometimes these guys are domesticated by blor-purples, shmurves, and other denizens of Stan's Rug, but such relationships seldom last. Blor-purples and shmurves tend to eviscerate anything that pisses them off (which is everything) and they are small enough to fit in the craw of a sloss mogg (I mean moss slog).

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6 (A), Spirit d8, Strength d10, Vigor d8

Skills: Climbing d8, Fighting d8, Notice d8, Tracking d8

Pace: 6 **Parry:** 6 **Toughness:** 8

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Bite: Str+2d4

Immunities: These beasts are unaffected by most poisons and diseases except those that affect cremefillians and other slogs.

trappings involve filth, trash, or excrement of any kind, including its own cone of crap.

Large: Attacks against a sphinxes are at +2.

Size +4: Sphinxes are big fellows.

SPITTING IMAGE

A spitting image is sort of an amorphous lump of putty that goes around licking peeps and assuming their identities by use of a magic picture frame. I have no idea where the frames come from in the first place, but, by passing through one a spitting image basically turns into anybody it's ever licked. They're all individuals with their own motives. Some use their shape-changing powers for good, some for evil, and some just to reach something on a higher shelf.

Spitting images are particularly fond of disguising themselves as headstones (and from there as Keister Island statues) and then convincing some of Oiths less intelligent creatures to worship them and bring them free stuff.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d8, Spirit d10, Strength d8, Vigor d6

Skills: Climbing d10, Fighting d8, Notice d8, Persuasion d10, Shooting d10, Stealth d10, Streetwise d10, Tracking d10

Pace: 6 **Parry:** 6 **Toughness:** 5

Gear: Magic picture frame

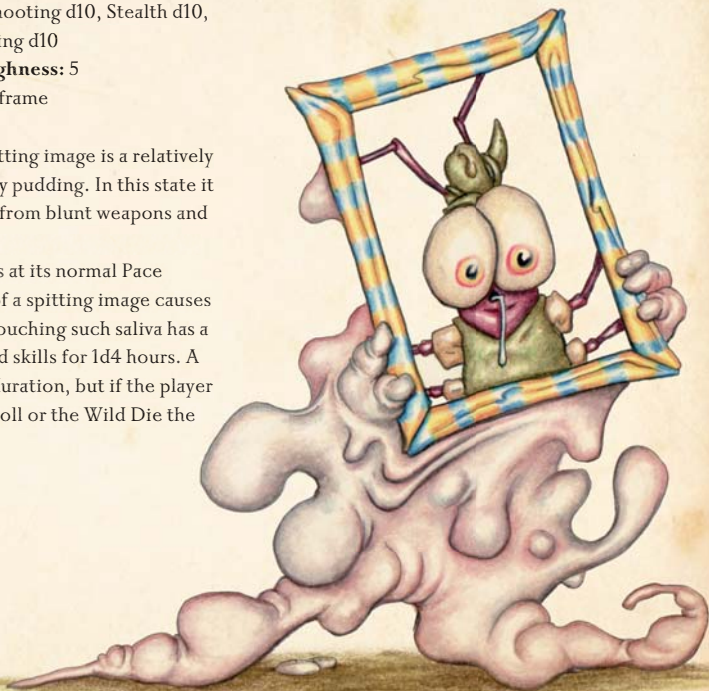
SPECIAL ABILITIES

Amorphous: A spitting image is a relatively formless blob of fleshy pudding. In this state it is immune to damage from blunt weapons and can squeeze through walls and ceilings at its normal Pace

Drool: The drool of a spitting image causes drowsiness. Anyone touching such saliva has a -2 to Agility and linked skills for 1d4 hours. A Vigor roll halves the duration, but if the player rolls a 1 on the Vigor roll or the Wild Die the

character instead falls into a deep sleep for 2d4 hours. Spitting images can administer drool with a lick (Fighting roll) or a spit (Shooting roll, range 3/6/12). With a deep, throaty tongue kiss the spitting image can acquire the recent memories of a creature or peep (Smarts roll, the image gains one year of memories for each point by which the roll succeeds).

Form of...: A spitting image can assume the form, voice, and mannerisms of any being or object of equal mass to itself, assuming the creature has previously licked the object or creature in question. It can become larger or smaller, but its mass and weight remain unchanged. To affect such a change, the spitting image crawls through a magical picture frame that it keeps hidden nearby or within its body. To switch back to its amorphous shape or assume any other form, the creature must pass through the frame again. Such frames only work on spitting images, although many weirdos and hocus pokers are working to change that. A spitting image whose frame is lost or stolen will stop at nothing to get it back.





SPHINCS (WILD CARD)

These mighty monstrosities enjoy hanging out in ruins and remote places where treasures and secrets are said to lie unclaimed. They set themselves up as mystic guardians, confounding visitors with cryptic fart jokes and mysterious riddles. Nobody knows why, they just dig puzzles and, despite their vast intellect, have extremely prurient senses of humor. They aren't necessarily malicious, nor particularly benign. If a peep can solve a sphincs's riddle, he'll gain a reward of some sort. If he can't he'll probably get eaten. It's not personal.

Sphincs are solitary beasts, which is a good thing. They occasionally hook up to get their grooves on, and when they do the the sophmoric chuckling as they pull each other's fingers and chortle at each other's poop jokes echoes for miles.

Despite their immaturity, sphincs are pretty brilliant. They know a lot of stuff and they're not beyond trading tidbits of knowledge for jokes they haven't heard before. Be warned, though, there are few jokes a sphincs hasn't heard and

they tend to get impatient with peeps who waste their time.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d12+2, Spirit d12, Strength d12+4, Vigor d12

Skills: Fighting d12, Knowledge (riddles) d12+1, Notice d12, Shooting d10, Tracking d8

Pace: 6 **Parry:** 8 **Toughness:** 12

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Claws: Str+d6.

Cone of Crap: A sphincs can emit a blast of caustic filth from its "mouth". Anyone caught in the cone template must make an Agility roll at -2 or take 3d6 damage. Alternately, the sphincs may opt to launch explosive nuggets of yuck at a single target (Shooting roll). Such horrible-nesses inflict 3d8 damage.

Final Vengeance: If a sphincs is killed it immediately explodes in a shower of burning crud, inflicting 3d8 damage on anyone within a large burst template (Agility roll at -2 for half damage).

Immunities: Sphincs are immune to contamination and any magical attack whose

TOENID

These burrowing weirdnesses dig hanging out in sandy, mossy, loose-soily places. They are particularly abundant in Stan's Rug and the various beaches of the Keisterian coast, where they prey on just about anything that comes within reach of their shovelly faces. The body of a toenid is sort of a grub-like thing, bulbous and plump. They prefer to keep that part safely buried beneath the turf, with only their long neck and hal-luxian face emerging to ambush prey or drag the bulk of their rotundity along.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d8, Strength d10, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d10, Notice d6, Tracking d8

Pace: 6 **Parry:** 7 **Toughness:** 10

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Burrowing: Toenids can move at their normal Pace through soil, moss, and other loose materials.

Shovel Slam: A toenid attacks by raising its body upright and quickly slamming downward with the shovel-like toenail thing on its head. Str+d10.

Size +3: Although the largest mass of their body is usually underground, toenids are still relatively sizable.

UMBER CUKE

Umbur cukes are monstrous subterranean beasts that haunt the Underwhere and similar cavernous realms. They wander in bunches, hunting prey and scaring the crap out of everyone. They are particularly enamored of cremefillian flesh, devouring the stuff like it actually tasted good, and occasionally venturing above ground in search of such succulent prey.

Vegetable in nature, umbur cukes are distant-ly related to sassquashes and similar vegestrosities.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d10, Strength d12+2, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d10, Notice d8, Stealth d8, Throwing d10, Tracking d8

Pace: 6 **Parry:** 7 **Toughness:** 9

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Befuddlement: In dim light or darkness umbur cukes attempt to confuse and nauseate



opponents by wobbling their luminous eyes and chortling like crazy buffoons. Anyone experiencing such a display must make a Smarts roll at -2 each round or be Shaken. A peep with eyes and ears covered is unaffected.

Bite: Umbur cukes are all about biting peeps. They are immune to the foul taste of cremefillians. Str+1d10.

Improved Sweep: Instead of its normal punches, an umbur cuke may make an attack against all adjacent foes without penalty.

Punch: Umbur cukes enjoy clobbering foes. They may attack with both hands each round without penalty. Str+1d10.

Render: If an opponent is Shaken or Wounded by both punch attacks he must make an opposed Strength roll against the umbur cuke or take 2d10 points of additional damage. If his Strength roll or Wild Die is a 1, he is ripped apart and dies immediately (unless he is able to

SQUOORK

Closely related to worms, squoorks are a race of swamp dwelling bloodsuckers who inhabit the Scum Quag and other marshy digs. Though customarily territorial, they are occasionally known to trade with peeps passing through their realm, most notably Blue Hiney and his caravans. More often, however, they play the role of the predator, ambushing such travelers and draining them of their goods and precious fluids.

The mouth of a squoork is a circular thing, ringed all about with pointy chompers. Feeding squoorks attach themselves to living prey (usually glubbles, broccodiles, and similar beasts, but occasionally more sentient foes) and get busy slurping up the bodily juice. It's a practice frowned upon by most potential victims, so squoorks and their lands are commonly avoided.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d8, Notice d6, Riding d8, Swimming d10, Stealth d6, Tracking d8

Pace: 6 **Parry:** 6 **Toughness:** 6

Gear: Weapon (Str+d8)

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Amphibious: Squoorks can hold their breath for up to an hour, however, they dry out easily and suffer a level of Fatigue for every day they go without being submerged in water.

Bite: Str+d4

Bloodslurpin': Squoorks are all about biting peeps and sucking out a helping of blood and juices. If a squoork gets a raise with a bite, it has latched on to the victim and automatically inflicts 2d4 damage each round until the victim is dead or the squoork releases it. A squoork who takes a wound must make a Strength roll or let go.

TIME FLIES

These are some strange, strange critters. Time flies are kind of difficult to describe. They never seem to be quite in sync with the rest of the world, just a fraction of time ahead or behind whoever's peeping their gist. Most observers describe them as a pair of hovering eyes, twisted, warped, and inexplicably odd with a fuzzy, stammering tail-body-torso-thing that kind of dangles and twists behind and around, twitching and stammering as a peep alters his viewpoint. Some-

times they disappear entirely and sometimes they unexpectedly get right up in a sucker's grill.

Weisenheimers suggest time flies, with their unusual existential nonexistence situation, are related to Things That Might Not Be, but nobody knows for certain. What is known is this: time flies somehow goose with the flow of events. Effects happen before causes. Things speed up or slow down on a whim. It's confusing, exhausting, and can drive a peep barmy if he's not careful.

Attributes: Agility d12, Smarts d4, Spirit d12, Strength d4, Vigor d4

Skills: Fighting d8, Notice d12, Stealth d12

Pace: 0 **Parry:** 6 **Toughness:** 4

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Flight: Time flies can fly. Hence the name. Flying Pace 12, Climb 3.

Devourers of Time: Time flies actually eat time. I know, it's weird, but bear with me. Anytime a creature is Shaken or wounded by the attack of a time fly whatever actions that creature has taken in the past round didn't actually happen. Everything about that dude's actions (wounds taken or inflicted, monsters slain, spells cast, tacos eaten, whatever...) just didn't occur.

Quantitative Inconsistency: It's really hard to tell how many time flies are in a pack. Each round of an encounter, on the time flies' action, the Boss rolls a d6-1. The result is the number of time flies currently present. If the answer is 0, they've left the time zone and won't be back until the next encounter. The boss may choose a higher die if she so chooses, as long as a result of 0 is possible (2d6-2, 3d4-3, 161d20-161, etc...).

Temporal Intemperance: Time flies goose with the way time flows. If they draw a red card for initiative. they move really fast, gaining +4 Parry and four attacks per round without penalties. If their initiative card is black, they instead move in slow motion (-2 Parry, only one attack). If they draw a joker, time freezes for everyone but them and they spend the round drawing genitals and mustaches on everyone's face.

When You're Having Fun: If a peep scores a hit on a time fly, he immediately gets another identical action, ad infinitum until he misses or all the time flies are gone.

esophagators, and the usual assortment of predatory monstrosities.

Once a year, water slogs come ashore to get their groove on. They cram the beaches and crags of their ancestral breeding grounds (most prominently the Scybalic Mass off the coast of Keister Island), pumping out thousands of adorable little sloglets, a great many of whom are promptly murdered by the throngs of predators who come to witness the blessed occasion and partake of the feast. It's not just predators who slaughter the baby waterslogs. Hunters from Chund gather for an annual weekend of carnage and festivities, harvesting slog skins and singing their stupid song.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6(A), Spirit d10, Strength d10, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d8, Notice d8

Pace: 3 **Parry:** 6 **Toughness:** 9

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Aquatic: Although they occasionally come ashore to breed and get a bit of sunshine, water slogs are most comfortable in the water. Swimming Pace 10. They have +2 Fighting when underwater.

Bite: Water slogs munch on fish and other critters of the Big Drink. Str+d6

Immunities: These guys are immune to poisons and diseases that don't affect cremefillians or other slogs.

Size+2: Water slogs are roughly the same size as water slogs.

WUMP

Wumps are big, rubbery, slabs of stone-like predatory coolness. They bounce around like a larva's toy ball, crushing their prey and then wallowing in the ensuing mess, absorbing nutrients through the tiny pores that line their ventral surface. A wump's favorite tactic is to hide near one of Keister Island's statues, remaining still and resembling, upon cursory inspection, just such a thing itself. When a peep comes close (or an animal, but that's not as exciting) the wump leaps into the air and comes crashing down on the hapless victim. Little remains but crushed bone and a shallow rut once a wump has slaked its hunger.



Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d6(A), Spirit d8, Strength d10, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d10, Notice d6

Pace: 12 **Parry:** 8 **Toughness:** 10

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Bouncing Slab of Death: Wumps attack by bouncing high into the air and crashing down on an opponent. Str+2d6. They get the Drop on any opponent who fails to identify them before the first round of combat (Notice -2).

Rubbery: The dense, rubbery flesh of a wump makes it immune to damage from blunt weapons and gives it Armor +4.

YUCKSUCKLER

Witness the lowly yucksuckler, all aslumber in its little hole, sleeping peacefully until the stanky rains flow. Then, in the flick of a lid, it's a rampaging, stabbing orgy of unwelcome penetrations and raw, screaming, horror! Beware the yucksuckler now; no longer does he rest so soundly, instead he seeks only to breed and there exist no females of his species. Oh well, you'll have to do.

Run!

There used to be a cult of wump worshippers on Keister Island. They were all about wandering around drawing scary faces and mustaches on wumps so they would look more like the island's crazy statues. I think they're all gone now. Wait! Don't look behind you.

somehow survive being ripped apart).

Rind: The dense rind of an umber cuke gives it Armor +2.

Subterranean: Although they are plants and must bask in sunlight every ten days or so, umber cukes generally live underground and can see in pitch blackness.

Vegetal: UMBER CUKES are only affected by diseases and poisons that affect plants.

UMBLE-GRUNK

Umbles-grunks are big, lumpy caterpillary things that eat rocks and poop gold. They cruise the Underwhere in small herds and have been domesticated by peeps who covet the the auri-crap they produce. In the wild these fellas can be quite cantankerous, but once socialized they are affectionate and often become attached to a particular trainer. Because of their rarity, the various husbandrical difficulties associated with breeding them in captivity, and the relative inaccessibility of their habitat (most of the ones who lived near the surface have long since been exploited), live umble-grunks are quite valuable, fetching many thousands of clams at market.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d12, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d12

Pace: 6 **Parry:** 5 **Toughness:** 8

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Low-Light Vision: UMBLES-GRUNKS do not suffer penalties in dim light.

Poisonous: The flesh of an umble-grunk is poisonous to anyone who bites or eats it [Vigor-2; Success: Paralyzed for 2d8 minutes; Failure: Paralyzed for 1d4 hours; Raise: -2 to all actions for 1d4 hours].

Size+2: UMBLES-GRUNKS are pretty hefty.

Shove: When threatened or enraged, umbles-grunks slam their bulk into a foe. Str+1d4.

UNCTER

Uncters suck. These hugenormously gargantuan croach-like guys have two heads and enough bad attitude for three. They also have four arms and six eyes, for some reason. They prowl the wildernessal boondocks of Keister Island and other realms, bringing misery and terror wherever they roam. Really, uncters are just big bul-

lies. They dig picking on smaller peeps, which includes almost everyone, and they'll rip the roof off a dude's house just for fun. Whenever an uncter moves too close to a habitation the peeps who live there basically have three choices: move away, hunt the uncter down, or be the uncter's bitch.

That's the way it usually works out, too. Uncters are masterful extortionists, demanding tribute from townsters in exchange for protection (from the uncter). They're smart enough to know how to throw their weight around and weighty enough to throw their smarts around. That didn't make sense. Anyway, uncters suck.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d10, Strength d12+6, Vigor d12

Skills: Fighting d8, Notice d12, Throwing d10, Tracking d8

Pace: 6 **Parry:** 8 **Toughness:** 14

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Bite: Uncters often attack by grappling an opponent and then biting it with one or both mouths. Str+1d8.

Durable: An uncter's leathery skin gives it Armor +2.

Hardy: If an uncter is Shaken, further Shaken results do not cause a wound.

Hurl: Anyone struck by an uncter's fist must make an opposed Strength roll or be thrown 3d10" up and backwards, suffering 1d4 damage for every 5" thrown.

Large: Opponents attacking an uncter do so at +2.

Multidextrous: Uncters do not suffer penalties for using an off-hand.

Observant: Uncters may make a Notice roll to avoid being sneak attacked or surprised. If successful, the uncter is on Hold for the first round of combat. Also, they can not be flanked and can see in dim light without penalty.

Size +4: Uncters are really big.

Two-Noggin: Uncters may perform two actions per round without penalty.

WATER SLOG

Water slogs are aquatic versions of regular old slogs. They swim through the Big Drink with flattened bodies, gobbling fish and other critters, while in turn getting gobbled by bighemoths,

APPENDIX 07: GLOSSARY OF TERMS

BEASTPUNCHER

The guy who drives the wagon or trains the burdnenal beasts.

Bottomliner

Peeps who thinks clamminess isn't just next to gawdliness, it actually is gawdliness.

BRIME

The dried crust formed when yellow snow evaporates. It stinks, burns, and can be mixed with other ingredients to make Grun's Powder.

DAMMIT BINDER

A hocus poker, weirdo, or contanimator who knows how to bind hot dammits.

DANGED WRANGLER

Dudes who use magic and other arts to mess around with entities ...of the Danged.

EXCRESCENCE

The Fundamental building blocks of absolutely everything.

FUNDAMENT

A primordial being that represents, governs, or embodies an essential idea, sensation, or bailiwick.

FUNGISH

A devotee or worshiper of the Moss Boss.

GRUN'S POWDER

A flammable, explosive concoction made from brime and other ingredients.

GUBERTINCT

Hidden colors that lurk unseen in the Soul Patch and other mystic places. Those who perceive them might glean forbidden knowledge.

MOSS BOSS, THE:

The central gawd of the Fungish faith. He's all about the fungus.

NASAL

Novices and initiate monks of the Garden.

NETHER REGIONS, THE

A horrible place full of evil things. It might be imaginary and it might not. Who knows?

...OF THE DANGED

Creatures that exist n some sort of unliving undeath sort of state. They're not alive, but they aren't really dead either. It's hard to explain.

OSMAGOGUE

The boss of a septum at the Garden of Smellemental Glee.

**OVERSNIFFER**

Upper management at the Garden.

POTTYSPRONGE

A small puffball fungus that allows a peep to perceive the gubertinct.

REEK

Magical smellemedleys coalesced and concentrated by smellcasters.

REDOLESSENCE:

The focused essence of a smellement or smellemedley.

RETURNER FROM WHENCE WE CAME

A bunch of worms who are all about gloriously dying in the gullet of something or other.

SCOOP-SHOUTER

The guy who spouts the gab to everyone. Kind of a gossip, but more official than that.

SEPTUM

One of eight distinct groups within the Garden, each with a particular responsibility.

SHERPLE

A guide who's happy to show you around Floom for a nominal fee.

SMELLEMEDLEY

The combined redolence of multiple smellements.

Attributes: Agility d12, Smarts d4(A), Spirit d12, Strength d4, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d12

Pace: 4 **Parry:** 8 **Toughness:** 5

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Flight: Yucksucklers have flying Pace 10 and Climb 3. They can hover, fly backwards, and otherwise maneuver all fancy-like.

Stab-o-phallus: Without getting too graphic, yucksucklers attack by stabbing. Str+1d4. Anyone stabbed by a yucksuckler must make an Agility roll at -2 (-4 if the yucksuckler got a raise). Failure means the yucksuckler has latched on and will continue to thrust away, automatically inflicting Str+1d4 damage each round until it or the victim is dead, or until it finishes it's business, which usually takes 3d4 rounds, after which time it will move on to a fresh victim. A victim's Armor bonuses no longer apply once a yucksuckler is attached.

Tiny: Attacks against a yucksuckler are made at -2 (ranged attacks -4).

ZONKLE (WILD CARD)

Zonkle, if legends are true, once roosted in the valley currently known as Zonkle's Nest. Today, supposedly, he lurks in the holewhence mountains, planning revenge on the peeps who roused him and preying on any who venture near. Zonkle is a bad ass's bad ass, equipped with a gazillion and twelve ways to kill a peep and unafraid to experiment with the gazillion and thirteenth. Let's hope he stays put for a while and never makes good on the threat he implies (destroying Zonkle's Nest and everyone who lives there). In the manner of many such creatures, Zonkle is nigh impossible to describe, not because I'd go insane from the effort, but because I'm lazy and the book's almost done.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d8, Spirit d12, Strength d12+8, Vigor d12

Skills: Climbing d10, Fighting d12+2, Hocus

Poking d10, Notice d6, Shooting d10,

Tracking d12, Throwing d12, Swimming d12

Pace: 6 **Parry:** 8 **Toughness:** 18

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Gobble: Zonkle can bite like nobody's business. Str+d10.

Good to the Last Drop: Zonkle doesn't

suffer any penalties from being injured. He is immune to extra damage from critical hits and ignores specific injuries.

Hocus Poking: Zonkle is a potent poker of hoci. He has 60 PP and the following powers (acid trappings): Barrier, Blast, Blind, Bolt, Damage Field, Dispel, Fear, Growth/Shrink, Invisibility, Puppet.

Huge: Although he's enormous, he also has lots of eyes. Opponents fighting Zonkle DO NOT gain a +4 bonus.

Extra Cool Regeneration: Zonkle may make a Vigor roll each round to heal one wound. If he gets a raise, not only is the wound healed, but a new pseudopod grows in its place, giving him an extra attack each round (Str-2, Reach +3).

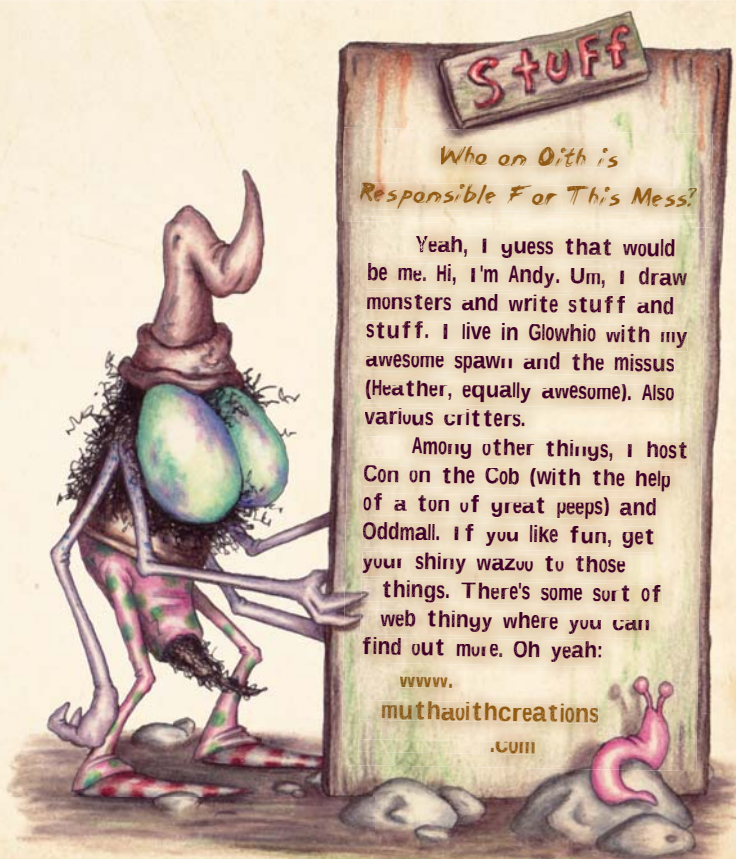
Nigh Invulnerable: Although he can be Shaken or Wounded by normal weapons, Zonkle can only be killed (driven past his third wound) by a weapon made of his own bones.

Size+8: Zonkle is goosin' enormous!

Sticky Saliva: Zonkle can spit gobs of viscous goo (Throwing, range 12/24/48, 2d8 damage, medium burst template). Anyone Shaken by such a gob suffers a -2 penalty to all actions until the goo is washed off.

Tough Mofo: Zonkle's burly flesh gives him Armor +2.





SMELLEMENT

The primordial embodiment of scent. Smellments are the foundational constituents of aroma.

SMELLEMENTAL

A Fundamental being that governs, represents, and embodies the smellments.

SMELLSPEAKER

The boss and abbot of the Garden of Smellmental Glee.

STANKY RAIN

Thick, oily gobs of yellow muck that occasionally fall from the sky and make yucksucklers horny.

SUFFERING SOCKS

A bunch of altruistic, possibly delusional, peeps who torture themselves because they

think it'll leave less room on Oith for everybody else's pain. Or maybe they just get off on it.

UNDERSNIFFER

Middle management at the Garden. Above the nasals and below the oversniffers.

UNDERWHERE, THE

An enormous system of interconnected caverns that spreads beneath the Oith's surface.

WHIFF

Sort of like lesser reeks that don't need as much preparation and pack a lesser punch.

YELLOW SNOW

Vile, blistering flakes that sporadically shower Keister Island. It's where brime comes from.

The End 

THE WHOLE HOLE BENEVOLENCE FOUNDATION

This treatise was made possible through generous contributions by the following individuals and organizations and by the magnanimous auspices of Keistermeister Hugormo XIII of Floom:

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DEREGENTALISM



AN INGENIOUS GAME OF
INGENIOUS INGENIOUSNESSNESS

FOR 2-12 PLAYERS
AGES LARVA TO CRONE



Soon

NAME _____

CHARACTERISTICS

ATTRIBUTES

d  AGILITY
d  SMARTS
d  STRENGTH
d  SPIRIT
d  VIGOR

toughness

EDGES & HINDRANCES

[illegible]

DURATION

This image shows a single sheet of cream-colored paper with horizontal blue ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are approximately 20 lines visible. The paper has a slightly textured appearance and some minor discoloration or foxing, particularly towards the edges. The lighting is even, highlighting the texture of the paper and the color of the ink.

NOTES

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LEGS

EQUIPMENT

WT CARRIED

WT LIMIT

ENCUMBRANCE PENALTY

PERMANENT INJURIES

wounds -1 -2 -3 INC -2 -1 fatigue

PP

5

10

19

20

25

30

LOW LIFE

THE WHOLE HOLE

A Gadabout's Guide to Mutha Oith
VOL. 01 KEISTER ISLAND



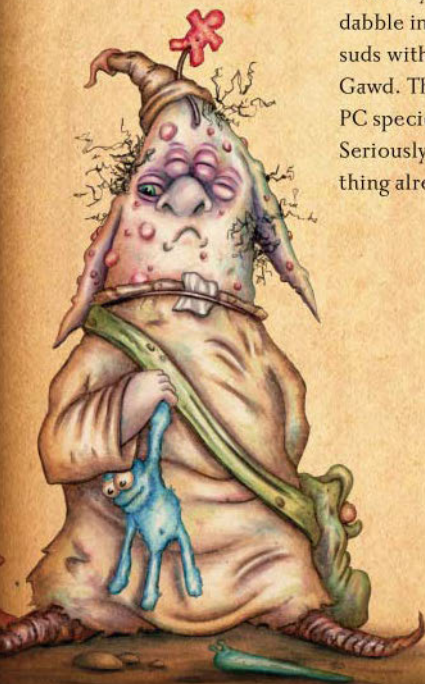
Tash Shardborn has this to say:

"In a very real sense, the Keister is the island. But in an equally, and more accurately, real sense the island is the island. Witness the cosmopolitan jumble of Floom, the aromatic mysticisms of the Garden of Smellemental Glee, the monumental juts and caverns of the Knobby Rumples... Behold dank rites and unspeakable atrocities as you scramble your way through the lichenous strew of Stan's Rug. Prance the loamy frolic of the Soul Patch. Wallow in the ichorous murk of the Imple Slew. Wonder what all those statues are about. Do some other stuff. Try not to get eaten."



The Whole Hole - A Gadabout's Guide to Mutha Oith, Volume 01: Keister Island is the first in a series of guidebooks (that's what "Volume 01" means) designed to immerse the reader within and among the places, peeps, beasts, and happenings of the various realms of Mutha Oith. Join intrepid gadabout Toucanacondor Flaminguez as he tours Keister Island. You'll explore dozens of locales, meet hundreds of peeps, examine new religions, gawp in awe at wondrous magics, and run in terror from a bunsload of horrifying monstrosities.

Here you'll investigate the Fundamental nature of all things, dabble in smellcasting at the Garden of Smellemental Glee, chug suds with Floom's elite, and marvel at the bottomless Keister of Gawd. There's new Holy Crap, new Edges and Hindrances, New PC species, new setting rules, and twenty pages of new monsters. Seriously, stop reading the back cover and just buy the goosin' thing already.



SUGGESTED RETAIL: \$14.95

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