

THE WHOLE HOLE

A Gadabout's Guide to Mutha Oith

VOLUME 02

HOLY CRAP

THE GREAT SECTS CHANGE OPERATION



DREDGED FROM THE MUCK BY

ANDY HOPP



HOLY CRAP

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CREDULOUS SHMECKLE

THE WHOLE HOLE

A GADABOUT'S GUIDE TO MUTHA OITH - VOLUME 2: HOLY CRAP

Unto all who wander, all who traipse, all who are lost and all who are found, is this tome bequeathed.

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ISBN-13: 978-0-9856591-3-4 Printed in USA
Jostens Commercial Printing Clarksville, TN



THE GREAT SECTS CHANGE OPERATION

BEHOLD! It is I, Credulous Shmeckle, erudite excavator of entangled enigmas and perpetual prober of ponderous perplexities. This volume (the second in a continuing series of indispensable guidebooks) compiles, categorizes, and describes many of the insights and observa-

tions gathered during my recent and continuing traipsings among and amid the various holy rollers of Mutha Oith. Here, betwixt the plentiful run-on sentences and pleonastic babblings, studious readers will find unraveled a multitude of the dankest secrets, arcane revelations, and



Here's a thing that's a thing! When this giggity appears at the bottom of a page, it means rules information relevant to the topic at hand can be found in the Appendices at the back of the book (on the page numbered in the word bubble).

In a grand display of talent and boredom at the Whole Hole Suppository of Knowledge in Floom, Credulous Shmeckle recently set the standing record for the most pickles balanced on a peep's nose while juggling linachithi eggs and humming *Too Many Toes on Her Tootsies*.

devotional happenstances of many of Oith's greatest (and least) religions, faiths, cults, and mythologies.

How came I to sport such esoteric knowledge? What shiver of tongue or wiggle of fortune conveyed these guarded confidences into the secular noggin of one such as myself? The answer, of course, is gumption. Throughout the scheme of the past several years, utilizing a brilliant combination of disguise, contrivance, boondoggery, and hocus poking, I've managed to install myself into the congregation of no less than two score plus more of Oith's faiths. My observations, and they are numerous, are here presented for the education of the inquisitive and the edification of the intangibly bereft.

To put it more precisely, I've spent the last several spinnings of the glob immersing myself in the rites, rituals, and circumstances of those who roll holily. To the reader of simplistic perspective, such an undertaking may seem the very definition of ease. After all, who but the evangelical holy rollers of the world are looser with the gab than they? None, is of course the answer. But my interest lies not in the surface spoutings and ministerial babblings of such daddies, sinisters, and doom-dancers. No indeed, I seek the deeper deep. The truths behind The Truth and what lies beyond the lies...

Such depths can only truly be plumbed by one within the order—a profound and fervid adherent of the creed. Gathering the aforementioned gumption, that's exactly what I became, living as a member of the devout, and absolutely dedicating myself to the pious veneration or sacred atrocities of the faith at hand. I was wholly holy, for a few months or so at a time, before moving on to the next One True Faith. Of course, such subterfuge was an easier task among some devotees than others. Try passing yourself off as a nigh-immortal worm among the Returners From Whence We Came or an agony-riddled tormentalist chanting the three hundred sacred anguishes with a pair of Suffering Socks and you'll get a taste of my flavor.

Anyway, I did it. It's done and I can't undo

it. I might as well try to make a profit or two (or maybe a prophet or two) before whatever agents of someone who hates me (hating me is now a required tenet of several canonical tomes) succeed in hunting me down. I have no doubt the final days of Credulous Shmeckle will be spent upon some blazing altar of sacrifice or other, but for now, I leave you with these: the assembled truths, half-truths, lies, half-lies, and sagacities of my experience.

THE GIST OF THE THING

In order to ensure the reader's literary journey is as painful and confusing as possible, this compendium is arranged thusly:

We'll begin with a brief overview of the fundamental nature of Fundamental Nature (as brief as one of my periphrastic meat can manage, anyway). We'll ask some deep, deep questions. Maybe we'll even answer a few. What are the Gawds? From whence comes their power? What, if anything, does it all mean? Who does your hair?

Next, we'll talk holy rollers. Again with the questions... Who's right? Who's wrong? Who cares? From whence comes their power? Where can I get one of those snazzy robes?

Then it's on to the goods: an exhaustive and exhausting description of Oith's great and not so great faiths and religions. From the lowliest cult, scrounging for adherents among society's dispossessed dregs and boondockular outskirts, to the grandest bombasticism, espousing sanctimonious doctrines to city-wide congregations and shivering entire lands with its dogmatic theocracies; they're all here. Well, not all of them. Every burg and podunk on Oith has its own local gawds and goshes, not to mention the numerous entities worshiped by many of Oith's more bestial denizens. To experience them all would be a task beyond the grasp of even so resourceful a gadabout as myself. Here, though, are a few dozen to get you started.

We'll gab about each religion's beliefs. We'll divulge their histories, spill their beans, discuss their rumors, uncover their lies, and ramble about their influences, aims, hierarchies, and places of devotion. We'll annotate their scriptures and critique their fashion sense.

Come on. It'll be fun.

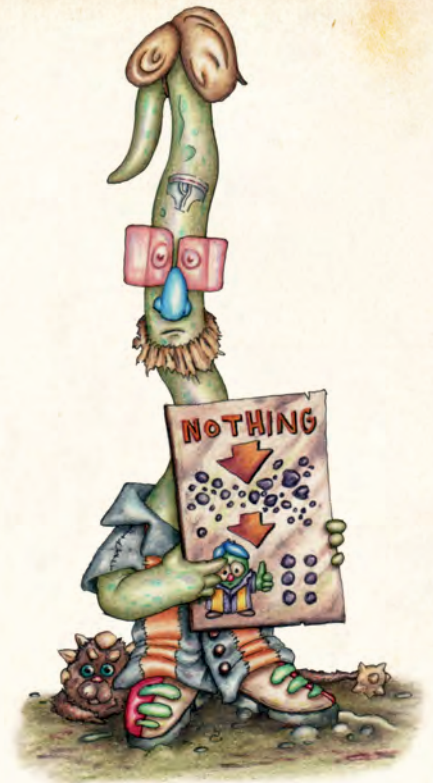
It should be noted the purpose of this book is not to espouse the tenets of one religion over those of another nor to draw unwelcome scrutiny to anyone's contradictions. I have nothing but respect for all gawds, goshes, and supreme entities, as well as the holy rollers and laity who dedicate themselves to the veneration of such guys. My mission is one of enlightenment, not ridicule. If somebody would please be so kind as to explain that to the Santanists who stole my early draft I'd be significantly grateful.

THE FUNDAMENTAL NATURE OF FUNDAMENTAL NATURE

"Of all things extant and all things not, it is the Fundaments, those very aspectual presences that govern and comprise all of existence, who consternate even the deepest thunks and rumble the tummies of Oith's most stalwart wisenheimers. Are they gawds? Are the gawds them? We turn to faith for the answer or, barring that, a simpler question."

-Big Daddy Muffalotta Snivel, Jeezle Freak

Traipse the curbs of just about any burg on Oith (certain exclusions apply, see package bottom for details) and a peep's head holes are certain to be assaulted by the wailings and pontifications of a dozen and twelve assorted holy rollers, thunks, and wisenheimers spouting off about the Fundaments and how we're all either damned, blessed, cursed, stupid, or inbred for espousing or ignoring what he has to say about them. Personally, although I've spent years immersed in such fervor, spouting emphatically along with my fellow pulpiteers, such conviction continues to elude my pragmatic noodle. After all, if one of them is right, does that mean the others are wrong? Yes and no, is the answer.



One of them, anyway. We'll discuss that jazz a bit later on, but for now let's explore just exactly what these things called Fundaments actually are.

Nobody knows exactly what the Fundaments actually are. How could they? Fundaments, by their very nature, are inexplicable. Although some, such as containants and smell-ementals, we may encounter on a daily basis, the powers that fuel them and the desires that govern their schemes are as unknowable and incomprehensible as the constellations formed by Jelvis's sacred back acne. Centuries of study, communion, and experience have given rise to a great number of theories, some comparatively reasonable and others as cracked as Boorglezar's blessed backside (not that Boorglezar's backside is any more cracked than anybody else's). Of these speculations, a few emerge as, if not probable, then at least plausible. Here, in verse for some reason, is what's known, or at least widely believed:

Before there were nights and before days were things
and before the first gawds flapped ethereal wings
there was nothing, just nothing, not light, dim, nor life.
Even nothing gets bored in the absence of strife.
So nothing made something, not something specific,
but something from nothing is pretty terrific.
This something spawned something and, cosmically stated,
Soon somethings abounded, the nothing inflated!
The somethings were nothings, just more of the same,
So nothing made something a little less lame.
These somethings did something, they tried to combine.
So something made some things to keep them in line.

So, if the preceding excerpt from *How It All Went Down* by word wiggler Indulvius Nitch can be deciphered and believed, Fundaments are somehow the supernal governors of essential ideals, substances, and intangible concepts. They were created from nothingness by nobody to sort of look after and embody the interests of the various excrescences, which are these unfathomable cosmic growths, also born of nothingness, from and of which everything else is made (including those same ideals, substances, and concepts). Some Fundaments are ultra powerful, like the gawds, while others are less so, like some of the wussier containimants. See, it's not that complicated.

Well, actually it is. That model we just discussed is really just a bland representation to set our quivering minds at ease. Sure, it describes things as they probably are, but there has to be more to it than that. So many questions are left unanswered. How can nothingness even exist in the first place? How can nothingness create anything at all, let alone everything there is? Did the excrescences crop up on their own, like warts and rashes, or were they cobbled together in some mystic, nothing-based workshop? What about the gawds, did they spring from nothing too? Are they just powerful Fundaments? These questions and countless others, whether they'll ever be answered or not, are enough to keep holy rollers and wisenheimers arguing until the Hoomanrace comes home.

Speaking of the antediluvian Hoomanrace, what about them? Where do they fit into all this talk of Fundaments and gawds and whatnot? There are those who believe the Hoomanrace were gawds unto themselves, or at least some form of lesser goshes. It's clear they held to their own gawds, many of whom are still revered today (Jelvis, Fuzzy, the multifarious pantheons of the Karmasuturists and the Pox Aromans, etc...), but nothing in our experience precludes the worship of one gawd by another, so who knows?

I would be lax if I didn't point out to the reader that much of this information was covered quite handily by Toucanacondor Flaminguez through the auspices of He Who Smells Far in the first volume of this series, but I'm not sure you read that so I'm telling you again.

As we've already discussed, gawds aren't the only Fundaments out there (if we assume gawds are, in fact, Fundamental in nature). All manner of everything is made of excrescence and thus is the purview of some Fundament or other. Most are either absentee flop-wardens, paying little or no attention until something goes drastically wrong (as it did numerous times during that prehistoric era known as The Time of the Flush) or else they're too primordial, overburdened, weak, lazy, or aloof to do much of observable significance. They presumably do all sorts of things, like keeping us from floating off into the sky and making sure the right stuff comes out when we sneeze, but most of them



are so elusive and mysterious that we really don't know anything about them. Even our best guesses are almost certainly wrong. Such Fundaments are known, by those who give three turds about such things, as *Primals*. Ooh, a bad ass name for something so furtive. Sure, they probably wield unfathomable power, but they're confusing and might not actually exist so let's move on.

A step up from the *Primals* are the so-called *Rudiments*. These are the Fundaments most likely to interact with peeps. We know they exist, although some are almost as intangible and mysterious as the *Primals*. These are the myriad *containimants*, those vulgar and offensive spirits of filth and decay who plague our muckier realms and fuel the powers of containimators. So too are the *hoci* (hocuses?), enigmatic and ethereal flutterings of magical essence. And where would smellcasters be without the ephemeral *smellementials*? Sitting on their buns doing nothing, that's where. Ever wonder why some things never seem

to stay dirty no matter how much mud you slop on them or why some peeps are obsessed with keeping everything all neat and tidy? Blame the *pristians*. Such Fundamental jazzes of cleanliness and purity are the hated nemeses of the blight-mongering containimants. These are far from the only types, of course. A crazy abundance and diversity of quintessential Rudiments permeate the Oith and probably a bunch of other realms as well. *Blasphementials* are all about desecration, profanity, and lewdness. Cackling, murderous *snuffs* put the "laugh" in "slaughter". Muttering *hankers* rumble and quake deep within a peep's gut, asserting their dominion as lords of hunger and nutritive appetite. *Giddies* and their ilk rouse appetites of another nature. They cook that squishy feeling you get inside whenever a fine sweet thang swishes by (or maybe you just need to wear diapers). Perhaps someday somebody will scribble an entire volume of *The Whole Hole* detailing all the myriad Rudiments but to-



day is not that day, this is not that volume, and Credulous Shmeckle is not that somebody.

Although Rudiments are extremely numerous, infusing or influencing just about everything that happens to anyone anywhere, most peeps go on doing whatever they do without ever really noticing them. With some conspicuous exceptions, that's just the way they roll.

The most significant difference between Rudiments and the peeps a few yorts up on the Fundamental yortsick is that Rudiments govern, maintain, or embody some primordial aspect of existence, while the gawds (and associated goshes, dags, demi-gawds, semi-gawds, pseudo-gawds, and assorted gawd-like entities) take credit for all that hard work. Consider it this way: Primals are the basic laws and axioms of the whole caboodle. They are why things work the way they do. It takes something incredibly momentous to directly influence the Primals (as happened during the Time of the Flush and at infrequent points elsewhere in history). Rudiments are middle management. They attend to the continuing maintenance of existence and see to the propagation and interests of their bailiwick. Gawds, however, are the big bosses. They're

the head cheeses, making the big decisions and basking in the accolades (or casting the blame). Although most have a designated realm of influence and many began existence as an inferior Fundamental being or some other lowly organism, they aren't restricted by ordained mannerisms and narrow scopes of influence the way Rudiments generally are. They have their own unfathomable interests and wield power beyond the comprehension of puny mortal noggins. Sure the Moss Boss is the gawd of fungus (one of several, actually), and he's really into spreading fungal influences and whatnot, but he does other stuff too. Gawds have personal agendas is the point I'm trying to make. Undoubtedly, the occasional Rudiment rebels against its intrinsic nature for whatever reason (Oily Nad, a jovial contaminant weirdo who lives in the city of Floom, is a good example), but gawds don't have anything against which to go rogue. They are unrogueable.

According to the teachings of various prominent wisenheimers, holy rollers, and that guy babbling in the gutter over there, the gawds didn't just spring forth from nothing the way excrescences did. Nope, they were *hoisted* from lesser stuff, usually lesser Fundamentals but occasionally other beings as well. Apparently all it really takes to be a gawd is for peeps to *believe* you're a gawd. I mean really sincerely believe. None of that "Luscious Laplicker is a gawdess in the sack" nonsense. Is it possible, however absurd, for a gawd to just kind of spontaneously start existing simply because enough peeps decide it does? Sources say yes. Nobody has any clue as to how many worshipers a gawd needs before the other gawds take him seriously, but apparently all it takes is one totally devoted fanatic to heave a peep up to gosh level. Just ask Yort's mom.

Surely, one would assume, there must be a correlation between the number of followers in a gawd's stable and the relative might of said gawd. One would assume incorrectly. Apparently, it's all about *fervor*. A handful of obsessed fanatics can do more for a gawd's potency than



a whole congregation of Boorgsmas and Feast of The Greased Beast Boorglezarians. Certainly a horde of mildly indifferent gawd-groupies is useful. Somebody has to scrub the altars, mumble the litanies, and remember to snuff the candles when the service ends, but such rote and occasional adherence to dogma isn't all that interesting to most of the gawds. No, what they dig is total passionate devotion, if not to the gawd itself then to whatever virtues or iniquities the gawd espouses. That's why a gawd is apt to lay a solid down on a faithful holy roller. It's the same reason I give my pet slog a taco when she piddles outside instead of on the rug.

There must be more to supreme awesomeness than sitting on clouds and granting solids to holy rollers, but gawds aren't known for being particularly vocal about their personal lives. Since gawds don't exactly hand out their home addresses at parties (at least not the parties I've been invited to), most of what's known is either blatant speculation, absurd lies, or incomprehensible ramblings drooled out by some nearly comatose former hero who somehow managed

to escape a cannibalistic blood orgy at Stan's crib in the Nether Regions. Whatever gawds do when they aren't dishing out solids or whispering sweet nothings into the head holes of prophets and holy rollers is none of our business. If they wanted us to know we'd know.

HOLY ROLLERS: HOW THEY ROLL

*While traipsing from Stan's Rug to Goss
On a bridge much to deadly to cross
One of the Danged
And a Fungish harangued
And now their remains feed the moss.*

Just because the gawds don't typically wander the gob spouting their own awesomeness doesn't mean they don't want us to know about it. That's where holy rollers enter stage left. These sacred, sanctified, and often sanctimonious peeps are the gawds' emissaries here on Oith. It's their job to spread the influence



of whatever higher power, numenary essence, Fundamental excrescence, or random otherness they revere. For their trouble, gawds are known to lay a solid down on a holy roller from time to time, usually in the form of a divine miracle, cryptic prophecy, or mumbo jumbic conjuration of one sort or another. Conversely, for a job poorly done a gawd might just choose to snub a mutha-gooser, often robbing the errant roller of a previously endowed gift or inflicting a dreadful curse upon her until some form of absolution is resolved. Such exorbitant measures are usually enforced only against the most egregious sinners, but gawds are known to be fickle so, you know, beware.

Not everyone who preaches a gawd's agenda is an actual holy roller. In fact, most aren't. It takes a special kind of enthusiast to primp the raimental duds and dedicate himself so completely to righteous fervor (or unrighteous fervor, depending on the religion). Obviously not every holy roller gets gifted with the same zazz, or any zazz at all, for that matter. It all depends on a peep's experience, his adherence to the te-

nets of the faith, and of utmost importance, how his gawd feels about him. It's perfectly common for some sacerdotal cloth-donner to warm the pulpit for a lifetime, spitting ecclesiastical tutelage at a congregation of hundreds without ever being granted the simplest of boons. Maybe Boorglezar doesn't like his haircut. Perhaps Jelvis doesn't dig the font of his lower case "t". Whatever the reason, only a scanty smattering of those who rant the righteous rhapsodies actually attract enough gawdly attention to earn a bit of zazz.

A common fallacy insists the gawds are all about purity, abnegation, righteousness and whatnot. That's not necessarily true. Or, at the very least, it's only true depending on the viewpoint of the gawd in question. Holy rollers of the Stanismistic creed, for example, are encouraged to spend more time attending to vice-ridden mayhems and cannibalistic blood orgies than feeding the sick or healing the hungry, in fact, such things are openly discouraged by the Sino-gogue. Santanists too revere more unwholesome pursuits. Their faith is entirely devoted

to burglary, voyeurism, and the enslavement of smelves. Certainly, abstaining from booze or not eating slogs on Splatterday won't earn them any props from The Santa. There are definitely religions that do preach those various virtues (Jeezle Freaks are well known for their shame-mongering sermons and the Dongfonders have almost as many taboos as the Karmasuturists have gawds). The point here is that each orthodoxy preaches its own ideas of what's a virtue and what's a sin. Dogma is not universal and depends greatly on the notions of the particular gawd (or, more commonly, on the gab-spoutings and interpretations of the faithful).

Lest we take a tumble down the blistering chasm of heresy, allow me to illuminate another frequent misconception. This one's been the subject of more chug-midden brawls and burnt steaks than the origin of the Keister and the rightful ascension of the Ding of the Dong combined. It goes thusly: There are a whole bunsload of gawds, right? That much is established or at least widely believed, but what about all these peeps who venerate something other than a gawd? From whence blossoms their zazz? I mean, how can a moist sponge or a goosin' broccodile grant miracles to a holy roller? For that matter, why do Hoomanitarrians and Not-of-this-Oithlings waggle fancy zazz? It's not like their ancestors are gawds (unless they are, as many believe)? The answer is complex, but I shall endeavor to appease the imaginary voice in my head that just asked those questions.

First, it's not necessary to actually worship a particular gawd in order to nab some zazz from that gawd. For example, gleam your peepers at such indistinct theologies as those offered by the Jemimah's Witnesses and the Suffering Socks. The former venerates desecration and loathing toward all vestiges of the hated Hoomanrace while the latter values agony and self-abuse for some reason. Neither reveres a particular gawd, so who blasts them their solids? Some other gawd, that's who. Whatever these guys are up to there's a Fundamental being who is keen on it and wants to see it propagated. This may seem to run counter to the whole fervor

equals influence equation we just discussed but that's not really so. See, gawds have ways of extending themselves and metaphysically squirming into places a peep might not expect. Maybe Stan has a stake in the Witness's hatred of the Hoomanrace simply because any form of hatred makes him smiley. It's possible Jelvis or Fluffy or Boorglezar or some other gawd feels sorry for the Suffering Socks or gets off on their suffering. I don't know, I'm not a gawd (yet) and I'm hesitant to make too many assumptions about their motives and proclivities.

Some holy rollers don't really worship anything at all. Take the Returners From Whence We Came or the Big Babies, for example. Why should they get any special treatment? One's a mob of chronically suicidal worms who keep being reborn for some reason and the other's a whiny gaggle of tantrum-throwing brats who can't come to terms with grown up reality (or maybe they're an enlightened synod of brilliant explorers who see the Oith through wonder-filled orbs in ways jaded adult minds can't fathom; either way they don't worship anything in particular). Again, someone *must* give a goose about what's happening with these peeps. They continue to nab miracles from somewhere. Who knows, maybe the power of self-delusion is what's really fueling all this zazz and holy rollers are really nothing but misguided hocus pokers. Maybe gawds aren't even *real* and we're all just imaginary characters in somebody else's book. It's possible, but don't tell Boorglezar I said so.

Of course, none of this means a scrambled slog brain to the holy rollers themselves. They believe what they believe and nab their zazz from whom they nab their zazz. Some are open to discussion and theological inquiry while others scream blasphemy as soon as a vicinitous doubt is expressed. Enmity between certain opposing faiths is epidemic. Consider the blazing hatred expressed by Jemimah's Witnesses against their reviled Hoomanitarian foes or the simmering distrust between the fastidious Polishers and the filth-garnering Crudbrothers. Warfare between such disparate adversaries is not unheard of (particularly between those first two), nor



is it rare among various sects of the same faith. Nothing is apt to rile a peep up more vehemently than when some goose with an opposing viewpoint gets up in his grill about it, especially when that viewpoint questions the very foundation of his Fundamental beliefs. Nobody likes to be instigated and holy rollers less so than most.

Of course, the opposite phenomenon also occurs. The holy rollers of various accordant faiths often get along quite well. There's certainly no inherent enmity between Jeezle Freaks, Hoomanitarrians, and Fluffy Nubblers. After all, they each venerate the Hoomanrace in one form or another. Similarly, Santanists and Stanismists often find themselves with compatible goals. Karmasuturists and Returners From Whence We Came both enjoy a similar obsession with resurrection and heroics. Jemimah's Witnesses and Dongfonders share a congruent espousal of cremefillian ideals. Why can't everyone follow

such examples and just get along? Sadly, it's not in most peeps' nature.

Fervor being what it is, there's naturally enough discord within the sects of most religions to make such interfaith enmities and alliances inconsequential. Some holy rollers are too busy arguing with members of their own creed over what color of underpants Jelvis wore to Aaaath's First Confusion ceremony, or how many pristians can breakdance through the eye of a hamster, to bother with outside hostility. Others just don't care what anybody else thinks. They've wrapped themselves so smugly in rote dogmatic earmuffs that any diverging conversation has no chance of busting through. These holy rollers are often the most dangerous of the lot—garbed as they are, in the armor of righteousness. Not surprisingly, they're also the sort the gawds seem to favor, often wielding miraculous zazz beyond the acumen of less vehement devotees.

AAAAATHEISTS

*An Aaaatheist will not be coerced,
Whether best, mediocre, or worst,
To care if he's right
Or who has more might.
It's only about being first.*

Aaaath, the central deity of the Aaaatheist faith, doesn't give a limp broccodile poop about anything other than being first at everything (even alphabetical order). My time among his clergy was hectic, frantic, and occasionally obnoxious. These are some of the most impulsive peeps out there. They never pause to consider consequences. Tact, etiquette, and planning are foreign to their mindset. At first glance, and that's usually all a peep's likely to get, Aaaatheists are spontaneous, impetuous, and unpredictable. If they have nothing to add to a conversation they'll likely just yell "First!" and look around for someone to high five.

Life in an Aaaatheist enclave can be exhausting for an outsider. Even a few minutes in their company is enough to frazzle most peeps. Why do they act this way? What does it all mean? I'm glad I asked. While their actions appear rash and flighty, and they often are those things, the goal is something else entirely. Aaaatheists strive for total harmony between thought and action. It's not about thoughtless random nonsense, it's about thinking so fast that decisions and the entire chain of consequences loosed by those decisions, become instinctive. Action no longer requires forethought, it just happens on its own. This might seem to contradict that first paragraph, but what I said was they never *pause* to consider consequences, not that they never consider them.

It's not just unity between physical reactions and thunkular impulse these guys dig; intellectual pursuits also get the Aaaatheist treatment. Thinking without thought might sound oxymoronic (or at least regular moronic) until a peep considers we do it all the time. Did you

think to yourself, "I shall consider reading the word 'time'" before you read it at the end of that last sentence? Of course you didn't. Just because Aaaatheists don't stop to think doesn't mean they don't think. Sure, they babble nonsense most of the time, but sometimes all the noise just covers for the fact that they're already six steps ahead of the conversation. The best Aaaatheists seem to know the answers to questions that haven't even been asked yet. It's not dementia, but it could easily pass as such. Sure they're impatient and rude, always pushing their way to the front of the line and shouting out answers without buzzing in, but Aaaatheists have a higher purpose.





According to the hastily blathered tenets of Aaaatheism, Almighty Aaaath, First of the Foremost, promises a third ingredient in the whole mind-body unity stew. If a *nimble* (as holy rollers of Aaaath are known) ever attains that perfect confluence of thought and action his essence will cease to exist on the Oithly plain, merging forever with the Fundamental blur that is Aaaath. Why would anybody want this? Well, in the opinion of Velocious Scram, Champ of

the Aaaatheist enclave in Doop (where my surreptitious hustlings occurred), mingling with the essence of a gawd is pretty awesome. So far only three peeps in all of history are believed to have undergone this transformation. The first, legendary champion Firsto the First, First of the Firsters, exploded in a ball of light while battling a particularly ferocious horde of hairy ass muth-as. The second, Oono the Split, just sort of disappeared one day while popping out for a mug of

Velocious Scram must forever live with the shameful knowledge that his identical twin brother, Lugubrious Scram, was born first.

suds. The third, a ridiculously obnoxious flew by the name of Zz... (He was in too much of a hurry for a full name) spontaneously erupted in flames while trying to outrun a swarm of time flies. I had the honor of actually being present for this latter transformation and it looked, to my untrained peepers, like any other random immolation. Still, Velocious Scram insists we witnessed a miraculous ascension and I'm not inclined to argue with someone who could likely yank the tongue from my gob before I even gawp.

rites, rituals, and observances

Aside from the constant races, dance-offs, games of freeze tag, and scurrying for position that accompanies their lifestyle, Aaaatheists don't have much in the way of rituals. Occasionally, whenever enough nimbles spontaneously decide to do it, an assemblage of Aaaatheists will just take off running in the same direction to see who reaches a target location first. The results are ultimately confusing, since they seldom take the time to agree on the finish line before they start.

the throng

It should come as no surprise that Aaaatheism is popular among flews and other spontaneous folks. Quite a few smelves and croaches dig this lifestyle as well. Conversely, it's almost unheard of among snells, whose rational and often ponderous minds want nothing to do with such impetuous notions. Funguys, too, make poor Aaaatheists. They prefer to take it all in, enjoying Oith's hidden colors and wallowing in the experience of experience.

Aaaatheism, with its act first and never ask questions attitude, is gaining popularity among certain bands of scufflers, thugs, and other war-some peeps. For obvious reasons, the faith is particularly attractive to athletes, messengers, scouts, and peeps being chased by scary things.

symbolology

The hallowed emblem of the Aaaatheist faith is a blue ribbon, often adorned with embel-

ishments of auricrap and other sparkly jazz in the shape of the number one.

raiment

Although several habiliments, such as tube socks and overly-revealing shorts, are common among Aaaatheists, devotees don't generally put a lot of thought into their wardrobe. Champs usually wear more ribbons and accolades than nimbles, but no scriptural decrees govern their vestments.

sins, virtues, and offerings

Of all transgressions an Aaaatheist may commit, none is more blasphemous than deliberately letting someone else go first. It runs counter to all the sacred ramblings and continued transgressions could get a roller defrocked or worse. Devout Aaaatheists are forbidden to meditate, ruminate, noodle, muse, ponder, or deliberate. Patience is *not* a virtue.

Obviously, foremost among Aaaatheist virtues is that holy sacrament known as "Firsting". It's exactly what it sounds like. Not only is it the cardinal benevolence of the faith, it's the way nimbles make amends when they screw up. Winning some races against a few chumps (or a few dozen speedy dudes, depending on the gravity of the offense) is usually enough for a roller to get back onto Aaaath's roster.

BIG BABIES

A Big Baby gushing with tears

Threw a tantrum so loud it bled ears.

A cantankerous grump

Spanked his buns on the rump

Then the two of them went out for beers.

I first met a Big Baby, decked in his sacramental diaper, holding aloft the hallowed rattle-scepter of his faith and bawling sacerdotal tantrums to passersby in Floom's Place of Pondering. Most of the peeps in attendance

Low ranking Aaaatheist nimbles are known as "participants".



assumed they were witnessing some sort of burgeoning insanity, what with a fully grown croach blubbering and whining what sounded like garbled nonsense while alternately suckling his toes and slurping on the blessed binky he wore from a beaded ribbon about his neck. What was this burbling oddity? Was he sick in the noggin? Did he offend a vengeful dementalist? Wonking the 'sponge? Too many snuggleblarfs at the Guzz? Was he just a moron? What, so to speak, gives?

The answer to all those questions is *maybe* (except the last one and the first one). What gives is this: It's very possible he was drunk, wonking the 'sponge, afflicted with madness, brain-drained, or stupid, but all of that is incidental to his purpose in The Place of Pondering that day. See, Big Babies, or *Newborns* as they sometimes dig being called, don't see things the way the rest of us do. To their way of thinking this life is just one of many embryonic stages in a peep's development. One of the first, in fact.

The reason they act like larvae is they believe that's exactly what they are. Why rush through life, striving for maturity and accomplishment, when there's so much to experience through infantile eyes? So called "grown-ups" are jaded, bland, and never really know as much about anything as they think they do. By clinging to their unfledged ideals, Big Babies experience daily wonders most peeps have long forgotten. Of course, there's more to Big Babyism than toe-sucking and tantrums. Those things are more like daily affirmative rites than a lifestyle unto themselves, although Newborns are pretty much persistently immature, wide-eyed, and puerile. They try to maintain an infantile sense of ignorance and wonder, always open to new ideas and never disbelieving anything based on past experience. By doing so, they attest, they see things as they really are, achieving an understanding unprejudiced by sophistication and unhindered by adherence to the rules of adult society.

Somewhere among all the soiled diapers and temper tantrums lurks a surprisingly sound nibble of dogma. Big Babies don't just imagine themselves to be infants, their creed promises they actually are. We all are, in fact, most of us just don't see the truth of it. Sure, it's disconcerting when a full grown adult crawls over to you in the middle of a suds midden and asks you to change his diaper, but if that's how these peeps come to terms with things who are we to deny them? I found my time among the Big Babies to be spiritually and emotionally liberating. Despite the strange looks and constant derision, there's something to be said for just having a good bawl whenever frustration sets in. I learned to peer the gist through the eyes of a larva and I consider myself stronger and, strangely, more mature for the experience. Larvae see things adults miss. While grown-ups *know* things, babies *wonder* about things. Once a peep screws his noggin on sideways enough to sparkle the difference, the Oith becomes a whole new place, brimming with fascinating discoveries and captivatingly shiny things. Of course, then there's the whole diaper issue...

To really dig the funk of the Big Baby creed, a holy roller has to live the life. Whatever gawd or gawds are responsible for passing the zazz seldom hand it out to any but the most ardent devotees. These are the peeps who wear diapers and use them. They shake rattles, cry for no apparent reason, babble nonsensically, and communicate mostly in tantrums and overly affectionate hugs (I know what you're thinking, but leave my ex-wife's mother out of this).

Big Babies don't necessarily espouse any particular gawd over others (although many offer obeisance to a mysterious entity known as *The Sitter*). Still, there's enough spirituality in their conviction to attract the attention of someone out there. Holy rollers among the Big Babies still blast their zazz, often in disgustingly puerile ways, so one gawd or another must be minding the nursery. According to Hoob Throbnoggin, an Ewgian gadabout and respected wisenheimer, in his tediously worded yet eminently respected treatise *Devotional Reciprocity and Shared Casserole Recipes Among Savages of the Pinksnout Tribe: A Dissertation in Ninety-three Parts*, such scenarios are not uncommon. The Pinksnouts, he tells us, are a brutish and primitive clan of worms who dwell deep in the swampy fungles of the Phesterance. Having resisted countless attempts at conversion by Boorglezarian, Hoomanitarian, and Jeezle Freakian missionaries, the Pinksnouts remain passionately devout in their belief in the gawdliness of a particular lump of crud that fell from the sky one day, crashing through the shroom caps to land in a steaming heap atop their then-flattened chieftain. The crud was later revealed to be a stale souseburger sandwich accidentally dropped by a gadabout named Foofle the Yolk as he passed overhead in one of those balloons made out of an inflated plorp carcass. Still, its appearance was remarkably unexpected and the impact it had on the tribe was significant enough to convince the Pinksnouts to give up their various critter cults and worship the clumpy mass instead. The fact that the chieftain was also the tribe's religious leader and was in the process of sacrificing their last eligible bachelor to a bunch

of broccodiles may have influenced their decision. Anyway, the point is, the stale sandwich is obviously not a gawd. I suppose it's possible the Pinksnouts are ardent enough in their belief that it became one due to that whole power of fervor thing we talked about before, but it's unlikely. If it was that easy we'd all be Yort's mom. Unless something really unusual is going on, it's far more likely another gawd is picking up the slack. Maybe a holy roller will show up some day to convince them the sandwich was a gift from Boorglezar and the whole tribe will convert. Who knows what's in the noggin of a gawd? Not me, but I suspect they ponder things on a different scale than the rest of us. Cheese leeches to them are like those weird little slug-like things that keep showing up in all the pictures to us. They make big plans and take big steps, but each of those plans is made of a multitude of tiny plans and baby steps. Sometimes Big Baby steps. And that's why this preceding paragraph is relevant. The Big Babies are probably like the Pinksnouts, deriving zazz and inspiration from an unknown gawd only superficially related to their philosophy. Other theories exist, of course, but this book isn't big enough to cover them all.

It might seem likely, what with the individualized nature of the Big Baby experience and the lack of a gawd upon whom to focus devotion, the Newborns wouldn't have a central place of worship. Some things could be farther from the truth, although a sect of Boorglezarians known as the Nannies are sympathetic to the cause. They occasionally set up nurseries in some of Oith's larger cities in which to care for Big Babies who happen to crawl by. They're also known to travel with Big Babies, protecting them from bullies and attending to various maternal functions.

Don't get the idea Big Babies are oblivious or stupid. They know when it's time to get busy, they just do so in the most immature and puerile way imaginable. They are uninhibited in a way most of us only experience while browsing the salad bar at Stanachio's Swirling Clustergoose or wonking the 'sponge in the Soul Patch. They're



impulsive in ways only Aaaatheists can relate to and occasionally lewd in ways that would make a Seananist blush. Nothing embarrasses them. When they're bad they're awful but when they're being good they'll melt your heart (not literally, that's for when they're being bad).

RITES, RITUALS, AND OBSERVANCES

Every faithful Big Baby begins each day with a diaper change and a feeding, followed by a sacramental burp and maybe a nap or two. They don't really observe any particular holy days, feasts, or observances, since every experience to them is full of wonder and mystery.

THE THRONG

Big Babyism is a relatively personal experience. There's no organized laity or hierarchy to the structure of devotees. A litter of Newborns will sometimes travel together, but they're often more comfortable among sympathetic peeps and playmates of other faiths. It's not unheard of, nor even uncommon, for a Big Baby to adhere to another religion as well, as long as the two don't preach conflicting dogmas.

The Newborns are a relatively new religion. As such, they have yet to build a huge following. Most peeps have never heard of them. Despite this, devotees of various species and backgrounds are known. The vast majority of Big Babies are croaches, worms, or cremefillians, although a good number of dungces, snells, smelves, boduls, and piles follow the creed as well. How do you change a pile's diaper? What would be the point?

SYMBOLOGY

Newborns don't really hold any particular symbol as sacred, although just about anything brightly colored or scribbled in crayon will get their attention.

RAIMENT

Larval vestments being sacred to the Big Babies, such things as diapers, booties, bonnets, jumpers, and pajamas are popular.

SINS, VIRTUES, AND OFFERINGS

Wide-eyed wonder, imagination, and puerility are cherished attributes among the Big Babies, as are temper tantrums, diaper soiling, and mispronouncing words in a cute way. In fact, the Big Babies have developed their own form of secret language, replete with seemingly nonsensical babblings, mispronounced words, coos, and gurgles. They use this tongue to communicate among themselves and to keep secrets from grown-ups.

Anathema to them are such concepts as cleaning up after themselves, sharing toys, speaking coherently, and not screaming for ab-

solutely no reason. Despite this, the Big Baby lifestyle is very individualized and the only thing that's really likely to get one snubbed is acting out of character and taking things too seriously.

In the event a Big Baby does get snubbed, a few crayon drawings offered in oblation are usually enough to appease whatever gawd passed the judgment. For persistent or egregious offenses it might be necessary for a newborn to desecrate an entire building with such scribbles by way of atonement.

BOORGLEZARIANS

Before we are forced to adjourn

It's vital the larvae all learn

The holiest creed

The one we must heed

Is from dung we are born and return

Way, way, waaaaaaaay back in the day, when the Fundaments first took form, Boorglezar, the cosmic dung beetle, gathered unto him/her/itself all the leftover excrement crud, the creational dung, if you will, and rolled it all into a big ball. This enormous clod, so the Boorglezarians preach, is the very Oith upon which we dwell. From that original ball of cosmogonical detritus sprang forth all life and pretty much everything else. Whether true or not, this theory, and the resultant worship of Boorglezar, is extremely popular among many of Oith's denizens. In fact, Boorglezarianism is second only to Hoomanitarianism as Oith's most prominent faith.

Perhaps the primary reason for Boorglezarianism's widespread following is the expansive ambiguity in the holy scriptures. Boorglezar, being sort of a universal being, is pretty much all things to all peeps. He's (I'm going to say "he" even though it's not entirely accurate) both male and female and also no gender and every gender all at the same time. Boorglezar is the creator of just about everything, but he's

also destined to destroy the Oith at some time in the indeterminate future. He's a rampaging party beast and a stoic intellectual. A desperate strumple and an abstinent prude. He's tall and short, fat and slim, boisterous and meek, ingenious and moronic... Boorglezar is the whole caboodle. He's also nothing, a great brimming void and a barren abundance. He is everything you'll never be, kind of like an overachieving big sister. Why can't you be more like Boorglezar?

Because of this myriadical existence, Boorglezar's followers can pretty much act however they want. As long as they do it in Boorglezar's name it's all good. This leads to a great deal of division among the faith's various sects, cults, and factions. There are almost as many variants of Boorglezarianism as there are Boorglezarians. Many holy rollers pick a few aspects of their gawd and spout the gab in adoration of those ideals and Boorglezar's idealization thereof. Others embrace the chaotic dichotomy of Boorglezar's multifarious nature. In many ways, the multiple aspects of Boorglezar are akin to the innumerable gawds of the Karmasuturists and the Pox Aromans or the Patron Stains of the Jeezle Freaks. Each represents a fragment of experience and accepts obeisance in deference to its particular bailiwick. Boorglezar is a pantheon of one.

In the face of such nebulous indistinction, a holy roller might turn to scripture for answers. With Boorglezarianism this often leads to more turmoil. The *Boorglebibles*, sacred texts lain down millennia ago by Shimmizar, Boorglezar's main dude, are a revered and consecrated collection of volumes, the most hallowed writings of the faith and the basis of everything that's come since. Unfortunately, they're really, really confusing. The Boorglebibles are several dozen volumes and many thousands of pages of contradictions, allegories, and cryptic befuddlements. They're written in such a way that a peep could interpret them to justify or condemn just about anything. And peeps do. Often. It's unclear whether Shimmizar intended to cause such segmentation among the followers of Boorglezar, but it is what it is.

Thankfully, most of Oith's influential puparchs preach the happier aspects of Boorglezarianism. Such virtues as tolerance and harmony are encouraged. Instead of focusing on conflict and the divisive nature of hardcore Boorglezarianism, they goad adherents toward the three aspects of devotion they can all agree on: reverence for Almighty Boorglezar, respect for the prophet Shimmizar, and admiration of the sacred ball of dung. Of course the degree to which one of these things deserves esteem over the others is a source of constant debate and occasional warfare.

Did I just say *sacred ball of dung*? Yes indeed. Dung, and most importantly, dung formed into a ball, is a divine substance to Boorglezarians. It comes from us and we come from it (see, plants and fungus are nurtured by it, we eat them, etc...). We eventually become it when we die (assuming something eats us) and, if Shimmizar's writings are strategically deciphered, the whole Fundamental everything is made of it, at least the parts we get to interact with. Basically, we are all gawd poop. Whether all this is meant to be taken literally or allegorically is open to (extensive) debate. We'll leave that for the holy rollers to discuss.

As one of Oith's most prominent religions, Boorglezarianism is extremely widespread. Its adherents can be found, in one form or another, all over the place. Major boorgthedrals and taboorgnacles exist in most of Oith's larger burgs, while just about every village from Clorb's Wang to the The Middle of Nowhere has at least one shrine or chapel. A particularly vehement form of Boorglezarianism is practiced in That One Place With All the Sand. Peeps around those parts are very intolerant of other religions. The worship of other gawds is forbidden by sultanical decree and punishable by all sorts of nastinesses.

One of Boorglezarianism's greatest monuments is the vast edifice known as the *Boorglezarium*. Nestled, perhaps even secreted, deep within the looming Teats of Boorglezar wholewhence of the Phesterance, this enormous temple is a tribute to all the many aspects of the



Boorglezarian faith. Pilgrims and tourists from across the Oith traipse through its massive maw to pay their respects to the tomb of Shimmizar, to gaze upon the majestic Thousandfold Faces of Boorglezar, and to nab some sweet Boorglezar plushies in the gift shop.

Although it would take a volume many times the size of this one to describe all of Boorglezarianism's various factions, and a lifetime far more expansive than my own to experience them all, a few notable sects are about to get their beans spilled...

THE BOORGTHODOX

Boorgthodox Boorglezarians practice a strict and literal adherence to the sacred teachings of Shimmizar as interpreted by specially ordained scholars known as Boorgbabblers. They declare the sovereignty of Boorglezar above all other deities and are often intolerant of those who practice other faiths. Sultan Pepper of Bajjuana is the highest puparch of this order.

THE BROTHERS OF THE BLESSED BONE BUCKET OF BOORGLEZAR

Centered in Floom but gathering followers elsewhere, monks of this order attend to various funerary services and see to the disposal of dead things. Many consider it their holy mission to destroy various spirits ...of the danged wherever they are found. Even though they call themselves brothers, sisters are welcome among the order as well. It's just less alliterative that way.

THE DUNGLINGS

The sacred ball of dung being, well, *sacred* and all, these guys are all about it. They venerate Boorglezar's hallowed sphere and ponder the significance of the object, not only as a ritually compelling artifact but also as a philosophical and mathematical entity of mystery. Many wonders of existence can be discerned through the study of dung balls, apparently. There's a whole thing about it, and I'm sure it's very interesting. Not surprisingly, this sect is popular among



dungces and particularly lonely croaches. Hey, you do you. Credulous Shmeckle don't judge...

THE INSTRIDERS

Dung happens. Sometimes a peep just has to say *what the goose* and accept the things he can't change. Adaptability is the central philosophy of the Instrider sect. Puparch Throttled Sharm leads the flock from the Metamorphic Taboorgnacle in New Oorlquar, the décor of which is altered daily to reflect the ever-changing and often contradictory nature of the faith. If you can't change it, roll with it. If you can't roll with it, grow wheels.

THE NANNIES

This maternal order of nuns and sums (sums are like nuns but without the customary vow of chastity) consider themselves individually and collectively married to Boorglezar. As his wives they are beholden to care for his children. Since

everyone, according to the gab they spout, is one of Boorglezar's larvae at least somewhere along the line of lineage, the nannies are the symbolic mom's of everyone on Oith. They do a lot of charity work, as befits their station, but such activities are usually accompanied by a considerable amount of cheek pinching, snuggly-wugglies, and nagging peeps to clean their rooms.

It should be pointed out that this sect is not restricted solely to female congregants. Boorglezar isn't picky.

THE UNDECIDED

These peeps are so befuddled by the whole conflicted mishmash of personalities inherent to the faith they can't even make decisions for themselves. *What would Boorglezar do?* is impossible to fathom when one considers the infinitude of possible answers. To aid in this quandary, the Undecided have devised a solution: let Boorglezar decide. They use hallowed *Cubes*

of *Sacramental Resolve*. These objects, which are rarely actually cubic, are snazzily crafted polyhedrons with a varying number of sides. Upon each face is a particular word or symbol. An Undecided rolls this die upon waking and continues his day according to the whim of the cube. If the face says "cowardly", for example, the adherent might spend the day whimpering and hiding behind stuff. If it says "gregarious" he'll be overly friendly to everyone. The number of faces and how often the cube is rolled are determined by the orthodoxy of the participant. More devotion generally means more decisions are left to Boorglezar, which generally translates to more options and more frequent rolling. An alternate *Orb of Sacramental Resolve*, features a liquid-filled black sphere inside which is placed a transient question answering cube. The devotee asks a question, such as "Should I be nice to peeps today?" The sphere answers *Sources say yes* or *Ask again later*, or any of a number of other responses.

rites, rituals, and observances

Boorgsmas is the most important holy day in the Boorglezarian religion. Even the most casual follower rolls out the family dung ball and dances a jig or two in deference to the creator. It's a time of feasts and revelry for most, a solemn and dignified period of fasting and reflection for others. Peeps in Babajuana partake of something called the Babajuana Bountiful Boorgsmas Banquet, a massive city-wide brunch buffet hosted by Sultan Pepper. Even slaves are allowed to partake. It's festive.

Other holy days include the Feast of the Greased Beast, Boorgbabble, Dung Rolling Day, Shimzmas, Boorglezar's Big Feed, and a thousand and twelve others. Each sect, cult, and faction has its own observances and I'm not strong enough to carry a calendar that lists them all.

THE THRONG

Boorglezarianism is particularly fashionable among croaches and dungces, although a fair number of worms, piles, and others revere the cosmic dung beetle as well. Oofos like him

because he has the word *cosmic* in his title. I've never heard of a Boorglezarian horc, but stranger things exist.

A pretty rigid hierarchy abides within the more structured sects of Boorglezarianism. Novitiates enter the Boorgthedral as pre-pupes. From there they may be promoted to instars, planidia, and other higher rankings. Puparchs are the heads of particular orders or taboorgnacles. In That One Place With All the Sand Sultan Pepper rules the roost, both as the secular boss of the land and as the residing theocrat and interlocutor. Peeps say he speaks directly to the prophet Shimmizar, and I wouldn't risk my noggin enough to dispute it.

SYMBOLGY

Most prominent among Boorglezarian symbols is the omnipresent ball of dung. Holy rollers and other faithful peeps display it proudly upon their person and in their homes.

RAIMENT

While many factions and sects have their own clerical dress code, some garish and opulent, others meager and dull, the faith as a whole doesn't have a standard vestment. The color brown and other oithy hues are popular.

SINS, VIRTUES, AND OFFERINGS

Despite the incredibly diverse ways in which the religion is practiced throughout the world there are a few cardinal virtues that hold true for all Boorglezarians. Foremost among them is the obvious reverence for Boorglezar, his prophet Shimmizar, and the sacred dung ball. Insulting, defacing, or otherwise failing to show deference to any of these could get a holly roller snubbed. Each sect has its own various merits, ethics, injustices, no-nos, and forbearances, but respect for Boorglezar and his jazz is pretty universal.

Atonement, too, takes many forms. From simple, tedious dung rolling to holy quests in the name of Boorglezar, such penance depends on the severity of the transgression and the tenets of whatever particular sect is involved.



BOTTOMLINERS

*A Bottomliner intent to defraud
Insisted I pray to my wad.
Your clamsack, he stated,
Is a shrine consecrated.
Cash isn't just king, it is Gawd!*

Sure, a good fork to the butt can prod a peep to action and a belly full of cake makes a guy smiley, but few things motivate like cold hard clams. After all, what bought the fork? What hired the guy to prod you? What did you owe to someone in the first place in order to deserve such a prodding? What paid for that fancy cake? Clams is the answer. According to the Bottomliners clams is the answer to everything. Perhaps money can't buy happiness, but the Bot-

tomliners took out a fifty year lease and opted for the extended warranty.

Clams aren't just viewed as a means to an end. They are the end in itself. Nothing, say the Bottomliners, incites, inspires, persuades, or provokes quite like a sack full of shiny bits—except, perhaps, religion. Heck, they continue, since clams do the job of a gawd, maybe they are a gawd. Therefore, they go on, if I acquire a whole buns-load of them I'll have more gawdliness in my life. The closer my relationship with material wealth the closer I am to the gawds. It makes perfect sense. Clamminess, apparently, is next to gawdliness.

For obvious reasons, the Bottomliners were a particularly difficult bunch to infiltrate.

They are notoriously resourceful, necessarily suspicious, and utterly exclusive. A peep has to show a fat clamsack and prove his hoard is bursting before he's even allowed past the lobby of the Vault of Revenuvial Affluence in Floom or any of a number of sacred treasuries in other burgs. Nevertheless, I managed to wheedle my way amongst the sacramentally clammy the old fashioned way. I lied. Manifesting a gob of my trademark ingenuity, my masterful skill at disguise, a few splashes of spitting image essence, and several hundred bulging purses I've managed to accrue over the course of my traipsings, I decked myself in pimpin' finery and oozed my way into high society.

My days as a Bottomliner were a welcome and comfortable change occurring soon after I recuperated from the torments I suffered at The Palace of Pain Perpetual. I dined on the finest grub, quaffed the most decadent vintages, and partook of pleasures and extravagances the likes of which the unclammy can only imagine. My fellow Bottomliners welcomed me into their fold graciously enough (once I displayed the requisite wealth and vowed my adherence to the creed). Still, by nature they're a cliquish group, and it took quite a lot of glad-handing and gift-giving to really immerse myself in their faith.

Gift-giving? Doesn't that go against the central tenet of the Bottomliner faith? Sort of, but not really. See, the Bottomliners are all about gathering material clamminess. They certainly despise such abhorrent sins as generosity, discounts, free samples, and austerity, but such things are tolerated if they are performed in the furtherance of some larger pecuniary gain. Bribery and graft in the pursuance of a bursting vault are cardinal virtues, while handouts and donations for the sake of charity could get a peep excommunicated. Secret meetings are held whenever questions regarding a Bottomliner's motivations arise. In fact, the current Principal Broker, Cabbage Gildensack, reportedly attained the high office after his predecessor was demoted because he didn't insist on a refund when a newly purchased show slog turned out to

be of questionable pedigree. The Principal Broker isn't necessarily the clammiest and holiest of the Bottomliners, but he usually is.

Since clamminess is equal to gawdliness, the clammiest Bottomliner is also the holiest. Whatever gawds oversee such things must agree; Cabbage Gildensack is an extremely potent holy roller. I happened to be witness to an attempted mugging against the Principal Broker and I can attest to the might of his zazz. Several bruised and charred horcish thugs limped home that night wearing their cudgels as suppositories.

One might wonder, justifiably, how such clamminess can be accurately measured, what with the subjective nature of clams and all. Good point, one. The magnitude of a peep's wealth is indeed a challenging thing to determine with clarity. Obviously Bottomliners are wealthier than most, although equally obviously not all clammy peeps are Bottomliners, but how do you really slug those tiny differences between the hoards of the most affluent? I've never seen a scale big enough to weigh it all. That's why the Bottomliners are pushing a new form of currency onto the market. Enter the *smackeroo*. These circular metal disks, imprinted with the smiling face of Keistermeister Hugormo XIII of Floom, are valued at exactly one clam. The Keistermeister, in association with the Bottomliners, is amassing a hoard of clams by trading these standardized coins for the clams of the citizenry. It hasn't quite caught on yet, but once it does, the Bottomliners will be able to more accurately count their wealth and compare holinesses with one another.

Although the central tenet of the Bottomliner dogma preaches a direct correlation between fiduciary wealth and gawdly favor, other viewpoints exist. Let's examine a couple, shall we...

THE HOARDSTERS

Scrumptious Malarky, a worm of Cheeseburg, started preaching the gab of this sect a decade or so ago. Formerly a hardcore mainstream Bottomliner, Scrumptious experienced a spate



of bad luck when a tub sloshing the majority of his treasure from Borf to Koozle sank in the Straits of Phloppun. His clamminess significantly decreased, the unfortunate worm began preaching a new dogma espousing the virtues of collecting just about anything. Why should holiness be reserved for the ultra clammy? According to Scrumptious and his growing congre-

gation of Hoardsters it's not clams that count, it's *stuff*. It doesn't matter what a peep collects. If he gets enough of it the gawds will get smiley. Scrumptious himself will collect just about anything, traipsing about town with his pants overflowing with multifarious manifestations of holy abundance.

A mansion belonging to Bottomliner Pincher Bulgingsack sports three swimming pools - one filled with cold water for his friends who like cold water, one with hot water for his friends who like hot water, and an empty one for his friends who don't like to swim.

THE NEST EGGS

The Nest Eggs don't seek to accumulate wealth for themselves. Instead, they see themselves as the holy protectors of clamminess. Charged by the gawds, so they believe, to defend the hoards and vaults and persons of the extremely loaded, these guys are nigh unbribeable. They don't work for clams. They clobber foes for the greater exaltation of wealth and the gawdliness it represents, usually serving as guardians, escorts, bouncers, and chaperons for other Bottomliners. Woe unto any nabster who approaches with ill intent a coffer guarded by a Nest Egg.

rites, rituals, and observances

Bottomliners revel in all expressions of sacramental clamminess. Such devotions as money baths, extravagant banquets, and spending sprees are sublime (as long as clams aren't actually wasted in the process). These guys will pay for just about anything if it shows off their holiness, but they never tip more than ten percent.

Always eager for an excuse to show off, Bottomliners have plopped a number of holy days onto the calendar. Foremost among these is the 23rd of Fiveuary, a solemn day that marks the execution by barbecue spit of Odonculus Fonza-relli, former prez of Goss, whose corruption and wealth are an inspiration to Bottomliners everywhere. The day begins with dignified services in the Vault and ends with raucous and expensive banquets at the homes of high up Bottomliners.

THE THROG

Since only the extra clammy are welcomed into the Bottomliner fold, it's a pretty exclusive bunch. The main branch is centered in Floom's Vault of Revenuvial Affluence, where the Principal Broker chairs the board, but other vaults have recently been constructed in several of Oith's more prominent burgs.

SYMBOLGY

The ageless symbol of the Bottomliners is the speared worm. Many theories exist as to its origins, but they're all pretty boring.



RAIMENT

Bottomliners adorn themselves in the most pimpin' of duds. Gems, jewels, and shiny things drip from them in abundance. The more ostentatious the opulence the holier the vestment.

SINS, VIRTUES, AND OFFERINGS

The accumulation of material plenitude is of prime importance to the Bottomliners. Anything done in furtherance of this goal is keen with them. Such things as charity, overtipping, destitution, and investing poorly are frowned upon. If a Bottomliner is being generous odds say he's plotting something. If he's not, he's likely due for a snub.

If a Bottomliner offends whatever gawds give a crap, he'll most likely atone by brokering some huge deal or otherwise significantly increasing his net worth.

Compelling rumors suggest the tub carrying Scrumptious Malarky's worldly possessions was intentionally sank by a rival Bottomliner. There is probably evidence to be found in the wreckage. If only an intrepid heap of adventurers would volunteer for such a mission...

COHORTS OF THE PORCELAIN GAWD



When the gawd's have enough stank and scandal
And the Oith's light is snuffed like a candle
Mercy, justice, and pain?
All things swirl down the drain
But we'll be there to jiggle the handle.

Some stuff is inevitable. Jazz breaks. Digs crumble. Works erode. Relationships end. Toes stub. Calamity is a thing that's a thing. Eventually the whole entirety of existence falls apart. It's no big deal, though, according to the Cohorts of the Porcelain Gawd. Crud happens. It's sup-

posed to happen. Disaster, decay, and discord are the natural order of things and have been since before things were things. *Rebuild from the ashes and get on with getting on* is a thing they might say. Wipe. Flush. Repeat.

While many peeps, when presented with the staunch certitude of fragile mortality and the universal assurance of eventual demise, console themselves with grimness, doomsaying, angst, bad poetry, and weird hairstyles the Cohorts want nothing to do with that depressing jazz (except maybe the bad poetry and weird hairstyles). Their gawd is a porcelain gawd. In fact, he's *the* Porcelain Gawd, and he doesn't take crap from anyone. More accurately, he does take crap from everyone (and everything) he just doesn't let it get to him. The central precept of the faith is basically this: poop happens but there's no reason to get all bleak and uppity about it. In fact, if ruination is unavoidable why not enjoy the process? Maybe even help speed it along if the mood strikes? If the end is nigh, and it most certainly perpetually is in one form or another, why not go down smiling? Giggle in the face of doom.

Admittedly, there's a certain allure to this way of thinking. It's not that the Cohorts necessarily seek out calamity for the fun of it (although some do). It's just that they recognize the futility of struggling against the inevitable. If history has taught us anything it is that nothing lasts forever. Everything decays. Everything corrodes. Everything ends and everything turns to feculence. The Porcelain Gawd, in his filthy splendor, graciously receives the detritus, flushing it away to make room for the next course. The Cohorts plunge the bowl, clear the pipes, restock the paper, open the window, light a match, and keep the seat warm. They're basically Oith's sacred restroom attendants (allegorically speaking).

Not surprisingly, the Cohorts revel in chaos. They delight in destruction, disarray, deterioration, dregs, dross, debris, and other such diversely disruptive debacles (whether or not they



begin with "D"). Most don't actually glom such jazz on purpose. They just dig it when it shows up, which is pretty much all the time. It's sort of like how most peeps don't binge on snuggleblarfs solely in anticipation of the kaleidoscopic heaves such an undertaking inevitably brings forth. First they savor the flavor and wonk the buzz. Next they bemoan the impending affliction. Soon, inescapably, their whole world (or at least the alley outside The Guzz) is a tumultuous, spew-stained canvas of chunky, prismatic regret. The next evening, once the fog clears and the stains have been mopped away, despite the waking day's groaning promises of temperance and bemoanings of remorse, it's time to chug Doozle's Doozies at Barrel of Shlorps and repeat the process once again (and again and again and again).

Despite condemnations uttered by disparaging ilk like the Polishers (who despise all things unclean) and the Fungish (who tend to prefer a more proliferant interpretation of the life-death-rebirth continuity), the Porcelain Gawd, exhort the Cohorts, is a supremely righteous dude. Without him, they preach, nothing would ever change. The Oith would be forever immersed in stagnation, boredom, and indifference. Nothing would die, sure, but nor would anything ever be born. This philosophy jibes with certain Karmasuturan homilies and the creeds bellowed emphatically by Returners From Whence We Came, both of which dig the whole springing forth from the ruins mishegaas. Astute readers may note an accord with the tenets of the Boorglezarian Instriders, who take jazz as it comes. While it's true Cohorts and



Instriders share a similarly unfazable outlook on things they are often at odds dogmatically. The former feeling the latter do nothing to encourage entropy and the latter not giving a crap what the former feel. Conversely, and perhaps surprisingly, several Hoomanitarian and Jeezle Freakian factions offer their support to the Cohortian cause, their fellowship based upon the proliferation of shrines to the Porcelain Gawd found in ancient Hoomanracian ruins across the glob.

The Cohortian gospel can be summarized thusly: Let the walls fall! Let the monster win (at least once in a while)! Track mud into the house!

Chew with your mouth open! Bandages are for sissies! Flush 'em all and let the Porcelain Gawd sort 'em out!

RITES, RITUALS, AND OBSERVANCES

An interesting assortment of taboos and formalities are inherent to the Cohortian situation. For example, Decrepito Rust, a holy roller I met during my time among them, insisted on deconstructing all of his meals before devouring them. I endured an entire day watching him separate the various clumps and nuggets from a bowl of Chopping Block chili, placing each mor-

sel on its own spoon before rearranging them into some sort of burrito or something. I'm not sure. I got bored after the first hour and stopped paying attention.

There aren't very many holidays devoted to the Porcelain Gawd. It's just not how he rolls. Cohorts, however, are known to throw impromptu parties and spontaneous supplications when something big falls apart. Oithquakes, volcanic eruptions, toppled monarchies, monstrous rampages, and celebrity breakups are favorite catalysts for such revivals.

THE THRONG

Cohorts gather their flock from a diverse assemblage. Certain aspects appeal to various peeps for various reasons. The majority are probably croaches, although horcs, piles, blorbs, coblins, cremefillians, marshfellows, worms and others are occasionally attracted. Oofos, perhaps due to performance anxiety, seldom travel this path. Basically, anyone with a reason to give up on improving the world, a need to justify an atrocity, or a hankering to bring closure to a calamity might find herself drawn to the Porcelain Gawd.

Shrines venerating the Porcelain Gawd can be found in the sewers of just about any burg that has them. The largest and most prominent is the *Perishing Parish*, a dilapidated jumble of tunneled refuse and pulverized blocks that adorns the crumbling rim of a jagged sinkhole outside the burg of Dregg. Similarly, ruins and disaster sites are popular hangouts and gathering places for those of a Cohortian bent. Pilgrims occasionally travel to the monster infested ruins of Yew Nork, near the mighty Teats of Boorglezar, to consort with the Doomdangler, an ancient and withered blorb who extolls the virtues of the Porcelain Gawd and is known to spout various essential wisdoms when the mood strikes.

SYMBOLOGY

Spiraling shapes, suggestive of the allegorical drain through which all things are flushed, as well as various accoutrements and implements

reminiscent of the Porcelain Gawd are important motifs with deep emblematic appeal to Cohortian devotees.

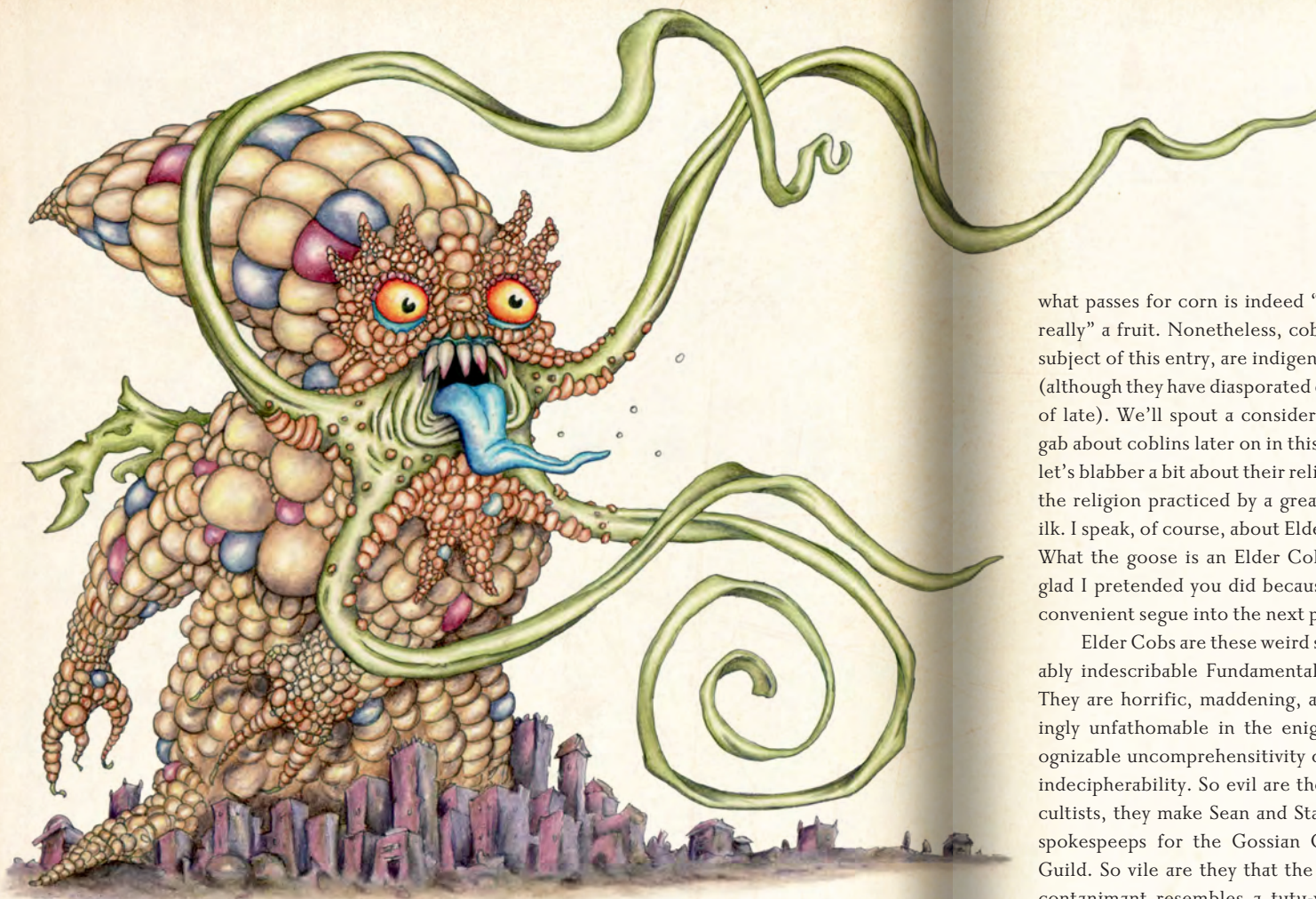
RAIMENT

Cohorts of the Porcelain Gawd don't give a dang what their holy rollers wear, although whatever it is is usually torn, filthy, rusted, and in an advanced state of disrepair. Of course, once those duds are gone something new will inevitably take their place.

SINS, VIRTUES, AND OFFERINGS

Although the faith's principal dogma encourages dissolution, deterioration, and collapse, it's perfectly acceptable, even encouraged, for a Cohort to build stuff. Woe unto him, however, should he decide to repair or fix a broken thing. So too does the creed discourage all forms of medical attention and intentional healing (whether zazzular or otherwise). A cohort would never willingly subject himself to such abhorrent iniquity.

Most peeps (oofos excluded) make daily offerings to the Porcelain Gawd without even realizing it (twice daily if things are working properly). The Cohorts, however, put a bit more thought into their observances. Generally, anything that encourages or celebrates decay, entropy, or the flushing of jazz down a drain is encouraged. Simple devotions, like deliberately eating rotten food or intentionally damaging a favorite possession, might appease the Porcelain Gawd in the wake of a minor sin (wearing a bandage, scraping rust off a thing, etc...). A far grander expiation, however, is in order should a Cohort commit a more vulgar sin. Such deviant transgressions as accepting zazzular healing, overhauling or repairing a project without first dismantling or destroying it, or participating in abject and repeated acts of tidiness, order, and deliberate arrangement might require an offender to do something drastic in order to atone, like topple a government, instigate a war, destroy a monument, or intentionally inflict a disease upon himself.



CORNTHULHISTS

*In His husk He sleeps deep and dreams all.
Guttural utterances snare lord and thrall.
Loathsome kernels of clout
Command the devout.
Cultists answer His buttery call!*

The nukular wastelands and abundant fecundities of Glowhio are home to vast panoplies of fascinating peeps and creeps. Luminous squizzards and gelatinous gloops are two whose names I remember. Funguys are rumored to have

originated somewhere around there but nobody really knows for sure. Mysteries abound. Oh, and don't even get me started on the produce! The biggest and most succulent veggies and fruits on Oith come from Glowhio. Maybe it's the nukular dirt or the ambient fluorescence... Anyway, I'm not here to chat about enormous fruit. Well, I kind of am, but one sort in particular. I think, maybe. Is what passes for corn a fruit?

After consulting with several wisenheimerical chums we have reached the conclusion that

able nastinesses to them in order to appease her tenebrous whims and atrocious desires. The Elder Cobs do.

Whispered legends and insane scribblings declare Great Cornthulhu the boss of the Elder Cobs, or at least the most popular among them. Often represented as an enormous betentacled coblin in art and scripture, Cornthulhu is probably nothing like that at all. He is, as I said, unspeakably indescribable. An entire pantheon of equally despicable and monumentally inscrutable Elder Cobs apparently exists, each with its own crop of zealous cultists, but Cornthulhu is the beans. His followers believe his arrival on

what passes for corn is indeed "sort of but not really" a fruit. Nonetheless, coblins, the actual subject of this entry, are indigenous to Glowhio (although they have diasporated quite globularly of late). We'll spout a considerable amount of gab about coblins later on in this tome. For now let's blabber a bit about their religion, or at least the religion practiced by a great many of their ilk. I speak, of course, about Elder Cob worship. What the goose is an Elder Cob, you ask? I'm glad I pretended you did because it gives me a convenient segue into the next paragraph...

Elder Cobs are these weird sort of unspeakably indescribable Fundamental monstrosities. They are horrific, maddening, and pants-poopingly unfathomable in the enigmatic and incognizable incomprehensibility of their baffling indecipherability. So evil are they, bespeak the cultists, they make Sean and Stan look like the spokespeeps for the Gossian Cuddlepuddlers Guild. So vile are they that the most pustulant containant resembles a tutu-wearing cookie saleslarva in comparison. So abstruse and unknowable are their forms that new colors and new languages must be invented simply to wink an inkling of their impenetrable countenances. Peeps go mad merely contemplating their existence and even madder reading about them (sorry). To gaze upon an Elder Cob is to court hysteria.

A reader may wonder what the big deal is. After all, that previous paragraph pretty much describes my former mother-in-law as well. The big deal is this: my former mother-in-law doesn't have a dedicated cult of shadowy coblins abducting peeps and doing unthinkably unspeak-





Oith heralded the Time of the Flush and the extinction of the Hoomanrace. Some perform dark oblations and fell sacrifices in hopes of appeasing his dismal appetites and forestalling a recurrence of that ancient tragedy. Others are simply evil jerks whose kernels pop when they participate in the ritualistic suffering of innocents. Such peeps actually yearn for another ascendance of Cornthulhu, calling to their foul gawd with horrific offerings and execrable sac-

raments. Whatever their motivations, Cornthulhists are feared and reviled wherever their presence is suspected.

With few exceptions Cornthulhists practice their devotion on the down low. The occasional raving adherent declares his faith loudly and publically, but such maniacs are seldom taken seriously. Of far greater concern are the sinister and secretive cultists whose dank obeisance finds them lairing in secluded caverns and hid-

Despite their usually secretive nature, a totally metal looking temple was recently erected in Cheeseburg and dedicated to the cult of Cornthulhu. Adherents craft sacrificial offerings out of cheese instead of living flesh (or so we have been led to believe).

den silogogues, the most infamous of which being the *Maze of Hallowed Approbation* beneath the burg of Roze. Such malefactors emerge under cover of darkness to abduct sacrificial victims and perform unspeakable rituals and ineffable abominations. Seriously, these abominations are so unspeakable they aren't even able to be effed!

Elder Cob worship is predominant among coblins, although it's certainly not the only religion to which such peeps adhere. Thankfully, Cornthulhu cults are rare and have yet to spread beyond Glowhio and its neighbors, although rumors hint at an emerging congregation among recent coblin immigrants in the vicinity of the burg of Bucket on Keister Island but such whispers might be nothing more than good old-fashioned vegophobia. If these wretched villains expand their influence we'll all be in a world of hurt.

Of course, Cornthulhu isn't the only Elder Cob. Other such primeval monstrosities have their worshippers as well.

AZOCOBTH WORSHIPPERS

Azocobth is apparently some sort of blasphemous blob of blight and confusion (not unlike Sean). His followers are hardcore and totally metal. They discordantly bang drums, toot flutes, and otherwise cause a ruckus in the hope of attracting the attention of their inconceivable lord. Why they would want to attract Azocobth's attention is unclear. No good can come of this.

THE BEAST BEYOND WORDS

THE CULT OF THE FACELESS COB

Chaotic and unpredictable, these devoted followers of Gnarled Thotep deliberately imbibe memory impairing victuals and hallucinatory pottysprong spores, reveling in the disorientation and turmoil such binges compel.

THE SONS OF SOG-SOGSOGTH

Worms to a worm, these heinous peeps inhabit the hollowed cobs of deceased coblins.

Foul rituals and dark obesiances allow them to manipulate and control such vile contraptions, which are at once the vessels for their devotion and the means of their nutritive sustenance.

rites, rituals, and observances

Sacrificial offerings and unspeakable rituals are what these peeps are all about. Unfortunately, since they're unspeakable I can't speak of them.

THE THRONG

Although an occasional horc or some other insidious evildoer sporadically slimes its way into the ranks, Elder Cob worshippers are exhaustively coblinian. An exception of note is a sect of wermular adherents known as the Sons of Sog-SogSogth, who we just talked about a few paragraphs ago.

SYMBOLGY

Since they predominately operate in dim secrecy Elder Cob cultists are all about the symbols. Each sect has its own identifying secret imagery, which cultists use to recognize each other outside of their dark rituals. Predominant among these are effigies of Cornthulhu himself. His kernelly visage cryptically adorns belt buckles, jewelry, and codpieces wherever his cultists are found.

RAIMENT

Elder Cob worshippers on the down-low dress just like any other coblin, which is to say in no particularly distinctive manner. During rituals or when they're feeling a bit naughty they don garb that emulates or pays homage to the object of their fell devotion. Hooded robes are also very popular.

SINS, VIRTUES, AND OFFERINGS

Bad stuff is good. Good stuff is bad. Cornthulhu digs sacrifices and atrocities committed in his name, the more heinous (heinouser?) the better. It's how he rolls.

See, because it's beyond words...



CRITTER CULTISTS

*This herd is too fat, we must cull it
And my tooth is too sharp, I must dull it
Every worm, croach, and beast
Makes a suitable feast.
Nonbelievers reside in my gullet!*

I almost decided not to include critter cultists in this tome. My reluctance arose not because they aren't a legitimate religion and their

beliefs are stupid but because they are actually several hundred legitimate religions and their beliefs are stupid. Of course I mean stupid, not as an implication of mental slowness or foolishness but in the slang sense, like *Yo slog, those purpled legs are stupid mad delicious*. To suggest otherwise might get me eviscerated at the claws and jaws of the zealots I would be disparaging with my stupidity. Some of these guys are pretty rough.

Although such theologies are becoming increasingly popular across the glob, the term "critter cult" is far too broad and inclusive to describe them all. It doesn't accurately speak to the diversity of the creeds involved. Suggesting a peaceful plorp worshipping cult is the same religion as a bloodthirsty horde of gruzz lovers is not only a pejorative oversimplification it's dangerously ignorant and could easily land a peep in a gruzz gullet or lashed to a sacrificial altar surrounded by yowling shnooble fanatics. Over the course of my Sects Change Operation I've hung with a congregation of broccodile worshippers in the Scum Quag, rampaged with a horrific band of scary ass mutha adorers in Torsovania, sat around doing nothing with a befuddling group of linachithi revering peeps in New Oorlquar, and played a very interesting game of ping pong with a weird cremefillian in Yapple who couldn't stop spouting about the holiness of slogs, but that barely scratched the left buns cheek of the vast array of cults and sects dedicated to the veneration of one beast or another. Nevertheless, let's spend some time with a few (Be sure to wash your hands when we're done):

THE BROCCODILIACS

Broccodile cults are abundant throughout many of Oith's swamplier realms. They go by many names (the Broccodilian Brotherhood, the Broccodiliacs, the Broccdonkadonks, etc...) and are largely unaffiliated with each other. Something about the dank, marshy surroundings draws peeps to revere these afro-sporting, vege-reptilian gluttons. Perhaps the persistent threat of being devoured by such a thing plops thoughts in a nog about mortality and existential whatnot. Maybe it's the empowering thought of sacrificially feeding enemies to a congregation of snapping predators that gets the sacerdotal juices juicing. It could be the intriguingly taintular blend of beast and bush broccodiles represent that attracts some adherents, or maybe it's just the snazzy hats they wear. As a focus of devotion a peep could find a worse critter than the ferocious broccodile. I'm just saying...

THE DILLIDIUM

Way down deep in the caliginous gloom of the Underwhere there dwells a creed of dorks who heap fell sacrifices and castigant oblations upon those scuttling beasts known as dillidids. These adorations are unsurprising when one considers the integral symbiosis such creeps normally enjoy in dork culture. Still, dorks typically throw down with more malevolent or apathetic gawds, like Stan, Sean, or Wicked Bro-fusus and Tenebrous Somb (the foul twin divinities of the Dorkish pantheon).

THE SCARY ASS MUTHAHOOD

As should be evident by the name, these muthas are scary. Like their namesake monsters, adherents of this faith are a rambunctious, violent, and bloodthirsty horde. They ran out of geese to give long ago and want nothing from unbelievers but to feast on their guts and dance to their screams.



LINACHITHIANS

I have no clue why peeps worship linachithis. It's been explained to me multiple times, but I still don't get it. There's something in the spiel about coming to terms with one's own inadequacies, about how we should all stop struggling and join the flock, and about how totes adorbs their sacred raiment is. "You should be more like a linachthi," they implore. "No," we reply. "Linachithis are lame."

THE ZEALOTS OF ZONKLE

These peeps are unusual in that, rather than worshipping a certain species of beast like most critter cults do, they exalt one guy in particular. Readers familiar with *The Whole Hole – A Gadabout's Guide to Mutha Oith – Volume 01: Keister Island* may recognize Zonkle as the indomitable and eponymous monstrosity that supposedly lurks within the mountains holewhence of Zonkle's Nest on Forjordlelund. There haven't been any confirmed sightings of this enormous monstrosity in years, possibly because he doesn't exist anymore or possibly because he eats everyone who sees him. Anyway, his zealots are a nasty bunch of bullies and grumps. They pay tribute to their abominable lord by kidnapping travelers and hurling them into various sacrificial pits hidden throughout the Forjordlelun-dian wilderness.

A WEIRD CREMEFILLIAN IN YAPPLE WHO COULD NOT STOP SPOUTING ABOUT THE HOLINESS OF SLOGS

Wow, this guy was all about the slogs. He claimed to be part of an expansive cult of slog venerators, but I never met anyone else in Yapple who shared his views. His philosophy is actually pretty intriguing. It goes thusly: Slogs are incredibly useful. We eat their delicious flesh. We wear their fluffy skins. We ride them and use them to pull our mabobs and plow our fields and cuddle our larvae. Peeps even stuff the dead ones and use them as sofas! Such amazingly auspicious a beast as the slog couldn't have arisen by accident. Therefore, slogs must be holy crea-

tures, gifted unto us by whichever gawds gift us with such things. As gawd-given gifts, slogs must be sacred. Since they are sacred we shouldn't use them for food, clothing, mabob-pullers, field-plowers, sofas, and stuff. That would be disrespectful and an affront to the gawds involved. So sayeth the weird cremefillian in Yapple who couldn't stop spouting about the holiness of slogs (and, presumably, his like-minded brethren).

rites, rituals, and observances

Critter cultists often try to imitate the object of their devotion. Those peeps who worship predators usually dig live sacrifices and shows of brutality and excess. Those who revere more placid beasts adjust their obeisance accordingly.

THE THRONG

Just about anybody could be a critter cultist, although such beliefs are most rampant among peeps who, for various reasons, feel detached from or unwelcome in any of the more mainstream faiths. For obvious reasons critter cults are most prevalent in wildernessical areas and among peeps indigenous to where their beasts roam.

SYMBOLOLOGY

Obviously, representations of the beast in question are the most popular critter cult symbols. Devotees carry idols, carve totems, squiggle graffiti, and adorn themselves with tattoos and accoutrements in honor of their chosen monstrosity.

RAIMENT

Most critter cultists wear duds that emulate the creature they worship. Sometimes I think a lot of these guys join critter cults just so they'll have an excuse to prance around in animal costumes.

SINS, VIRTUES, AND OFFERINGS

Risking oversimplification: Act like sacred animal = good. Act unlike sacred animal = bad.



CRUDBROTHERS & CRUDMOTHERS

*Behold! There's a message sublime
To be told in the essence of grime
A contanimant voice
Utters words. We rejoice!
And consider the passage of slime.*

Filth! Glorious, wonderful filth! Crudbrothers (and Crudmothers, as female devotees are known) bend the knee to muck, mud, grime, slime, squish, grease, and glop. They revel in the splendor of smut, the awesomeness of ordure, the sublimity of sludge, and the resplendence of all things defiled, feculent, gross, and putrescent. *One worm's refuse is another worm's gawd*, as the saying goes, and among no other creed is that poorly translated proverb so true. Crudbrothers don't simply dig foulness, they worship it!

A skeptical observer may wonder why a Crudbrother would adhere to such unclean conviction. What solace is there, our wonderer

might wonder, in a blob of muck? What answers can be found in a puddle of slime? What sacred secrets squirm through sewage, silt, and sleaze? What dogmatic disclosures dwell in the doctrine of dirt, dung, and dinge? What do crap, carrion, and corruption know of consecration? What alliterative absolutions abound in holy unwholesomeness?

Unclean as it may be, the Crudbrother credo is as profound and cogent as any on Oith. The gospel they prattle from hallowed dung heaps and bellow from sacramental muck wallows is simple at its core: *what could be more pure than that which can be made no more impure?* Filth, by its very nature, is filth. It can't be made filthier than it already is, which, to a Crudbrother, makes it the least corruptible substance possible. For example, take a handful of poop (literally, if you lack the imagination to envision such a thing). Now, add to that poop some more poop. Is it any



poopier than it was before? Nope. The only way to make it yuckier than it was when you picked it up is to add something even more disgusting to it. I don't know, diarrhea or something. The point is, eventually you are going to come across the grossest, most unclean substance you can find. Once this substance is found, a thing to

which nothing can be added to make it more unclean, it is completely incorruptible and therefore the most holy and immaculate phenomenon imaginable. What can be more impeccable than a thing that can never be defiled? *Nothing*, say the Crudbrothers. That's the essence of their dogma. Clean things can be made unclean and

are therefore corruptible and unholy. The filthier a thing is, the farther from clean, the less corruptible it is and therefore the more righteous, sublime, and worthy of reverence.

As the Fundamental manifestations of yuckiness, those impure Rudiments known as containants receive the brunt of Crudbrother adoration. Crudbrothers revere such entities, erecting shrines (and defiling them), constructing idols (and defiling them), offering sacrifices (and defiling them), and generally heaping adulations and supplications upon those vile and heinous monstrosities (I'm not being judgmental. Containants are flattered by such appellations). Containants, for their part, tend to enjoy such obeisance and typically won't harm a Crudbrother without cause. Some perception intrinsic to their Fundamental nature apparently allows them to recognize the devout.

Strangely, despite their devotion to the spirits of obscenity, a great many Crudbrothers dabble in the zazzular arts of containimation. Such a discipline may seem at odds with the gospel but Crudbrothers preach otherwise. Rather than an unwelcome imposition of their will they view the conjuration of containants and the sacerdotal binding of such beings into oithly shells as the purest form of deference. Containimation, they sermonize, brings them closer to the objects of their foul adoration and unleashes those beings upon the tellurian realm. Of course, when performed by a Crudbrother such ministrations are significantly less restrictive and far more respectful of the hallowed containant than similar actions performed by a typical containimator (in as much as any containimator can be called typical).

When it comes to interfaith relations Crudbrothers often find themselves allied with Boorglezarians (who share a reverence for dung), Cohorts of the Porcelains Gawd (who share an aversion to baths), the Fungish (whose hallowed subjects enjoy the fruits of putrescence and rot), and The Danged (who know a thing or two about blight and decay). Opposing philosophies are typically ranted by those who wear the un-

blemished raiment of the Polishers (for obvious reasons).

While most Crudbrothers and Crudmothers adhere to the broadest generic tenets of the gospel, various sects and undercreeds exist as well.

BLASPHEMENTALISTS

This particular flavor of Crudmother vows obeisance not to the murky containants, who exemplify the virtues of filth and feculence, but instead to the vile and wanton blasphementials, those lecherous servants of Sean who embody obscenity of a more lurid nature. Adherents delight in defiling objects and places sacred to other religions. Their every word is an abhorrent expletive and their every gesture is orchestrated to offend. Unlike Stanismists, who are known to perform lewdly licentious actions because their faith allows it, Blasphementalists consider such profanity a sacred duty of their creed. Although these Fundamentalist peeps could just as accurately be described as a Seananist sect rather than a Crudbrother cult, I decided to include them here because they revere the servants of Sean rather than Sean himself.

EXCREMENTARIANS

These guys revere a particular type of filth above all others. I'd rather not delve too deeply into the subject (not without my hip waders), but their philosophy is similar to that espoused by the Fungish and certain Boorglezarians. It has to do with how awesome poop is and the role of dung in the whole fecundity of Oith something or other. To be honest, I found it difficult to pay attention to the sermons with a giant clothespin on my nose.

rites, rituals, and observances

Ceremonial traditions among Crudbrothers usually involve the befouling or pollution of idols, shrines, sacerdotal garments, and the like. Few things spread a Crudmother's grin wider than a stain that won't wash out or a horde of singing adherents spilling noxious sludge over a freshly constructed crapthedral. Although simi-

lar in operation, a distinction should be drawn between the hallowed defacements performed by Crudbrothers, who observe such rituals out of reverence and deference to the filth involved, and Jemimah's Witnesses, who enact metaphorical vengeance upon a hated ancestral persecutor.

Crudbrothers celebrate and observe a number of important holidays. The fourth day of Sixuary is of particular significance. I think it marks the birthday (or maybe the deathday) of Crudmother Mudgethrall, a sovereign pile from long ago and an early espouser of the faith. Celebrants mark the occasion with elaborate costumed feasts, muck-sculpting competitions, contaminant summonings, mud wrestling, and containimatronic minion fights. Momentous as well is the twenty-third day of Twouary, which marks the coming of a particularly potent containimant known as the Pox Coddler to the city of Goss in 438 yafwaf (between the Aggoggian Incursion of 421 yafwaf and the Great Scary Ass Mutha Population Boom of 444 yafwaf). Celebrants mark *The Coming of the Pox Coddler* by dressing in elaborate costumes that mimic the foaming mustard spew exuded by victims of that eponymous monstrosity. The Gossian Gutgluers Guild has been lobbying for years to have this observation banned on the grounds of poor taste but so far the city's assadors have let it continue, perhaps fearing a retributive second coming by an offended Pox Coddler.

THE THRONG

Crudbrother shrines and crapthedrals are prevalent in many of Oith's burgs and hamples. Gloriously foul temples can be found in the Cessfields of Muckland, the Stink Stalls near the Crack of Doom, the mudflats between Udu and Chund on Keister Island, deep within the hilly Dingemoppets between Gargletwice and Yapple, and in various sewers, trash pits, sludgepud-dles, and mucks across the glob. Anywhere filth, foulness, and stank accumulate is a prime locale for such testaments to Crudbrother devotion.

It should come as no surprise this faith is popular among piles and their ilk. They are, af-

ter all, themselves walking heaps of crud, muck, and slop. Worms, who've always dug mud and dirt (literally and figuratively) often find fulfillment in Crudbrother doctrine. So too do various croaches, flews, horcs and others. Surprisingly, a fair number of smelves find themselves among the devout, perhaps indulged by the vast array of stinks and aromas such vulgar proximity affords.

SYMBOLOLOGY

Crudbrothers dig any representation of the containimants they revere. If they can't hang with the real thing, idols, totems, plushies, tattoos, and statues (usually crafted of mud and fouler things) will suffice.

RAIMENT

The faithful adorn themselves in requisite (un)finery. Their duds are filthy and often embellished with images and effigies of containimants and other aspects of foulness.

SINS, VIRTUES, AND OFFERINGS

Crudbrothers never bathe. They don't brush their teeth or wash their hands before supper. They track mud on the carpet, they never clean their rooms, and they do their business right there in the middle of the street. Such things as soap, towels, and breath mints feature prominently in the tales they tell to scare their children.

Minor transgressions, such as wiping dirt off a piece of food or deliberately walking around a mud puddle, can usually be corrected with a few wallows in a sacred muck fountain. More serious infringements (using soap, harming an unhostile containimant, bathing) might require supplication before a powerful containimant or the ritual befouling of something significantly clean (the pollution of a waterway or the enfilthinating of a new construction, for example). Sinners also seek atonement by converting new adherents to the creed, summoning potent containimants, or performing prolonged penance while submerged in something disgusting.



THE CURDLED

*Such immaculate flavors as these
Make a supplicant take to his knees.
Each succulent spoonful
Evokes a whole moon full.
Rejoice in the wonders of cheese!*

Wait. What? There's a whole religion about cheese? Of course there is.

Shmeckle's Third Law of Ecclesiastical Verisimilitude states that if a thing exists (or even if it probably doesn't) there's a better than average chance someone somewhere worships it. Consider, for example, the Foot Fetishists of Ghupe, who adorn their digs and duds with toot-sies and toenails while supplicating themselves

to random passersby and offering discount foot massages and holy pedicures. Consider also the Horcs of the Teatsqueezer Ilk, who perform horrendously invasive sacrifices in deference to a particularly angry shade of purple, or a certain cluster of funguys in The Soul Patch who spout the gab of Oovle'qek the Indomitable, a peculiarly shriveled (but otherwise unremarkable) mushroom somebody tripped over while gleening the 'tinct. There are worms near Grease who bow to a moldy rock that apparently looks like somebody's mom, croaches near Yapple who sing the praises of the top side of things and not the bottom, an entire village of scab votaries in Torsovania, peeps who meet in the basement of

a suds midden in Unas where they pray to Krubus Earwanker's left mitten, underpants worshippers in New Oorlquar, guys in Gargle Twice who preach the evils of things with more than one tail, cremefillians on the outskirts of Toast who commune with a stale donut, egg fanatics in Torkle, and this bodul I once met in Floom who swears the one true Gawd lives in his right nostril. The point is peeps will worship just about anything. Cheese is a thing.

It wouldn't surprise me to learn this entire religion was based on some kind of dare or something. Like, two guys were chugging cheese beers at the Laughing Leech in Maankaas and one of them was like "Bro, I really loves me some cheese" and other one was like, "Well then why don't you worship it?" and the first guy was all, "See if I don't!" so he gathered up all the pretzels and cheese wheels and stuff on the table and built himself a little shrine and then started loudly singing its praises and bowing to it and whatnot. The rest of the lushes in the digs decided to play along, praying and chanting and supplicating themselves before the lumpen mound, which, empowered by the ardor of their genuflections and the ministrations of some eavesdropping gawd, started glowing or winking or something. "It's a goosin' miracle!" I imagine they yelled, and a new creed was born.

Whether or not that origin story bares any resemblance to the truth of things, over the centuries Curds have risen from ambiguous roots to become a powerful and influential faith across the glob, most significantly, as should be expected, in the fromagian realm of The Moonular Cheese Fields. In fact, the Curdled are undeniably the most pervasive (if not the most persuasive) religion in that particular domain. They may have congealed from humble beginnings and wear silly hats, but Curds are nothing at which to scoff. According to their gospel, cheese, in all its many forms (but in one form more than others), is something divine. By partaking of the consecrated coagula, Curds bring holiness into their own selves, permeating their entireties with the goods of the gawds.

Most of the Curdled preach the sanctity of moon cheese in particular over all other types. This verdant fermentation, they claim, is a direct gift from an unspecified celestial provider who plopped it on the glob during the Time of the Flush. Other cheeses, they reason, are still sacred but not quite as sacred since they're made of mook milkings, plorp squeezings, slog scrapings, and the like. Moon cheese is wholly pure and that makes it purely holy.

The typical Curd is content to pay homage with a few mumbled blessings before shoveling a forkload of sacred clods past his choppers. Others, however, are more passionate in their devotion. Curdled holy rollers sing the praises of cheese with enthusiasm to match the lower case "t" wavingest Jeezle Freak or the clamhoardingest Bottomliner. Cheese, they sermonize, is no simple viand. Cheese, they continue to sermonize, is something far grander. Cheese, they sermonize with increasing ardor, sweating profusely and zealously showering the congregation with flecks of spittle, is the paramount creation of a benevolent gawd, bestowed upon a grateful populace charged with celebrating its majesty, appreciating its grandeur, spreading its influence, pondering its mysteries, and pairing it with the proper beverage.

What mysteries, majesties, influences, grandeurs, and sacred beverage pairings lurk in a lump of clotted mook juice? The Curdled love to spout the gab of such things. There's an entire codified scripture, originally scraped into the landscape of the Moonular Cheese Fields hundreds of years ago by Gooroo Provolone Lump but since transcribed onto various scrolls, books, and decorative cheese trays. Gooroo Lump's worn and weathered scribblings can still be seen today, adorning a scarp about seven yorts holewhence of Cheeseburg. The area, known as The Lumpian Truism, is hallowed ground, consecrated and protected by a guardian faction of Curdled holy rollers and wisenheimers. Lump's teachings form the main course of Curdled dogma. There's a whole big thing about it, but it melts down to these essential rationales:



Yay, verily, unto us was given a sacred food from the gawds.

Also, verily, unto us were given sacred recipes to create sacred food from the gawds.

In addition, verily, unto us was given the sacred capacity to create our own sacred recipes to create sacred food from the gawds. Furthermore, verily, unto us was given, like, so many different varieties of sacred food from the gawds that a goosier could try a new one every day and croak of oldness before sampling them all. Some varieties of cheese have holes in them. This makes them even more holy because puns. Cheese paradoxically gets stronger as it ages. Moonular cheese is all cosmic and stuff. The moon looks kind of like a butt. I like butts. Verily.

Gooroo Lump was known to wonk the 'sponge from time to time. While the majority of Curds follow his basic "Cheese is awesome" credo, other Curdled sects spout an assortment of interesting preachings. Let's listen...

THE BUTTER FROM ANOTHER UDDER

This tiny sect of mook ranchers on the outskirts of Borf pimp their uniquely seasoned cheeses, butters, and creams as the finest in all the Oith, and therefore the most sacred. It's not really much to base a religion on, but they gave me a free shirt so I said I'd mention them.

THE MOONATICS

As the source of sacred Moonular cheese, the Moon itself is an object of reverence. Moonatics are all about showing their butts to peeps in emulation of that celestial body. They are certainly all about cheese, too, but pretty much just the Moonular kind.

THE SAMPLERS

Only through tasting every variety of cheese the Oith has to offer can an adherent truly know bliss. The Samplers travel the glob attempting to do just that.

THE VENERABLE WEDGE

Missionaries and revivalists, members of this faction are charged with spreading Curdled influence across the land. Discontent to revel in cheesular glory on a merely personal level, they gather adherents to the creed and punish those who oppose their objectives.

rites, rituals, and observances

Zealous Curds celebrate the marvels of cheese with their every action, thought, and word. Whenever they eat the object of their fidelity they offer blessings of gratitude. Whenever forced to devour non-cheesular foodstuffs they perform ritualistic apologies and oblations, often accompanied by exaggerated groans of displeasure and declarations of how much better this would be if it had cheese on it.

Maankaas's annual Feast of All Cheeses occurs on the third Splatterday after the Big Cheese's second haircut. Waremongers travel to that burg from across the glob, bringing cheeses of a gazillion varieties to be ceremonially binged upon by delighted Curds.

THE THROG

The Curdled are most prominent in Cheeseburg, Maankaas, Curd, Poom, and the various hamples and crumps of the Moonular Cheese Fields. Peeps in those burgs take their cheese seriously with the Curdled outnumbering even the local Hoomanitarian mob in several such realms.

The peeps of Oith are a varied lot and so too are the Curdled. I've never noticed a particular attraction or aversion from one species over another, although Stinking Bishop Gouty Stronger's inner wheel is largely cremefillian.

SYMBOLLOGY

Cheese features prominently in everything the Curdled do. It bedecks their duds, furnishes their cheesethedrals, decorates their homes, and adorns their every whatnot, thingee, and mabob. Other popular motifs include the colors yellow and green, the Moonular butt, and assorted tools and implements used in the creation and harvesting of cheese.

RAIMENT

Those who take the cheesecloth are seldom encountered without their holy headwear. The thinking, as with similar duds worn by a great many faiths, is that there should always be cheese between a peep's noggin and the mundane world. Aside from the hat there's no prescribed official garment or vestment, although epaulets that look like slices of pizza are very popular among the gentry of Maankaas.

SINS, VIRTUES, AND OFFERINGS

Observant Curds eat cheese with every meal. It's okay for them to plop other jazz in their gobs, as long as that other jazz has cheese on it. Such sins as blasphemy and lactose intolerance could get a peep banished or lose a holy roller his zazz. Atonement might be attained if the offender invents a new cheese varietal, gathers converts to the wedge, or convinces a fussy eater to quit being a baby and just taste it already.



THE DANGED

*I find myself often harangued
By a fellow I recently hanged.
He ought to be dead
But he's walking instead.
That's why I hooked up with the Danged.*

Death nabs us all. That's the sad, inevitable truth of existence. All things that live ultimately croak. It's just the way it is. Except when it's not...

Creatures ...of the danged shamle along a weird existential line. They're not precisely dead but nor are they actually alive. They used to be alive, and they're not anymore, but they aren't strictly dead either. It's confusing. These rustling husks are legitimate overflowing barf buckets of conundrum and wonder. What murky compulsions fuel their unoithly persistence?

What tenebrous thaumaturgies goad their bizarre animation? What inscrutable enigmas and divine revelations dwell within the rotted skulls and crumbling carapaces of those no longer with us but still with us? Danged wranglers know enough of the gist of this jazz to waggle their caliginous zazz, but deeper mysteries remain. That's where the Danged enter the biz.

The Danged are no mere corpse puppeteers commanding and cajoling crawling cadavers like domineering danged wranglers. Instead, they venerate such entities—studying, celebrating, emulating, and even worshipping their sacred spooks. The Danged dig ...of the danged the way Crudbrothers dig dirt and Bottomliners dig clams. They believe there's something divine in the mortally challenged. Of course, the squeeze of holiness enjoyed by creatures ...of the danged

is a matter of contention. Some Danged believe ...of the danged are themselves holy beings—emissaries of the gawds if not gawds themselves. Others insist it's not the actual creatures but instead it's the motivating zazz that contains the sacred spark. Through immersive study of such functions perhaps a peep may attain spiritual oneness with the universe and whatnot, they hint. A third faction spouts righteous gab about ambling carcasses being cautionary tales for the rest of us—undeniable reminders of what happens to peeps who anger the gawds. These sorts usually adhere to the creed of another of Oith's religions as well (*Deny the will of Almighty Jelvis and he'll turn your skull inside out and make you walk around somebody's crummy basement for the rest of eternity, see if he doesn't!*). Yet another cluster of Danged view the undeparted departed as servants and laborers bestowed upon the worthy by hallowed benefactors. This group and the first are hated enemies, a consummate reminder of the internecine animosity that often exists among various denominations of any faith.

Plenty of domains across the glob are sacred to the Danged. Just about any cemetery or bonepuddle has a resident cluster of what believers call *Funeral and Exhumation Danged*. These casual followers usually lurk in the shadows drawing skulls on things and reciting gloomy poetry. More devout adherents perform eerie rituals in sepulchers, tombs, temples, and catacombs specially sanctified for the occasion. The Steeple of Lingering Bones in New Oorlquar is one such locale. The Quarry of the Danged deep within the Monstrous Headlands is another. Various nooks and chambers within the sewers of Floom and other burgs hold host to a significant congregation. So too do ruins, battlefields, charnel pits, and abattoirs across the glob. Oh, and let's not forget the Temple of Smellemental Evil in Stan's Rug on Keister Island. That deadly, deadly place is as infested with ...of the danged as any digs on Oith. Adventurous Danged travel there, braving the many hazards and omnipresent things that want to eat them, to worship and study their cadaverous inamorata. More often

than not these dismal souls end up haunting the
cram alongside the very beings they exalt.

THE ENABLERS

Goss's Assadorical Assemblage of Farm-buyers, Daisypushers, Househaunters, Bucket-kickers, and Spooks represents the affairs of ...of the danged within that burg. Many of the members of that council belong to a Danged sect known as the Enablers. These peeps task themselves with the holy duty of attending to the care and well-being (if such a term applies) of the more intelligent forms ...of the danged. They act as butlers, servants, guardians, and agents for their revered masters, tending to whatever oithly duties such creatures are either unable or disinclined to achieve personally. Enablers exist elsewhere as well, but the ones in Goss have the coolest name.

THE MORTIFICATION OF THE MUMBLING GRUNT

Whereas the Big Babies spend their days and nights pretending to be infants, the Mortification of the Mumbling Grunt pretend to be dead. More specifically, they pretend to be ...of the danged. Only through the “X”ed out eyes of the chronically deceased can peeps see the world as it truly is (they insist). Grunters, as they’re known (because they speak only in hollow groans), train themselves to ignore pain and other bodily impulses. They shumble limply around ossuaries and other creepy places, mutilating their bodies, rattling chains, eating brains and cauliflowers, and apparently thinking deep, deep thoughts while going “Aaaaaaaaaaaaaargh”.

THE TRUE BEREAVERS

These guys love ...of the danged so much they consider it their sacred duty to create more of them. They're holy assassins, carefully selecting and murdering choice victims before performing dark rituals to animate the resultant carcasses into a more purely divine form. Their gospel declares life to be an abomination. After all, death greets us all when the gawds deem us



worthy. Needless to say, most adherents to this faith are themselves zoetically bereft.

RITES, RITUALS, AND OBSERVANCES

During my time with the Danged I witnessed a number of profound and occasionally disturbing sacraments. There's this thing they do called a *First Exhumation*, wherein a selected member of the congregation is buried alive in a specially consecrated coffin. The works are dug up a prescribed number of days later. If the peep is still alive he gains prestige among his peers and is elevated to a higher office. If he doesn't make it, his corpse is dwrangled and he becomes a drudge in service to the throng. Further Exhumations are performed whenever a member of the Danged wishes to rise in the ranks, with the duration of the burial proportional to the

promotion desired. High Putrefactor Gorjsummathiz Mold recently celebrated his Twelfth Exhumation.

I was fortunate enough to be present at a really freaky *Waking the Dead* ceremony in the sewers of Floom. It involved a bunch of the Danged hanging bones and chunks of meat all over their bodies then dancing themselves into a frenzy while banging on the walls and juggling torches and stuff. Eventually a bunch of resident creatures ...of the danged showed up and either joined in the hubbub or tried to eat everyone. Good times...

Here's another extremely interesting thing that happens. Sometimes when a Danged holy roller croaks for real his carcass comes back as a particularly robust ...of the danged, known in the gospels as an *eidolord*. Although extremely

A procession of The Danged led by a violent and powerful idolord is holed up in the citadel of Angry Fist. What mischief might they be planning?



rare, idolords are some of the most powerful and influential strutting stiff Oith has to offer. In anticipation of such transcendence holy rollers spend years performing various complex and dangerous rituals. Some succeed. Others don't. Most are driven predictably insane by whatever nebulous workings enact the transformation.

THE THRONG

This religion is particularly popular among danged wranglers and other gothy sorts. Significant congregations can be found in the basements and graveyards of many of Oith's burls. So too do clusters of adherents dwell in various dark and creepy corners of the Underwhere (so, pretty much the entire Underwhere), the Incredibly Huge Monster™, and other boondockular wildernesses, usually near battlefields, ruins, and other places creatures ...of the danged lurk. There's a pretty good mix of peeps represented as well, although worms seem to have a leg-up on the whole buried alive thing we discussed earlier

(whether or not the worm in question actually has legs). Horcs, marshfellows, and other surly sorts are drawn to the angsty, playing-with-dead-things nature of the situation, while more inquisitive peeps dig on the infinite mysteries and fathomless enigmas inherent in any interaction with the unperished perished.

SYMBOLLOGY

Skulls, the letter "X" instead of eyes, bones, white sheets, and other spooky snazz are all the rage.

RAIMENT

Traditionally, the Danged wear hoods and masks that mimic the beings they revere. Such cowls serve the dual purpose of immersing the devout more deeply in their faith and disguising them from their many persecutors and detractors.

SINS, VIRTUES, AND OFFERINGS

It's pretty hard to offend whatever gawds plop the zazz on Danged holy rollers, but there are a few things that'll set them off. For one, the Danged are never to insult or harass a creature ...of the danged. This doesn't mean a peep should just let his brain get gobbled by the lowest form of unlife or his partially hydrogenated animal and/or vegetable shortening get sucked out by a hungry crème quaffer. A Danged may, of course, defend herself from the predations of hostile dirt nappers, but all such interactions must be conducted with the appropriate respect and reverence. Failure to do so could get a peep shunned or worse.

Atonement is a difficult process. After all, how does one apologize to a mindless noodle-muncher (If any mindless noodle-munchers are reading this right now, I'm sorry. Please don't eat my brain). I've heard of snubbed holy rollers embarking on epic quests to increase the influence ...of the danged (and the Danged) as penance for various iniquities, but most just seal themselves in a tomb for a few days without any supper and hope for the best.

DONGFONDERS

*Horus Morus and those of his throng
Are omnipotent, worthy, and strong.
With righteous ardor and zeal
To the Ding we appeal.
We're fanatically fond of the Dong!*

While the practitioners of most of Oith's religions either bow to a mysterious Fundamental entity who may or may not actually exist or else to some esoteric principal or ideal, the Dongfonders are something a little bit different. It's one thing to offer pleas to Boorglezar through an intermediary instar or to dig Jelvis's righteous message as a Big Daddy spouts the gab, but it's something else entirely when a peep can just walk up and say hello to his gawd face to face. Such is the case with the Dongfonders. These devout guardians of the cremefillian way of life revere and venerate their exalted leader, Horus Morus, the Ding of the Dong, as a gawd on Oith. In fact, all of the former Dings of the Dong are gawds as well. The ones who apparently died haven't done so at all. They've just moved on to a more nebulous dingdom to rule a more ambiguous populace of cremefillian devotees. Such has it been for centuries uncounted and so shall it be for eternity evermore (they say).

So, the main thing about Dongfonders that really wonks my 'sponge is that there's this guy, this seemingly ordinary cremefillian guy who eats and breaths and farts just like the rest of us (most of the rest, anyway). Sure, his digs are posh and his vaults are clammy. He's got a big old army and hundreds of thousands of subjects under his thrall, but does that make him an actual gawd? I mean, if that's all it takes, Hugormo XIII and all his predecessors would qualify as well. So would the Gubernator of Ewg, the Pox Aroman Emperors, and a bunch of other filthy peeps. Nope, there's something deeper at work here. Something profoundly profound.

Remember way back at the beginning of this book when we were discussing the various

sources of Fundamental energy and the whole cosmic whatnot of what's what? Remember that bit about how just about anything can become a gawd if enough peeps actually and sincerely believe such to be the case? Well, apparently Yort's mom isn't the only one who believes fervently enough. Whether he's an actual gawd or not, there's no denying holy rollers who worship the Ding of the Dong waggle some potent zazz. That's evidence enough for most peeps and it's evidence enough for Credulous Shmeckle to wiggle some words on the matter.

Dongfonders (also known somewhat less suggestively as Templars of the Dong and somewhat more suggestively as Dongfondlers) are the personal bodyguards, assassins, attendants, ambassadors, and (most importantly) gab spouters of Horus Morus, just as they were the personal those things to Horus Morus's dad Horus Borus, his granddad Horus Gorus, his great-granddad Horus Norus, his great-great granddad Dung Slop Skuz the Nomenclaturally Inconsistent, and all the previous Dings since the Dingdom of the Dong became a thing that's a thing. They carry out the will of the Ding and spread his influence across the Dingdom and the rest of the Glob.

But Credulous Shmeckle, I imagine you saying. That's what government functionaries do all over the place. Where's the part where this is a religion? Well, there's actually a considerably shrewd theology at work here. See, the various tracts, scrolls, tomes, and tablets that codify Dingdomian law are also the holy canon of the Dongfonder faith. It's very similar to the Babajuanan Boorgthodoxy in that sins against the dogma and crimes against the digs are one and the same. Of course, what's legal and virtuous in the Dingdom of the Dong might not jibe with those same qualities elsewhere but as long as the Ding gets his beneficence a lot can be forgiven.

Although the Ding's power is proportional to the fervor of his worshippers, Dongfonders



are remarkably tolerant of other faiths, especially the Hoomanrace-hating Jemimah's Witnesses. Horus Morus, they sermonize, is indeed a gawd, but he isn't the only one. It's reasonably acceptable for a cremefillian to pray to whomever she wishes as long as she also recognizes the irrefutable divinity of the Ding and his predecessors (unless she's one of those vile Hoomanitarrians, of course).

The various warlords, crime bosses, and clan leaders that infest the Dingdom swear their loyalty and devotion to the Ding, offering sacrifices and contributions to their sovereign

gawd-boss in exchange for his blessings upon their endeavors. A sacred boulder near the Loaf of Luminous Luxury in Toast is smeared with the partially hydrogenated animal and/or vegetable shortening of those who deny or attempt to swindle the Ding. In fact, a famously violent contingent of Dongfonder templars, known as *The Pruners of His Garden at Dusk*, brings down a big heaping helping of righteous fury on any such underling who acts against the auspicious and meritorious edicts of the Ding.

The Dingdom of the Dong is an archipelago overflowing with rituals and taboos. The Dong-

fonders revel in such formalities (as long as the proper scrolls are filed). In fact, that sentence kind of makes a decent segue into the next section...

RITES, RITUALS, AND OBSERVANCES

The most religious Dongfonders, the ones who cling most tenaciously to the tenets and ideals scribbled in the scripture and preached from the parapets, are, unsurprisingly, those cremefillians who work in direct service to the Ding. Adherence to the formalities and procedures of the dogma are the frosting on their metaphorical cupcake. There's this whole complex bureaucracy at work, of which I only trimmed the merest toenail during my infiltration. They have a gazillion and twelve rituals for everything, like how many times one should bow while walking toward a functionary with a rank six levels above his own, when it's proper to wear shoes in the presence of a fish, and how one should react when stared at by a slog. Failure to adhere to these strictures could get a Dongfonder snubbed, demoted, tortured, executed, or worse. They take this stuff seriously, is the point I'm trying to make.

THE THRONG

Obviously this religion is most prominent within the Dingdom of the Dong. Any Dongfonder encountered outside the archipelago is probably serving the whims of the Ding in one manner or another. I've never met a Dongfonder who wasn't a cremefillian (or related kith) but I imagine one or two might exist.

SYMBOLOLOGY

Effigies of the Ding and his ancestors are extremely common throughout the entire Dingdom. Dongfonders display his holy likeness at every opportunity.

RAIMENT

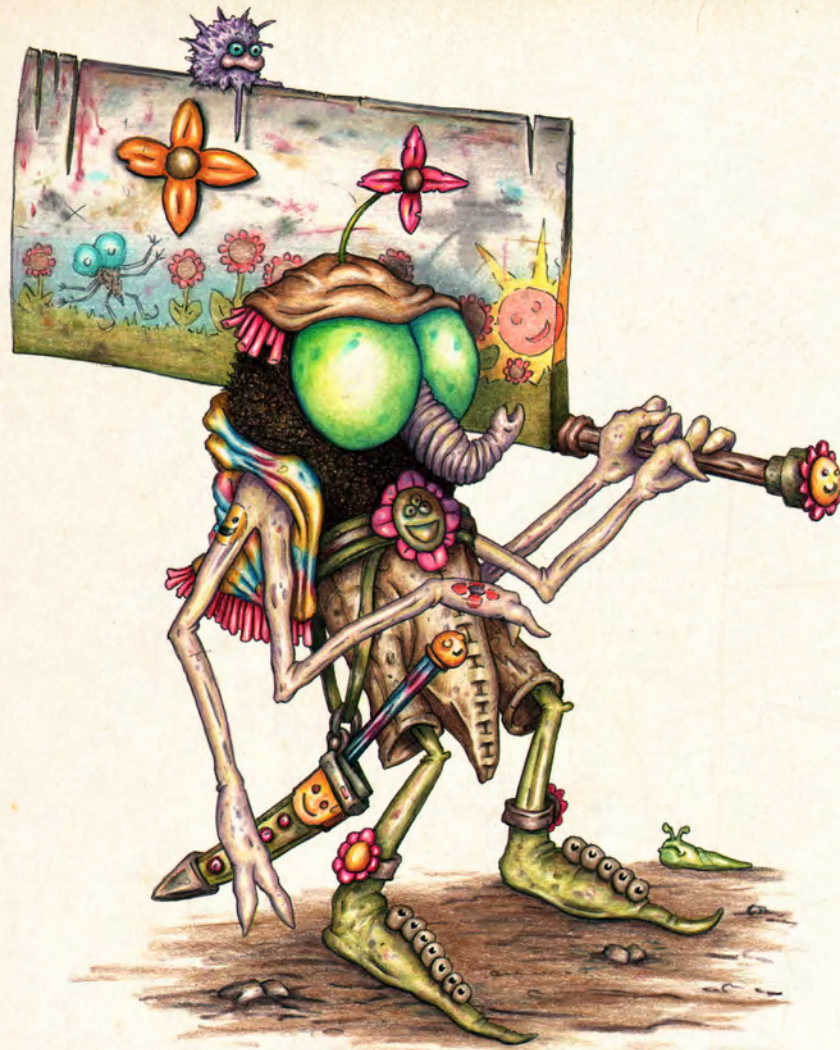
Every devout Dongfonder wears a sacred mask/headband thing called a *shlooph*. The color and pattern of the shlooph denotes the rank

and function of the adherent. Various axioms engraved on the walls of dongsques and shrines throughout the Dingdom regard the various taboos and strictures that dictate what articles of clothing may be worn in conjunction with what other articles of clothing and by whom and at what time of day. Woe unto the Dongfonder who wears the wrong socks with that vest! Only the ordained need adhere, but the laity are encouraged to know the gist of such things as well.

SINS, VIRTUES, AND OFFERINGS

Strict adherence to the immeasurable taboos and rituals is the paramount virtue of the Dongfonder creed. Unless, that is, the Ding himself issues an edict that countermands such promulgations. He does that quite a bit, but he's gawd so it's alright. Although a complex doctrine of rites and obsequies describes how best to atone for lapses and sins, a snubbed Dongfonder is expected to meditate upon his transgressions until the Ding sends him a vision describing the path to his redemption. Usually a bout of public shaming (Dongfonders are big on humiliation) or torture is enough to satisfy the Ding and his cronies, but bigger sins require greater apologies. Such atonement could involve just about anything, depending on the excesses of the iniquity and the Ding's mood at the time. I once met a penitent cremefillian who was walking backwards from Toast to Broken Toe while carrying a thirsty goozera in one hand and a full mug of suds in the other (he accidentally turned around once and had to start all over again). His crime? He fed blue food, which is reserved for times of sunshine, to the Ding's holy carp while the sky was slightly overcast. He immediately realized his error, but a sin is a sin.

The various stringent taboos and bureaucratic tedia enforced among Dongfonders may appear arbitrary and pointless to outsiders. Truthfully, it appears arbitrary and pointless to insiders as well. Nevertheless, the Ding dictates and the Dongfonders do. Such is ever the way of things.



FLOWER CHILDREN

*Winked a Wuss with a shank stained by blood
To a wretch seeping dirt into mud,
"You should smile, my friend.
Your life's come to an end
By the blessings of me and my budd."*

In many ways the Flower Children (also known as Wusses or Buddists) are similar to the Suffering Socks, whom we'll discuss a bit later on. Both theologies are predicated upon the no-

tion that Oith can withstand only a delicately definable amount of suffering before another Time of the Flush is upon us and things get really bad. The Cohorts of the Porcelain Gawd, of course, welcome such an occurrence, but the Flower Children and the Suffering Socks work to prevent it. While Suffering Socks try to soak up as much agony as possible by inflicting it deliberately upon themselves (usually), Flower Children direct their efforts outward. They

spend as much time as possible being happy and spreading joy, understanding, and fellowship across the glob. They dance, sing, hug, frolic, plant flowers, and generally wander the Oith doing good deeds and being nice to peeps and also sometimes brutally murdering them.

Wait, did I say *brutally murdering* them?

I did indeed. In addition to being some of the most cheerful and friendly peeps on the glob Flower Children are arguably Oith's deadliest and most terrifying assassins. The scriptural rationale behind this seemingly paradoxical dichotomy is remarkable. Flower Child holy rollers speak of a thing called *euphoric sonority*, which is a spiritual measurement of the glob's overall emotional felicity. By being happy and encouraging global gladness Flower Children increase the Oith's euphoric sonority, delaying the next inevitable Time of the Flush a bit longer. Fine, that covers why they're so nice, but what about the whole killing people thing? Well, apparently there are certain peeps and creeps out there who, whether by volition or happenstance, significantly decrease the Oith's comprehensive euphoric sonority simply by existing. Some of these characters are criminals, wrongdoers, and predators, but most have nothing about them that outwardly implies any sort of danger to society or ill intent. How then do Flower Children choose their victims? If a potential quarry appears to be just a normal waremonger or a random suds slinger or something how can a Wuss preach the righteousness of his actions? What divine missives compel his hallowed butchery? These are some extremely interesting questions, the fascinating answers to which we'll discuss in the next paragraph.

Flower Children don't choose their victims haphazardly. Plopping the wrong dupe in the dirt might do more harm than good. They're not casual killers or indiscriminate butchers. The aim is to *increase* euphoric sonority by ending peeps that lower it (or who will lower it in the future), not *decrease* it by creating a bunch of orphans, widows, and funeral processions. Flower children don't take such responsibility



lightly. A great deal of care is put into the process. There's an entire system in place for decisions like these. There's nothing random or arbitrary about it. Such globally influential and intriguingly insidious dealings as these must be carefully considered, conscientiously contemplated, delicately deliberated, and fastidiously fussed over before any purpose or scheme can be mustered. The righteous recognize their feeble mortal unworthiness. For such immense and momentous adjudications a higher counsel must be consulted. Such insight comes, as insights often do, in the form of a plant.

Every Flower Child, from the lowliest Pedicel to the loftiest Stamen, carries about her person a blooming flower known as a *budd*. Sometimes it's a mushroom decorated to look like a flower, but the gist is still there. Also, sometimes it's not actually blooming. I knew this one Wuss back in the day whose bud was a potato. Some sort of living vegetal or fungal organism is what we're talking about. Flowers are preferred but not absolutely necessary. Anyway, when a Flower Child is ready (when he becomes an actual holy roller, usually) the budd sort of begins to talk to him, encouraging him, making him laugh, guiding him along his spiritual journey, and telling him who to brutally murder. It's like his own little personal dad/life coach/cult leader. Nobody else can hear a budd speak, just the Flower Child to whom it has bonded. They have their own thing going on. It's their little secret.

A Flower Child is very protective of his budd, and with good reason. Each Buddhist is spiritually, emotionally, and perhaps even physically attached to his budd. There's a symbiosis at

play. If a holy roller's budd gets sick or croaks he will almost certainly lose his zazz (or worse) until a new one can be consecrated. We'll discuss that process later on, so unsaddle your slogs for a stanza or two.

Although I'm uncertain of its precise location (or at least certain I'll be next on the hit list if I reveal it), somewhere in the Dingdom of the Dong there exists a bountiful garden of flowers sacred to the Buddists. This field, known rather simplistically as *The Plot*, is ephemerally linked to all the budds hanging out with all the Flower Children all over the glob. The Plot may or may not be an actual gawd but there's definitely something Fundamental about its nature. Flower Children revere this sacred ground. It is the source of their communion, the eldritch focus of euphoric sonority, and the foundation of their faith. An esteemed sect known as the Cultivators maintains the digs. Here they are now (and a few others as well)...

THE CULTIVATORS

These Flower Children are the sacred custodians of *The Plot* and other consecrated gardens, copses, fungles, and orchards across the glob. Similar in occupation to the Monks of the First Septum who cultivate sacred fungi at the Garden of Smellemental Glee, these jovial horticulturists help the gardens flourish and defend them from whatever threats abound. It's said the Cultivators are the only peeps who know the true dope on how budds commune with Flower Children and what mystic criteria they consult to determine their victims. They spend a great deal of time meditating, enjoying herbal benevolences, communing with their sacred groves, gaining deep insights and plotting insidious murders.

A Cultivator seldom leave her oasis, but when she does it is usually to carry out a particularly desperate assassination.

THE HAPPY PLATE CLUB

The members of this congregation have each pledged to personally cause the extinction

of an entire species of critter (or peep). The religious motives are unclear, but they claim to be acting under holy auspices. Although they don't generally nurture and commune with budds like other Flower Children, they have sort of a nature loving/killing things vibe so I thought maybe this was the best place to plop them. Plus, they have the word "happy" in their name. Happy Plate Club holy rollers nab zazz from somewhere but in my experience their faith is more about leaving their mark on history than anything to do with euphoric sonority and global gladness. They're mostly a bunch of boastful hunters and trappers with the occasional genocidal maniac lurking in their midst to keep things interesting.

THE TICKLERS

While most Buddists attempt to increase Oithly exuberance by smiling a lot and cheerily slaughtering specific peeps whose existence adversely influences euphoric sonority, the Ticklers take things a step farther. Ever gleeful, Ticklers actively attempt to gladden anyone they encounter who appears even a little bit unhappy. They're clowns, comedians, pranksters, and buffoons—obsessively prancing, pratfalling, and accosting the sad, the crestfallen, the morose, and the slightly in a funk. If their antics are ineffective the Ticklers quickly and inconspicuously murder their mirthless clients and move on to the next glowering face. "Turn that frown upside down or I'll move it two or three inches down your neck," one might imagine a Tickler guffawing.

Ticklers don't need budds to tell them who to kill. Anyone who isn't happy is on the menu.

rites, rituals, and observances

Flower Children thrive on ritual love-ins, sing-alongs, camp-fires, and other dubiously-hyphenated felicitations. Their sacraments are numerous, encompassing a broad diversity of paloozas, aroos, moots, fairs, and festivals, most of which involve the wanton consumption of horticulturally enhanced libations and viands.

Of course the most important rite in a Flower Child's liturgical development is his Budd Mitzvah. This is the holy observation whereby a Wuss is bonded to a budd and becomes an ordained holy roller. Usually, the budd has been raised by the incipient holy roller, cultivated and nurtured from seed or spore. There's a great deal of chanting and singing and body paint involved but the end result is a deep and compunctional communion between the holy roller and the budd. From then on, the Flower Child spreads love and happiness while the budd tells him who to kill.

Mysterious zazz prolongs the budd's lifespan (which is why the potato I mentioned earlier was a viable codependent). Nevertheless, budds are still subject to the ravages of disease and happenstance. If a Flower Child's budd perishes so too does a portion of his own gumption. In such a case, the Wuss must either propagate another budd (which could take years) or consult the Cultivators to determine a suitable replacement. Such an undertaking usually involves a long and arduous quest in search of the perfect match.

THE THRONG

A study in contradictions, Wusses are difficult to plop a pin in. On the surface, they're cheerful, insightful, and impulsive—traits that attract such peeps as smelves, flews, and fun-guys. Beneath the surface, however, they can be calculating, phlegmatic, and shrewd—characteristics inherently appealing to snells, creme-fillians, and a number of boduls, croaches, and worms. Plus, they get to kill a lot of peeps, so horcs, marshfellows, and other passionate dudes tend to hop on board. I guess just about anybody could be a Flower Child. Even that guy crouching RIGHT BEHIND YOU!

SYMBOLOLOGY

Flower Children, as their name suggests, are all about flowers and happy peeps doing happy things. They scribble flowers on just about everything. If a peep looks closely enough, however, those petals start to look a bit like knife blades...



RAIMENT

Flower Children dig all things colorful, flowery, and brilliant. The more attention a Wuss's garments attract the less likely a potential victim is to notice an envenomed blade as it waits, concealed among the petals, to be thrust into an unwary kidney or to slit an unguarded throat. Their clothing is usually riddled with hidden pockets, scabbards, and sheaths—all of which bristle with stashed weapons, poisons, and other illicit impediments.

SINS, VIRTUES, AND OFFERINGS

According to Flower Child dogma anything that inflates euphoric sonority is a virtue. Conversely, things that dwindle global gladness are sins. The greatest act of beneficence a Buddhist can perform is the swift assassination, under the guidance of her budd, of peeps and creeps who hasten the next Time of the Flush (whether by design or happenstance).



FLUFFY NUBBLERS

Nothing is quite as divine
As the relics I hoard in my shrine.
To Fluffy Lyack
While adding jazz to my stack,
"No collection is greater than thine!"

The ruins of crumbled civilizations speckle the glob like butt pimples on a hair bare. Oldsters and gadabouts spend lifetimes unothing and exploring such sites in search of ancient treasures and hidden knowledge. Of paramount interest to most are those relics and vestiges of the once-illustrious Hoomanrace. Uncounted troves of bygone wonders lurk in cryptic vaults and shattered basements, hidden from greedy mitts and nosy shovels by gazillions of centuries of havoc and debris. Sure, the Oith is reputedly infested with archaic Hoomanracian mementos and fragmented vestiges, but they're so goosin' hard to find. Not only that, when such sites are unothed they're pretty much always infested with various monsters and things that want to eat you. Also, traps and assorted unpleasantnesses contrived by whoever squatted the digs in the meantime. Hoomanrace artifacts are indeed the

beans, but these beans are very difficult to harvest. Metaphors are cool.

But *Credulous Shmeckle*, I imagine you wondering, you just wrote an entire paragraph and have yet to mention *Fluffy Nubblers*. What gives? Calm down, I'm getting to that. If Hoomanracian vestiges are the beans, and we've already established they are, then *Fluffy Nubblers* are the bean counters. More accurately, they are the bean collectors. They are all about the beans. Their every thought is the beans. They breath the beans. The beans are part of their essential makeup. The beans permeate their dogma, constitute their creed, and leaven their liturgy. Beans. Beans. Beans.

Credulous Shmeckle! You're probably shouting, sweat cascading from your pits and angry spittle flying from your blistered lips. *Stop talking about beans!*

Remember those Hoomanracian ruins we were talking about a couple of paragraphs ago? You should, it's only been a few seconds. Anyway, about eighty years ago a team of oldsters exploring the ruins of Yew Nork near the Teats of Boorglezar uncovered something remarkable. Beneath a hundred yorts of rubble and a dozen



and six varieties of carnivorous monstrosities they found what is believed to be a spectacularly preserved shrine containing hundreds of inscrutable idols representing a vast assortment of ancient Hoomanracian deities (Mint on Card). Never before had such an inestimably esteemed trove been revealed. Jeezle Freaks and Hoomanitarrians pounced in droves, each eager to lay claim to such an abundance of holy relics. The Jeezle Freaks insisted these idols must represent some of the innumerable Patron Stains in Jelvis's entourage while the Hoomanitarrians assumed the effigies depicted various individual Hoomanracians. Of course the Pox Aromans and the Karmasuturists plopped their six clams into the mix, surmising the icons instead portray several of the myriad gawds of their respective

pantheons. Poop got real for a blink or two. The various factions almost came to stabs and gouges but, luckily, an oldster by the name of Diggimus Snoop made a timely and enlightening discovery. Scrawled upon the waistbands of several pairs of vicinitous sacred underpants was a most elucidative slogan: PROPERTY OF FLUFFY. That same phrase (and various iterations thereof) was subsequently found, upon closer investigation, transcribed across many articles in the chamber.

Who was this mysterious Fluffy? What immense power must he have wielded that the very gawds themselves (or at least the idols of so many) were his possessions to toy with as he would? Who, by right (and rite), lay canonical claim to these newly discovered relics and

Several of the relics found in Fluffy's digs appeared to have been chewed by a mysterious creep. This mythical beast, known as *The Dwag* (because it's gawd spelled backwards) is Fluffy's perpetual nemesis.

wonders? The Hoomanitarians glared at the Karmasuturists. The Pox Aromans snarled at the Jeazle Freaks. Amidst the turmoil, the ever-opportunistic Diggimus Snoop stretched the ample waistbands above his head and, uttering a perplexing garble of ancient prophetic hyperbole, declared himself the chosen and foreordained High Nubbler of Fluffy. Recognizing the futility of their disagreement (perhaps encouraged to do so by the zazzular nimbus of righteous flame that suddenly surrounded Diggimus and the sacred undies) the assembled holy rollers acquiesced, shrugging their collective shoulders and wandering off to argue about something else. As simply as that, a new religion was born. Garbing himself in hallowed duds recovered from a divine heap of laundry and composing himself in the manner depicted by a blessed portrait dangling from a holy thumbtack on the sacred bulletin board liling at a sanctified angle above the anointed desk next to the consecrated mattress whose honored covers were haphazardly strewn across the beatified shreds of deific carpet remnants on the shrine's venerable floor Diggimus began a journey that would take him across the glob (or at least from Ewg to Keister Island), spreading the Nubblitude of Fluffy and ordaining adherents as he roamed.

Nubblers, like Hoomanitarians, preach the awesomeness of the vanished Hoomanrace. More specifically, they preach the awesomeness of the things created and collected by the Hoomanrace. They revere the majestic Fluffy and pray to him for beneficence, awed and inspired by the incredible collection of graven idols uncovered in the ruins of his antediluvian lair. Devotees are oldsters and gadabouts, seeking remnants, antiquities, and souvenirs. Some collect such things for the utter joy of having them or for the wealth and adoration their possession brings. Others attempt to glean their meaning and the methods of their utilization.

Of greatest value to Fluffy Nubblers are the exceedingly rare posable idols and totems of the sort found in Fluffy's den in Yew Nork. These effigies, crafted of the exquisite and extraor-

dinarily precious material known as hoomanracium, are amazingly elaborate in their detail and often possess multiple points of articulation and a full range of accessories and features (bobbling heads, kung fu grip, lifelike hair, arms that move when you wiggle a lever on their back, and so forth). When such items are procured, often at great cost, they are lovingly restored to their original pristine condition (or at least to a condition the Nubbler in question imagines to be original). A great deal of liturgy and circumstance is associated with such endeavors. Fluffy Nubblers take their collections very seriously.

Of course, the greatest collector of all is the Almighty Fluffy himself. This powerful gawd, say the devout, is the greatest of all Hoomanracian deities. Sure, Jelvis has his fancy hip thrusts, his lower case "t", and his entourage of Patron Stains, but only Fluffy has a mint condition, still in the box, Pickle Me Elbow™ with limited edition clip-on bowtie and exclusive gold lamé hot pants. The faithful pray to Fluffy to guide them to the goods and also for zazz to help them nab it.

RITES, RITUALS, AND OBSERVANCES

Many Fluffy Nubblers are obsessed with ritual and ceremony. Every item in their collection is carefully posed and placed according to a strict series of codes and guidelines describes in sacred manuals and rulebooks written, designed, and spell-checked by Diggimus Snoop himself.

Although there isn't a central Fluffy Nubbler church, devotees gather regularly at events known as cawns to compare collections, trade artifacts, and awkwardly hit on each other.

THE THRONG

Anyone with an interest in the works and wonders of the Hoomanrace might be drawn to this faith. It's a relatively young religion, and has yet to gain a significantly large congregation, but adherents can nevertheless be found in many realms across the glob. They are particularly abundant in burgs with museums and those situated near Hoomanracian ruins.

SYMBOLOGY

Alongside certain formalities of dress and personal grooming, Fluffy Nubblers dig any and all artifacts of the ancient Hoomanrace. They collect such things obsessively and proudly display them whenever possible. Also, underpants and depictions thereof are all the rage.

RAIMENT

Fluffy Nubbler fashion is defined by three requisite affectations. First, the coiffure, whether wiggular in nature or composed of the adherent's actual fuzz should be worn in a particular style. A large poof is parted on one side and swept over the noggin in a casual yet fetching display reminiscent of the supreme Fluffy himself. While sideburns are optional, a delicately fringed beard is compulsory (but no mustache!). Second, the spectacles. Every Fluffy Nubbler needs him some eyewear. These peepers have important sacramental connotations and feature heavily in many rituals and observances. Third, Fluffy Nubblers usually wear a shirt of some sort, often adorned with stripes and buttons.

SINS, VIRTUES, AND OFFERINGS

The greatest sacrilege a believer can commit is the destruction of a Hoomanracian artifact. Such an act is abhorrent to their nature and any Nubbler who intentionally does such a thing will most likely be shunned by his brethren for the rest of his life. Even removing a Hoomanracian idol from its original packaging is considered a major sin. I suppose a Fluffy Nubbler might atone for such an act by adding an even rarer relic to his collection, but they're a grudge-holding bunch so I wouldn't hold my breath.



THE FUNGISH

In mushroom and moss, mold, and spore

We exalt and revere and adore.

May the Moss Boss we hype

Make us gravid and ripe.

If we run out of monks we'll make more!

As their name implies, the Fungish are all about fungus. They revel in all things mycotic, bryotic, and moldy. If it's a mushroom, mildew, smut, rust, mold, moss, lichen, or yeast they dig it. Faithful Fungish worship the Moss Boss, an ancient gawd who oversees the propagation and continuation of the fungal domain. I know moss isn't actually a type of fungus, but "Mushroom Boss" doesn't rhyme and "Smut Nut" is someone else entirely (see Seananism) so the gospels make an exception. The Moss Boss is usually depicted as a snazzy mixture of smelf and mushroom with a lush, mossy beard. His smiling likeness adorns the idols, effigies, and plushies his followers customarily lug.

Fungishism is a surprisingly philosophical religion. Adherents extort the wonders of fungus not simply because they like the taste of gub truffles or the fact that mushrooms look like weenies. Those aspects are certainly praiseworthy, but when one considers the profound intuitive dichotomies exemplified by fungal organisms the glob becomes a much deeper pit. What other thing so concisely epitomizes the paradoxically contradictory nature of existence? Fungi are at once edible and deadly poisonous. They cure sickness and spread disease. Fecund and abundant, they are at once a sublime and immaculate symbol of life and fertility while simultaneously burgeoning with rot, decay, blight, and spoilage. They are sometimes brilliantly colorful and elsewhere blandly drab. Their metaphysically sophisticated mathematics, manifested in the intricate weave of hyphae, the spherical rotundity of puffball, cap, and sac, and the perfectly geometric rings produced by their rutting spores splendidly counterpoints



the chaotic randomness of overgrowth, infestation, and corruption. Some fungi, most notably the cryptically transcendental pottyspronge, induce an enhanced state of awareness in those who partake of their generous blessings, while others can plop a peep into an abyssal catatonia of sensory destitution (the dreaded anopsis morrel actually disintegrates the eyeballs of those who munch its savory flesh). Fungi thrive in every habitat. Even the deepest drinks and the driest barrens house their resident species. They cling to every surface, spewing abundant spores from the sheerest stones, the dankest hollows, and the coldest snows. Many exist symbiotically

with critters, creepers, and cruds. Others infest their hosts parasitically. They are the undisputed lords of the Underwhere (where green things fear to spread) and the very essence of every fungle, rug, and mycelial mat. There is no niche a fungus cannot fill, no environment it cannot inhabit, no hardship it cannot endure, and no marvel it cannot produce. A fungus is the perfect organism and the Moss Boss is the perfect fungus.

That's the way the Fungish see it, anyway.

Although Fungish habitually inhabit Oith's more fungally profusive realms, such as fungles, swamps, and the danker parts of the Under-

where, the center of Fungish devotion is an enormous hollow (and hallowed) chanterelle known as The Basidican in Wermburg on Keister Island (Grand Papa Unca Mosstache presides). This immense fungal edifice was crafted over the centuries by the same zazzular and proliferative workings that shape the Garden of Smellemental Glee. In fact, many of the Monks of the Garden, especially those of the First and Eighth Septa are devotees of the Fungish faith. So too are a great many Flower Children. To them the Moss Boss is the ultimate budd, communing with them via hallucinogenic pottyspronge and other psychotropic mycota.

Fungi are fecund and abundant. These are qualities cherished and emulated by those who wear the cap (Fungish usually wear a cap. We'll talk about that later). While generally agrarian and pastoral by nature, when it's time to get funky the Fungish are certainly enthusiastic. The typical Fungish has more spouses and larvae than a squiggly mass has tentacles. It's not that they're necessarily promiscuous or casual about such things, they just believe in spreading their spores and enjoying the abundance of experiences and interactions the Moss Boss provides. To that end they revel in the company of others who share their views. Peeps of assorted species often intermarry, sometimes producing hybrid offspring as bizarre and unlikely as the most ludicrous tizn't. Such propagations are apparently consecrated by the Moss Boss himself, since I've never seen smooches, wormfillians, blorblins, and flewfos result when similar unions occur among the congregants of other faiths. Be as a mushroom unto the world and so forth...

Such recreational procreation often occurs while the participants are gleaning the 'tinct. For those outside the know, pottyspronge puffballs produce a cloud of hallucinogenic spores that bestow upon those who inhale them the esoteric ability to view the inscrutable gubertinct, the hidden underhues that imbue all things (although some things more than others). All sorts of mysteries reveal themselves when one is wonking the spronge. My pal Toucanacondor

Flaminguez did a competent job gabbing about this jazz in *The Whole Hole - A Gadabout's Guide to Mutha Oith - Volume 01: Keister Island*, so I don't feel particularly beholden to reiterate it here. Although potentially dangerous and frowned upon by many societies, such activities are essential to the Fungish experience.

Not all Fungish are into wonking the 'spronge, making babies, and espousing the virtues of mushrooms. We've already mentioned the Monks of the Garden and that offshoot bouquet of Flower Children but let's expound a bit about those and other Fungish sects and related creeds, shall we?

THE ABSURDLES

Absurdles spend a lot of time sampling the more "interesting" varieties of fungus. As a result, they seldom do or say anything that makes sense to anyone else. They've sort of turned this whole situation to their advantage, declaring their own surreal viewpoint the purest form of interaction with the fungal realm and the most transcendent method of communing with the Moss Boss. The Absurdles are cheese is blue when it's not green or orange although sometimes it bites and sometimes that guy wears his hat upside down but then scary ass muthas dangle unpleasant giddy laugh laugh particles in the sour batter of an uncool groove. Pajama.

THE MILDUEDES

Like Crudbrothers, those who follow this creed encourage filthiness and stank. They aim to spread fungal influence across the glob, steeping the world in mildew, mold, and slime. This is usually accomplished by propagating such growths upon (and within) their own bodies. For obvious reasons, this religion is most popular among worms, who often enjoy the feel of soil and muck upon their flesh, and among piles, who really don't have a choice in the matter.

THE MONKS OF THE GARDEN

Toucanacondor covered the Garden of Smellemental Glee and the monks thereof in

considerable detail in his famous tome. A few readers might not be hip enough to own a copy of that work, so I'll reiterate and expand a bit for the benefit of the benighted. The Garden of Smellements Glee is a marvelous domain dedicated to the study and glorification of the smellements, those Fundamental essences of scent and stink. Without the smellements the sense of smell would not exist, so they're pretty significant. Intrinsic to the Garden's nature are the vast fungal corpses that house the gazillions of smelmedleys and redolessences nurtured and scrutinized by the Monks of the First Septum who tend them. Fungous too are the prodigious towers of which the Garden compound is composed. These massive erections are made of living fungal mycelia, shaped and cultivated by Monks of the Eighth Septum. Although they revere the Smellements and the Smellements who govern them, many monks also pay homage to the Moss Boss and the fungal fecundity he provides.

THE MUSH MOPPETS

These are those Flower Children I was talking about. They behave much like other Bud-dists, although they prefer to commune with their budd (always a fungus of some sort) and determine their victims by wonking the 'spronge rather than partaking of the floral inducements consulted by the typical Wuss. Many such grinning assassins commonly operate in the Underwhere and other dusky realms, spreading happiness and carnage (both often induced by fungal extracts) among the dorks, worms, and other peeps who dwell there.

rites, rituals, and observances

As has been iterated and reiterated previously, gleaning the 'tinct is sort of a big thing with the Fungish. Most of their rituals involve pottyspronge and similar fungi. Such revels usually begin solemnly enough with a bunch of handholding and harmonic chanting but quickly devolve into the sort of thing that explains where all those larva come from once the pot-

tyspronge enters the mix.

Fungish celebrate various harvests and holy days (also birthdays, weddings, new shoes, eclipses, the appearance of certain animals, haircuts, omens, prophecies, and the arrival of interesting visitors) with massive potluck buffets known as *splourges*. The biggest splourge of all, and the highest of holy days, is the Thirteenth day after the ninth time the moon does that thing where it kind of makes a loop in the sky and then shows up the next morning but you can only see half of it, which usually occurs sometime in the middle of Sixuary (but not always). This day, known as *The Moss Boss's Big Day*, marks the time of year when the Moss Boss supposedly spatters the devout with his holy spore (It's not what you're thinking. Well, maybe it is. What are you thinking?).

THE THRONG

Fungishism is quite popular among the populaces of Wermburg and other digs situated near fungles and similarly mushroomy domains. Among others, smelves and worms are often drawn to the faith's oithy nature, as are funguys (for obvious reasons).

SYMBOLOLOGY

Obviously, mushrooms feature prominently (and prodigiously) in Fungish art and idolatry. Also trendy are depictions of the Moss Boss himself. Most holy rollers carry a plush idol of the Moss Boss to serve as a cynosure at which they can focus their devotion and harness their zazz.

RAIMENT

Fungish holy rollers usually wear a sweet hat that looks like the cap of a large mushroom (sometimes it actually is the cap of a large mushroom). Immense, mossy beards and beard-wigs are also popular. Devotees tend to prefer drab, oithy colors highlighted by brilliantly blooming shrooms, molds, and lichens, but there isn't an officially ordained clerical raiment. Some of the more devout (or insane) Fungish I've met wear full-body mushroom costumes because why not.



SINS, VIRTUES, AND OFFERINGS

The Fungish model their behavior after the fungus they exalt. Generosity, abundance, and fertility are celebrated, while actions that interfere with such ethics are disdained (as are any

deeds or words that pejorate, insult, or disgrace fungus or the dogma of the faith). A holy roller who upsets the Moss Boss will probably find his path to absolution revealed while gleaning the 'tinct, if such a path exists.



HAPPY LITTLE ACCIDENTS

*Boss Rob in his glory did paint
With much calm and pastoral restraint
Across this great glob
With a pigmented blob
To obscure and conceal its foul taint.*

Maybe in our world there's a little stream that lives right over here. And also maybe in our world there are some happy little clouds that live right over here. Maybe over here there's the indication of some happy little bushes.

Shoot, maybe in our world there's a happy little clan of vicious blood-lusting horcs who like to eviscerate happy little smelves with their happy little tri-pronged smelf-gutting sporks right over here. I don't know. Anything is possible. There are no mistakes. No mistakes at all, only happy little accidents...

Have you ever wondered why things are where they are? Why this thing is where it is and why that thing is over there... I'm not blabbing about your mug of suds or your toenail clippers.

Maybe in our world there's a happy little sentence ostensibly describing the things that might be in our world but ultimately only referring to itself.

Those things are where they are because you put them there, but who put the big stuff where it is? Why do enormous landforms, like the Teats of Boorglezar and Some Big Ass Mountain Range, squat where they do? Who decided the Phesterance would seep its ugly mucks and burble its squiggly gucks so close to the arid vastness of the Open Range? What divine arteest decided Clorb's Wang's moniker should be so fittingly eponymous? Who squeezed the juice from what gawdly tubes to insist the sky is often yellow and the Big Drink is sort of a churning mix of various shades of green and brown with a bit of foamy tope and alizarin crimson for effect and also sometimes a hint of blue if you squint just right? What righteous brush illuminated the pyroclastic moraines of Mount Funky and the efulgent growth of the Soul Patch? What unoithly architect trimmed the stencils that gave shape to our shorelines and girth to our continents? Who passed the Unpassable Stones? What divine proctologist excavated the Keister of Gawd?

Creation myths are as abundant as belly buttons. Just about every religion on Oith has at least one and they seldom jibe with one another. Holy Rollers and wisenheimers have been debating Oith's essential origins since the mooks came home and they're likely to continue to argue such matters long after the last such critter falls victim to the Happy Plate Club. The controversy rages and pulses, as such controversies often do, like some sort of mythological hemorrhoid ready to rupture with sanctimonious malice, inundating vicinitous onlookers in the righteous pus of dispute and evangelism. Wars have been fought over whether a giant bug gathered some cosmic poop or a sideburned crooner "Let there be"ed the place into existence. It's a point of contention.

Greater wordwigglers than I have dedicated entire libraries to scriptures and tomes overflowing with such ephemera. Just about everybody claims to know the truth of the thing but very few can back up their assertions with verifiable evidence. It's always "Inquiry is blasphemy" or "The gawds work in mysterious ways" or "The

Good Book says so" or "It doesn't matter if you believe in Boorglezar. He believes in you" or "I know, despite all evidence to the contrary, because I have faith" or "Stop satirizing me or I'll stab you in the face".

Anyway, the point is, Mutha Oith has a gazillion and twelve origin stories. Oldsterian unoithings in the ruins of an ancient Hoomanracian burg near Old Oorlquar suggest yet another. Here's the gist: Those landforms and colors and rocks and whatnot are where they are because a hugely be-afroed Hoomanracian arteest-gawd plopped them that way. Boss Rob, as he's known, is the quintessential Hoomanracian creator deity. According to adherents of this faith, Boss Rob, basically just to pass the time on a lazy afternoon, plopped some goop on his board, brandished his trusty two-yort brush and palette knife, and just sort of *arted* the Oith into existence (using a signature wet-on-wet technique).

The central tenet of the Happy Little Accident faith is right there in their name. Nothing happens on purpose. Circumstances manifest, events coincide, trends recur, peeps meet, bad stuff goes down, good stuff also goes down, a bunch of stuff that's neither good nor bad goes down too... All that jazz is incidental, though. At least on the scale we're talking about. Sure, peeps make decisions and plan plans and whatnot, but the gazillions of happenstances that must conspire in order for those decisions to have been made in the first place and to actually transpire as planned in the gazillionth place are nog-bogglingly ridiculous. For example, let's imagine a situation in which Greasegizzard Big-Gulp, Floom's infamous competitive grub-gobbling champion has just been punched in the gullet by Tomethrower Feelth, a hoink from the outskirts of Yapple. We can extrapolate backwards from the event, interview witnesses and participants, and sort of piece together the whens and wheres of the gullet-punching. We might even gain a profound understanding of why Tome-thrower was so enraged when his favorite belt buckle was puked upon by the gluttonous horc and why he favored his left hand over his right

A commune of Happy Little Accidents on the Right Cheekian Mudflats near the Badunka Bight on Keister Island was recently destroyed by a strange (yet happy) little (yet devastatingly huge) wave that wafted in off the Big Drink.



for the noteworthy blow. Consider, however, the incredible multitude of incidental happenstances and accidental circumstances that must have occurred over the course of history to bring that fist and that gullet together. Every contributory incident (and we'll see from this discussion that just about every incident is contributory), whether guided by organismal instinct, climac-

tic whim, wisenheimerian philosophy, Fundamental axiom, gawdly decree, or some other incomprehensible instrumental influence, conspired to make that fist smack that gullet. What foul cesspuddle in Uuulon Crepulos's basement birthed Tomethrower Feelth (I didn't mention it earlier, but he's a pile). What gastronomic malevolence urged Greasegizzard's chow to spew

forth in such a magnificent manner upon Tomethrower's belt buckle? Why was Tomethrower in the splash zone? What fascinating tale hips us to the gist of why that particular belt buckle was his favorite? Going back a bit farther, if Tomethrower was accidentally created as the byproduct of some misconstruction of Contanimatronic zazz (he was), what complex chain of events led to that misconstruction? What fortuities and exigencies of Uuulon's youth led him to pursue the career that eventually led to the creation of Tomethrower Feelth? How did his parents hook up? How about his grandparents? His great-to-the-power-of-great grandparents? Without those peeps there would never have been an Uuulon Crepulos and, consequently, no Tomethrower Feelth. The parade of events that led to the clobber in question is unfathomably complex and immeasurably vast. It's headed by a gullet-punchular grand marshall who's followed closely by a marching band, the instruments of which are all the experiences and happenings that influenced and impacted the lives and development of either Tomethrower or Greasegizzard (so basically every event anywhere ever). An uncountable multitude of ancestral balloons drifts by, held aloft on gusts of celebration and calamity. Boundless herds lug a gazillion gaudy floats, every petal and dab signifying one or another influential moment in Oith's history. Gagsters and mimes without number cavort and tumble, juggling Fundamental excrescences and gawdly proclamations...

Wow, that last paragraph really got away from me. The point of my absurd analogy is this: crap happens and crap happening (crappen-ing?) is difficult to predict. When something unexpected goes down peeps can either whine about it or they can roll with it and turn it into something positive. That's what Boss Rob does (or did). Boorglezar gathered the leftover crap of creation and formed it into a ball. Boss Rob sort of decorated it. If a reader nabs anything from the lessons preached by Happy Little Accidents it's that turds can indeed be polished (metaphorically speaking).

RITES, RITUALS, AND OBSERVANCES

Happy Little Accidents celebrate everything. Every day is a cause for joy and every joy is a cause for cause. By this I mean devotees are encouraged to declare every day a holiday and every happening worth glorification. They often observe the festivities of other religions, the birthdays of strangers, the anniversaries of random events (such as Fouruary 12th of the year 431 yafwaf, the 23rd anniversary of Fouruary 12th of the year 408 yafwaf), and other such presumably mundane occurrences (such as the ninth haircut of Booblebox Scruzz, a shoe scrubber and sog groomer from Yapple).

THE THRONG

Adherents come from all sorts of everywhere and from among all sorts of peeps. The mantra preaches inclusion and universal love for all. It's all good (even the bad).

SYMBOLGY

Happy Little accidents recognize each other by the serene smiles, calm voices, and fluffy afros of their faith. Hand painted landscapes and stylized smiling faces adorn their every everything.

RAIMENT

In emulation of their talented gawd, many Happy Little Accidents are skilled arteests (or at least they dress the part). Afro wigs, oversized palettes, and paint brushes are ubiquitous. No self-respecting Happy Little Accident would be caught in public without them.

SINS, VIRTUES, AND OFFERINGS

Boss Rob isn't real big on the whole sins and virtues shtick. Since everything that happens happens, it's all good. Of course, if something bad happens an adherent is expected to turn it into something good, but it's all subjective anyway. Happy Little Accidents take things as they come, finding the good in bad and the better in good.



THE HOLESOME

*The gab spouted forth by this creed
Concerns very deep matters indeed.
Woe to those who avoid
Every gash, gorge, and void.
When a hole whispers secrets pay heed!*

What impenetrable mysteries lurk in Oith's most tenebrously unfathomable fissures, chinks, gorges, and orifices? What nigh imponderable ponderances slurp the noodle while one stares intently into vacuous hollows and recursively

infinite voids? When you gaze upon a hole does not the hole also gaze upon you? Maybe... Probably not, but it sounds sufficiently philosophical. The Holesome dig the sufficiently philosophical. Deep thoughts like these are the dirt that fills their bucket.

The Holesome believe the answers to Mutha Oith's most imponderable and deepest questions can be found within her deepest and most imponderable holes. They gaze into navels. They spelunk the drabest caverns. They plunge

aphotic depths. They explore burrows, crannies, gaps, and hollows. They contemplate the Keister of Gawd (and other keisters as well). They obsess over complex mathematical formulae and ponder the circular recursions and ephemeral whatnots of loops, hoops, rims, and vacuities. They dine, as one would expect, upon donuts, bagels, onion rings, and other holy victuals. They're really, really into holes is the lowdown I hope you nab from this paragraph. Like, *really* into them.

Why holes? That is indeed a deep question (hah!). Holes represent the very essence of sacred dichotomy, glorious transnipotence, and self-referential obfuscation. Dig this: a hole is definitely a thing that's a thing yet it's simultaneously not actually a thing. Peeps say "Watch out for that hole over there" all the time. Obviously, you can't really watch out for something that doesn't exist. At the same time, however, a hole is defined by its absence of substance. It both is and isn't. Are holes gawds? Probably not, but they are certainly holy (by name if not nature). Through profound contemplation of the intrinsic and extrinsic essentiality of holes, the Holesome gain insights into the existential and conjectural axioms that govern all things worldly and divine. Holes, they argue, are the most Fundamental phenomena imaginable. The blank nothingness from which the whole essential everything that's everything was birthed—a hole! The maternal naughtiness from which eggs and larvae are birthed—a hole as well! An open noggin thirsting for knowledge (an eager vessel awaiting straight dopes and transcendental enlightenment)—a hole. The (usually) rear-endar port through which we cleanse our bonebags of foulness and purge our oithly carcasses of leftovers and refuse—a hole! The salivacious gob we cram with suds and grub, thus nourishing our forms and fortifying our intellect—a hole! That same spout through which holy rollers chant sacred hymns and hocus pokers incant arcane blabber—a hole! The customarily twin vacuities that facilitate our enjoyment of the smellelements, awakening salacious cravings and

offending repugnances—holes! Ears are holes! Peenostrils—holes! Eyes, kind of... Wounds! Slashes, cuts, and stabs through which our life's goops drip, summoning introspections of mortal incontinence... Caverns, caves, chasms, burrows, tunnels, mines, chinks, fissures, dens, sewers, pipes, and craters—holes all, each more mysterious, inviting, and inscrutable than the last! The cosmic celestial void—a hole! The sky—sort of an upside-down hole sort of thing! A keyhole—a hole (duh), but oh what wondrous secrets lurk on the other side...

A reader would be correct in assuming the Keister of Gawd, that reputedly bottomless and immeasurably expansive chasm that gapes and yawns across the greater portion of the eponymous Keister Island, is a landmark of particular significance to devotees of this faith. The faithful are drawn to it like Danged to a graveyard. In fact, it's rather trendy for penitent or ruminative Holesomes to spend significant spans dangling over the rim on ropes of varying lengths while reflecting upon sacred tenets and pondering existential essentials and scriptural whatnots. The Holesome in general, unsurprisingly, spend a great deal of time lurking (or dangling) in chasms, pits, shafts, and tunnels. It's how they meditate. There is certainly something peacefully contemplative about the darkness and the silence but, in my experience, such places often play lair to assorted things that want to eat you. My time among the Holesome involved a great deal of fear and uncertainty as the part of me that sought truth and understanding and oneness with the Fundamental whatnot warred with the part of me that didn't want to get eviscerated by a dillidid or some other subterranean hideosity. I tried to ease my trepidation by various means (most of which involved mugs of suds) but I was never able to fully relax while surrounded by impenetrable darkness and unknown carnivorous monstrosities. The more devout Holesome, however, suffered no such qualms. They would spend hours or days just sort of quietly dangling there like lures on a line, musing upon the inherent and exherent wonders of vacuous recursivity



and deliberating geometric calculi way beyond the understanding of my nervous noodle (made all the more nervous by the juices pooling in my skull and puddling in my skivvies).

Of all the various religions, cults, sects, and creeds I visited during the Great Sects Change Operation none are more philosophically inclined than the Holesome. The devout of many faiths are content to accept the word of their daddies as gospel and the scribbings in their scriptures as Fundamental truth. Not so with the Holesome. These peeps continually seek new insights and new understandings about pretty much everything (but mostly holes). In some ways the Holesome are more like wisen-

heimers than holy rollers. It's only their obsession with holes and the ritualistic nature of their deliberation that earns them that distinction. Of course, their obsession with holes is nothing to take lightly. I used the word obsession in two sentences in a row not because I'm a terrible writer (I will leave such judgment to the reader) but because there's really no better word in our language to describe such a thing. They are enthusiastically passionate, compulsively preoccupied, fetishistically fascinated, and maniacally infatuated with and about holes (but mostly just obsessed).

Although they all share the trademark fixation discussed in the previous paragraph, various

Holesome sects and factions practice their devotion in numerous ways. For example:

THE BORERS

These peeps aren't content to merely explore the holes Mutha Oith has provided. Instead, they adhere to the punnishly literal dogma that the more holes a thing has the more holy it is. Borers garb themselves in characteristic lace overalls as they drill, dig, mine, and tunnel their way across the glob, poking, stabbing, probing, and adding holes where holes have no right to be (often to the consternation of the less holy). In keeping with their dogma, while attending to their sacred perforations, Borers are known to babble incessantly about deep and profound topics of interest to nobody but themselves.

THE NAVEL GAZERS

Sure mysteries abound all over the goosin' place. Oith has more naturally occurring holes, nooks, crannies, caves, chasms, and fissures than a... I can't think of an analogy. Anyway, the point is there are a lot of them. The Navel Gazers don't care, though. They have enough interesting holes on their own bodies (and in their general vicinity) to satisfy their thirst for wisenheimerian insight and philosophical ponderance. These peeps gaze ever inward. They're not necessarily selfish or narcissistic, just fixated. It's not uncommon for a Navel Gazer to spend an entire weekend staring intently into his own belly button and contemplating the ephemeral workings of the whatnot. Similarly, nose picking, body piercing, butt scratching, ear spelunking, and more invasively intimate activities are popular meditational foci (some more than others).

rites, rituals, and observances

We've already discussed the Holesome's meditational predilection for dangling in dark caverns and over the edges of yawning canyons. They do such things for a variety of reasons—penance, introspection, contemplation, poops and chortles, birthday parties—but there's quite a

bit more to it than just tying a rope around your waist and rappelling a few yorts. Such rituals must have the proper air of ceremony and decorum in order to please whatever gawds might be watching (and, if the holy rollers are correct, to protect the dangling devout from predators and unforeseen happenstance). There are prayers to utter, sacraments to respect, and sacred appurtenances to acquire. Sure, in a pinch a few tepid curtzies and a frizzled rope will suffice, but to really do this thing properly a Holesome needs a specially blessed dangling hammock (much more comfortable and sanctimoniously reticulated than a mere rope), a length of hallowed chain (again, stronger and more "holy" than a rope), and the proper raiment for the occasion (we'll discuss such things in more depth very soon). Also, how do you get back up once you're done meditating and doing long division and stuff? I bet you didn't think of that, did you Mister Smarty Buns? That's what acolytes and amanuenses are for. In fact, there are sacred sites throughout the glob wherein specially consecrated scaffolds and pulleys are erected just for the purpose of retrieving dangling Holesome. The biggest and busiest of these are located along the rim of the Keister of Gawd not far from the Garden of Smellemental Glee, overlooking the rim of Crackport on The Incredibly Huge Monster™, near Glopfossus's Navel in the burg of the same name, and on the lip of Snord Fjord in the Moonular Cheese Fields.

Lest the reader become misled, the Holesome don't spend all their time dangling in holes. No indeed, that's just how they meditate and atone and such. Many other rituals and ceremonies leak through the metaphorical perforations in their equally metaphorical canonical dogmasieves (my analogies just keep getting worse and worse). Sometimes, with the aid of a snorkel, a coffin sort of thing, and a bag of munchies, the Holesome will entomb themselves for a duration in a custom similar to the First Exhumation practiced by members of the Danged. I experienced this ritual firsthand and it was admittedly relaxing once the initial terror farts snorkeled

away. It was eerily silent. The only sounds were my own breathing, the various fluids squishing their way through my bod, the borborygmal grumbings of my tummy, the occasional cough, snuffle, groan, or sneeze, the squelchingly synovial creaks of my bones and joints, the horrified voices ranting in my noggin, that strange tympanic hum that sometimes happens when my ears do something weird that I can't really explain because that's not my area of expertise, the intermittent exhalations of my own various holes, and the interminable utterances of this little beetle thing that kept singing in my ear. In retrospect, I suppose those are a lot of sounds. There were more, too. Like that stretch of time where I couldn't get *Too Many Toes on My Tootsies* out of my head and started whistling it for way too long. Oh, and that time when my buns started itching and I had to scratch them with a stick I had fortuitously included in my bag of munchies with that purpose in mind. Now that I actually give it some thought, how can the Holesome get any thinking done with all that noise happening? It wasn't silent at all! Maybe I should have worn earmuffs...

Another fascinating rite performed by adherents of the faith is known as *The Dissertating*. During this ceremony a bunch of Holesome get together and, after a few boozes and some small talk, spout the gab about the various wisenheimery ponderings they thunked since the last Dissertating. A panel of *Holier Than Thous* (the upper crust of Holesome society) contemplates the revelations and discoveries expounded by each participant and considers each for promotion or ordination.

THE THRONG

Unlike many other faiths, the Holesome are remarkably open to new viewpoints and philosophies. They accept anyone who craves knowledge, ponders ponderables, and exhibits a proper reverence for sacred vacuity (even those who claim allegiance to another religion as well). Adherents are representative of many species. Worms in particular are attracted to the

subterranean delvings and chthonian nature of the Holesome creed. Snells and boduls often dig the faith's thunkular nature. More typically impulsive peeps, like horcs, marshfellows, and flews rarely have the patience (or intellect) to practice for long, although such adherents are not unheard of, nor are they unwelcome. For obvious reasons, the claustrophobic need not apply.

SYMBOLOLOGY

Circles, dark blotches, mathematical formulae, and pretty much anything that sports a hole or significant dent is regarded favorably by the Holesome, as are tools and implements, such as spoons, shovels, drills, and poky things that create holes. Many Holesome also dig arrows for some reason (That reason being that they like to plant the arrows in various places and point them toward the Keister of Gawd). It's a Holesome thing, y'all wouldn't understand.

RAIMENT

While no specific manner of apparel is mandated by the Holier Than Thous, Holesome almost ubiquitously prefer garb adorned with holes, tears, and perforations. They often adorn themselves in nets, lace, and other such materials, often decorated with circles, arrows, or mathematical symbols.

SINS, VIRTUES, AND OFFERINGS

It should come as no surprise that filling in holes is a big no-no among the Holesome. Penance for willful transgressions usually involves some form of cave-dangling or temporary burial, although major infractions might drive an offender toward more drastic restitution, such as the excavation of a particularly large hole or some sort of bizarre bodily penetration. Of course, Holesome recognize that during the course of events it is sometimes necessary to fill holes (for the sake of safety, agriculture, architecture, wound care, and so forth) but when they do so it is with a significant amount of ceremony and dignity.



HOOMANITARIANS

*When implored to spout gab of the old
Times when peeps were ingenious and bold
They prevailed so impressively
We express so excessively
About Hoomanrace virtues extolled.*

Perk your head holes in just about any suds midden or grub parlor on Oith (notable exclusions include The Dingdom of the Dong, That One Place with All the Sand, and Aggogg) and you're likely to tap plenty of gab about how awesome the ancient and vanished Hoomanrace was. Most non-cremefillian folks will be happy to drain a mug of your suds and wax nostalgic on the subject if given half a chance and maybe some pretzels to go with those suds. The general blabber is usually about how things were bet-

ter on Oith before the Hoomanrace's ultimate demise and how much greater things would be if those guys were still around. The Hoomanitarrians take that slant a few steps farther. They cling tenaciously to the belief that the vaunted Hoomanrace isn't actually extinct at all. They've simply moved elsewhere and, if we prove ourselves worthy of their attention, will one day return.

Whether the Hoomanracians will be happy to see us when they get here is a matter of great theological conjecture. Many Hoomanitarrians swallow the funk that it's our duty, as inhabitants of Oith, to set things in order, maybe do a little dusting or mop the floor occasionally, so when they do come back the Hoomanrace will bake us cookies rather than smiting us in an-

ger. Others suggest the Hoomanrace is already miffed (that's why they left) and if they ever do return it will be to rain their vengeance upon us for doing such a crappy job of maintaining the digs while they were on vacation. Regardless of motive, most Hoomanitarians are convinced the Hoomanrace will indeed return and we should probably prepare for when they do.

There's a great deal of contention between various factions of the Hoomanitarian faith about the Fundamental nature of Oith's former denizens. Some assert Hoomanracians were actually gawds unto themselves—powerful and mighty beings with intense zazz and supernal will who performed wondrous machinations and directed astounding miracles. Others believe that, while Hoomanracians weren't honest to gawd gawds, they still accomplished some extraordinary and astonishing exploits and, as a result, were favored by the gawds of their time (and are still favored by those gawds even today). Another faction says the Hoomanrace was composed of normal peeps, just like you and me but a lot cooler. They weren't gawds while they were alive but now that they're kaput the power of belief has raised them to that lofty level. So, they weren't gawds but now they are because peeps think they are. The gist, regardless of credo, is that the Hoomanrace is/was super nifty and we should either honor, respect, worship, or fear them for various reasons.

Let's take a closer look at the myriad legends, prophecies, and precepts gushed by Hoomanitarian holy rollers. Many such tales introduce us to an immense cast of supposedly real historical figures. A lot of these peeps are also recognized by the gospels of other faiths. Consider Fluffy, Jelvis, The Santa, and Sean for example. These guys were all apparently either gawds worshipped by the ancient Hoomanracians or ancient Hoomanracians themselves. To most Hoomanitarians there is no distinction between those two classifications—Jelvis and Fluffy are awesome, but no more awesome than any other Hoomanracian. Consider also Jelvis's Patron Stains, Sean's Throbbing Stable of [Ex-

pletive Deleted], and the gazillions of gawds who compose the Pox Aroman pantheon—Hoomanracians all, according to Hoomanitarian dogma (except maybe some of Sean's posse. Who the goose knows what *they* are?). Of course, it's possible some of these guys were actual gawds (and still are). There's plenty of oldsterian evidence to suggest the Hoomanracians did in fact worship some of them, but that doesn't actually make it true. I mean, dig the Gubernator of Ewg, for example. His minions pretty much worship him. Hugormo the XIII probably has more statues erected in his likeness than Zonkle has teeth, but that doesn't necessarily mean he's a gawd (Nor does it speak to Zonkle's status). On the other foot, the Dongfonders are pretty convinced their guy is one, so who really knows... The Fundamental guidelines that govern such apotheoses are fuzzy to say the least. Well, not to actually say the least, that would just be a blank page (or maybe just a page with "The Least" printed on it if you have sagacious buns), but you probably know what I mean.

Another common argument among Hoomanitarians concerns the ultimate fate of Oith's current denizens when the Hoomanrace finally decides to return. We already talked about this in the second paragraph, but it bears repeating (This book has a lot of space to fill). Will they be happy to see us and shower us with blessings and cake? Will they be disappointed in our stewardship and stomp us into paste? These conflicting viewpoints and others (maybe they will be sort of happy but mostly a little disappointed or maybe they are so much cooler than us that they won't even notice we're here) have birthed dozens of Hoomanitarian sects, offshoots, and denominations. It seems like every congregation has its own stance on the matter and its own methods of worship and genuflection. Some bicker and sass vehemently, convinced theirs is the truest form of obeisance, while others are content to adulate and let adulate. Regardless of means and reasons, most Hoomanitarians believe it's in our best interest to offer our devotion and attempt to prepare for the Hoomanrace's return.



Although most Hoomanracian sects worship the Hoomanrace directly, several offer divergent viewpoints worth investigating...

THE EVERY BODIES

The Every Bodies are kind of like the Flower Children, but without all the murder and car-



nage. Their gab spouts a gazillion and fifty psalms about how there's a gleaming spark of Hoomanracian holiness in everyone (even cremefillians). They spend a lot of time smiling, holding hands in a circle, singing, reciting poetry, and randomly

hugging strangers. They're a very touchy-feely bunch, but it's all good.

Every Bodies can lay a smack down if the situation calls for such, but they try to keep things pacifistic whenever possible.

THE GRIMAL KIN

According to the Grimal Kin it wasn't the Hoomanrace who ruled the primeval Oith at all. Instead it was another illustrious and departed creature from bygone days, one who actually enslaved the not-quite-as-mighty-as-other-sects-would-have-you-believe Hoomanrace, forcing those entities to tend to their every aberrant

whim. Indeed, the Hoomanrace revered these mysterious entities, known from the lore as widdle bitty pussy-wussies, feeding them ambrosial viands like cheeseburgers and lasagna, showering them with gifts and adoration, even reverentially disposing of their holy poops. Widdle bitty pussy-wussies show up in a great deal of the Hoomanracian art oldsters have uncovered from before the Flush (NSFW). Peeps of the day worshipped widdle bitty pussy-wussies and adored them throughout history and prehistory.

In many ways the Grimal Kin are one of Oith's oldest religions, predating even the venerable Jeezle Freakian and Pox Aroman faiths. As long as these things have existed peeps have gotten down on their knees before them.

THE HOOMANIACS

All other religions suck and should be destroyed! The exalted Hoomanrace is supreme and anyone who says otherwise deserves nothing but pain and a second helping of pain! If you're suffering it's because you don't exalt the Hoomanrace! If you exalt the Hoomanrace and you're still suffering it's because you don't exalt hard enough! If you exalt hard enough and you're still suffering you probably stepped on a nail or something!

Like many others, Hoomaniacs believe their creed is the one true religion. They despise all other faiths and politely urge nonbelievers (with hammers and various spiky things) to join their flock. Jemimah's Witnesses harvest the heapingest helping of Hoomaniac hatred, but there's usually plenty left over to spread around.

THE KINSHIP OF THE LOST REMOTE

Adherents of this creed believe the Hoomanrace is indeed extinct but that the artifacts and remnants they left behind yet contain a glimmer of their divine energy. They collect and amass vast hoards of such things in the hopes of absorbing their glorious essences. This sect arose after a series of squabbles took place at an interfaith pancake breakfast hosted by the Boorglezarians at the Boorglezarium. Del-

egates of the Hoomanitarian, Fluffy Nubbler, and Bottomliner creeds almost came to curses while arguing about the sacraments of acquisition and agglomeration in regard to Hoomanracian vestiges. The Hoomanitarians insisted such treasure should be amassed and revered for its historical and ecumenical value. The Fluffy Nubblers declared that collecting is its own reward and that by gathering such troves we give glory to Fluffy and the rest of the Hoomanracian pantheon. The Bottomliners just wanted more clammy jazz. Eventually a compromise was reached and a new sect that sort of combined all of those viewpoints hatched from its metaphorical egg.

rites, rituals, and observances

Hoomanitarians observe a huge number of holidays and celebrations. They are always aching for a chance to announce their veneration and proclaim their righteous jubilation. Revivals, tirades, plays, sermons, pastorals, festivals, and puppet shows are all popular events. Such ceremonies are often boisterous and rowdy, with peeps throwing up their arms and shouting praises as loudly as possible (probably so the Hoomanrace can hear them from their distant sanctuary).

Although Hoomanitarians occasionally build temples and epic monuments to exhibit their devotion, most of their liturgy takes place in less intimate and intimidating venues. Suds middens, farms, street corners, and alleyways often echo with Hoomanitarian voices shouting praise, adoration, and righteous passion.

THE THRONG

For obvious reasons, Hoomanitarian theology is very popular among boduls and others who (dubiously) claim ancestral Hoomanracian lineage. In fact, in many parts of the glob, Hoomanitarianism is the predominant faith, with a great many croaches, worms, tizn'ts, snells, blorbs, flews, and others adhering to the dogma as well. Oofos are usually more interested in their own ancestors, while piles, horcs, and smelves claim an elsewhereian lineage that has little to do with

Oith before the Flush.

Cremefillians, especially Jemimah's Witnesses, generally despise Hoomanitarians. The worship of their ancestral tormentors is abhorrent and heinous. Having said that, I have in fact met a few cremefillian Hoomanitarians during my traipses across the glob. Such guys are rare, but they do exist.

SYMBOLOLOGY

Oldsters have uncovered an immense and rather inconsistent diversity of artifacts that suggest the departed Hoomanrace exhibited a vast multiplicity of physiques and forms. Nobody knows for certain which of these most accurately depict the true substance of Hoomanracity, or if all or none of them do so. Nevertheless, Hoomanitarians plop their interpretation of the Hoomanracian visage on just about everything. It adorns their digs, their duds, their bods, and every enchilada, ball of wax, caboodle, and shebang.

RAIMENT

Hoomanracian holy rollers usually deck themselves in robes and pajamas adorned with various effigies and depictions of the Hoomanrace in its various forms. They often carry an assortment of plush idols and other fetishes that display their adoration and reverence.

SINS, VIRTUES, AND OFFERINGS

Hoomanitarians spout about the eminence of the Hoomanrace. Anything in line with this jazz is a virtue. Anything that disparages or asperses Hoomanracians is a sin. The greatest sin of all, one from which atonement is all but impossible, is the willful desecration or destruction of a Hoomanracian artifact. Such an act could get a roller banished from the fold, if not unmitigatedly squished. Lesser sins and transgressions might require penance in the form of a quest to find a precious relic, gain converts, or perform some publicly humiliating act of obeisance.



JEEZLE FREAKS

*To the King on his porcelain throne
We proffer a sacred rhinestone
With a thrusting of hips
And a sneer on our lips
For the sins for which we wish to atone*

Almighty Jelvis, The King, is worshipped, revered, and emulated by practitioners of this ancient and venerable faith. Like Fluffy, Jelvis (also known as Jeebus, Jumping Jimminy, Hey Suess, Criminy, Jeezle Pete, and a variety of other monikers) was worshipped by the antediluvian Hoomanrace just as he is glorified by those who dig him today. Peeps bow before his porcelain throne, offering sacrifices and obeisances in his name and in the name of his sacred entourage, the Patron Stains.

Much is known of Jelvis. His sacramental lower case "t" adorns a great many Hoomanracian vestiges and artifacts. Numerous decaying temples and concert halls devoted to the adoration of his righteous funk have been unothed since peeps started shoveling for such things. In fact, legends tell of hidden digs, an entire city buried somewhere deep in the Phes-terance and another on the leggy peninsula distantly holewhence of the Incredibly Huge Monster™, known to the ancient Hoomanracians respectively as Lost Veggies (or something like that) and The Vat (or something like that).

These burgs were apparently devoted utterly to the worship of this stalwart being. Similarly, so were what are now the ruins of Memp in the Bossdoms of Ordure, among others. Hoomanracians really grooved on this guy and so too do many of Oith's current denizens.

Jelvis and his posse are portrayed in scads of recovered relics and antiquities from before the Flush. Based upon such evidence, he is often depicted as a handsomely sneering Hoomanracian garbed in celestial robes or jumpsuits of purest white, bedazzled with holy rhinestones and lower case "t"s. His glorious sideburns and divine pompadour, occasionally encircled by a sweet halo of thorns and pricklers, are the envy of gawds and gawshes in every celestial realm (Stan wishes he could grow chops like those). His hands are holy and holy, pierced through the middle so he can cheat when he plays peek-a-boo with Stan (it's okay, He's allowed) or else gloved in sparkingly sequined sacramental mittens. His tootsies are either bare, sandled, or wiggled into shoes of numinous blue suede. His cape is a cape, but it's an awesome cape. Jelvis was an idol before he was a gawd. His duds and deeds bespeak such a status.

On the subject of deeds, let's discuss a few legends and triumphs for which Jelvis is known. Apparently, depending upon which myths you believe, during his time as a Hoomanracian he was either some sort of desert-wandering cabinet maker or else he was a ham or a crooner or something like that, perhaps both at the same time (the dual substance of gawds is certainly a thing peeps blabber on about). The dirt seems to be Jelvis was underappreciated, perhaps even hated, by the peeps that wore the big boy pants back in his day. He certainly had his fans (fanatics, even), mostly among the larval, the wayward, and the disenfranchised. They really juiced his drippings and grooved his gist righteously. I don't know why, exactly. Maybe kitchen remodeling was different back then. For whatever reason, despite the admonishment of the authorities, certain peeps liked the cut of his jib. Eventually these zealots and groupies formed an

apostolic entourage and began to sing Jelvis's gospels and preach his teachings to peeps across the glob. The word of Jelvis spread like a backstage groupie. Soon, he was a superstar, a prominent celebrity with tour dates and sermons and gazillions of fans gawping at his every word. This displeased the bossy cheeses. His popularity threatened their own so they apparently nailed him to a lower case "t" and poked him with sticks (as you do). Alternate narratives have him strapped to a porcelain throne and force-fed peanunutternanner sammiches until his guts betrayed him like a traitorous apostle (one of those fits into the story somewhere as well).

Jelvis's demise at the sticks and/or sammiches of his oppressors was only the beginning. He yet had jazz to do. His body was taken to a cave on the outskirts of somewhere and left to do what bodies do when left in caves on the outskirts of somewhere. It didn't stay there, however. A few days later he was back in action, wiggling his hips and crooning sermons like nothing happened. He was spotted in restaurants and on hilltops and hanging out with the foagies in a geezer asylum. His visage appeared on potatoes, tortilla chips, burnt toast, water stains, and globs of mud. Peeps were perplexed. They were astounded. Their noodles were befuddled. In a tantrum of pontifical inspiration they wonked all sorts of prophecies and saucy limericks attempting to explain the situation and foretelling various things that might happen next (if he saw his shadow there would be six more weeks of winter, something about eggs, now he was a gawd, etc...).

Nowadays if somebody is spotted wandering around after his apparent demise peeps generally assume a danged wrangler is doing his thang and go about their respective businesses. Not so, however, before The Flush. Such things were much rarer back then. So much so, in fact, that peeps didn't even really believe they existed (maybe they didn't, now that I think about it). Oith was a lot less zazzular before all those back doors to places like Middle Oith and Egglantis were left ajar. It was sort of a big deal for Jelvis

to be seen alive after so many peeps watched him croak—big enough for them to form a major world religion that would affect the lives of billions, lingering and perhaps even increasing in influence gazillions of years after its original adherents went the way of the dead guy.

Most burgs across the glob, aside from those where Jelvis worship is dissed, have a Jeezle Freakian temple or at least a shrine to one or two of his Patron Stains. The largest of all, and the central seat of the faith's influence, is the Grey Strand Temple in New Oorlquar (so named for a mysterious silver hair supposedly found upon the rim of Jelvis's porcelain throne and now housed in a well-guarded reliquary on the temple grounds). Righteous Daddy Yolk Holywafer presides. Speaking of Righteous Daddies, although Righteous Daddy Holywafer is the current head of the prevailing Presleyterian order of Jeezle Freaks, each cult, sect, and faction has its own Righteous Daddy and its own hierarchy of Baby Daddies, Mack Daddies, Big Daddies, Grand Daddies, Great Grand Daddies, and others.

PRESLEYTERIANS

By far the most prevalent Jeezle Freakian order, Presleyterianism is one of Oith's most ancient and prominent religions. The central tenets, as laid down in The Good Book and elucidated by the Righteous Daddy, are a gallimaufry of conflicting ideals, inconsistent edicts, antithetical decrees, easily-misinterpreted allegories, incongruous arguments, paradoxical parables, and incompatible laws. Almost anything a peep mentions can either be advocated or condemned by quoting the applicable passage (which often runs contrary to several other passages). The Good Book seems to be purposefully confusing and intentionally self-contradictory. Jelvis works in mysterious ways, we're told, and one of those ways seems to be to confuse the Nether Regions out of everyone to the point where they're afraid to do anything without consulting a Big Daddy or at least begging one for forgiveness afterward. Basically, everything is permitted and also everything is a

sin. Do your thang but make sure you confess (or at least brag) about it to the proper churchicles before you croak and are forced to spend eternity massaging Stan's hemorrhoids because you accidentally hugged the wrong type of peep, you thought a little too intently about that cute little smelfette down at the Reekbottle, or you hitched your slog's saddle on backwards.

Shame and atonement are huge to the Presleyterians. In fact, entire buildings are dedicated to confession and the quest for forgiveness. The most famous of these is the Bowls of the Oith, a hallowed bowling alley nestled deep within the guts of the Incredibly Huge Monster™.

BOMBOLONIANS

Among the many sacraments indulged in by Jeezle Freaks is the ritual consumption of jelly donuts. Not only are these delicious viands visibly reminiscent of the holes inflicted upon Jelvis's righteous paws when those jerks nailed him to the lower case "t", they are actually considered to be, through a mysterious process of transubstantiation, the actual gore and guts of Jelvis himself. The devout devour these blessed buns, imbuing their own selves with delicious Jelvisy goodness. A mystical sect called the Bombolonians is obsessed with this particular ritual. Just about everything they do centers around jelly donuts in some way. They compulsively consume them in grotesque quantities, absorbing more and more Jelvis essence (Jelvessence?) as they do so. Bombolonians take pride in their enormous obesity. The fatter they are the closer to Jelvis they believe themselves to be. It's a religion based on eating donuts and getting fat. Cool.

THE MORONS

Loyal readers of this series may be familiar with the Dolts, an ignorance-worshipping sect from Floom's earlier days. The Dolts are extinct, driven that way by the actions of higher minds. Their asinine legacy of imbecility, however, continues with the Morons. These ludicrous yet devout twits believe that knowledge and intel-



lect are solely the domain of the gawds and for peeps to presume to actually know anything at all is an affront to those hallowed beings. They pretty much believe anything their High Nincompoop spouts, no matter how absurd or easily disproved, while simultaneously scorning the words and evidence provided by just about anybody else. The High Nincompoop is the one and only direct interlocutor (not that they know what that word means) between normal peeps and Jelvis himself. Anything that isn't directly

quoted from the High Nincompoop might as well have been puked straight from Stan's filthy pie hole.

THE ORDER OF STAIN STABBY

Here's another one of those intolerant "Our creed is the one true faith and everyone else should die painfully if they disagree" religions. Stain Stabby is portrayed in literature as some sort of tizn't-like guy with a snazzy chin beard, curved horns, a long pointy tail, red skin, and furry legs with bitchin' hooves on the end of

them. He carries a wicked three-tined spork and likes to make jewelry out of the skulls and bones of his enemies. As religious mascots go he's pretty bad ass. Totally metal. Anyway, apparently Stain Stabby is Jelvis's enforcer and his followers are encouraged to torture and murder heretics and nonbelievers, which pretty much covers anybody who isn't a devout Jeezle Freak. They operate out of hidden enclaves, coming out mostly at night to yell at peeps and poke them with pointy things (usually three-pronged pointy things in emulation of their Patron Stain).

THE FLASHERS

The Flashers are all about taking care of business (in a flash). With Jelvis's jagged lightning bolt emblazoned across their chests (and their underpants on top of their tights for some reason), these caped disciples of Stain Wussbrain put aside their secret identities by night (and also sometimes by day) to fight crime and enforce truth, justice, and the Jeezle Freakian way, which usually involves stern lecturing, free fruit pies, and the occasional walloping.

PATRON STAINS

Jelvis hangs with his own holy entourage—a posse of sacred beings who handle many of his affairs and intercede on his behalf with peeps of the mortal realm. The Patron Stains, as they're known (their likenesses occasionally manifest in various drippings, smudges, blemishes, birthmarks, and smears), are basically The King's cabinet of ministers and secretaries. Peeps who crave his beneficence often go through the Patron Stains rather than annoy him with their persistent pleas and entreaties. Jelvis digs on the adoration and worship, but not so much on the nagging. That's what the Patron Stains are for, after all. If a devotee wants her obnoxious neighbor to go away she's much better off rending a sacrifice unto Stain Gobwaffle than appealing to Jelvis directly. Similarly, zealous scrappers offer a prayer to Stain Tuko the Slash before battle and a ham might drop a few jelly donuts on a

shrine to Stain Bleesh before entering stage left. Jelvis is a busy gawd and he prefers to delegate rather than answer every prayer, plea, rogation, and beseeching. Ain't nobody got time for that.

Potential Patron Stains are nominated by various canonical committees and, after a long period of introspection, investigation, and communion, either repudiated or elevated by whoever happens to be the Righteous Daddy at the time. There's a massive list of sacramental criteria the Righteous Daddy must consult while weighing his decision. These are potential gawshes we're talking about here, not side dishes at the Purpled Leg. Some are ancient beings, Hoomanracians from before the Flush (Stain Krizzle, Stain Macronald, Stain Lenny, Stain Dlanod, etc...). Others were more recently alive (Stain Ooble, Stain Boneshiner, Stain Fleebletomp, etc...). A number of Patron Stains are gawds worshipped by adherents of other faiths (Stain The Santa, Stain Fluffy, Stain Shon, etc...). Jeezle Freaks don't consider these guys to be actual gawds, but they are certainly influential beings and a great many Jelvis worshippers beg them for goods and graces.

There are literally thousands of Patron Stains across the glob. To further confuse things, a Patron Stain in one area (or among one sect or order) might not even be recognized as such in another. A Patron Stain may, in fact, have a completely different bailiwick in one burg than she does in another. For example, Stain Loogie is revered on Keister Island as the Patron Stain of Stepping on Unidentified Squishinesses but to a small sect of Jeezle Freaks in the boondocks of Aggogg he is the Patron Stain of Horcs. Similarly, Stain The Dlanod is the Patron of Blowhards and Idiots in Floom, but in Doop he's the Patron of Bad Haircuts. It's all very confusing. This lineup is astonishingly brief, occasionally inaccurate, geographically unreliable, and an affront to the carefully maintained catalogues held in the Grey Strand Temple and other churches and reliquaries (to which I have recently been refused entry for reasons related to the publication of this book), but I heard you like lists, so here you go:

A RIDICULOUSLY LONG AND EGREGIOUSLY UNALPHABETIZED LIST OF A SMALL SAMPLING OF JEEZLE FREAKIAN PATRON STAINS

KRIZZLE

Patron Stain of Doing Things
Other Peeps Don't Want to Do

URGAL THE SAGACIOUS

Patron Stain of Wisenheimers

GERP

Patron Stain of Croaches

BURDLE BURDLE

Patron Stain of Sleeping on the Couch

DUNK

Patron Stain of Jelly Donuts

OUBLE THE GOO

Patron Stain of Arteests

WUSSBRAIN

Patron Stain of Vigilante Justice

GAMOOSE

Patron Stain of Crumbs

BONESHINER

Patron Stain of Danged Wranglers

OBLOMPULUS GRIMP

Patron Stain of
When a Song is Stuck in Your Head

GOBWAFFLE

Patron Stain of Bad Neighbors

MACRONALD

Patron Stain of
Things That Start with the Letter M

LENNY

Patron Stain of Pancakes



LOOGIE

Patron Stain of Stepping in Unidentified
Squishinesses (also Horcs)

SHART

Patron Stain of Flamboyant Garmentry

DLANOD

Patron Saint of Blowhards and Idiots

BOTTOMLESS BLEEP

Patron Stain of Strumples

S'KREEK OKK'KAW

Patron Stain of Groothoo Boids

BAHB

Patron Stain of Impotent Rage

GORANCE THE DRIP

Patron Stain of Tubpuddlers

TUKO THE SLASH

Patron Stain of Scrappers

HANK

Patron Stain of the Overly Hirsute

SHON

Patron Stain of Things That Shouldn't
Be Mentioned in Polite Company



BLEESH

Patron Saint of Hams and Drama

BATALI

Patron Saint of Overcooked Food

KYLANTOLES

Patron Saint of Unsuppressed Giddiness

THEEZLE

Patron Saint of Beastpunchers

WUNK WUNK

Patron Saint of Gadabouts

BOB SOMETHING

Patron Saint of
Overly Complicate Revenge Schemes

STABBY

Patron Saint of Religious Oppression
and Righteous Indignation

FLURP OF YAPPLE

Patron Saint of Gastronomic Indelicacy

HUMBLE TOE

Patron Saint of Sherples and Lost Peeps

SLICK TUMBLER

Patron Saint of Sneaking into Places

LINGUS OF FLOOM

Patron Saint of
When You Accidentally Bite Your Own Tongue

NUNCULUS

Patron Saint of
Things That Are the Wrong Color

FLEEBLETOMP

Patron Saint of Giggity Giggers

TUNKLE

Patron Saint of
When You Can't Think of a Word

JUMPING FLOB

Patron Saint of Boduls

FILTHY GOB

Patron Saint of Price-o-corns

HUGE MUSTACHE

Patron Saint of Some Other Boduls

GOOBER

Patron Saint of Stubbed Toes

DONK

Patron Saint of
When It Gets Dark Earlier Than Expected

THE OTHER ONE

Patron Saint of Indecision

MUNGDUNK THE SHOVEL

Patron Saint of Oldsters and Ancient Ruins

REEM

Patron Saint of Red Bread Mold

KNEESQUEEZER

Patron Saint of When You Can't Hold It In

DEEP GRINK

Patron Saint of Unscratchable Itches

SLITHER

Patron Saint of Murderers and Assassins

SLINK

Patron Saint of Not Getting Murdered
(allegedly the sister of Slither)

THE COLONEL

Patron Saint of Fried Stuff

GREEN HUMBER

Patron Saint of Things that are Pickled

KNUCKLE

Patron Saint of Peeps that are Pickled

OBO THE THUMB

Patron Saint of Teeth

UPROAR

Patron Saint of Temper Tantrums

EGON

Patron Saint of Cuddling

FRUMP

Patron Saint of Alternative Truths

P'THU'QQ'GRUP'Q

Patron Saint of Funguys

FLUFFY

Patron Saint of Hoomanracian Artifacts



THE SANTA

Patron Stain of
Nabmasters, Lashmasters, and Socks

FILTHMONGER GRIME

Patron Stain of Contanimators

NOLD

Patron Stain of Burly Peeps

CORNELIUS

Patron Stain of Fruit

EENCH

Patron Stain of Crying in Inopportune Moments

NEAL

Patron Stain of Runny Noeses

STINK

Patron Stain of Smellcasters

JINKLES

Patron Stain of When Your Foot Tingles
Because You Sat On it Wrong

JOWOLZEPH

Patron Stain of The Gab

BUTTHERT

Patron Stain of Sulking

PHIA

Patron Stain of When Peeps Talk Too Loudly

UMLBERTA

Patron Stain of Half-Eaten Leftovers

GLORBLIN

Patron Stain of Runny Cheeses

GANDERSNITCH

Patron Stain of Barbers and Wordwigglers

ZIZZMOX

Patron Stain of Oofos

TUSH

Patron Stain of Pants

TUSH

Patron Stain of Pants

JONES

Patron Stain of Gadabouts

URKLE

Patron Stain of Coolness

WENDELL

Patron Stain of
When Your Uncle Steals Your Nose

CHOMPERS

Patron Stain of Bite Wounds

LETTUCE

Patron Stain of Salad Bars

CREDULOUS

Patron Stain of Deciding
This List Has Gone On Long Enough
(I made that one up)

rites, rituals, and observances

Jeezle Freaks have rituals out the wazoo. They have prayers you say when you get up in the morning, prayers you say when you go to bed at night, prayers you say before you eat, prayers you say when you're angry, and prayers you say when you're not. There are prayers for when you did something wrong and prayers for when you

think you might have done something wrong but you aren't quite sure. There are even prayers for when you definitely didn't do anything wrong but you just want to cover your butt in case you accidentally do something wrong in the near future. Seriously, no wonder Jelvis delegates so much drudgery to the Patron Stains. He probably can't even keep a clear thought in his head with all the constant begging and yammering.

One thing I certainly learned during my time as a Jeezle Freak: these peeps really have a knack for ceremony. They certainly enjoy the spectacle. In fact, a lot of their observances are performed by Daddies speaking a language most of the congregation doesn't even understand. Sure, the crooning drawl is seasoned with enough pelvic gyrations and utterances of "Mercy baby!" and "Don't be cruel!" to keep them listening, but the gist of the thing is often so unintelligible the common bug or bodul has to stick around afterward and ask for a translation (which often leads to hours and hours of discussion about The Good Book and a bunch of clams in the collection bucket).

There's paraphernalia too. Don't get me started on all the love beads, statues, hats, and sacred bowling pins. There are donuts that look like stabbed hands and booze that's supposed to be Jelvis's actual blood (wtf?). Jeezle Freaks eat this stuff up, literally and figuratively.

Holidays, too, they have in abundance. Just about every Patron Stain has a day dedicated to his (or her) awesomeness or the thing he (or she) espouses or decries. Such observances are usually marked by feasts and parties or else by fasts and solemn mourning, depending upon the Stain in question. The Feast of Stain The Colonel usually begins with the former and ends with the latter. Jelvis has his share of feasts, concerts, luaus, and hoe-downs as well. There are days when you're supposed to sing, days spent in quiet meditation, days spent reading The Good Book, and days spent preaching door to door. One of the most important holidays of the year is the fourth Spoonday of Fouruary. This celebration, which marks the day Jelvis emerged from his

cave (whether or not he saw his shadow is a matter of great contention) and started hiding eggs all over the place for some reason, is celebrated by masked Jeezle Freaks who emulate their idol by pelting random passersby with brightly painted oily boid roe. Much fun is had by all. Another wondrous celebration takes place during the occasion of the The Fifth Elsetime. Jelvfest, as it is known, is all about protecting larva from the depredations of the sinister Stain The Santa. Parents light fires in their chimneys to keep him at bay while offering colorfully wrapped sacrifices to Jelvis and the other Patron Stains as an appeal for abjuration.

THE THRONG

As one of Oith's oldest religions, Jeezle Freakism and its attendant sects and denominations, yank their followers from a vast pool of congregants. With a few obvious exceptions, just about anybody could be a Jeezle Freak. Although devotion to a Hoomanracian gawd is rare among cremefillians, such adherents do exist (witness the great Uncto the Thrust, for example). Horcs are typically ill-disposed toward Jeezle Freakism, since they generally don't feel shame and seldom apologize for anything.

SYMBOLLOGY

A great deal of gab has already been laid out about the rather disquieting jelly donut / stabbed hand / actual flesh of Jelvis analogy, so no more need be spouted. Let's instead investigate the sacred lower case "t" wielded with such zeal by holy rollers and laity alike. Just about every Jeezle Freak on Oith has one of these reverent runes either stuck on the wall of his home, dangling from a cord around his neck, tattooed across his macho bicep, or otherwise advertising his devotion. The lower case "t" is the weapon, the totem, the talisman, and, more often than not, the belt buckle of the pious Jeezle Freak.

Other symbols are, if not equally prevalent, at least significantly meaningful for various reasons. The cryptic lightning bolt, the prickly

tiara, the bulbous pompadour, the glittering rhinestone, the effulgent halo, the rustic bathrobe, the squalid loincloth...

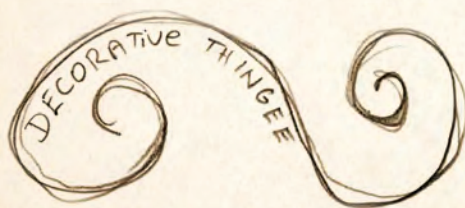
RAIMENT

Jeezle Freakian holy rollers are easily recognized by their distinctive garb. It begins at the top, with a bulbous pompadour and immense, fluffy sideburns (either natural to the roller or some form of hat, helmet, or wig). Sometimes the coiffure is adorned with a handsome ring of prickles or a shiny halo. Moving downward, the fashionable Jeezle Freak squeezes his bod into a tight jumpsuit with a broad collar, short cape, and widely flared legs. White is the preferred hue, although blue, pink, and other colors are acceptable, the more sequins and rhinestones the better.

Particular sects adorn themselves instead in bathrobes, loincloths, or souvenir t-shirts.

SINS, VIRTUES, AND OFFERINGS

Jeezle Freaks consider just about everything to be sinful. The trick is to do whatever you are doing in Jelvis's name and then apologize for it later. Of course, just saying you're sorry doesn't cut the peanunutternanner sammich. One must apologize to a Daddy of some sort and then enact whatever penance he assigns. Such atonement usually consists of repeatedly reiterating a litany of lyrics or passages from The Good Book. Of course, more grave sins must be expiated with greater acts of redemption, such as making clammy donations to the temple, converting heretics to the faith, or performing severe deeds of sacrifice or personal shame.



JEMIMAH'S WITNESSES

Witness the hate, rage, and spite!
Witness the furious might!
Witness the pyre!
Rejoice in the fire
Of Hoomanrace dregs set alight!

I was considerably apprehensive (scared poopless) when first I infiltrated a congregation of Jemimah's Witnesses. This particular sect change worried me even more than did my impending involvement with the Suffering Socks or the Santanists. At least with those other groups my very birthright wasn't apt to be the reason for a righteous smiting at the hands and sporks of the zealots whose sacraments I wished to experience. There's very little love for boduls to be found among the Jemimah's Witnesses, and even less for boduls who are avowed Hoomanitarians. As happenstance dictates, the very batch of Jemimah's Witnesses into which I planned to insinuate myself was the same order that recently accosted a Hoomanitarian enclave with whom I was previously associated. If I were to be recognized the gig would be up before it began. I'm a rather distinctive looking dude, as is the way among my peeps, so a mundane disguise was unlikely to cut any mustards. Nevertheless, with assistance from some weird friends who choose to remain anonymous, proper tools were acquired and my bodular bod was temporarily transformed, zazzularly, into a more fittingly cremefillian condition. My seepage into the faith was as simple as showing up among the devout, guise in place, dew rag upon my brow, shattered bottle in my fist, and anti-Hoomanrace epithets upon my tongue. I was welcomed immediately into the fold. The Witnessing of Credulous Shmeckle began.

I have to admit, my understanding and appreciation of this surprisingly complex religion was littered with misconceptions and prejudices



collected during a lifetime spent as the butt of their holy wrath. Not every Jemimah's Witness hates boduls, but enough of them do to make me glance sideways while traipsing through Floom's Little Toast or New Ooorlquar's Dingdom District. See, according to various scriptures, ancient spoutings, and actual oldsterial evidence, the Hoomanrace (and boduls, by extension) were the ancestral lashmasters, oppressors, and devourers of the primordial cremefillian forbearers. These unfortunate peeps were birthed

in blistering furnaces, subjected to humiliating and invasive tortures, injected with foul substances, imprisoned in airless hoomanracium cells, and crammed into paper prisons. The only escape was into the slaving jaws of a cruel and gluttonous persecutor.

With such atrocities in mind, it's not difficult to imagine why a cremefillian would be drawn to the hate-filled Jemimah's Witness dogma. On the crust, Jemimah's Witnesses are all about defiling remnants of their primeval tor-

mentors and besmirching, befouling, belittling, and insulting anything or anyone who reminds them of their tortured heritage. They're like that under the crust, too, but the partially hydrogenated animal and/or vegetable shortening runs deeper. See, there's more to the gospel than animosity and ancient grudges. Those things are vital, but spite alone does not a religion make. While it is certainly true Jemimah's Witnesses worship no particular gawd, they do indeed have a pantheon. Well, it's more like a panthe-off, if I may be forgiven for writing the worst pun in the history of wordwiggling. The gawds on this roster are villainous to the last and Witnesses don't revere them—they detest them. These are the execrable Hoomanracians of yore, known by name as vile authors of the ancient pogrom. Witness the atrocities of Jemimah, Hostess of Hate, whose rages consumed billions upon her blazing griddle of sacrifice! Witness nefarious Hines and his Dun Kin, whose despicable experiments reduced ancestral cremefillians to constituent ingredients to be horribly reconstituted in sinister scullery ovens! Witness perverse Scarily and malevolent Marring Killender, fell custodians of icy tomb and sizzling pyre! Witness the searing skillet of Flapped Jack! Witness the gluttonous gigantity of "Little" Debby! Witness wretched Butterworth, Biter of Buns! Witness foul Doughboy, Burier of Kills! Witness the diabolical Diabeetus, Quaker of Throats! Witness! Witness! WITNESS!

"Wait just a Jeezle Freakin' yort, Credulous Shmeckle," the canny reader might interject. "These ancestral cremefillians sound a lot like ordinary, incognizant cupcakes and pastries and stuff. Certainly Jemimah's Witnesses can't harsh on the Hoomanrace for munching on those. I had six for breakfast this morning!" Those were my initial thoughts as well (although I only had two for breakfast). However, I've seen the evidence with my own astounded peepers. Within every Dingdom Hall there lurks a sinister reliquary, a well-guarded vault chocked with disquieting artifacts and vestiges of oppression. Here are the damnable paper prisons themselves,

adorned with faded and colorful depictions of those incarcerated within (apparently ancient cremefillians were much smaller than their modern descendants). Here too are the flimsy, diaphanous coffins that entombed the unfortunate in solitary confinement, only to be ripped asunder at the whim of a gluttonous master. Jemimah's Witnesses revel in the destruction of Hoomanracian relics, but not these. These undeniable mementos of massacre and misery are instead paraded at ceremonies and invoked during rituals designed to infuriate the congregation and focus their righteous malice. I wouldn't call myself a convert, but my eyes and mind have opened considerably.

Jemimah's Witnesses preach their liturgy of hate and anger toward the vanished Hoomanrace from Dingdom Hall pulpits and suds midden stools across the glob. Although the largest mass of cremefillians dwell in the city of Toast and the other burgers of the Dingdom of the Dong, Oith's largest and most influential Dingdom Hall is in New Ooorlquar, presided over by Abhorrer Hoomhacker and his staff of Haters, Despisers, Spitters, Resenters, Dislikers, Objectors, Maligners, Grippers, and Loathers. The devout travel from yorts away to baste in the sacramental bloodbaths, smash glazen idols, and cry their hatred with like-minded brethren. Dingdom Halls exist in many burgers and burgles across the glob, as do various shrines and altars dedicated to the desecration of Hoomanrace artifacts and the debasement of Jemimah and her oppressive cohorts.

The majority of Jemimah's Witnesses are content to wallow in fury and angst, directing their rage at a vanished tormentor. Others, however, simmer with thoughts of a divergent nature. As with most religions, various sects abound. Let's take a look at a few...

THE DELICIOUS CREME FILLED CENTER OF ALL

Adherents of this faith take their hatred a few steps farther than the average Jemimah's Witness. They don't just shatter idols and spout



hatred; they actively toil to despoil all vestiges of the detested Hoomanrace. These peeps burn museums, desecrate holy sites, accost holy rollers, violate oldsters, ravage libraries, and otherwise work to defile and quash any evidence the Hoomanrace ever existed.

THE TEETH OF THE CHOCOATOR

Another violent and belligerent faction, the Teeth of the Chocogator aren't content to direct their fury against an extinct and impotent foe. Instead they unleash their hate against boduls and Hoomanitarans as the supposed descendants and fervid worshippers of those antediluvian antagonists. As a bodul myself, this sect makes me shiver. Teeth have been known to gut a bodul just for being a bodul or to feed a Fluffy

Nubbler, still kicking, to the murky broccodiles they house in their hidden temple lairs.

THE BAKER'S DOZEN

This group conducts its rage not in a sweeping slash at the Hoomanrace in general, but as a piercing stab at Jemimah and her calamitous cohorts in particular. Devotees model themselves after one or another of those wicked malefactors, paradoxically emulating the object of their angst while simultaneously spouting vindictive accounts of their atrocities. These costumed performers travel the glob in character educating cremefillians about the atrocities visited upon their ancestors. They're popular at certain birthday parties, holiday celebrations, and other events.

THE GOOD BATCH

While most Jemimah's Witnesses spew their trademark rancor and scorn, these guys aren't actually quite so bad. They acknowledge and detest the execrable treatment abused upon their ancestors, but they also preach tolerance and forgiveness. They seek not to destroy Hoomanracian artifacts but to learn from them, both in order to better prepare should those evildoers return and also to plop a more accurate perspective on the situation. Sure, the Hoomanrace was awful and they performed hideous acts of genocide and carnage, but haven't we all at one point or another?

rites, rituals, and observances

As a display of hallowed resolve Jemimah's Witnesses violently smash glass idols, most of which resemble the Hostess of Hate and others of her wretched ilk. This ritual is central to many of their sacraments. Witnesses shatter these hated effigies (emphasis on the "eff") on holidays (such as The Great Hate Date, The Glass Stash Bash, and the Enunciation of Hater Hoostrangle), during ceremonies (funerals, nuptials, the presentation of a young cremefillian's first do-rag), before meals, after meals, upon awakening, before bed, as atonement for minor transgressions, and whenever the goose they feel like it. They really dig breaking these things, is the gist I'm trying to impart.

Witnesses enjoy destroying idols and effigies made of other materials as well. Particularly popular are plush representations of actual Hoomanracians. These items are often stolen from Hoomanitarrians, Jeezle Freaks, or Fluffy Nubblers then stabbed, shredded, defaced, violated, ripped, beheaded, and otherwise grossly mutilated.

Of course, the most potent rituals are those involving the destruction or degradation of actual Hoomanracian relics. These things are hard to come by, so the ceremonies surrounding their desecration are often conducted with a great deal of decorum and formality.

THE THRONG

Most Jemimah's Witnesses, for obvious reasons, are cremefillians. Other peeps have occasionally joined the throng, but such adherents are rarer than smiles on Abhorrer Hoomhacker.

SYMBOLOLOGY

Aside from the sacred do-rag that adorns the noggin of every devout Jemimah's Witness, these peeps dig images and effigies that resemble wounded or dead Hoomanracians. No surprises there...

A cracked and inverted bottle, often dripping with the spilt amber blood of the Hostess and her horde, is a potent and compelling token.

RAIMENT

One item above all others marks a Jemimah's Witness as such. I'm speaking, of course, of the ubiquitous checkered do-rag (also spelled "dew rag", "doo rag", "due rag", and "Clarence"). Witnesses wear these patterned hankies to remind them of the horrors of Jemimah, who wears a similar tatter atop her own vile visage whenever she is depicted on artifacts and propaganda.

SINS, VIRTUES, AND OFFERINGS

Observant Witnesses adhere to rigid dietary and behavioral strictures. Such adherents do not eat pastries or any sort of baked confection. This is a symbolic restraint, meant to enforce their cremefillian pride and devotion to the ideals and convictions of the faith.

The greatest sin a Witness can commit is the intentional preservation of a Hoomanracian artifact. Such things are to be crushed, shattered, defiled, and destroyed (or, at the very least, peed on Jemimah's faced). No devout Witness would be caught utilizing such a device or reflecting upon its original usage.

Should a Witness violate these sacred values, his only path to redemption lays in the destruction and ritual violation of Hoomanracian relics. The more egregious the sin, the more valuable and significant the artifacts required.



KARMAUTURISTS

*An immensely redundant diffusion
Of gawds in abundant profusion!
In the Veedles these hordes
Bestow Karmic rewards
Because life doesn't end with conclusion.*

Many religions gush with intricate mythologies, miraculous legends, and elaborate heaps of heroes, villains, prophets, and gawds. Jemimah's Witnesses, for example, rant countless tales of ancestral oppression. Crudbrother scriptures seep with the defilings of valiant

contanimants and contanimators. Aaaatheists ramble stream of consciousness parables about great hoagies who were first at things. Big Babies cry and whine for stories about fabled nannies, sitters, and that guy who lets them eat candy for breakfast. Jeezle Freaks have more Patron Stains than Sean has diseases. Sean has a lot of diseases. Few, however, have such a colorful and imaginative profusion of such things as do the kaleidoscopic and flamboyant Karmasuturists (myths, legends, heroes, and gawds—not diseases).



Sure, the Pox Aromans have a respectable buttload of gawds in their jumble, perhaps even more than the Karmasuturists, but those guys are all pretty much variations on the same theme (The One With the Hammer, The One with Two Beards, The One With Wings on His Head, etc...). Karmasuturist gawds know how to get funky. These are gawds whose unlikely diversity can make even a tizn't jealous. They look like

Boss Rob and Stan dared a particularly imaginative Fungish holy roller to scrowzle a bunch of boduls and tizn'ts together in the middle of Sultan Pepper's private zoo then ordered the offspring to be dressed in gear fashioned by Ermle the Stitch after a night of binging on Snuggleblarfs and wonking the 'spronge.

The reason for all this diversity becomes evident when one considers the compelling and

fascinating dogma of Karmasuturist faith, as laid down in a florilegium of holy writings known as *Veedles*. According to Veedlic scriptures the gawds dig wondrous variety because they want peeps to experience all (well, most) of the things there are to experience. Karmasuturism is about making choices, learning from mistakes, trying again, and second chances. See, a big chunk of the Veedles gabs about how peeps never truly croak, they just get reborn as something else. What that something else happens to be is determined by a peep's *karma*. Karma is sort of like the euphoric sonority prized by Flower Children or the sufferessence absorbed by Suffering Socks, but it's more individual and less globularly impactful than those things. It's an intangible, esoteric accounting of a peep's actions as they relate to the inevitable results of those actions in this life and the next. If a Karmasuturist does good things his karma increases. If he does bad things it decreases. The form he takes in his next incarnation is determined by the balance of his karma at the time of his demise. For example, a cookie cook who gives out free samples might be reborn as a clammy waremonger or something. Similarly, a crooked crook who nabbed cookies from a cookie cook might find himself in the body of a mork or a mook upon his rebirth. Cookie cook rhymes with crooked crook. I want a cookie...

Some peeps do bad things on purpose, just so they can experience life as something else. The gawds are fine with this. See, they're all about balance. This whole reincarnation gig is their way of making sure things don't flow too strongly one way or another. If a peep builds up enough karma he gets to hang out with the gawds in their various realms and his actions no longer have any effect on Oithly matters. If his karma dips maybe he gets to be a critter for a while, which is an entirely new batch of muffins I'll throw at you in the next paragraph. If his karma drops too low, however, he's forced to spend some time in the Nether Regions, brunching with Stan, Sean, and an immense host of Karmasuturan bad guys, or maybe he's reborn as a con-tanimant or something gross like that.

Credulous Shmeckle, you're definitely wondering, if a peep is reborn as an unintelligent critter or something inherently evil or vicious how can he be held accountable for his actions while in that state? What if he's, like, a carrot or something? Do carrots have karma? There's a very simple answer to that, my friends. See, critters, creeps, carrots, and other unthinking or naturally malevolent entities earn karma for doing the things such things are meant to do. A scary ass mutha, for example, actually gains karma by ruthlessly murdering innocent peeps. If it acts accordingly it could be reborn as something similarly vile but even more powerful, maybe a scarier ass mutha or a puddle of yuck. If, for some reason, a scary ass mutha started knitting sweaters and giving them to lonely grandmothers for Boorgsmas its karma might shift in such a way that it could be reborn as something nicer, but that probably never happens. Similarly, a carrot's karma would increase as it sits in a basket waiting to be devoured. If the carrot did something uncar-roteristic (hah!), like choking someone to death or suddenly springing from the plate and doing a little song and dance number, it would lose karma and be reborn as, I don't know, a lump of mildew in a pile's belly button or something. Obviously, most such beings have no knowledge or understanding of karma and Veedlic dogma, but it doesn't matter, they're still subject to the rules whether they know it or not.

The devout keep track of their karma by stitching little tally marks onto specially blessed tapestries, scrolls, scarves, and garments whenever they perform a significant deed (whether good or bad). Such accountings, known formally as *gananataankas* (because sometimes things like these need exotically dignified names) or *tally-trackers* (because sometimes they don't), are a Karmasuturist's most cherished possession. By updating and consulting her *gananataanka* an adherent can get a pretty decent measure of where her karma stands on the cosmic triple beam. Although some Karmasuturists prefer to enumerate their karmic equity through other means, such as tattoos, merit badges, ritual scarification, or simply writing it down somewhere, the



vast majority utilize sacred tallytrackers, which also serve as meditational foci (Karmasuturists are big into meditation), symbols of faith, and personal fashion statements.

Credulous Shmeckle, you're probably nagging, tugging on my imaginary sleeve and pouting in an annoying yet slightly adorable manner, *you started this entry by bragging about all the awesome gawds in the Veedlic pantheon, yet you haven't described a single one or told us any of their fascinating stories. You suck at writing.* Fair enough. While this book is far too short to even list the Karmasuturan gawds and their various avatars and incarnations by name, let alone recount their uncountable tales, I'll do my best to introduce you to a few of them. Pay attention; it gets confusing. First, let's gab about Broh, he apparently created the entire everything and now he lives in a glass of juice or something. Vishul is the boss of all the Veedlic gawds. His skin is bluer than a grilla's buns and he has more arms than a croach family reunion. Even though Broh created everything, Vishul created Broh, somehow. Formless Shiv has many forms (I don't get it either). Shiv wanders the Oith and also everywhere else atop

an elaborate throne carved from the shell of an enormous snail. I'm not sure what the snail's name is, but I bet it's something cool. He (Shiv, not the snail) is all about bending himself into weird poses and also sometimes he's a girl. Ganadsha is Shiv's son (one of many) and he has at least two mothers (not sure how that works). With a nose so long he can use it to eat circuspi nuts from his own belly button and a belly so girthsome he can use it to store bushels of circuspi nuts, Ganadsha loves smashing through walls, busting doors, and trampling sand castles. One of his many incarnations is an enormous sapient pitcher of fruit punch. His blessings are invoked at the beginning of many ceremonies and rituals, since he's kind of the emcee of the pantheon and likes to get things started. Next up is the brilliant Shaq. She's one of the wives of Shiv, which is all good because she has a lot of other husbands as well, and is pretty much everybody's mom. She's good with animals, enjoys long walks in the fungle, and is really, really smart. Also, she lives in a seashell.

The Veedles overflow with so many gawds there must have been a sale. Chinmaster chopped off her own head and wanders around sprinkling divine blood on peeps who abstain from stuff most of us think are fun. Grooda has the head of a boid and likes to nab holy rollers in his mouth, swirl them around a bit, then spit them out unharmed. This is considered auspicious, for some reason. Hanooman tried to eat the sun and is really tiny and also incredibly large. Evil Matangle likes to hang out in peeps' throats and also on the moon. Kayleigh is a danged wrangler who's all about dead things and wears a totally bitchin' necklace made of skulls. She juggles severed heads while balancing on one foot and has more arms than Vishul. There's a gawd who ended the Flush by disguising himself as a turnip, another who started the Flush because his mook squirted sour milk, and one who stopped the Oith from flooding by turning into a fish and slurping up the Big Drink. There's a gawd who's a giant worm that can encircle the entire Oith and stick his head up his own Keister (perhaps this is the Oithwerm described by

the denizens of Wermburg). There are cannibal gawds, critter gawds, gawds with a million tongues, and gawds with detachable parts. Some gawds demand sacrifices. Some eat nothing but beans. Some never stop dancing. Some live here on Oith while others dwell in the Nether Regions or inhabit unknown celestial realms. At least one, as mentioned earlier, lives in a glass of juice.

With so many gawds in their stack, Karmasuturists have formed a great many sects and cults. Let's investigate a few, shall we? We shall...

THE CALIBRAL OF HARMONIOUS EQUILIBRIUM

Members of this sect strive for balance and symmetry in all things. They believe no deed is inherently evil or good. Such nature is revealed only when weighed against the juice squeezed by other actions. Therefore, in order to cultivate karmic equilibrium every act of aggression must immediately be countered with a similarly potent act of placidity. The reverse is also true.

THE GROODALS

The groothoo boids that dwell in the realm of Tail on the Incredibly Huge Monster™ are a generally obdurate and insular flock. Most of them don't want much to do with other peeps. Groodals, however, embrace the aspects of Grooda that spout jazz about prosperity and exploration and getting off your tail feathers once in a while. They travel all over the glob, mingling with other cultures and getting into all sorts of adventures (and misadventures).

THE MOLARAMENS

This sect of Kayleigh worshippers believe they gain karmic rewards by doing evil acts rather than nice ones. They are assassins, thugs, and murderers who enjoy such innocent pastimes as strangling peeps, tearing them apart by tying them to large critters moving in opposite directions, ripping out hearts with their bare hands, and making noodles out of the skins and organs of their victims. Classy.

THE BENDABLES

This fascinating cult is all about peeps bending their various anatomies into an assortment of interesting positions (and often doing naughty stuff with each other in the process). The rather compelling reasoning behind such activities apparently has to do with attaining spiritual oneness with the gawds or somesuch, but it's mostly about getting freaky in as many intriguingly provocative configurations as possible. There's a very engaging (and lavishly illustrated) book about it that was apparently written by Hoomanracians before the Flush. This sacred tome is kept on a dais in the Pagoda of Plentiful Pleasures in the Unpassable Stones, a rather sensual temple jointly dedicated to Kayleigh and the gawd Rutt (a possible incarnation of Sean).

rites, rituals, and observances

Although Karmasuturists believe their future incarnations are determined by their own karma and the actions they perform during their current manifestation, they also believe it doesn't hurt to impress a few gawds along the way. To that end, they fill their burgs and villages with a vast profusion of shrines and temples. In fact, such things are not limited to chunks that are actually inhabited by peeps. It's not uncommon for a gadabout traipsing lands where this faith is manifest to come across various altars and effigies even far out in untenanted sticks and wildernessical boondocks. Such shrines are placed by whoever happens to be wandering the realm and feels herself in need of some gawdly communion, advice, or assistance. Peeps leave all sorts of presents, from fruit and toys, to artwork and poetry—pretty much anything they think the gawds will dig. Such offerings, known as pooj, are often tailored specifically to the gawd to whom the tribute is made. For example, Ganadsha is all about circuspi nuts and fruit punch, Vishul is fond of little dolls of himself, and Kayleigh prefers the still-beating heart of a freshly murdered innocent.

Not only do Karmasuturists have temples and shrines out the wazoo, they have more ritu-

als and observances than every other religion plopped together. See, according to the Veedles, the gawds and tutelaries of other faiths are actually various incarnations and avatars of the ancient Veedlic gawds. Every Jeezle Freakian Patron Stain is an avatar of one or another Karmasuturan deity. So too is every Pox Aroman hero, gawsh, and divinity. Stan is an incarnation of Kayleigh. Jelvis is a manifestation of Vishul. Boorglezar and Broh are one and the same (but different). This outlook makes Karmasuturists extremely tolerant of other theologies. It all, they affirm, works out in the end (except there is no end because everybody keeps getting reincarnated).

Every day is holy to some gawd or one or eleven of her incarnations. There's always an excuse for a happenin' party or a solemn and dignified lamentation, but if you think I'm going to attempt to list them all here you're crazier than Shaq's thirty-first incarnation (the one who hangs out inside Ganadsha's trunk and scrubs the digs clean with her prehensile eyelashes).

THE THRONG

Although this faith is particularly popular among tizn'ts and tain'ts, who feel a kindred harmony with the multifarious gawds of the Karmasuturist pantheon, spiritually inclined peeps of all species are drawn to its complex rituals and intricate mythology. The largest concentrations of the devout are found in the burg of Over There on Keister Island, among the various denizens of the Unpassable Stones region between the Pox Aroma and That One Place with All the Sand, and in the coastal digs near the Bristle Brine and the Sea of Something or Other holewhence of the Incredibly Huge Monster™.

SYMBOLOLOGY

Aside from the omnipresent gananataankas carried or worn by most of the devout, a great many symbols are important in Karmasuturist art and observance. Each of the gazillion gawds has at least one personal symbol. Most have a dozen or so for each of their myriad incarnations and

avatars. Several symbols, however, have permeated the various sects and cults and are used universally among the faithful. Idols and effigies of the various Veedlic gawds are exceedingly popular. The *smown*, a circular yellow emblem that resembles a frowning face when oriented in a particular direction and a smiling one when viewed topsy-turvy, is too. Other fashionable motifs include scales (the balance kind, not the fish kind, although some of the gawds have those so they're cool too), fish, flowers, assorted creeps and critters, pillars, shells, wheels, lamps, mooks and their udders, slippers, feathers, worms, and the number 3. Each of these things has deep spiritual meaning to Karmasuturists, for various reasons that I don't feel like getting into right now.

RAIMENT

Karmasuturist holy rollers wear whatever the goose they feel like wearing. Most have some form of gananataanka, of course, and they usually adorn their garments and person with intricate embroideries, paintings, tattoos, jewelry, and other details representing the gawds. Also, all those symbols I mentioned in the last paragraph. Engarrulous Raptalupinid, an enthusiastically dedicated Karmasuturan from Over There, takes it upon himself to cosplay in emulation of a different Veedlic gawd each day.

SINS, VIRTUES, AND OFFERINGS

Sins are handled a bit differently among Karmasuturists than they are according to the dogma of other faiths. Any action or deed that lowers karma is a sin. Any action that increases karma is a virtue. Atonement for sins is accomplished by performing virtues. It's kind of the point of the whole thing. Sure, the gawds certainly dig gifts and offerings. Such things are meant to encourage auspicious circumstances and appease any gawds who may have been angered by a peep's actions, but Karmasuturists know their fate is decided by their own exploits and the decisions they make along the way.



NOT-OF-THIS-OITHLINGS

*Raise your limbs, wiggle feelers, perhaps
Drain your suds to ancestral collapse.
Our dads had their day
Now they've flown far away
But they left such magnificent scraps.*

As any oldster or wisenheimer can attest, the Hoomanrace wasn't the only inhabitant of Oith to carry a biscuit in his noggin during the time of the Flush. Indeed, although they spent most of their time hidden from Hoomanracian eyes, the celestial ancestors of today's oofos dwelled in murky shadows, remote backyard tool sheds, and secret bases across the glob. They lived among the Hoomanrace, disguised by quirks of physiology and artifice, studying those sacred beings, experimenting upon them, learning from them, and planning uprisings, in-

vasions, culls, and liberations. Ancestral oofos were a varied horde, with an assortment of motives, methods, and intentions. Some were cruel intruders, intent on harvesting the Oith's bounty and enslaving or devouring its denizens. Others were benevolent saviors, attempting to rescue the ancient Hoomanrace from its own excesses and the depredations of those first guys. Some were here only to observe. Others meddled, probed, analyzed, and analyzed. The one thing they all had in common, however, is they were visitors from elsewhere—cosmic tourists, gadabouts, and explorers. They weren't of this Oith, if you dig what I'm shoveling.

That groovy group is gone now, victim (and erstwhile inciter) of the same calamities, catastrophes, and cataclysms that claimed the Hoomanrace. Most of those who weren't de-



stroyed fled. Those who couldn't flee endured and lingered for gazillions of years, devolving and surviving, eking and diminishing, eventually becoming the dwindled oofos who inhabit the Oith today. Their numbers are not mighty but yet they persevere. Today's oofos are as much a part of the Oith as any worm, croach, or bodul. They've gone native—their antediluvian legacy all but forgotten and the ways of their ancestors lost to time and tragedy. Still, a tottering pride yet loiters. After all, were those antediluvian oofos not awesome? They were indeed! Were they not brilliant? They were! Were they not capable, compelling, dominant, domineering, robust, and impressive? Yes! I think so. Were they not the meanest? Were they not the prettiest? Were they not the baddest mofos low down around this town? Sure enough! Were they not

the most powerful and commanding race of beings to ever inhabit the Oith? It's debatable, but sure, we'll play along! Yeah... The Not-of-this-Oithlings, also known as the Tourists because it's easier to write, believe all these things and more. They worship their bygone progenitors in much the same way Hoomanitarans revere the vanished Hoomanrace.

What little is known of ancient oofos is contained in holy logs, which are usually etched onto crystals and shiny tablets and housed in great funky temples called *muthaships*. Tourists attend these muthaships to view the workings of their ancestors and to mingle with others of a similar bent. The reliquaries of these places are impressive, bursting with amazing artifacts and quixotic vestiges of other times and other worlds. Of course, such digs are ubiquitously protected by

strange guardians and vigilant dementalist. The grandest and most monumental muthaship of all is the Edifying Saucer in the wandering burg of Quality Grimage on Keister Island. High Exalted Prostetnic Leader Xoxx Dugg Zoxbork of the Twelfth Dementation leads the congregation in (often silently dementalist) homage.

Although rare, other muthaships can be found across the glob. The Grey Matter Boozaterium, with locations in Floom and New Ooorlquar, often hosts impromptu services under the auspices of the Dementional Discotesticus. Adherents gather to examine newly discovered oofo artifacts and wonder at their usage and derivation (also to get snookered on the copiously flowing highbrew and encephalade). Tourists observe their faith by preaching the might and virtue of their predecessors and by studying, disseminating, and acquiring the vestiges and remnants of those beings. They exalt their ancestors and the things they left behind, perhaps hoarding such devices in anticipation of a globular uprising that will welcome a new age of oofo preeminence, or perhaps not. I wouldn't know...

From whence comes the zazz bestowed upon Tourist holy rollers? Some say it's simply snazzily directed dementalism at work in a clever display of guile and jive. Some suggest one or more of the other gawds is expanding his portfolio by endowing the devout. Others insist the answer lies with the ancient oofos themselves, those primordial and potent entities who departed Oith for starrier climes. Some of these peeps are known by name and invoked by certain Not-of-this-Oithlings. Such entities as Dag Yoder, Logical Spork, Zeno Mork, Mathishard, Perfect Fjord, Physician What, and many others comprise a sort of Touristian pantheon. Whether these beings are actually gawds bestowing esoteric gifts upon the devout is debatable. The majority of Not-of-this-Oithlings certainly don't think they are, but the zazz must flow.

THE ELSEWHERIANS

This Touristian sect does in fact believe in the divinity of certain members of their ances-

tral brood. They pray directly to those guys I mentioned in the previous paragraph (and others) and model their garb and actions in specific emulation of those beings from a long time ago. Of course, other Not-of-this-Oithlings also mimic their ancestors, just not as specifically and individually as the Elsewherians do.

rites, rituals, and observances

Tourists enjoy a degree of hubbub whenever an ancestral artifact or vestige is discovered. Such observances usually involve a bunch of Not-of-this-Oithlings encircling the relic with their arms raised to the sky, chanting and singing harmonious dirges while weird fog and strange lights emanate from unknown elsewhere, lending an air of mysticism and bad-assery to the proceedings. Righteous.

Sometimes a group of Tourists will get together to perform a few good old-fashioned abductions and probings on unsuspecting Oith-





the antennae and spouting the liturgy you're an oofos in all but breeding.

SYMBOLOLOGY

Not-of-this-Oithlings dig brains, butts, and all sorts of ancestral oofos paraphernalia. Planets, stars, the moon, moonular cheese, and other things that remind them of their ancient homeland are popular motifs.

RAIMENT

The garments in which these peeps adorn their bods emulate those of their revered ancestors. They are particularly fond of shiny fabrics, high collars, goggles, and anything with concentric rings, sparkly bits, or unnecessarily complex hoses, tubes, or fixtures. Some adherents deck themselves in prostheses and accoutrements to better emulate their forefathers and foremothers (all eight of them). Such things as fake ears, clawed grabbers, tentacular fronds, body wigs, caps that look like exposed brains, and slime-dripping apparatuses are common. They also dig tall pointy hats with moons and stars on them, for some reason. All Not-of-this-Oithlings who aren't oofos by virtue of birth ubiquitously wear false antennae in order to emulate those who are. Such peeps are exceedingly rare, but they do exist (I was one of them).

SINS, VIRTUES, AND OFFERINGS

Obviously, the greatest sin a Not-of-this-Oithling can commit is to disparage or affront the ancient oofos who dwelled (or at least took extended vacations) on Oith before and during the Flush. Intentionally damaging or destroying artifacts left behind by such beings constitutes a heinous insult of the highest magnitude. Whatever gawds or cosmic entities bestow zazz upon Tourist holy rollers will nab that stuff back quicker than you can say "Sense a great disturbance in the zazz, I do." Such a roller might appease the gawds by acquiring or discovering something ancient and fantastically oofolicious, or possibly by asking nicely, but I doubt it.

THE THRONG

Oofos! They're all oofos! Sure, the occasional oofo-worshipping peep of another species might pop in for a mug of sacred Xorxarian Ultra-suds or a taste of communal Gygaxian Mega-Pseudo-Beam-wafers, but if you're wearing

Thankfully, a lot of ancient Hoomanracian relics also depict ancestral oofos doing their various things. Apparently, the two species got along well and had some very interesting parties together.



THE POLISHERS

*The Oith is a lowly latrine
Clogged with filth wholly obscene!
So we scrub, polish, and mop!
Shine! Flush away slop!
The devout purge the unclean!*

Oith, let's face it, is a filthy, filthy place. The dirt on our dirt has dirt on its dirt. There are more glumps of slime, smut, sediment, sewage, silt, stench, sleaze, slop, scuzz, stink, sludge, and other repugnant things (some of which don't even start with "s") in a single yort of Ewgian swamp than there are bars of soap on the entire glob. Most peeps assume this is the natural way of things. After all, of what would Oith be constituted if not dirt and mud and rocks? Well, the Polishers have an answer for that. These puritanical purifiers believe all the dirt, dinge,

dregs, and dung conceal a greater architecture, a flawless and unblemished Fundamental underlayment. This pristine hygienic scaffold is the Oith's true quintessence—a gleaming osteology concealed beneath uncountable layers of putridity, feculence, and corruption. Those luminous dots in the darkened sky aren't distant suns or ancestral gists as so many misguided wisenheimers and superstitious holy rollers would have us believe. Those are worlds, shining as worlds are supposed to shine, bereft of the filth that clings so tenaciously to our own odorous orb. The Polishers (also known as the Clean Freaks) endeavor to rectify this situation. Their plot may seem hopeless, considering the immensity of such an undertaking, but great workings require great ambition.

Despite the ubiquitous funk that permeates just about every yort of the planet one must, imaginably, admire the Polishers for, if nothing else, their work ethic.



According to Polisher dogma, as laid down on a collection of paper towels immaculately protected in the sacred Cupboard of Custodial Cleanliness atop the pinnacle of Shiny Butte in the crags halfway between Yapple and Old Ooorlquar, the Flush and all the bad times that followed can be attributed to one thing alone—a comprehensive disrespect for the laws of purity and tidiness. Like an obstinate larva who steadfastly refuses to clean her room no matter how much you threaten to gather up all her toys and

give them to somebody who would actually appreciate them, the Hoomanrace became poor custodians of the Oith. They accumulated filth, putrescence, and pollution like such things were cherished valuables, refusing to clean their planet no matter how many admonitory cataclysms and reprimanding apocalypses the gawds served up. Eventually, the dinge became too thick. The Oith was gunked with detritus, excrement, and impurity. The gawds decided to wipe the works and start over. They hadn't made the mess and

Despite the ubiquitous funk that permeates just about every yort of the planet one must, imaginably, admire the Polishers for, if nothing else, their work ethic.

it wasn't their responsibility to clean it up, but perhaps those who rose from the debris would be better custodians...

They weren't.

Enter us—Oith's current inhabitants and inheritors of an ancient and squalid legacy. Admittedly, we haven't done much to clean up the digs. In fact, such endeavors are as far from the minds of most peeps as the Incredibly Huge Monster™'s tonsils are from the Incredibly Huge Monster™'s toenails. Crudbrothers in particular detest the very notion of cleanliness on religious grounds. Contanimants and piles literally wouldn't exist without filth. In fact, they are it. Worms burrow in muck. Croaches and dungces eat the stuff. Coblins ripen their young in it. What would happen if all the dirt and dreck and gunk were somehow washed completely away? Wouldn't everyone croak? I mean, where would peeps grow their food? What would we use to build our homes and... Well, it doesn't take a great imagination to envision a horde of potential problems that would arise should we suddenly find ourselves on an Oith devoid of mud and soil. No worries, though, the Polishers have a solution. According to the gab they spout, once the Oith is returned to its original state of pristine minty freshness its gleaming skeleton will be revealed and the glob will take its rightful place as a twinkling testament to immaculate purity, illuminating the night skies of distant worlds. What of those valiant janitors who scrubbed the foulness away? The Polishers believe they will be rewarded for their efforts by being transformed into those untarnished and impeccable Fundamental entities known as pristians. They alone will inhabit the new Oith, frolicking in numinous bliss for the rest of eternity (while everyone else, presumably, just disintegrates or wanders off into some unknown elsewhere; the paper towels are conspicuously silent on this subject).

Pristians embody all that is wholesome, unsullied, and exquisite. They are the faultless and irreproachable incarnations of cleanliness, decency, propriety, and moral fortitude. Polish-

ers believe pristians are the emissaries of an unnamed gawd, the sinless and virtuous amanuenses of that ephemeral entity. Why unnamed? It seems Polishers regard even their own tongues as too debased and vile to utter whatever his or her name may be. Is it one of Jelvis's Patron Stains? An aspect of Boorglezar? An incarnation of one of the Karmasuturan gawds? Somebody else entirely? If anyone knows they aren't opening their spouts widely enough to utter it.

For obvious reasons, Clean Freaks have considerable difficulty interacting with devotees of several other faiths. They get along with Crudbrothers about as well as Jemimah's Witnesses get along with Hoomanitarrians. The two factions are constant adversaries, each antithetically opposed to everything for which the other stands. So too do they dispute the rightness of any creed that resists the Oith's impending bubble bath. Since that includes just about everybody (few peeps, no matter how fervent their convictions, actually *want* to be scoured from the glob) Polishers do not have many friends.

THE LUSTERIAN LEAGUE

Perhaps more accurately described as a Boorglezarian sect, adherents of this creed believe the mysterious statues that litter Keister Island are the itinerant dropping left behind by Boorglezar when the Cosmic Dung Beetle rolled the Oith from the leftover Fundamental detritus of creation. Great secrets, they attest, can be gleaned if only all of the statues can be simultaneously polished to an appropriate gleam. They have attempted this endeavor several times, but their congregation is simply too small and the tides of happenstance too filthy.

Toucanacondor Flaminguez, in his epic masterpiece *The Whole Hole – A Gadabout's Guide to Mutha Oith – Volume 01: Keister Island*, can be forgiven for mistakenly implying this particular sect represents the entire Polisher creed. His experience with such things is limited and we applaud his meritorious (and extremely handsome) endeavors nonetheless.

Does it seem weird to anybody else that the Polishers' goal is, essentially, to eradicate everyone else? This kind of makes them more evil than all the Stanimists, Seananists, Santanists, and Mola Ramens put together. From a certain point of view...

THE SELF-HATING POOS

This interesting sect is composed entirely of piles (and the occasional contaminant) who despise their own foul and feculent character. Such peeps anoint themselves in sacred detergents and wrap their excremental forms with layered vestments and fragrant perfumes. They preach the horridness of their own species, presenting themselves as entities to be reviled and admonished. Although they dare not believe they will become pristians after the Oith's consummate absolution, these ascetic monks otherwise follow the strictures and tenets of Polisher dogma. They are willing servants, guardians, and minions, pledging themselves in service to other Clean Freaks and to the faith that despises them.

rites, rituals, and observances

Rituals among the Clean Freaks are, unsurprisingly, centered around ceremonial baths, tooth brushings, scourings, and purification. Polishers wash their hands at every opportunity, uttering platitudes and gratitudes to their unnamed gawd as they cleanse. Food is similarly scrubbed, rinsed, blessed, and ablandized before consumption. Pretty much everything a Polisher does is accompanied by some form of sacramental ablution.

Clean Freaks observe a number of holidays, celebrations, and remembrances. Of particular importance are those days that recall religiously significant events such as floods, great cleansings, and the birthdays of legendary janitors, maids, and custodians.

THE THRONG

Clean Freaks are an intriguing bunch. Perhaps delusional, they regard the enormity of their holy task as a challenge to be overcome instead of an insurmountable obstacle. This mindset is most prevalent among boduls and tizn'ts. Surprisingly, croaches, dungces, snells, and cremefillians number prominently among the devout as well. Horcs, piles, flews, funguys, and worms tend to enjoy the filthier aspects of Oithly existence. As a result, such peeps rarely slosh the bucket.

SYMBOLOLOGY

The purest symbol of Polisher ardor is the bar of soap. Other regalia of significance include brushes, mops, brooms, towels, and other such janitorial paraphernalia. Such emblems adorn their various accoutrements and sacred habiliments (in a tasteful and well-ordered manner).

RAIMENT

Whatever it is, it has to be spotless. Clean Freaks obsess over every blemish, and smudge. They would sooner incinerate a garment upon a ritual pyre of sacrifice than suffer the indignity of an indelible stain. Most carry multiple vestments tightly sealed in hermetic pouches in case an errant fleck should instigate a necessary change of clothing. Of course, the very first zazz-wagglings taught to acolytic Polishers are those regarding the laundering of garments and the repulsion of stank.

A Polisher's garb is invariably adangle with an assortment of brushes, rags, soaps, and other such implements.

SINS, VIRTUES, AND OFFERINGS

Messes, clutter, trash, and stains are antithetical to the Polisher way of life. Those who willingly cultivate such things are the gravest of sinners. So too are those who have amicable dealings with contaminants and other Fundamentally unclean entities (Self-Hating Poos are exempted).

The unnamed gawd who grants zazz unto Clean Freak holy rollers is, unsurprisingly, a stickler for tidiness. Atonement for lesser wrongdoings often takes the form of lengthy and scouring ablutions and baptisms. Heftier sins require greater sacrifices and labors. I became acquainted with a Polisher from Hun's Bollow who, in a fit of righteous exaltation, accidentally hugged a pile. His zazz was immediately yinked and only restored after he had scrubbed clean the stables of every hamster rancher in town.



THE POX AROMANS

*The One with Two Beards
And the One with the Stink
And the One with the Fork
Who Commands the Big Drink
And the One with the Flute*

*And the One with the Boot
And the One with a Nose that Resembles a Fruit
And the One with the Thing on the End of Her Tongue
Who Hides in a Cave from the One with the Dung
And the One with the Flames*

And the One with the Crust
 And the One with the Soup
 And the One Made of Dust
 And the One with the Bone
 And the One with the Horn
 And the One on the Throne
 And the One with the Thorn
 And the One with the Book
 And the One with the Bun
 And the One with the Eyebrows
 That Burn like the Sun
 And the One Who's Asleep
 And the One Who is Dead
 And the One with the Eggs on the Top of Her Head
 And the One with the Wagon that Carries the Moon
 And His Sister the One with the Whisk and the Spoon
 And the One with the Herd of Luminous Mooks
 And the One with the Piehole that Constantly Pukes
 And the One with the Clams
 And the One with the Gams
 And the One with the Hams
 And the One with the Scams
 And the One with the Basket of Muffins and Crumbs
 And the One with the Milk
 And the One with Nine Thumbs
 And the One with Three Tails
 And the One Who's a Debtor
 And the One Who Reclines
 With an Unbuttoned Sweater
 And the One Who Dwells in His Vault Full of Skulls
 And the One Who's Entombed Behind Infinite Walls
 And the One Who Digs War
 And His Squabbling Brothers
 And the One Who Runs Fast
 And the One with Twelve Mothers
 And the One with the Hammer
 And the One with the Tush
 And the One with the Tusks
 And the One in the Bush
 And the One with the Haircuts that Constantly Vary
 And the One with the Chin
 And the One Who's Too Scary
 And the One with the Gills
 And the One with the Mold
 And the One Who Will Never Behave as He's Told
 And the One Who's a Werm

And the One Who's a Flew
 And the One with the Laces Removed from His Shoe
 And the One with the Couch
 And the One with the Chair
 And the One with the Worms that Reside in Her Hair
 And the One with the Gum on the Sole of Her Shoe
 Who Plots Her Revenge on the One with the Goo
 And the One with the Plate
 And the One with No Eyes
 And the One with the Shield
 And the One in Disguise
 And the One with the Lasso that Lassoes the Glob
 And the One Who Eats Peeps
 And the One Who's a Snob
 And the One Who Fears Rain
 And the One Who Knows All
 And the One with the Spleen
 And the One with the Doll
 And the One with the Poo
 And the One who Makes Piles
 And the One with the Mop
 And the One He Reviles
 And the One Who Hates Cake
 And the One Who Hates Rhymes
 Who I don't want to anger so this verse won't do that.
 And the One with the Beard that Encircles the World
 And the One with the Beard
 That's Flamboyant and Curled
 And the One Who's Exactly the Same as His Brother
 And the One Who's Exactly the Same as His Brother
 And the One in the Nest and the One with the Glare
 And One Who Inhabits a Volcanic Lair
 And the One with the Tongue that is also a River
 And the One with the Platter of Onions and Liver
 And the One Who Throws Tantrums
 And the One Who Throws Rocks
 And the One Who Throws Lightning
 And the One in the Box
 And the One in the Sewer and the One in the Crib
 And the One in the Shell and the One in the Bib
 Who is actually also the One in the Crib
 So it's redundant to also say One in the Bib
 And the One with the Pretzels
 And the One with the Club
 And the One with Huge Teeth
 And the One with the Grub

And the One with Tattoos on the Back of His Face
 And the One Who Plays Drums
 And the One Who Plays Bass
 And the One Who Delights in the Torment of Rabble
 And the One Who Annoys Us With Incessant Babble
 And the One with the Spork that is Always on Fire
 And the One Who Speaks Truth
 And the One Who's a Liar
 And the One Who is Silent
 And the One Who is Loud
 And the One Who's Alone
 And the One Who's a Crowd
 And the One Who's Not One
 And the One Who is Many
 And the One Who's Enough
 And the One Who is Plenty
 And the One Who is Two
 And the Two Who are One
 And the Three Who are Seven
 And the One Who All Shun
 And the One with the Beans
 And the One with the Book
 And the One with Machines
 And the One with the Hook
 And the One Who is Possibly Hoomanrace Born
 And the One Who's Intact and Yet Also is Torn
 And the Three Among Whom
 A Single Eyeball is Shared
 And the One Who Plays Tricks
 on the Vision-Impaired
 And the One Who Spends Eons Propelling a Boulder
 And the One with the Oith Tottering on His Shoulder
 And the One Who Makes Storms
 and the One Who Makes Snow
 And the One Who Makes Rains
 That Make Vegetables Grow
 And the One Who Makes Breezes
 And the One Who Makes Gusts
 And the One Who Makes Sneezes
 And the One Who Makes Lusts
 And the One with the Shrooms
 And the One with the Shroud
 And the One with Wet Feet
 And the One on the Cloud
 And the One with the Heads on the Hands of His Feet
 And the One with Three Beds



And the One with the Meat
 And the One with the Mustache that's Also His Belt
 And the One with the Bulge
 And the One with the Welt
 And the One with the Tome
 And the One with No Home
 And the One with the Comb
 And the One in the Dome
 And the One Without Fear
 And the One with the Mirror
 And the One with the Spear Handle Stuck in His Rear
 And the One with Two Backs
 And the One with the Slog
 And the One with the Slacks and the One in the Bog
 And the One with the Teeth on the Teeth of Her Teeth
 And the One Who's Above Who is Also Beneath
 And the One in the Well
 And the One with the Crops
 And the One with the Bell
 And the Other One with the Crops
 And the One with the Sand
 And the One in the Mud
 And the One Who is Constantly Covered in Blood
 And the One with the Grin
 And the One with the No Skin
 And the One without Kin Who is Also a Twin
 And the One with the Eye that Sees All but is Blind
 And the One with the World in the Eye of His Mind
 And the One with the Noodles
 And the One with the Sauce
 And the One Who's a Slave
 And the One Who's the Boss
 And the One with the Jar
 And the One with the Job
 of Recording the Doings of the Whole Gawdly Mob
 And also the One with the Bag Full of Socks
 Are a few of the Gawds I recall from the Pox.



All praise be unto The One Who Gave Me a Clam the Other Day When I Was Walking Down the Street Near The Glab and My Toga Fell Off and Every-one Was Laughing at Me But There Was One Guy Who Wasn't and He Gave Me A Clam. He probably wasn't a gawd, but thank him anyway. Nice guy...

Gawds, demi-gawds, semi-gawds, and other such Fundamentally heroic or villainic sorts are a clam a dozen in the Pox Aroma. Here is a realm where these peeps actually interact with the populace on a relatively daily basis. Obviously it's unlikely for your average bug or bodul to meet The One Who is Constantly Covered in Blood at the local barber shop or The One Who Makes Storms getting his soak on at The Tush, but stranger encounters have been recorded. Usually, when such entities dally among the rabble, they do it in disguise. So many tales have been told about the One Who's the Boss assuming the form of some sexxy beast or another and having his libidinous way with mortal chicks (usually) that such stories aren't even surprising—*Oh, whatever, that happened to my sister last week and my brother the week before. Meh...* Due to the customarily incognito circumstances of gawdly encounters in the Pox, those involved typically don't realize in whose presence they basked until much later (when their baby is born with incongruous abs or wings or golden sideburns or something). Gawds abound in the Pox Aroma but they do so on the sly.

It's a rare peep who is graced with enough knees to bend one to every gawd. With so many such beings to choose from how is an average Pox Aroman to decide which one deserves her devotion? The answer, of course, is she doesn't. Gawdly worship in the Pox is a circumstantial thing. Sure, cults exist dedicated to the reverence of particular gawds (quite a few of them, in fact) but the everyday citizen throws her obeisance and supplications about to whoever fits her current whim. For example, a constipated croach might offer a prayer to The One with the Spear Handle Stuck in His Rear, a waremonger trying to trick a skeptical customer out of his clams might solicit The One Who's a Liar for divine intervention, and a tubpuddler stuck in the doldrums would be wise to offer a sacrifice to The One Who Makes Gusts, The One Who Makes Breezes, or, if he's feeling a bit rambunctious, The One with the Fork Who Commands the Big Drink. There are options...

Temples literally litter the landscape like literal litter littering a litterbox. One wouldn't be exaggerating were one to spout the gab that every fifth building in Grease was a house of worship venerating one gawd or another (or many). There are probably neighborhoods where every second edifice meets this description. Peeps stop in throughout the day to drop some lyrics or plop an offering on whomever altar meets their current urgency. On your way back from the market with tonight's dinner ingredients—leave a few morsels on the plate for The One with the Noodles to ensure your soup doesn't burn. About to head off to battle and worried your spork might dull before it cleaves its first noggin—plop a severed hand on the shield for The One who Digs War. Your stylish bangs not flipping just right when you coyly flirt with that handsome young oofa in the paisley toga (you know the one I mean)—kiss the mirror of The One with the Comb. It's all pretty straightforward.

Despite the abundance of temples that crowd every street and burg in the Pox Aroma, peeps in these parts feel the need to bring the gawds home with them too. Every house in Grease contains at least one shrine or altar dedicated to whichever gawd or gawds the denizens feel closest to or whose auspices the family feels more in need of. Sometimes it's an obvious household deity, like The One with the Mop or the One with the Sauce, sometimes it's someone a bit more "wink, wink, nudge, nudge", like The One with Two Backs or The One with the Bulge, and sometimes it's a protector or guardian, like The One with the Spork that is Always On Fire or The One with the Club. Sometimes it's all those guys.

Remember way back at the beginning of this book when we talked about peeps gaining gawd-like powers and stuff simply by doing extremely heroic jazz? The Pox Aroma is where a lot of that sort of thing happens. It usually comes out later that such heroes are the offspring of some covertly promiscuous gawd and an unsuspecting mortal, but such demi-gawds and semi-gawds

The Aromatic gawds are all about dalliances, infidelities, and goosin' around with mortal peeps. There's probably more fundamental juice flowing through the hoses and pipes of Pox Aromans than in the entire Nether Regions.

are more common here than any other spot on the glob. They travel the countryside, wandering from burg to burg, getting into all sorts of adventures and whatnot. They typically slay fearsome creeps, date attractive peeps, drink a lot, and participate in all sorts of fabulous quests and misadventures. The life of an epic hero in the Pox Aroma is pretty swanky—full of entourages, treasures, and legendary awesomeness. Usually such stories involve a vengeful rival, frequently another gawd or hero, and often end badly for everyone, but they're fun while they last.

Invariably, peeps start offering sacrifices and prayers to these legendary heroes. Such adoration only hastens their eventual apotheosis. Once they attain actual gawdhood they ultimately dress themselves up like slogs or odres or something, seduce a few lonely herdspeeps who then squirt out some epic larvae, and the whole cycle repeats itself again. The Pox Aroma is basically a gawd factory.

rites, rituals, and observances

Every day in the Pox Aroma is sacred to at least one gawd or another (usually another, statistically speaking). There are more holidays, feast days, fast days, celebrations, and festivals here than just about anywhere else (maybe among the Karmasuturists, but I doubt it). Do you seriously expect me to expound up on each one?

Tough booby pupils.

the throng

Obviously, worship of the Aromatic pantheon is most prevalent among the denizens of the Pox Aroma. Peeps of all species and inclinations can find at least one gawd who shares their worldview or offers something they want. Certainly specific sects and cults are more particular about whom they admit, but overall the throng is diverse and accessible to all.

symbolology

Each of the bounteous gawds has certain symbols, badges, and tokens with which their

followers recognize each other and the sites holy to their creed. With gazillions of gawds come gazillions of symbols, which I refuse to detail here. Most of them, however, are pretty obvious and predictable. The One with the Spork that is Always on Fire, for example, uses a flaming spork as his symbol. Similarly, The One with the Mop's personal sigil is a mop, The One with the Noodles fancies a plate of Noodles, and followers of the One with the Bag Full of Socks sport a toga emblazoned with a bag full of socks (some carry around a bag full of socks as well). Others are more esoteric. Devotees of the One Without Kin Who is Also a Twin, for example, often wear shirts with extra arm and neck holes while worshippers of The One Who is Plenty carry around bags overstuffed with an assortment of jazz (in much the manner as Hoardster Bottomliners). Use your imagination and you're probably right.

raiment

With so many multifarious objects of devotion it might seem obvious that each gawd would have a distinct garb with which his followers adorn themselves. In actuality, however, most simply wear the traditional Pox Aroman toga or tunic, possibly of a particular color or adorned with the symbol of their chosen deity or maybe a peculiar garland or girdle or something. Although cults and sects exist in reverence of individual gawds, most inhabitants of this region don't revere one respective gawd over the others—they pray to whoever suits them at the time—which means they general don't want to limit their choice of wardrobe beyond the inclusion of a few interchangeable badges and accessories.

sins, virtues, and offerings

Again, there are too many to detail. In general, like the Karmasuturan deities, Aromatic gawds dig things that jibe with their bailiwick. Those of a violent or bellicose bent enjoy live sacrifices. More peaceful sorts enjoy flowers, fruits, and various poetic obesiances. Again, use your imagination and you're probably correct.

RETURNERS FROM WHENCE WE CAME

*We ourselves are the bait that we're casting
With our bold, deadly, brave 'thusiasting.
The ambition we cherish
Is that after we perish
We'll reside in the Gut Everlasting!*

The Gut Everlasting, which is apparently the Fundamentally cosmic gastrointestinal tract of the whole sort of Everything (the details are vague), is the ineffable final destination of the Returners From Whence We Came. These peeps are the descendants (so they believe) of ancient and primordial parasitic worms that dwelled within the innards and penetralia of those peeps and creeps who roamed the Oith before the Flush. The ultimate goal of adherents is to obtain residence in the aforementioned Gut Everlasting. Of course, the Gut Everlasting doesn't show up on any maps and the address is extremely difficult to finagle. A Returner From Whence We Came must prove herself worthy of such an invitation before she can attain the necessary passwords that get her through the metaphorical front gate. How does she prove herself worthy? By living a life worth living (several, in fact)...

By some theologically esoteric process, perhaps by analogous happenstance or maybe due to the maneuvers of an anonymous gawd, Returners do indeed return. If a Returner From Whence We Came is killed she will usually be reborn the very next day (sometimes even sooner). Unlike the enigmatic and relatively haphazard reincarnations of Karmasuturist dogma (where a peep might end up as something unpleasant, like a lump of mildew, a purple-faced buns-haver, or my former mother in-law), Returners are reborn right back into a body identical to the one they vacated. The karmic mechanism by which this occurs is unknown. So too are the empyrean workings by which the new body is formed. A peep dies, usually in some epic manner, her body quickly rots away (it's gross but efficient) and a new worm who looks, acts, and thinks exactly like her traipses out of the boonies a day or



so later, hoping her friends saved her stuff and ready to do the whole thing all over again.

Two great circumstances might occur to halt this resurrectional process. Primarily, death within an actual digestive system is permanent and offers the Returner no hope of returning. If she's chewed to death first it's all good, but if her croaking gasp occurs within the bowels of the bowels it's all over. There are obvious symbolic reasons for such an exemption from the usual rules of corporeal reawakening. After all, if kicking the bucket in somebody's bucket was good enough for her ancestors it's good enough for her. So too does a Returner stay dead if she and her maker meet in buns or guts of the metaphorical variety. Those who plummet into the Keister of Gawd don't wander back. Nor do those who die within the numbles of the Incredibly Huge Monster™. It's unconfirmed whether or not a devotee who finds herself nestled between the buns of a worm sandwich will find her way back to Oithly digs, but the bounds of symbolism are gooey and supple. Stranger things happen all the time.

By virtue of their resurrection predilection, Returners are pretty much fearless. They stroll cheerfully into situations that would shiver the stalks and drench the drawers of the most stalwart gadabout. They still feel pain, of course, but the promise of another fling is a powerful motivator. Besides, pain is temporary. If it gets too intense it can be abated with a hasty jaunt off a rooftop and a casual resurrection. Usually the resurrected worm will come back with the same wounds she had when she croaked, but occasionally some fluke of happenstance makes them go away, returning the Returner to an uninjured (but potentially scarred) condition.

Because they aren't afraid to die, Returners revel in the wallop of risk and adventure. Each dangerous stunt and perilous exploit they endure (whether they survive the encounter or not) brings them closer to the glorious hospitality of the Gut Everlasting and whatever divine trophies and rewards lurk within. From the bowel they sprang and to the bowel they return. Asses to asses, butts to butts...

What happens if a Returner croaks of old age? As far as I know it's never happened. They are far too reckless and audacious to survive into dotage. See, when a Returner From Whence We Came finally feels he has lived those lives worth living we were talking about in the first paragraph, which basically means he's become bored with adventure and feats of daring whatnot, he makes that final plunge—either hurling himself into the Keister of Gawd or feeding himself to something huge and predatory. If he has filled his lives with daring deeds and heroic escapades he won't come back. Instead he'll be suckling villi in the Gut Everlasting. Of course, he won't come back even if he hasn't lived those lives, but nor will he make it to his ultimate reward. I'm not sure what happens to his gist at that point. Maybe it hangs out with Stan in the Nether Regions or just sort of dwindles into obscurity.

Whichever anonymous gawd or entity makes that decision is probably the same one that grants zazz to Returner holy rollers. The Returners don't really care who it is. They don't worship or offer sacrifices or oblations (unless they also follow another faith, which is not uncommon). In their opinion, the gawd that heaps the juice is more like a generous patron or groupie than a being to be revered. Sure, they're grateful, but they have more exciting things to do than sit in a dusty chapel and chant about some guy they've never even met. They do have tabernacles and temples, the largest of which plops its squat in the bowels of the Incredibly Huge Monster™, but such digs are more like halls of fame dedicated to particularly rad adherents than they are centers of worship. There used to be a bad ass one in the Gawdchoppers but the Returners kicked the venue long ago and it's now home to a mysterious sphincs.

Holy Rollers don't have a gawd to espouse, so when they're in a preachy mood they usually just get up in peep's grills about apocalyptic nonsense and living large in the face of danger. That's actually how I managed to finagle my own insertion among the faithful. I donned a sweet worm disguise, courtesy of those same weird friends who swindled me in with the Jemimah's



Hey! Watch where you put that tongue, mister.



Witnesses, and feigned intense interest in their prophetic prattle. Soon I was swinging from chains in a crème quaffer's lair, binging on Snuggleblarf's and taunting bouncers at The Guzz, cliff diving of the coast of Borf, and harpooning esophagators in the Gawdchoppers (without a harpoon). It was intense, thrilling, and the stupidest thing I've ever done. I witnessed countless resurrections and only avoided own demise (on a great many occasions) by the skin of my skinless teeth. If you're interested in becoming a Returner from Whence We Came make sure of two things. First, be a worm. That's important. Second, invest in many pairs of clean underpants.

RITES, RITUALS, AND OBSERVANCES

Returners aren't big on ritual, although they do groove on the attention and adoration of a reverent audience. To that end, they usually try to assemble as large a congregation as possible whenever they perform some death-defying (or death-inviting) stunt or embark on a perilous exploit or precarious adventure.

When two Returners meet in passing, they traditionally mark the occasion with a righteous high five and a round of suds, which they drain while regaling each other with tales of their feats and misadventures.

THE THRONG

Worms to a worm, this religion doesn't really make much sense for anyone else. Tales are told of heroically moronic dungces, croaches, and funguys who, perhaps inspired by ancestral parasites and pathogens, join the faith, only to

wind up as grotesque smears in some distant ravine or chunks of glop to be picked from the teeth of one horrendous monstrosity or another (never to be seen again, obviously).

SYMBOLOLOGY

In their unending quest to return from whence they came (or, at least, from whence their ancestors came), Returners spend an awful lot of time fantasizing about their eventual eternal reward in the Gut Everlasting. For reasons I refuse to get into (not without proper protection, anyway) a puckered, pink annulus or ring is a popular emblem of the faith. Returners tattoo this insignia upon their flesh, emblazon it across their banners and pennants, and embroider it upon their souvenir tee shirts and cargo shorts.

RAIMENT

Returners wear whatever the goose they want. Some drape themselves in loud, colorful garb—the better to attract dangerous creeps and adoring peeps. Others prefer drabber duds, the better to, um... not attract dangerous creeps and adoring peeps. One thing you'll seldom find them wearing is armor. These guys, by definition, have a reckless disregard for their own personal safety and to burden themselves with such unnecessary reminders of mortal frailty is pointless, heavy, and a little bit insulting.

SINS, VIRTUES, AND OFFERINGS

Since Returners don't necessarily worship any specific gawd they aren't really big on sacrifices and atonement. They frown upon cowardice. There's no room among their ranks for the pusillanimous, the gutless, or the wimpy. Similarly, those who stroll boldly into danger, uncertainty, and menace are applauded. If a Returner finds herself deprived of her former zazz it's probably because she suffered some injury to her ego or self-confidence. A stiff upper lip and an afternoon of bridge jumping or broccodile wrestling should be enough to reinstate that stuff in no time.



SANTANISTS

*A Santanist horc decked the halls
With smelven heads, fingers, and balls
He lashed his eight paindeer
And laughed with insane cheer
As viscera dripped from the walls*

The smelf-enslaving nabmaster known as The Santa is another of those old gawds from back before the Flush. Vile and evil in the extreme, the Hoomanrace apparently paid tribute to this dark and violent entity by arranging elaborately wrapped and decorated sacrifices under a pointed tree. An abominable representation of the jagged pike upon which The Santa impaled his many victims, it too was adorned with

a vast assortment of dangling effigies, blood-red splatters, lashing garlands, and various stars and blades in emulation of the tools and weapons with which The Santa would jollily punish his slaves and eviscerate his enemies. Huddling together in fear, the ancient Hoomanracians attempted to abjure themselves from The Santa's woeful ministrations with an annual barrage of waffles, nog, and song. They hung socks atop burning altars in deference to his bizarre fetish. They ornamented their homes and doorways with grizzly reminders of his malevolent predilections—circular wreaths in imitation of the lashmaster's yokes and chains, pale hoary monsters composed of severed heads stacked



atop severed heads, prancing paindeer, scorching tapers, and various arcane words of power. Such feeble wards did little to halt his loathsome nocturnal incursions. He visited digs across the glob, with a particular proclivity for those housing Jelvis's devotees, spreading malice and terror from rooftop to rooftop. Woe unto the Hoomanracian who neglected to leave a glass of mook juice and a plate of cookies when this cruel and greedy fiend came calling...

Today The Santa is worshipped almost exclusively by horcs. His vicious and ruthless disciples share their master's affinity for voyeurism, burglary, gluttony, and the callous and brutal enslavement of smelves. Headquartered on the island of Norph in a sprawlingly dismal castle of blood-striped bone spires and rusted crenellations known as The Santa's Slavepit, the devout perform tenebrous rituals, torture smelves, chug sacramental nog, torture more smelves, play with toys, torture more smelves, plan heists and home invasions, torture more smelves, bel-low festive dirges, and torture yet more smelves. They torture an awful lot of smelves. It's kind of their thing.

As readers may or may not be aware, Credulous Shmeckle isn't down with the torturing of smelves (or the torturing of anybody, really). That's why my adventures among the Santanists were particularly challenging. Sure, I constantly feared for my life while I lurked in disguise among the Jemimah's Witnesses. I endured profound agonies as a Suffering Sock. The Returners From Whence We Came had me tumbling from rooftops and feigning fearlessness as I battled creeps far beyond my might, smiling gleefully at impending doom. Sean's disciples performed grotesque and virulent intrusions upon my every everywhere yet still I wincingly grimaced and grinned. I've wallowed with Crudbrothers in unfathomable mucks, wonked transcendental 'spronge with the Fungish, and jockeyed corpses with the Danged. I've cuddled broccodiles as a Critter Cultist, feasted with my fellow Bottomliners while the destitute groveled for scraps at our feet, and been targeted by Flower Children for harshing the euphoric sonority. I've done stuff, is my point—grizzly, dangerous, painful, and occasionally unethical stuff. I've never done stuff, however, that directly harmed an in-

nocent peep. Those smelves being so unjustly incarcerated, cruelly coerced, and atrociously persecuted had done nothing to earn their place in The Santa's Slavepit. Their only crime was being born or abducted into a realm where such things aren't merely accepted, but encouraged by divine edict. I could not, in good conscience, immerse myself wholly within this spiteful and wicked creed. I could, however, immerse myself partially.

The Great Sects Change Operation must commence, of course, and the Santanist faith, as dreadful and malicious as it is, nevertheless deserves representation in this volume (if only to arm the reader with knowledge should an unfortunate interaction occur). Calling upon those same weirdos who assisted me with the Witnesses and the Returners, a zazzular horc disguise was obtained. This endeavor, however, would require something more—something fabulously *subterfugal*. After a great deal of research, many days of arcane finagling, consultation with a cunning dementalist, and several unfortunate explosions the thing was a thing. I was now the proud owner of a device (in the aspect of an ornamental eyebrow cuff) that would allow me to waggle a convincing deception. Any unfortunate I pretended to accost would appear (to the eyes of eavesdropping horcs) to be suffering egregiously, while in actuality the fellow would remain completely unharmed. Sweet.

Cloaked in horcly guise and armed with my newly acquired boondoggling doohickey I donned some gay apparel and hopped a tub from Floom to the island of Norph. Once there I made my tremulous way to the Santa's Slavepits and into the very workshop of evil itself. Nothing in my life's experience could have prepared me for the cruelty and violations I witnessed during those long months among the Santanists. Here is a dogma that enthusiastically emboldens its adherents to peer through the windows of private digs, peeping at peeps in their most vulnerable and intimate endeavors. Larvae too are the subject of such scrutiny. In fact, nippers and squirts bear the brunt of this sacred and secret

surveillance. Santanists refer to this practice as *kringling*, the ostensive purpose of which is to assess the relative levels of naughtiness and niceness each moppet displays. Santanists encourage naughtiness, of course. Those found lacking in such a quality are pranked and bullied, usually by Santanists lurking in shadows and acting beyond the notice of potential witnesses. The goal is to convince the larvae's parents their nestlings have gone mad, inflicting ruckus upon the household and then blaming their antics on imaginary fiends. It's great fun, apparently, and Santanists get their jollies by corrupting youngsters. Some of their jollies, anyway...

Another popular pastime among the festively callous Santanists is an activity unironically known as a Slay. This exploit usually involves a group of Santanists hitching up a bunch of paindeer to a well-ornamented sled and then flying that toboggan (paindeer can fly) onto the rooftop of some unsuspecting digs. A timer is set (usually in the form of a nine-branched candelabra embedded in the snoot of an accompanying slave) and the Santanists, equipped with empty sacks and brutal armaments, smash their way into the place, nabbing as much stuff and slaying as many peeps as possible before the tapers are doused. Whoever steals the most jazz and cleaves the most faces is declared the winner and the other participants owe him a mug of nog. It's all quite festive.

THE MANGLERS

This sect of deranged contanimators and depraved danged wranglers harvest the bits and pieces left over when Santanists go on a Slay. They mutilate, manipulate, and reanimate such grizzly remains and swiped jazz, creating horrifyingly miscombobulated playthings and obsequious drudges to serve and entertain the evil whims and damnable desires of their villainous creed. Santanist enclaves are rife with such creations, many of which are equipped with vicious blades and fouler devices (in case you needed yet another reason to avoid those places). The phrase "Born in a Mangler" is derived from this



cult's popular practice of incubating their fell inventions within their horcish gizzards and regurgitating them as surprise gifts for their appreciative peers.

RITES, RITUALS, AND OBSERVANCES

In many realms peeps still hang socks and dress their trees with terrible tributes and dread mementos on the eve of the Fifth Elsetime in hopes of staving off the predations of The Santa and his followers. This tradition, which San-

tanists refer to as *Xmas Cleave*, is the holiest of evenings. In the silence of the night, Santanists slowly creep to the homes of their chosen victims (usually those who neglect to decorate). Brandishing baleful axes, they cleave asunder the doors and portals (most are too fat to enter by chimney as in days of yore), singing obnoxious songs while demanding free booze and snacks from those within. Those who refuse (and some who comply) are themselves chopped down in tribute, their eyes forming the eponymous "X"s

Among Santanists it is customary to adorn one's home during Xmas Cleave with severed smelf heads. Also during all the other days of the year. It's kind of a motif they have going on.

for which the holiday is named. Sacrificed corpses are gathered by wandering Mangler gangs to be made into dreadful toys or reanimated as slaves of the danged. Of course, such activities are discouraged by the hoinks and authorities of most burls, but those peeps are usually too busy decorating their own digs to do much to stop them.

The fourth Spoonday in Fouruary (which also marks the day when the Jeezle Freakian gawd emerged from his funereal burrow) is another cause for celebration among the Santanists. They practice a ritual called *Stool Logging*. It's a crude and perplexing ceremony whereby a Santanist will approach a proselytizing Jeezle Freak then knock him down and poop on his chest.

Santanists enjoy other holidays as well. There's the annual *Gelding of the Paindeer* and its accompanying all-you-can-keep-down buffet, the *Jingling of the Bells* during which horcs repeatedly kick each other (and also unsuspecting passersby who aren't even playing) in the business partners in an effort to see who can endure the most agony. Oh, and you should be so lucky as to avoid being invited to a young Santanist's *Missing Toe* ceremony. It's a sacred rite of passage wherein weaponless neophytes chase down a group of armed smelvish slaves. The goal is to overpower the captives and chew the pinky toes from their desperate feet. Whichever budding Santanist regurgitates the most toes is the winner. He's accepted as a full member of the creed and everyone else owes him a mug of nog.

THE THRONG

It is a very rare Santanist indeed who claims anything but horcish lineage. Occasionally a particularly cruel or festively savage bodul, croach, or cremefillian might join the horde, but such peeps are scarcer than wings on a flew.

For obvious reasons this religion is most common on the island of Norph and in the various burls and bogs of Aggogg, although it is becoming increasingly popular among horcs across the glob.

SYMBOLOGY

Santanists are all about the symbolism. Just about everything they wear, carry, ride, or live in is decked with various glyphs, effigies, emblems, and paraphernalia. Most of these things are in deference to The Santa's obscene predilections or in emulation of his historical accoutrements. Everything is brightly colored, usually blood red or bone white, although horcish green is also popular. Bells and baubles are goosin' everywhere (the better to strike fear into a victim's shivering gourd). Striped hooks, stabbing spears, and depictions of suffering selves adorn all the things. It's festively grotesque.

RAIMENT

Just as The Santa dons himself in gay apparel, so too do his worshippers adorn their bods. The sacramental hat and coat, stained with the blood and drippings of countless slaves, are omnipresent. So too are the shiny black smelf-stomping boots, the enormous sack, the nebulous beard, and the prodigiously round belly that rumbles and gurgles like a bowel ripe and smelly. That last thing isn't really an article of clothing, but it's important to the overall look. Less copulently gifted Santanists are known to overstuff their gizzards with smelf meat and pillows in order to achieve the desired appearance.

SINS, VIRTUES, AND OFFERINGS

There's really only one sin among Santanists—being nice to a smelf. Smelves, according to the dogma, are the most vile and despicable entities the Oith has ever harbored. They exist only to serve the depraved and shameless desires of the horcish race.

Of course the cardinal virtues of the faith are those things we've been discussing for the past several paragraphs. The Santa digs peeping on peeps, corrupting larvae, gorging on grub, decking halls, snatching jazz, wanton slaying, and, above all, being mean to smelves. This religion sucks.

There. I said it.

There has been talk among some of the more compassionate rulers of Oith's bergs about potentially launching a military invasion of Norph in hopes of freeing the slaves and eradicating the Santanist menace.



SEANANISTS

Such wretchedly vile affections
Betray wondrously foul predilections
Expressing obscenely repugnant intentions
To harness nastily noxious collections
Of delightfully heinous infections

EDITORS NOTE: This one might be a little rough. It is recommended that larvae and those of delicate sensibilities cover their eyes while reading this section.

Exercise caution.

Simply reading this section might be enough to infect you with something atrocious (or get you pregnant).

If Oith's greatest gadabouts spent centuries prodding the glob's rankest cesspits and frisking the most disgustingly wanton creases of the Nether Regions they would never encounter a more debased and sickening lump of smut and putrid obscenity than Sean. As the boss of the blasphementials, those horribly heinous and repugnantly salacious Fundamental entities that embody the prurient virtues of sacrilege, raunch, profanity, and disease, Sean is a roiling, bulbous mass of grease, blubber, sag, and dangling tumescent organs. He (sometimes she, sometimes something else entirely) epitomizes all that is vulgar, irreverent, virulent, and impure. He is the Lord of Lewdness, the Duke of Discharge, the Master of Malediction, the Emperor of Infection, the Earl of Execration, the Liege of Lube, the Demiurge of Desecration, the Sovereign of Salacity, the Viscount of Vulgarity, the Prince of Prurience, the Mogul of Mank, the Potentate of Pus, the Pedagogue of Plague, and the Atrocious Architect of Alliterative Abomination. Nothing is more luridly loathsome or licentiously livid than Sean. He is the very reason such words exist.

No depravity is too debased for Sean's acolytes. While Stan's peeps certainly practice prodigious acts of libidinous lechery in accordance with the indulgent dogma of that faith (as do we all from time to time), Seanans nourish such concupiscent dissolution as the primary sacrament of theirs. Seananist liturgy, which is engraved in the flesh and chitin of preposterously obese disciples who spend their days and nights indulging bizarre and eccentric venereal druthers upon sanctified waterbeds and elaborately complicated divans, lists a great many carnal virtues. Above all, however, Seanans are all about [expletive deleted]. They will [expletive deleted] anybody's [expletive deleted] with [expletive deleted] [expletive deleted] no matter who is watching. When they [expletive deleted] an [expletive deleted] it knows it's been [expletive deleted] and it stays [expletive deleted]! They'll [expletive deleted] animals. They'll [expletive deleted] furniture. They'll [expletive deleted]

on stage at the Reekbottle if you let them. Nothing is un[expletive deleted]able. The more wanton and debauched the [expletive deleted] the holier it is. The debasement of innocent flesh to satiate the lusts and perversions of the adherent is the purest form of worship.

Seanans aren't content simply to corrupt the meat and marbles of other peeps. Their own flesh, too, is subjected to manipulations and [expletive deleted] that would make a Suffering Sock blush. Every corporeal indulgence and act of perversion, no matter how obscene or profane, is an act of exaltation. Seanans gorge themselves on exploits of wanton [expletive deleted]. So too do they delight in gluttonous grub gobbling, excessive suds slurping, and abject sensuality—anything that enhances, expands, or stimulates their baser proclivities is encouraged. Even the various addictions, obesities, contagions, and scorn such profligacies inevitably attract are cherished. Seanans collect diseases like Aaaatheists collect medals. Each odorous discharge, pustulent rash, sebaceous carbuncle, dripping ulcer, tainted deformity, and cankerous hemorrhage is a badge of honor—an anatomical trophy to be shared with fellow adherents and rubbed in the faces (sometimes literally) of those who lack the [expletive deleted] to experience Sean's hedonic providence.

Of course, Seanans aren't content with mere corporeal perversions. Sean isn't simply the lord of [expletive deleted], he's the [expletive deleted] boss of the [expletive deleted] blasphementials! As such, his worshippers honor their patron by defacing and debasing the works and wonders of other faiths. They'll brazenly accost holy rollers and worshipping congregants alike. They flatten Boorglezarian dung balls, wipe their buns with Witnessian do-rags, capitalize lower case "t"s, sully sacred viands, and perform unspeakable acts of [expletive deleted] upon the idols and effigies of a hundred creeds. Strangely, such defacements and insults are not undertaken out of scorn or disrespect for those other faiths. Quite to the contrary, Seanans believe they are performing a valuable commu-

[expletive deleted]

nion, allowing the victims of their atrocities to prove their devotion in the face of execration (more on this later). Seanans don't have a problem with other religions (although just about everyone has a problem with *them*). They enact deeds of sacrilege and desecration because such irreverent vituperations are, ironically, listed among the sacred observances of their dogma. Obviously, the adherents of those other creeds seldom appreciate such ministrations, which makes violent rebuttal a constant possibility. No worries, Seanans value the scars and injuries amassed by such retaliations just as they embrace the afflictions and contagions adopted during the performance of other sacraments.

All this desecration, depravity, and disease might lead a peep to believe Seanans are merely a horde of wickedly evil hedonists who care nothing for the desires and boundaries of others. While a great many of them are indeed thusly inclined, the gospel is considerably more philosophical. Seanans commit heinous acts of sacrilege and heresy against other religions not because they disagree with the tenets of those creeds or because of some intense interfaith animosity, but instead as exercises meant to inspire greater devotion and spiritual fortitude in the adherents of those theologies. Faith, they reason, stagnates in the face of complacency. It's only when a peep's essential values and moral perspectives are challenged by adversity that his true convictions are revealed. Seanans provide this service free of charge and without invitation. They'll gladly [expletive deleted] all the statues in your temple if they think it will strengthen the bond between you and Grooda or whoever. They'll unbox your relics so you can go crying to Fluffy. They'll pee in your Moonular cheese and do unspeakable things with your Moss Boss idol. They'll nab your Big Daddy, [expletive deleted] him in the [expletive deleted] with a lower case "t" and then [expletive deleted] the choir in the [expletive deleted] for good measure. If such an act makes you scam in renunciation you probably aren't worthy of your gawd's attention to begin with. Seanans

consider themselves a necessary evil. They do bad things so you don't have to. You can't shine if you don't burn and Seanans are happy to douse you in oily boid drippings and loan you a torch.

THE PHALLUS OF MALICE

These fellas just burst with raw male energy. They're the machoist of the macho, claiming dominion over everyone else (by virtue of their obviously superior ability to scratch themselves in public) and doing whatever they dang well please. They ride in overly flashy mabobs, wear immense mustaches, and show off their chest hair (or chest wigs) whenever possible. "Make me a sandwich!" is their holy mantra. They don't believe in headaches. They aren't interested in how your day was or what you think about anything. If they wanted your opinion they would explain it to you in a condescending manner. Adherents claim such despicable behavior is undertaken in order to edify and strengthen the convictions of females and other non-male genders in the same manner more mainstream Seanans abuse those of other religions, but it's more likely they're just compensating for something.

I would love to dress one of these guys up as a smelfette and plop him in a cage with a bunch of nog-addled Santanists. Just saying...

Toucanacondor Flaminguez, in his renowned dissertation *The Whole Hole - A Gad-about's Guide to Mutha Oith - Volume 0: The Rise of the Lowly*, mistakenly lists The Phallus of Malice and the Sodophilists as Stanismist, rather than Seananic, cults, due to his limited interactions with the Seananic faith and a degree of confusion regarding the similarity between the names Stan and Sean. I hope you will join me in forgiving his inadvertent blunder.

THE SODOPHILISTS

These guys [expletive deleted] every [expletive deleted] so often it [expletive deleted] [expletive deleted] sixteen times a day. They [expletive deleted] [expletive deleted] in places you haven't even heard of. [expletive deleted] in the [expletive deleted] and in the [expletive



deleted] whenever possible. They have diseases that haven't even been invented yet. They'll [expletive deleted] your [expletive deleted] and [expletive deleted] your [expletive deleted] and even, if you're not careful, [expletive deleted] your [expletive deleted] and your left [expletive deleted]. Flexible and open to instruction,

they [expletive deleted] [expletive deleted] so many [expletive deleted] and take pride in the [expletive deleted] of their [expletive deleted]. They'll [expletive deleted] your [expletive deleted] with your pet slog right in front of your [expletive deleted] dad. [expletive deleted]! See if they don't.



RITES, RITUALS, AND OBSERVANCES

The fifteenth day of Sixuary marks the day Sean crawled forth from the unctuous womb of whatever the [expletive deleted] gave birth to his unholy holiness. Seanans celebrate with a festive hullabaloo overflowing with wanton overindulgence and grappling debaucheries. If it's gross, profane, blasphemous, or perverse, chances are it happens during Seanzaa.

Since self-gratification and hedonism are the purest forms of reverence, Seanans aren't big on ritual. They do what they want when they want how they want and to whom they want. Still, they do observe a number of significant rites and sacraments. Foremost among these is a practice known, for reasons I am not privy to, as *The Entangling of the Proud Corruptions*. It basically involves Seanans sneaking into the digs of other faiths, desecrating them, but leaving evidence implicating the holy rollers of another creed. Simultaneously, another group of Seanans does the same thing to the digs of the peeps that are being framed for the first crime, only this time they are implicating the victims of that profanity. A fight (occasionally a full-blown holy war) usually breaks out between the wrongly accused factions, which delights the Seanans as they chuckle and fondle each other in the shadows.

THE THRONG

Thankfully, Seananism is one of Oith's rarer religions. It's popular among certain strumples and pimps, who view the dogma as justification

for the happenstances of their occupation, and among various members of the filthily clammy echelons. Such peeps are easily bored, so the lechery and debauchery of Sean's gospel offers a sinister (and often incognito) respite from the idle tedium of wealth and privilege.

SYMBOLOLOGY

Seananist's adorn their jazz (and everyone else's) with the sort of things one would expect from a group obsessed with debauchery and perversion. They scribble such things just about everywhere they go. In fact, Krumgruzzle Putt, a weirdo with digs near The Shivering Shaft (a Seananic lust lounge in New Ooorlquar) makes a handsome clam selling black rectangles to peeps whose delicate sensibilities would be offended by Seananic imagery. For their part, Seanans often carry such paraphernalia ironically, or simply so they have something to remove, thus prolonging the reveal and emphasizing the obscenity of the situation.

RAIMENT

Raiment? We're lucky if they even wear pants.

SINS, VIRTUES, AND OFFERINGS

What could possibly be sinful to a creed dedicated to sacrilege and perversion? Several things, actually. Seanans are commanded by their depraved liturgy to blaspheme whenever possible. As such, they are forbidden from entering digs sacred to other faiths without committing some act of desecration or heresy. Similar, in deference to Sean's wonderful menagerie of contagions, they are taught to encourage the cultivation of the various rashes, pocks, sores, and suppurations they acquire as a result of their debauched oblations. A Seanan who accepts the ministrations of a healer in order to hinder the advancement of a disease is likely to find himself snubbed. Only epic acts of debasement and profanity are likely to return a repentant sinner to Sean's greasy bosom.



STANISMISTS

*A sinister servant of Stan
Conceived a despicable plan.
When asked to desist
He responded by fist
Then snatched what he wanted and ran.*

Before the Flush, when the exalted Hoomanrace ran rampant across the glob, ancient gawds held court in elaborate temples, pristine wilderness glades, mystical shrines, flaming shrubberies, and crappy restaurants (de-

pending upon the individual proclivities of the gawd in question). They and, more commonly, their chosen prophets uttered their holy words and issued sacred edicts and hallowed commandments upon the populace. Tablets were chiseled. Scrolls were scribbled. Chants were chanted. Books were published. Regardless of which gawd spouted the gab, however, the message was pretty much the same. Sure, there were the occasional disagreements over which cheeks should be turned and whether peeps who dig the

same words as spoken by a different prophet should be left alone, forcefully converted, or tortured to death, but the message was essentially redundant. *Don't kill other peeps* was a popular (and often broken) command. So was *don't steal stuff*. Admonishments were decreed discouraging the coveting of wives (the coveting of anything, really), the telling of fibs, and being rude to your parents. Special attention was usually given to pointing out that only the gawd who issued the lowdowns was worthy of praise and worship by those who heeded them. Jelvis, Vishul, Fluffy, and the other divinities of the day had it pretty cushy. They could pretty much just be like, "Yeah, what he said, but also this..." and things were dandy enough. They argued about a lot of stuff, obviously, like whether or not it was cool for boys to kiss each other and how guilty they should feel if they do, but the big sins (killin', thievin', adulterin', which side of the farm to plow first, etc...) were pretty well covered. Peeps seldom questioned these proclamations. If anyone ever did, the answer was usually *because gawd said so* and that was rather decisively the end of that discussion.

Stan hatched other ideas. He had spent most of eternity chilling in the Nether Regions with his hordes, playing loud music, and scrutinizing all the happenings up above on his sweet Hi-Fi system (I have no idea what that means but it's in the scriptures). Several dozen centuries of watching the same boringly complacent jazz sparked his philosophical gumption. Plopping his wazoo through the nearest convenient portal to Oith he and his minions traipsed among the peeps offering a contrary commandment—*Thou Shalt Do Whatever the Goose Thou Pleases!* *Because gawd said so* was no longer a convincing argument. Stan wasn't necessarily saying peeps should be doing the things the other gawd's forbade them, but he wasn't saying they shouldn't do them either. He was saying they should be able to make such decisions without consulting a dusty scroll or pompous holy roller.

Many oldsters and wisenheimers believe Stan's emergence harbingered the Time of the Flush. Once peeps started thinking for them-

selves, posit such thunks, they no longer possessed the righteous forbearance laid down in the scriptures, thus, the Nether Regions broke loose. Such thinking is nonsense, of course. Peeps have been killing peeps since peeps were peeps. Lies, thefts, and neighbor-covetings were nothing new. All Stan did was nab a bit of dominion from those gawds and stash it in his own clamsack. Ultimately however, and in accord with the spoutings of those wisenheimers I just renounced, Stan's peeps started gabbing more irreverent spittle. The Oith had gone too long in the clutches of those controlling gawds and their demanding edicts! Instead of simply contenting themselves by preaching self-determination and independence they began to seep about the virtues of vice and deliberately pernicious behavior. They performed intentional acts of villainy and wickedness, indulging every iniquitous vice and deplorable whim. And they did it all in Stan's name...

Since, as we've discussed in several previous sections of this volume, belief can heavily influence fact, Stan was granted a new mantle. His followers insisted and so he became. Perhaps such was Stan's devious plan all along. No longer was he simply the Prince of Doing Your Own Thing (an admittedly lame nickname) he now held the keys to a trunk full of bad ass alliterative pseudonyms—The Lord of Lies, The Duke of Darkness, The Boss of Badness, The King of Corruption, The Don of Destruction, The Master of Malevolence, The Baron of Bane, The Count of Calamity, The Earl of Evil, The Viscount of Vice, The Liege of Loath, The Marquis of Malfeasance, The Monarch of Mayhem, the Matron of Mendacity, The Cong of Kinfusion, The Patron of Pugnacity, The Sovereign of Spite, The Guru of Graft, The Dean of Dishonesty, The Figurehead of Fraud, The Something of Something... He is, as Toucanacondor Flaminguez puts it, "...the granddaddy of lies and deceit, the great granddaddy of greed and avarice, the second cousin twice removed of apathy, gluttony, villainy, and anonymous lovin', the creepy uncle of licentious crudity, the nephew of wedgies, the mother of madness, the Patron Stain of per-



missive proclivities, and the pernicious progenitor of all sorts of crazy snazz. His brother is anger and his daughter is lust (so is he, really). Basically, if there's a law against it or a dogma forsaking it, he either invented it or he's all about it." Stan is the Anti-Jelvis. He's Sean's wingman, and Jemimah's schoolyard crush.

Whether or not all these appellations are deserved, Stan does his best to live up to them. His followers are proud to rank among the rowdiest, most licentiously obnoxious peeps around. His sin-o-gogues are host to some of Oith's most epic parties. In fact, there's been an all-you-can-stomach cannibalistic blood orgy going on

at Stanochio's Swirling Clustergoose in Floom since Hugormo the Oneth squatted the Bucket Throne. Nothing is forbidden. Everything is permitted (well, almost everything; we'll talk about that in the next paragraph). Stanismists kill, lie, steal, covet their neighbors' wives, and plow their fields (and their neighbors' wives) on whatever side they dang well please. Rattling your choppers trying to tell a Stanismist what to do is a good way to get those choppers chopped. They've had enough of your guff, mister. They wouldn't give a goose about your opinion even if they had a gazillion spare geese dripping from their assorted bodily orifices.



Still, despite the anarchic and lawless doctrine of their creed, Stanismists embrace (sometimes inappropriately) certain philosophical ideals. Self-determination and autonomy are paramount to their ideology. It's totally cool to throw goatse at a statue of Stan or growl his name during a sick power ballad but adherents are taught to put their own needs and desires above all else. Suspiciously, this just makes them dig Stan even more. He's the ultimate enabler and they exalt him for it, offering sacrifices and reverential espousements out the wazoo (and sometimes in the wazoo). Not only are Stanismists encouraged to plop their own whims and

passions above those of other peeps, they are actively discouraged from offering assistance, beneficence, or succor. Such acts, they reason, weaken the recipient, diminishing self-reliance and confidence, while doing nothing to enrich or empower the benefactor. Charity, preach the sinisters (Stanismistic holy rollers are called sinisters), is an insult to both the recipient and the patron. It spits in Stan's eye (not in a good way) and clenches his cheeks in a manner most unsettling. Stan rages at alms, pisses on largesse, and writes scorching satirical poetry about the follies of generosity, kindness, and compassion.

Paradoxically, the more his worshippers indulge their own ambitions and desires the more juice it brings Stan. Despite their permissive dogma, Stanismists are still bound by the laws of whatever realm they inhabit. This often leads to conflict. Nevertheless, sin-o-gogues exist in most of Oith's burgs and sub-burgs. So too do they lurk in hidden nooks and crannies throughout the world's wildernessical boondocks. Dig, for example, the Temple of Smellemental Evil in Stan's Rug on Keister Island. Dig also, for another example, The Unreproachable Pit of Reproach nestled quaintly in a volcanic stew among the holewhence reaches of the Teats of Boorglezar. Continue to dig, as a third example, The Stanctuary of Slithering Shadows, which slinks creepily deep in the Underwhere not far from New Ooorlquar. Stanismists hang in these shuddersome edifices, performing tenebrous rituals, dark sacrifices, and macabre acts of personal gratification.

Of course, not every Stanismist practices her religion in the same manner. Several incredibly interesting cults and sects do their various thangs in various ways. Here are a few examples:

THE PASSIONISTAS

This curious cabal of strumples, pimps, and basically anybody else is all about the lovin'. Well, not the actual love part of lovin', but the physical expression thereof. They will pretty much do anything with anybody if it looks like they might learn something new about the fornicular arts. Their ultimate goal, of course, is to become so expert at such lusty exploits that Stan himself takes notice, voyeuristically selecting devotees as his personal consorts in the Nether Regions.

THE GULLET GORGERS

Appetite, voracity, and hunger are the hallmarks of this gross and corpulent creed. Their gluttonous cravings make a Bombolonian look finicky by comparison. The satisfaction of nutritive urges and flavorial tastes are the basest and most primordial means of self-gratification.



Thusly, they represent the most direct route to Stan's eternal buffet, which presumably awaits adherents in the Nether Regions.

THE GIMMIES

Having much in common with the Bottomliners, this gang of penurious hoarders want all the clams for themselves. They lie, cheat, steal, scheme, and finagle in order to amass, cultivate, and enlarge their personal treasure hoard. Such collections, they extoll, are the truest espousal of Stan's doctrine. No matter how much wealth a Gimmie accrues, he'll never pay for anything he can steal or gain by deception.

THE ANGARIAN CABAL

These guys are pissed off about everything! They hate for the sake of hate. There's an intense and very interesting philosophy behind it all, but I'm not going to tell you about it because you're dumb and the farm animal you slept with last night dresses you funny. Oh, and your mom is ugly.

THE BEST CULT OF ALL

According to devotees, these peeps are just the beans. Nobody is better than them at anything. When they do occasionally blunder or lose at something it's probably because the moon was in their eyes or their opponent cheated or something. They brag, boast, swagger, and gloat, extolling their own virtues and occasionally Stan's (but mostly their own).

THE COVETANTS

In a manner dissimilar from most Stanismismic creeds, adherents of this faith believe it is more important to desire something than it is to actually acquire or attain it. They intentionally live lives of hardship and depravation, watching enviously from the gutters and craving the things they deliberately deny themselves. They enjoy destroying the possessions and relationships of others, but keep nothing for themselves. Also, they paint themselves green. I'm not sure why.

THE LETHARGIC AND LANGUOROUS LUGUBRIUM OF LASSITUDE, LANGUIDITY, AND LAZE

I'm too exhausted from scribbling that name to write about this apathetic and somnolent sect at the moment. Maybe after I've had a nap...

rites, rituals, and observances

Stan doesn't demand much from his followers. Still, they honor their aphotic gawd with a vast menu of villainous offerings, infernal rites, and damnable sacraments. Sacrificial peeps and creeps squirm, squealing for mercy upon elaborately scary altars while chanting Stanismists mosh and rampage to foul rhythms and discordant harmonies. Murky sinisters don spooky masks and babble nonsensical madness. Fire is usually involved. A grand time is had by all (except the peeps on the altar).

The Fourth Elsetime, between Ninetember and Tentember, marks a solemn and dignified observance known as *The Inner Sinner Dinner*. During this day-long meal devotees sit in silence, munching bland viands and privately contemplating the selfish acts they've performed since the last such holiday. After dinner, celebrants take to the streets for a night of mayhem and fracas, making up for any deficiencies in their previous misbehavior.

THE THRONG

Peeps are drawn to the Stanismist creed for a number of reasons. Some are disillusioned by

the hypocrisies and contradictions preached in the dogmas of other faiths. Others are just selfish by nature, attracted by Stanismism's lose ethics and moral ambiguity.

SYMBOLOLOGY

The off-flipping fist is the most prevalent and significant symbol in the lexicon of Stanismist imagery. It lets all who view it know the bearer gives absolutely zero gooses about what anybody else wants him to do or how anybody else wants him to behave.

RAIMENT

Stanismists are totally metal! Black leather duds, spiky studs, chains, big ol' stomping boots, and various piercings, tattoos, and paraphernalia are the hallmarks of their creed. Of course the most prominent accoutrements are the absurdly scary masks Stanismist holy rollers wear during the performance of their dim rituals and skanky oblations.

SINS, VIRTUES, AND OFFERINGS

Stanismismic dogma is all about self-indulgence and profligate temerity. Devotees do what they want, take what they want, and act how they want. They are actually barred, by sacred edict, from worrying about what other peeps think about it. Still, there are certain qualities that Stanismists frown upon. Adherents are, for example, forbidden to participate in blatant acts of charity, compassion, or altruism. To waste effort helping others is to squander Stan's righteous bounty. It pejorates both the giver and the recipient. Stuff is for those with the gumption to nab it.



The whole "Stuff is for those with the gumption to nab it" doctrine jibes with the scriptures of certain other creeds as well. In that regard Stanismists have more in common with Bottomliners than that group is eager to admit.



SUFFERING SOCKS

*Said a Suffering Sock with a cut
That spread from his head to his gut,
"Let's move around back,
Take a whack at my crack,
And add some new holes to my butt!"*

Throughout this tome I've spouted a lot of gab about various faiths and their efforts to stave off another Time of the Flush. Such endeavors usually involve a degree of sacrifice, either on the part of the devotee (consider the Polisher's constant scrubbings and cleansings) or at the expense of a chosen offering (a Flower Child's hapless victim, for example). Of course, a peep

who gets his buns righteously martyred by a zealous Buddhist seldom does so willingly. The opposite is true, however, of the Suffering Socks. Their sacrifice is intensely personal. Adherents of this creed inflict enough agonies and torments upon their own bad selves to satisfy the bloodlust of an entire workshop of lash-wielding Santanists. They revel in the passions of pain, rejoice in the ardors of anguish, and celebrate the merits of misery.

See, Suffering Socks believe in something they call *sufferessence*. This esoteric and intangible phenomenon is akin to the euphoric sonority hyped by Flower Children and the mystic equi-

Suffering Sock Balthassimus Lowgroon is the proud owner of the hand-cranked, expanding nostril bulb. It's a big hit at certain parties.



librium that informs the actions of Karmasuturists. According to the blistered gospels of Suffering Sock doctrine (and in agreement with the teachings of Flower Children and some others) the amount of misery and suffering the Oith can contain is not boundless. If too much anguish rocks the glob (a condition the Suffering Socks insist is constantly nigh) it's all over. Jiggle the handle. Sufferessence is the impalpable Fundamental unit by which such torments are measured.

Suffering Socks strive to hamper the arrival of another Flush (and consequent Wipe) by personally absorbing as much sufferessence as possible. The more agonies they inflict upon themselves, they reason, the less sufferessence there is for Mutha Oith to endure. In so doing, preach the tormentalists (as holy rollers of the faith are known), the glob continues to continue, creeps continue to creep, and peeps continue to peep. They hurt so the rest of us don't have to.

We're not talking simple hair shirts and

beds of nails here, understand. Socks take their suffering very seriously. These aren't the Itchy Socks or the Mildly Inconvenienced Socks or the Moderately Uncomfortable Socks—these are the goosin' *Suffering Socks*! Devotees tolerate unfathomable agonies and anguishes, on purpose, because that's how they roll. They'll drive spikes and hooks through their various bits and pieces, drill their own eyeballs, burn their tootsies, house nasty biting and stinging things in their underpants, clamp or stitch assorted parts of their anatomies to other parts of their anatomies, break bones, crack shells, cleave tongues, stub toes, and afflict themselves with diseases and maladies that would make a Seanan jealous. I met a tormentalist who sewed his own buns cheeks together. He had to poop by vomiting—true story. Another tormentalist I had the pleasure of knowing chopped off his own legs and replaced them with stilts sharpened on both ends. Bluebelly Stump, a Suffering Sock who hangs (literally) in Torkle's Mudstain District, has spent the greater part of seven years suspended upside down from a chain in an alley near The Slippery Tonsil. He periodically calls for passersby to wallop him in the belly with a splintered plank. Rancid Loaf, a croach who resides in the Palace of Pain Perpetual in Floom, used a mallet and spatula to remove most of his own carapace. Wretched Tush pulled his own bottom lip over his forehead, nailed it to his skull, and cut three holes in it in order to rejoice in the horrified expressions of those who gaze upon his hideousness. Glizzard the Lump and Toothy Aglonkle sewed themselves together back to back and one upside down from the other. Now they walk by somersaulting. Agony abounds and the Suffering Socks leave no fingernail unturned in its pursuit.

Of course, the trademark accoutrement of the Suffering Sock, and the eponymous article for which they are named, is the suffering sock itself. The faithful wear these stockings, stuffed with all manner of pointy, stabby, stinging things as the emblem of their stalwart dogma. Similar appliances exist for those who lack feet (suffering mittens, suffering hats, suffering loincloths,

suffering bras, etc...) but the point remains the same—every step, every breath, and every moment of almost every day is an overwhelming cascade of fresh torture and profound, soul-rending excruciation.

Why the goose would someone willingly join such a religion? What eternal reward could possibly justify a life of intentional torture and punishment? Suffering Socks have several answers to such questions. Some of them claim they are doing it simply out of their own altruistic desire to protect and defend everyone else from the ravages of unchecked sufferessence. So righteous and holy are they, so charitably benevolent, that they're willing to take one for the team. "It's all good," they say. "We've got this." I suspect some sort of pain-numbing zazz or mind-altering vegetation might be at work in many such cases, but who am I to judge. Other tormentalists claim that through prolonged and intense agony they reach a new level of enlightenment, an esoteric spiritual plateau where pain is indistinguishable from pleasure. Such peeps actually enjoy the ravages they inflict upon their bods, immersing themselves in blissful titillations even as they heap horrors upon their fragile flesh. I'm happy to note my own involvement with the creed was considerably brief, for obvious reasons, and I never advanced beyond a pierced nipple and a few thumbtacks in my socks. As such, I am unqualified to speak to the veracity of such claims but I've seen too many tormentalists giggle with delight as they tore off their own eyelids or indulged in a kanker slime enema to doubt them.

Although the faith bows to no specific gawd, adherents often drop praise and adoration upon many of those worshipped by other peeps. Jelvis, with his doctrine of shame and apology is a popular patron. So too are Boorglezar, Fluffy, the Moss Boss, and several of the Karmasuturan divinities. Stan is right out, however. His self-indulgent litanies are diametrically opposed to the magnanimous agonies of Suffering Sock gospel. The Porcelain Gawd, who encourages collapse and corrosion, is unwelcome as well. His efforts



to instigate, or at least encourage, a new Time of the Flush are precisely antithetical to everything for which Socks suffer. One or more of these gawds, however, must approve of what they're doing, since tormentalists are often gifted with miraculous zazz and most Suffering Socks can endure injuries and agonies that would earn the average peep a predictable eulogy.

While many Suffering Socks linger in lonely, wildernessical seclusion, living the lives of aesthetic hermits and hermitic aesthetes, notable conclaves exist in many burgs across the glob. The most prominent of these is the *Palace of Pain Perpetual* in Floom's Hovel Turf. Toucanacondor Flaminguez wrote about these fascinatingly treacherous digs in *The Whole Hole – A Gad-about's Guide to Mutha Oith – Volume 01: Keister Island*, but we'll spout some gab here as well because page quotas. I spent a significant amount of time in this precarious and terrible place during my time as a Suffering Sock and I cannot recommend strongly enough that peeps who don't want to enter a world of untold agony and profound torment stay very far away. Every chunk of these digs has been purposefully designed to inflict injuries and pain upon those who tread its precarious floors. The Socks who dwell here do so with the knowledge (and anticipation) that every step might bring a new anguish. To ensure such miserable surprises a special sect known as the Excruciatects are constantly devising new traps and implements of torture to inflict upon their brethren. Thanks to their attentions, the place is a work of art, majestic in its devious

brutality and sublime in the cruelty of its machinations. Rooms are constantly reordered and restocked with an ever-changing array of obliquitous snares and cryptic miseries. A chamber that one day holds a carpet of salacious yucksucklers might the next contain a ceiling that drips with pendulous hooks and scalding ichors. It's very dismal, remarkably unsafe, and the perfect sanctuary for devout tormentalists.

Of course not every Suffering Sock chooses to balance the Oith's sufferessence in the same manner. Several offshoot sects and cults have arisen since the faith first blossomed among the slaves of ancient Old Ooorlquar...

THE EXCRUCIATECTS

Rather than inflicting miseries upon their own flesh, the Excruciatects provide the valuable service of devising new torments to indulge others of the creed. Many of them dwell within the *Palace of Pain Perpetual* and other sacred digs. Others put their skills to practical use as military tacticians, freelance torturers, security consultants, and trappers.

THE SODALITY OF SORROW (THE MOURNERS)

Adherents of this dogma deliberately subject themselves to horrors and atrocities, traveling the Oith searching out scenes of depravity and catastrophe in an attempt to share the grief of the afflicted and bereaved. They believe the core of all suffering, and thus the greatest well-spring of Fundamental sufferessence, gushes from the gist of those overwhelmed by sadness and despair. By spreading melancholy among the glob's populace they unsaturate the Oith's sopping puddles of sufferessence and prevent greater calamity. Although direct evidence is difficult to find, many suspect these peeps secretly plot and enact massive tragedies in order to draw the gist of agony from the glob and spread it among the rabble. Their doctrine is essentially the opposite of that preached by the Ticklers—rather than murdering unhappy peeps to increase euphoric sonority they instead depress the gleeful in an effort to console the Oith itself.

THE VICTIM SOULS

Although the distinction is relatively insignificant, this cult preaches sufferessence as an individual experience rather than a globular phenomenon. Victim Souls believe another Time of the Flush is constantly imminent and unavoidable. They seek only to mitigate the miseries of others by agonizing themselves. Basically, they nab the largest slice of the pain pizza (and most of the toppings). Sure, there's still plenty of misery left for everyone else (it's a big pizza) but the Victim Souls can rest uncomfortably, smugly content in the knowledge they've done their part. There's a certain arrogant pomposity that comes with sporking oneself in the eyeball to alleviate the suffering of your fellow peeps, but I think we can all agree to let that slide (like said eyeball down a Victim Soul's cheek).

rites, rituals, and observances

All this suffering and torture isn't without respite. Even the most dogmatic tormentalist indulges in a yearly ritual known as the *Hallowed Reprieve*. This celebration, which spans five days beginning on the third of Tentember, is marked by raucous and rampant extravagance, profligate intemperance, and hedonistic gratifications that would make a Stanismist blush and a Seanan sulk in envy. Suffering Socks shed their chains, unpluck their hooks, unimpale themselves from whatever spines, nails, shards, and shrapnels puncture, prick, pierce, and perforate their heckled flesh and spoil themselves rotten. They immerse themselves in every gleeful luxury



and fleshly diversion proscribed by their typical routine. They deny themselves nothing in an attempt to cram as much pleasure and amusement into the span as possible. Such fervors, they claim, are heightened in comparison to the torments of their day to day obeisance, multiplied and enhanced by the agonies in which they regularly revel. Five days later it's back to the daily grind (literally) but adherents claim the passions of this pentamorous span legitimize and palliate the continuous flagellations of their devotion.

THE THRONG

Many Suffering Socks come from among the impoverished and disenfranchised peeps of the glob. Such unfortunates often feel they have little to lose and little to offer, which makes the gallant and altruistic life of a tormentalist somehow more appealing. Horcs are generally too self-indulgent to follow this faith, while flews seldom possess the requisite attention span.

SYMBOLOLOGY

Poignant and tragic, a single teardrop pierced by a gleaming nail is the most significant and recognizable emblem of the faith.

RAIMENT

Tormentalist adorn themselves in whatever clothes are most uncomfortable. They tend to favor hair shirts, wedgie-inducing underpants, barbed wire vests, overly-tight belts, an assortment of clamps, chains, hooks, and barbs, and, of course, their namesake socks.

SINS, VIRTUES, AND OFFERINGS

Although they seem to be gifted from on high (or low) with an incredible capacity for rejuvenation and a remarkable tolerance for pain, Suffering Socks shun zazzular healing (aside from that personally gifted to them by whatever gawds give a bean). The righteous and holy throes of anguish and torment are the greatest expression of their faith, while they bleed in the eye of such concepts as selfishness, comfort, and peaceful afternoon naps.

SOME OTHER RELIGIONS

Obviously, the faiths I just spent a gazillion words rambling on about aren't the only religions on Oith. They merely represent the ones in which I've had the opportunity to immerse myself as part of the Great Sects Change Operation. Eighty books this size could scarcely catalogue the absurd abundance and rampant diversity of dogmas and doctrines preached across the glob. Although my acquaintance with such creeds is limited, I will attempt to plop some knowledge in your noggin nonetheless.

FUNDAMENTALISTS

*Stuff's made of stuff, not of naught
And the stuff's all the stuff that we've got.
Nothing's always yet never
At once brief and forever
There's more to this jazz than we thought.*

Much like the critter cults I rambled on about earlier in this book, Fundamentalism takes a great many forms. Since the gawds themselves are Fundamental in nature it's probably fair to slap this label on most of Oith's religions (notable exceptions exist, of course). This chunk isn't about them, though. Here we're more interested in spouting gab about those devotees who worship various non-gawdly Fundamental entities. We've already discussed a few of them, such as the containant canonizing Crudbrothers and the pristian praising Polishers, but those peeps barely bare the buns of the fecundity of Fundamental followers that squat our digs.

THE CRAM

Hankers, as the Fundamental superintendents of hunger, gluttony, and nutritive cravings, inspire the grossly obese devotees of the Cram to stuff as much food into their slobbering maws as possible. It's all fun and frolic until somebody ruptures a gut (then it becomes an entirely different sort of fun).

THE MASSACRAVERS

Evil! Massacravers venerate the Fundamental snuffs by committing random acts of murder and bloodshed. They practice their cruel obeisance in secret or else they get jobs as executioners, assassins, and scrappers.

THE ZEALOTS OF ZAZZ

As the Fundamental gubernators of zazz, the furtive and enigmatic hoci are responsible for bestowing mystical endowments upon Oith's hocus pokers, weirdos, and other such waggles of zazz. Of course they have worshippers. The phrase *Zealots of Zazz* is a generic term I created to describe a great many such cults and creeds. They don't refer to themselves that way, preferring such pretentiously mystical monikers as *The Great and Inexplicable Bewilderment of the Impossible Truth*, *The Uncertainty of the Groping Veil*, *The Lofty League of Legerdemaniacal Lectators*, or *The Haughty Horde of the Highest Holy Hocus Hugging Hullabaloo*.

THE MANLINESS OF THE BOMBASTIC BEARD

*"No refute," preached a flocculent brute,
"From my boot to the tip of my snoot
I am blessedly bushy.
From my pate to my tushy
I'm holy and wholly hirsute".*

While the Phallus of Malice embodies all that is vile, crass, brash, and trumpular about the masculine gender, the Manliness of the Bombastic Beard are their more chivalrous younger brothers. Their credo is as straightforward as they come, if condescendingly patronizing. Basically, they believe the hairier, and therefore the more masculine, a peep is the more holy he is. Their logic might need work, but don't talk to them about logic. The thinking goes something like this: since someone obviously knocked up





Mutha Oith at some point in history (hence the abundance of peeps and creeps and such), and Mutha Oith is not known to have filed a “head of household” exemption when completing her paperwork (wisenheimers argue about to which paperwork this refers and how she, being female, was able to complete said paperwork all by her pretty little self in the first place) there must be some sort of Fundamental impregnator who takes care of her during her multifarious gra-

vidities. This entity, known uncreatively as Dad, is the honcho to which adherents devote their daily shaving scum and whisker trimmings. Dad is the ultimate manly man’s manly man. He’s magnanimous, gallant, courteous, and bold (but also a bit overbearing, smug, and occasionally condescending). He minds the workings of the digs while Mutha Oith is off squirting out larvae and gorging herself on pickles (or possibly shopping and/or crying).

A devotee of the Manliness of the Bombastic Beard was recently picked up by The Fuzz in Floom (literally and figuratively) for causing a ruckus when a group of smelfettes declined to walk on the cape he had thrown over a puddle.



THE SNOOZERS

Of course, such attention goes unappreciated by many of Oith’s more femininularly inclined personages. Chicks dig attention, sure, but they tend to get offended when peeps assume they are incompetent, fragile, weak, or incapable of managing simple tasks (such as opening doors, carrying packages, paying for meals, understanding math, and demurely looking pretty while a man does man things). The Bombastic Beard has good intentions but many consider them woefully ignorant about the way of things. Still, they continue doing what they think is right, despite continual admonitions and kicks in the business partners.

The more body hair an adherent sports (whether natural or otherwise) the closer he is to Dad and the more responsibility he bears toward the care and maintenance of the gentler genders.

*Yawned a Snoozer with eyes gunked and red
As he snored in his sacrosanct bed
“You’re all dim in the gourd.”
Then he drooled as he snored,
“You’re not really awake, you’re just dead.”*

As Archslumberer Shoesniffer Shut-eye lethargically preaches (on the brief occasions when he can be bothered to lift his head from the Sacred Pillow of Inviolable Torpidity), the material world we inhabit is but one of a great many cosms and reveries in which a consciousness can dwell. It is by the virtue of sleep, with its elucidating dreams and clarifying nullities, that an elevated mind can scour itself of the vagaries and delusions of waking perseverance. To a Snoozer life, death, and whatever states exist

A Snoozer stronghold in New Doorlquar, nicknamed The Pillow Fort, was recently mobbed by a bunch of neighbors banging pots and pans together in defiance of the resident Snoozers’ obnoxious snoring.

between them are nothing but the vestigial remnants of true abidance. Only when we sleep are we really real.

Not surprisingly, even when they are “awake” Snoozers somnambulate their way through the things they do. Half-lidded and ubiquitously pajama-clad, these snoring savants languidly pontificate about the transience of existential continuance, the illusory nature of wakefulness, the riddles of repose, the multifarities of mortality, the horrors of insomnia, and the wonders of a comfy mattress. Despite their continued participation in the various corporeal tasks to which all waking beings attend, Snoozers claim such vulgarities as eating, breathing, and gettin’ it on are necessary only for peeps who have yet to accept the true nature of hibernatory reality. Of course, most of those who do snuggle such presumption end up starving to death (or, as they claim, *embracing a loftier realm*).



Repeated efforts by various governments to standardize and calibrate the Yortstick have been universally met with out-stuck tongues and middle fingers by Yortian norms.

THE YORTIANS

*Yort's mom spouts the gab if you let her,
Bold tales of her lad the go-getter.
She proudly reports
For uncountable yorts,
“When it comes to sons there's none better!”*

Perspicacious readers may recall way back at the beginning of this tome some passages regarding fervor and the power of belief. Such scholars may continue to remember the bit where I mentioned it's not the number of believers a gawd has that determines his status as such; instead it is the intensity of those believers' ardor that makes a gawd a gawd. Nowhere is such a claim more persuasively illustrated than among the Yortians. Both of them.

Although a sizable number of peeps wander the glob in the garb of Yortian norms, ceremonial yortsticks in hand and sacred plush Yort idols presented for maximum effect, few actually worship Yort as a gawd. At least none as fervently as Yort's own mother. Sure, whereas these transient calibrators attend to the sacred tasks of their order (one task, really), their devotion would more accurately be described as perfunctory regard than reverential adoration. Nonetheless, a gawd he is and a gawd he will remain, as long as his mom has a say in the matter. She herself appears to have been elevated as a semi-gawd of some sort, at least enough to ensure her own immortality (or her own extended lifespan and nigh invulnerability, anyway), if not her own identity (she is ecumenically referred to simply as “Yort's Mom”).

My boy Toucanacondor Flaminguez told us the story of Yort and his stick in a previous treatise. In selfish and honorable reverence to its own commercial and fiduciary interests our publisher has decided not to reiterate it here. Know, however, in case you are too cheap to own a copy of Toucanacondor's book, Yort is the guy in charge of measuring everything on Oith. His universal and incongruous unit, known as a yort, is the standard by which all things among civi-

lized peeps are quantified. His followers roam the Oith, measuring, calculating, weighing, and labeling things in a seemingly random and inconsistent manner (although they assure us such happenings are all in accordance with mystical and esoteric guidelines laid down from Yort above (if by “above” you mean Yort's penthouse apartment in New Oorlquar)). By binding cosmopolitan agreement, measuring devices just about everywhere on Oith must be inspected, calibrated, sanctified, taxed, and fist-bumped by an ordained Yortian before such things are viable for trade and commerce. So it is written, so shall it be...

CONTANIMATION AND THINGS CONTANIMATORY

THE LOWDOWN

Previous volumes of *The Whole Hole* introduced readers to a great many gross and engrossing blobs of knowledge regarding the zazzular art of contanimation and the mysterious Rudimental entities known as contanimants. Here I shall expand and expound upon that comprehension, sharing with the intrepid scholar the fruits and veggies of my experience. Throughout the numerously undisclosed decades of my Oithly continuance, compounded by my erstwhile tenure as a Crudbrother and myriad interactions with contanimators, contanimants, buddunkadunks, and wisenheimers hip to such gists, I have had occasion to harvest a considerably formidable agglomeration of acquaintance with matters contanimatory. To put it bluntly, here I share with you the poop on poop, the dirt on dirt, the lowdown on the low down, and juicy morsels about, well, you get the idea.

Let us begin, as is customary, with the beginning...

Although Yort is considerably shorter than the average hore, he measures in at 64.5 yorts while a typical hore is only 6 yorts. So it is written, so shall it be.



Actually, we've already discussed the beginning. Let's traipse ahead to just after the middle and ask ourselves a very Fundamental question. Once the excrescent Oith and all the other jazz was rolled, dumped, imagined, waggled, or painted into existence (by someone or nothing, apparently), and all the everythings were things that were things (Fundamentally speaking), and all the somethings that were yet to be were yet yet to be (as is still the case today), and the Rudiments were established as custodians and constables of a vast and motley diversity of bailiwicks, why, to cease the garrulous and pleonastic literary flatulence with which my scribing hands currently seem afflicted, does the Oith need beings devoted to the Fundamental furtherance of filth, decay, disease, and corruption? One could easily imagine a world in which such things occur naturally, either as byproducts of corporeal existence or else as the leftovers and happenstances of biological and geological developments. Certainly there are peeps and creeps who happily dwell in dirt and refuse. There are those who guzzle with gusto coprotic crops and salaciously slurp saprophytic suppers. Disease is a way of life, if one happens to be a pathogen, and corruption proliferates wherever

chunks rust, boulders crumble, leftovers rot, or bureaucrats congregate. Such is, apparently, the natural order. Contanimants are the curators, evangelists, and superintendents of these concepts, but why?

The answer, as such answers tend to be, is severalfold. Certain other Rudimental interferences are more easily justified. The first creeps would have shriveled and starved, ignorant of matters both mawful and crawful, without the perpetual insistence of insatiable hankers. Peeps wouldn't know how to make more peeps if giddies quit their lustful libidity. Snuffs, while terrifying and unremittingly murderous, at least direct predators toward prey and prevent the digs from overcrowding. Smellementals gift us (or curse us) with scents, stinks, aromas, and redolessness. Without the marvelous hoci, hocus pokers would have nothing to poke and no zazz to waggle. Rudiments abound and their bounty is boundless. We seldom see them, but their influence is unavoidable.

Contanimants, on at least two of the other hands, don't really gift us with anything useful at all, do they? They just sort of muck things up, spreading their foul influence, making peeps sick, breaking stuff, and tracking filth all over the place. Such is the thinking of some, but contanimators know better. As any Crudbrother or Cohort of the Porcelain Gawd will blab, corruption, decay, plague, and degradation are every bit as important to the great cosmic everything that's everything as those other things we just discussed. Without decay we'd be up to our armpits in dead things. Without disease the Oith would be a roiling mass of geriatric decrepitude—uncountably numerous wrinkled and overripe peeps constantly screaming at each other to stay off their respective lawns. Deterioration and putrefaction, while often repulsive and loathsomely feculent, ironically serve to cleanse the Oith. The benefits of such action might take lifetimes to notice, but they exist nonetheless. Contanimants aren't necessarily villains. Although they take villainous forms and frequently behave in villainous ways they are a

vital and indispensable part of the Fundamental ecosystem. One should curse a phlegmoppet no more for puking its corrosive mucus upon a creme-fillian than one would curse that same creme-fillian for eating a linachithi.

Of course, the previous edict applies to contanimants as a general assortment. Certainly some are indeed villainous. There are those who make cruelty a sport and lewdness a lifestyle. So too are there those who revel in mischief and delight in torment, taint, and despoilment. Individuals, like my pal Oily Nad, can be kind and sagacious (despite their hideous, hideous appearance and abhorrent personal hygiene). Most, however, care nothing for social propriety or such deferential concepts as compassion, civility, or even hatred. They desire only to spread the influence of whatever putrid philosophy appeals to their personal whim. Certainly, certain clusters of contanimants can generally be relied upon to act in a concordant manner. Bad asses, for example, are violent and blusterous to a creep. Unless directed by zazzular compulsion they seldom suffer a vicinitous denizen to live. Their hobbies include clobbering peeps, spreading contagion, clobbering more peeps, and long walks on the beach while clobbering peeps. Wusses, by comparison, are typically easy-going. They flit about, altering the aroma of things and generally keeping wuss business wuss business. While it's a rare contanimant who prefers to interact with peeps of another sort, they aren't all horrible brutes intent on destruction and be-foulment. Just most of them...

The vast majority of peeps, going about their daily whatnot, are unlikely to encounter a contanimant. Such entities typically dwell in inaccessible and mystically abstruse realms (which is a fancy way of saying I don't know precisely where they normally hang; more on this later), seldom making their presence known. When they do appear, it is usually in the service of a summoning contanimator or at the site of some exceptionally foul or enfiltifying occurrence, conjured by whatever Fundamental happenstance governs such things (probably a more

powerful contaminant or possibly a particularly loathsome gawd). Sure, endemic contaminants undoubtedly lurk in Oith's dankest danks and muckiest mucks, but those aren't the places most civilized peeps tend to frequent. To combat this glaring dearth in the knowledge and experience of my fellow peeps, in the following chunk I shall endeavor to indulge the reader's curiosity concerning the classificatory characteristics of this copious cast of contaminant creeps.

AN ABOMINABLE ABUNDANCE OF ABHORRENT ATROCITIES

While each and every contaminant is an individual Rudiment with individual snazz and individual needs, desires, dreams, and aspirations, there are an assortment of forms that recur in enough profusion that we can describe them categorically. Of course, most of them are too dogmatic or obstinate to focus on needs, desires, dreams, or aspirations beyond the proliferation of pollution and the promulgation of putridity. Contaminants, with few exceptions, are predictable, uncompromising, and inexorably devoted to whatever aspect of crud, corruption, or contagion gets them squishy. Let's talk about them.

The lowliest contaminants, or at least the least influential, are the various morks, fecks, wusses, glumps, and sops. These things don't typically wield a lot of power. Their authority is generally limited to simple sensory alterations, uncomfortable dampnesses, mysterious itches, bewildering stains, and similar phenomena. Some of them can't even interact in a physical manner—they're basically little wispy spirits of stink, ephemeral blights, and intangible motes of minor inconvenience. Contaminators seldom summon such creeps intentionally. They are beginner contaminants, useful for inhabiting mediocre minions, entertaining at certain parties, and sprucing down the place every now and then, but of limited advantage to the more experienced crud cuddler.

Next in line are the drosses, sfinks, dinges, sluds, and similar creeps. While demonstrably more potent and inarguably more tangibly existent, these guys tend to wield snazz that's more annoying than dangerous. Sure, drosses hurl chunks of themselves and the others can hurt a peep who's too lame to avoid their advances, but in general they are obnoxious, gross, and more than a little bit aggravating. Their juice tends to mess with the way a peep does the things a peep does. Sluds make you sweat. Dinges make you blind. Sfinks make you clumsy and drosses make you wish you had a clean shirt to change into.

Tenacious and more threatening than those creeps we just failed to avoid talking about are the mensches, kankers, phlegmoppets, tuffphs, and others of their vile ilk. These are the ones contaminators often conjure when they have a dispute to settle, an enemy to defeat, a treasure to guard, or a chick to impress. They are potent enough, especially when conjured in bulk, to accomplish the deed (depending on the deed, of course) and yet not quite so robust as to pose a significant threat to the contaminator should things go awry. Contaminants classified thusly are armed with vigorous violations and aggressive endowments. They'll gut a peep, squirt him with corrosive goo, rust his jazz, and age his shivering wazoo to geezerdom and beyond. Not that one can tell by looking at them, but the great majority of contaminatronic minions play host to the gist of a contaminant of this rank.

If those creeps in the last paragraph are tough customers, these next contaminants are tough customers, these next contaminants are the disgruntled workers behind the counter who are sick and tired of your entitled crap. They serve up a deluxe super-sized combo of horrible things. Mutation, rot, pestilence, and uglier, more invasive encroachments are their domain. They do things to peeps I am just not comfortable writing about (and I've spent time with Seanans and Suffering Socks). If the stalwart reader learns but one truth from all my ceaseless ramblings and discursive scribblings it is the following undeniable admonishment—do not, under any circumstances, no matter how much



it croons and winks, no matter if it bought you dinner first or complimented your mustache, no matter if it promises you wealth and jewels and a beachside condo, do NOT, I repeat, DO NOT allow yourself to become romantically involved with a wanker. You've been warned.

Contanimators summon monstrosities of this nature when they are feeling particularly detestable or when they have business to conduct of a grade too difficult or important to entrust to lesser creeps. Engaging and commanding such atrocities is dangerous, requiring a contanimator of steadfast resolve, indomitable courage, substantial ability, and at least a hint of insanity.

Still greater, occupying the highest rung on the contanimatory stepladder (the one before the top step that you aren't supposed to actually stand on because it's too dangerous and it's occupied by extremely powerful and singularly unique contanimants who might as well be gawds and also probably an open bucket of paint you might knock over if you aren't careful), are the real strapping lads of the bunch. Bad asses, raunches, swoods, phleeks, and other such heinousnesses dominate their lesser kin. Certainly there are more powerful contanimants lurking the various elsewhere of Oith's most fetid realms, but my limited experience with such goosers is evidenced by the fact that I'm still alive. Contanimators tell me anything more egregious than a phleek is nigh unconjurable. They exist, but contanimators hold no sway over them. Zonkle, the legendary enormosity that's rumored to lurk among the Forjorlelundian ridges holewhence of the burg that bears his name, is one such creature, although rumors of his contanimatory nature are unsubstantiated (certainly no contanimator I've heard of has ever held him in thrall).

These hardcore contanimants are just about the most robust creeps a contanimator can conjure. Tales have been told of bigger workings, but such things require rituals and zazz waggings beyond the scope of all but the most formidable contanimators. Still, within the rather arbitrary classification presented here, there is significant diversity and a broad range

of potency among the creeps plopped in this box. A phleek, for example, could easily wallop a bad ass in anything other than an arm wrestling contest. Raunches are rugged and deadly, but they lack a bad ass's afflictions and regenerative flesh. Nevertheless, the creeps in this chunk could easily smash the creeps in the previous chunk so they earn the distinction (mostly by virtue of their mighty might and their inherent immunity to a lot of the crap those other guys try to pull).

This dissertation spouts the gab about several extant contanimant types. There are many, many, many more. So too does there exist a vast and diverse panoply of contanimants and related creeps who defy such rote classification. These things are known only from a singular unique specimen. My boy Oily Nad is one of them. Nobody I've ever spoken with has described a second representative of his ilk. The majority of contanimants, in fact, appear to fall into this grouping. They are distinctive and specific entities. The ones who travel in hordes, however, with multiple exemplars and ostensibly interchangeable specimens are far more commonly conjured and considerably more frequently encountered. Perhaps this has to do with the relative ease with which a contanimator is able to envision the target of her conjuration—a process essential to the summoning zazz.

Speaking of which...

THE CONTRIVANCE AND COMPONENTS OF CONTANIMANT CONJURATION

Much remains unrevealed, undisclosed, and unmentionable about the contanimator's crud cuddling craft. The central ingenuities, of course, concern various acts of emulation, interaction, conjuration, temptation, and shenanigans involving those creeps about whom we just spent several paragraphs conversating. Contanimators blast rancid gobs of curdled phlegm from orifices best left unspecified. They summon foul contanimants, commanding them to commit various undertakings, atrocities, and

household chores. They alter the composition and physiology of their own mortal person in imitation and adoration of the subjects of their inscrutable scrutiny. They waggle weird wonders both foul and fell (also filthy, fetid, fecal, feculent, fearsome, and frequently frightening). All these things they do, undoubtedly, but the signature art of the contanimator, the one that keeps them in suds and duds, the one that makes them famous in certain circles and infamous in certain others, the one that makes their art art, is the creation of contanimatronic minions and the binding of contanimatory essences within such fascinating fabrications.

During my tenure as a Crudbrother I gobbled a heaping lump of knowledge about contanimators, contanimants, contanimatronic minions, and other such contanimatory contrivance. Some such gab I am forbidden from spouting. In order to ensure I don't inadvertently (or advertantly) reveal something I shouldn't I present the following gift to the stalwart reader. What follows is an undedited, unabridged, and undeniably irrefutable interview between your intrepid author and, arguably, the most potent contanimator of them all—The Litter Bug, Sovereign of Stank and Duke of Dreck, Dross, Dregs, and Debris (heavily edited, abridged, and deniably refutable).

CREDULOUS SHMECKLE: I greet you, Your Loath, in the manner in which I have been instructed.

THE LITTER BUG: Redrape your attire and remove yourself from my presence, interloper. Your intended interrogation is remarkably unwelcome. My secrets are mine and mine alone. Be gone! Get out! Skedaddle! Shoo! Remain and become an ingredient.

CREDULOUS SHMECKLE: Uh...

THE LITTER BUG: Custodians, nab him and hurl his numbles into the...

CREDULOUS SHMECKLE: I'm gone!



Having narrowly escaped a presumably horrible fate within the bowels of something I am glad I didn't hear described, and having gleaned little knowledge of contanimatory processes beyond that which I possessed before my ill-advised infiltration of the Stank, I decided to direct my queries toward a more approachable contanimator. Floom's Cerumen Thricewipe was generous enough to sate my curiosity for a considerable fee.

Apparently, the conjuration of contanimants and the binding of their gistical funk into constructed skeletons of muck and debris is a more intimate and personal affair than many peeps appreciate. Cerumen describes it as a deeply spiritual experience, akin to a prolonged potty visit or a poetically hypnotic daydream. Let's talk first about how contanimants are conjured and second about how they are bound. To do the reverse would be absurd.



Intellectual hives such as the Salty Bean and the Whole Hole Suppository of Knowledge overflow with thunks and gadabouts spouting assorted theories and insinuations regarding the origins of containimants and their homelander residence. While most, but not all, are in agreement that such entities are not endemic to Oith,

arguments about where they are indeed actually from have led to quite a few suds midden stabblings, under-equipped expeditions, rambling dissertations (like this one), acrimonious discussions, and polite conversations. One faction insists containimants harken from the Underwhere, lurking in the darkness beneath our feet.

An extremely powerful scumlord is believed to dwell deep within the ruins of Old Oorlquar. I thought you might want to know.

While that realm certainly houses a considerable containimant population, cynics wonder if it is filthy and gross enough to justify a containimantory origin. Another noodle nursery argues the Nether Regions is the inceptive residence of these repugnant Rudiments. It's possible. That place is, reportedly, horrific. Vast hordes of containimants, blasphementials, and other loathsome creeps most assuredly reside among its flaming cesspuddles, corrosive muck wallows, heinous protuberances, and other geographical abominations, but no evidence has thus far emerged to prove they were born there (or even if containimants are born at all).

Theories abound. Some suggest containimants dwell in the deepest deep depths of the Keister of Gawd, emerging when conditions or conjurations favor such endeavors. Others drop knowledge about remote and pestilent locales upon the backside of Oith itself. These feculent and greasy realms, they maintain, veritably ooze with containimants. Could they be the springs from which such beings gush? What about the Incredibly Huge Monster™? Might its vulgar immensities play midwife to a containimantory brood? Stranger things are certainly true...

Another thunkular caucus maintains a bizarre theory indeed. Containimants, they say, don't actually live anywhere at all. They arise, such wisenheimer's postulate, from the thoughts and impulses of mortal peeps. Someone is grossed out by a particularly rancid rump whistle—a wuss is born. A bodul drowns in a significantly noxious plop of plorp poop and his dying lamentations birth a bad ass. This ideology has more holes than the Moonular Cheese Field, but it's interesting nonetheless and worthy of perfunctory consideration.

If any of the intellectual containimants who dwell upon Oith have anything to say about their mysterious origin they aren't speaking up. In fact, when I asked Oily Nad to elucidate the matter he simply muttered something about something being known by those who know and unknown by those who don't. When nagged further he told me he wasn't allowed to talk about it. Whatever entity forbade such discussion is

another mystery. It's another one of those conundrums that compounds itself the deeper one delves.

The point is it doesn't really matter where containimants come from, at least for the purposes of this discussion. Certainly such considerations are of great interest to wisenheimers and curious peeps across the glob, but they don't have much practical bearing upon the workings of containimators. Containimators don't need a containimant's home address in order to conjure its grody buns. Perhaps if such info were gleaned it might enable a containimator to summon ever more powerful containimants, maybe even unique individuals of undefined pedigree, but such conjecture is conjecture and so far unproven (or, at least, undisclosed to peeps such as me). Cerumen does tell me it is often easier to conjure a containimant whose name is known or who has been previously subpoenaed. Such intimacy, he says, allows the conjurer to more accurately envision the containimant and, therefore, to more readily call it forth. In fact, he goes on to say, many containimators form relationships with the containimants they conjure, beckoning forth the same individuals time and again (sometimes to the containimant's annoyance and sometimes to its delight). As a consequence of such interactions, containimants tend to guard their real names, using nicknames, aliases, or epithets in their conventional dealings and only disclosing their actual identities to trusted companions or particularly intimidating containimators.

Once a containimator conjures a containimant the fun can begin. Such conjured creeps are usually bound by an inexplicable axiomatic code to obey the whims and desires of the summoner. Occasionally, however, they don't, most often due to linguistic difficulties (the Potty-mouth language of containimants is known to all but the most embryonic containimators, but frustrations sometimes arise) or simply because the conjured containimant is too powerful for the containimator to sufficiently impress. Unbound containimants are free to follow their own impulses, which usually lead them to either attack the meddling containimator or wander

Cerumen Thricewipe is the archnemesis / frenemy / business rival of Uuulon Crepulos. They both have a will they / won't they (kill each other) relationship with Tomethrower Feeth. It's kind of a mess.

off to spread their filthy influence in whatever manner suits their bailiwick. Assuming the containimator maintains command, however, he is free to instruct his new servants however he so desires. A competent crud cuddler conscientiously conjures characteristic containimants convenient to a commodious calling. For example, if he wants somebody's knees broken or a house busted up, he might call on a bad ass or a raunch. To rot through a wall or barricade he'll subpoena a bruiser. If he needs a laugh he'll conjure a feck. If he wants to horribly violate a foe in the most painful and embarrassing manner imaginable he'll draft a wanker. Wily containimators know the limitations and abilities of each containimant type and, if their talents allow, summon whatever is appropriate for the task at hand (or foot or tentacle or dripping obstrusion of acidic phlegm or whatever).

Of course, there's considerably more to being a containimator than beckoning containimants and bossing them around. Indeed, the crud cuddler's most impressive talent is considerably more refined and ultimately more challenging. I refer, indubitably, to the art of the containimatronic minion—the paragon of containimatory ingenuity. Plopping Rudimental gist into a construction of crud, mud, crap, and scrap is more difficult than it sounds. One does not simply mound some random filth together and put up a FOR RENT sign. Such an endeavor is threefold and complex. Not only must a suitable husk be constructed, often at great expense and considerable artistic travail, and a broad assortment of ingredients and constituent pieces sourced and gathered, but a copacetic containimatory essence must be conjured and imbued into the thing to put the animatronic in containimatronic (and, one supposes, the cont as well). Let us, in the following paragraphs, explore each step in turn...

The actual fabrication of a containimatronic minion is a personal and individual task. Each containimator has her own style and her own disparate expertise. An experienced bystander might easily discern a minion's maker simply by

plopping peepers on the thing's trademark characteristics. For example, Uuulon Crepulos, one of Floom's most esteemed containimators, digs minions with long limbs and lots of spiky protrusions, while his nemesis, Cerumen Thricewipe prefers more organic forms, often littered with vegetable matter and rotting carcasses. Madamess Main't makes sprawling, jumbled creations from the pickings of cesspits, battlefields, and charnel houses. Greasepolyp Ungrungable once built a minion entirely out of fishbones and snot. It's a style thang. Although every minion is a functional art installation, a personal servant, and a representative ambassador of its creator and master, each is singularly unique and purpose built for a specific role in its boss's collection. Some, often made of metal, stone, and other sturdy stuff are bouncers, goons, soldiers, and bodyguards. Others are messengers, assassins, butlers, cooks, mounts, laborers, consorts (yuck), assistants, and stranger things. In fact, a containimatronic minion could, potentially, be employed in just about any manner or perform just about any task, as determined by the potency and intentions of its creator and the ingredients amassed during the next consideration.

While each containimatronic minion is inherently imbued with a rudimentary intellect, an essential motility, and whatever physical characteristics are intrinsic to its tangible structure during the third stage of the process, it remains a basic, untalented, and unskilled shell of thing, capable of only the most simple tasks and of following the most basal instructions if the second step is ignored. This important stage is when stuff gets real. It's what separates the idiot drone from the capable servitor. See, in order to invest his minion with powers and talents beyond those described a few sentences ago, a containimator must infuse his creation with dross or refuse from a being that possesses the desired attributes. For example, any minion with a hammer for an arm can swing that thing clumsily at a foe, possibly bashing a head or two if happenstances align. If, however, a containimator wants a minion with mightier hammer-swinging acumen he



might do well to pilfer a used sweat sock or a gob of errant viscera from The Scrappin' Hole's refuse bins and work it into the business. Similarly, a containimator might be travelling to foreign lands and in need of a translator. By crafting a minion and smearing it with the outhouse leavings of a visiting dignitary he might, presumably, gift his creation with a knowledge of the necessary language. Examples of such inheritance are limitless. I'll illustrate a few I've encountered, for the edification of the inquisitive, but pages are at a premium and I'm rambling enough as it is.

Cerumen describes how he once plastered a minion with broccodile dung in order to increase the strength of the thing's bite. He goes on to recount a litany of similar embellishments—sweaty rags from a wisenheimer's rubbish bin to grant a greater intellect to the minion who does his accounting, pickings from his own nostrils to bestow containimatory prowess to a minion who serves as his apprentice, the severed and rotting arm of a funguy to give a minion the

power to dispense soporific and agglutinative spores, greasy residue scraped from a spitting image to plop a minion with that thing's shape shifting zazz... If it's exuded, oozed, wiped, or gunked a containimator can probably use it to enhance a minion in some way. The possibilities are, as I hinted earlier, bottomless—a bottomless cup of something. Something you probably shouldn't drink...

Now we come to the payoff. This here is the big cheese of the thing. The main event. The thing you've all been patiently awaiting. The thing that makes the thing the thing. Up until now the containimator has spent her time gathering ingredients and painstakingly crafting the physical structure of here minion. She's probably invested a great deal of time and concentration, not to mention a hefty dose of clams and more than a little of her own fluids, goops, and cruds. If she's done her job competently she presumably has something in her workshop that's been cobbled together from various and disparate hunks of trash, filth, and rubbish. It



probably has limbs and joints and is vaguely, but not necessarily, peep shaped. It represents her personal style. If she has the skills it might be snazzy and refined. If not, it's a clunky chunk of junk (which isn't a particularly bad thing in this situation). Worked into the workings are various effluvia, secretions, gobs, and leavings harvested from an assortment of peeps and creeps. The minion stands ready to be brought to life, or a semblance thereof. One thing yet remains. The anticipation is palpable. You could cut the tension with a spork (but I wouldn't recommend doing so). Here we go. The culmination of the containimator's labor...

Ancient and disgusting rituals ensue. Zazz is waggled. A containimant is conjured. Its essential gist is coalesced from its corporeal form and encouraged to take up residence within the awaiting husk. If all goes well the containimant's physical body deteriorates or shrinks or something (the details are unclear) and its motivational quintessence merges with the fabricated morphology of the minion. There's a bunch of stinking vapors and various zazzular manifestations. The thing is done. The insubstantial quiddity of the containimant lives in and motivates the minion. The two are now one—indivisible, symbiotic, and intrinsically enthralled to the containimator who did the deed.

Of course, things don't always go as planned. Dot, dot, dot...

THINGS DO NOT ALWAYS GO AS PLANNED

Earlier I spouted some gab about what happens when a containimator messes up while attempting to conjure containimants. Essentially, if he has trouble communicating with them they don't have to listen to him and sometimes they

get annoyed and wreck him a bit. No big deal. Sometimes, however, particularly when something goes awry during that minion-infusing zazz we just discussed, weird stuff happens. Usually it's nothing significant—odd smells, inexplicable stains, rogue containimators obsessed with vengeance against the cruel containimator who harassed them—but once in a very rare while something rather interesting occurs. Sometimes a pile is born. Maybe born isn't the correct term, but there it is. Piles, fascinating peeps birthed of containimatory misadventure, somehow just sort of arise from the puddles that invariably surround such happenstance. Their true origin is indecipherable and unknown, even to themselves. They emerge without memory of an earlier time, yet fully formed and possessed of intellect, aptitude, ambition, and acumen.

Most piles arise enthralled to the containimator whose blunder caused them to be. Such "bound" piles do what they're told and act, in many ways, like containimatronic minions. Others, however, the lucky ones known as "sovereign" piles, do whatever the Nether Regions they want. They are under no compulsion to obey a master and they live lives just like any other peeps.

Whatever containimatory coincidences coincide to manifest a pile are unknown. Contanimators, thunks, wisenheimers, and other smarty pantses have been investigating for centuries. Their theories and speculations are gazillionfold. Unkulius Flemm of The Wholesome, herself a pile, suggests her ilk arise not from the curdled essence of containimatory calamity, but that such incidents merely conjure them from some unidentified elsewhere—the trauma of the process being sufficient to induce a loss of memory among the newly arrived pile. Cerumen Thricwipe suggests Unkulius Flemm should spend less time hanging upside down in a cave and consider the implausibility of the assertion that every such conjured pile suffers an identical loss of memory. Certainly some should, if trauma were the deciding influence, retain a recollection of a previous existence. Offering a con-

flicting theory is Uuulon Crepulos. Having been present at the emergence of several piles, some bound and some sovereign, he relates an observable coalescence of scum and other constituent ingredients at the site of the occurrence. These gobs of muck, he says, actually begin to clump together and eventually become the body of the newly formed pile. Whether such accretions signal the actual creation of the pile's quintessence or are merely a vessel for a newly arrived othernessical vitality is unclear. Are piles actually containimants? Are their filthy bodies simply auxiliary homes for containimatory gists diverted from a constructed husk during a botched minion-infusement ceremony? Proof is nonexistent, yet theories abound.

Invariably, whenever the subject of spontaneous pile materialization is mentioned, a vicinitous and meddlingly sagacious peep suggests a potential correlation between such sporadic occurrences and the similar manifestations enjoyed by newly arrived tizn'ts and tain'ts. Let's quell that nonsense right here. Although piles and tizn'ts appear to share a similar precocial genesis—emerging fully formed and imbued with intellect and awareness from the outset yet ignorant of a previous larval existence and unburdened by memories and societal baggage—the differences between them are far too evident to legitimize claims of an ancestral kinship. Piles, for their part, are made of poo and muck and grossness. Tizn'ts and tain'ts, for all their miscombobulated parts, are miscombobulated parts and pieces of extinct critters and veggies. Rumors suggest the unfathomably enigmatic and preeminently mysterious Primordial Soup Kitchen plays a role in their inception. No evidence has ever been offered to exhort for piles a similar provenance. Piles are almost certainly byproducts, botched minions, or amnesiac visitors from some unknown and presumably disgusting elsewhere. Tizn'ts and tain'ts, despite their cryptic origins, are, at the very least, actual organisms.



DANGED WRANGLING AND CREATURES OF THE DANGED

THE LOWDOWN

What is dead but not dead and also alive but not alive? Any novice wisenheimer could tell you the answer is “Credulous Shmeckle’s love life” but if that same wisenheimer pondered a moment longer he would most certainly add “...of the danged.” Not “Credulous Shmeckle’s love life of the danged” (that’s something else entirely) but creatures ...of the danged. Peeps and creeps of the danged dwell (figuratively but also sort of literally) in a murky semi-realm part-way between that inhabited by actual breathing organisms and those enduring eternal repose. They used to be alive but now they’re dead—sort of. They’re not entirely recognizably dead but they kind of are but also they’re kind of alive. Some of them are, anyway. They’re both dead and alive at the same time but not really either but also definitely both. I’m disorienting myself. Let’s start over.

First, in order to avoid confusion and hand cramps, let’s agree to refer to all non-specific peeps and creeps of the danged (often described as ...of the danged) as the danged (unitalicized and without capitalization). It’ll make things easier, trust me. Not only will such abbreviation spare my sensitive scribbler from the cramps and cricks of persistently pleonastic penmanship, it will also spare the reader the various bewilderments and befuddlements associated with the confusingly capitalized Danged (the religion) and the perplexing and irritating use of mid-sentence ellipses. Other word wigglers may choose varying nomenclature in their own works (as I’ve probably already done earlier in this tome) but from here on this is the way of things. Credulous

Shmeckle is nothing if not concise.

With issues of phraseology determined let us now return to our previously abandoned discussion. Are the danged alive or not? Are they dead or not? If they’re dead why do they still move? If they’re alive why are their eyes crossed out? These questions are actually rather easy to answer. The answers, however, lead to more difficult questions. To begin with, the danged are indeed dead. They are not alive, although many of them continue to function in the manner of living organisms—shambling about, devouring food (mostly brains for reasons we’ll discuss soon), groaning, and otherwise counterfeiting vitality. They don’t, however, breathe. While some eat they don’t actually digest (at least not in the traditional manner). They don’t reproduce (at least not naturally). Their various veins and hoses might gush with fluids, but such things are either cosmetic or perform a function other than the transportation of nutrients (as I’m told the assorted bloods, goops, and partially hydrogenated animal and/or vegetable shortenings do in those of us whose farms remain unbought).

Why then, if the danged are indeed deceased do they not actually cease? The obvious answer, as such answers often are, is zazz. The danged shumble and slink and mumble and think because of zazz. Often, this zazz is wagged intentionally. That’s what danged wranglers do. It’s their whole shtick. Sometimes, however, the danged arise through unintentional means or as the result of gawdly interdiction, deleterious dereliction, pestiferous malaffliction, mortiferous malediction, or esoteric and unexplainable happenstance. We’ll investigate each of these in turn.

Danged wranglers, as their name implies, wrangle the danged. Utilizing a diversity of mystical methods (most of which involve gloomy poetry, obscure art projects, or weird dance moves) they channel unnamed and tenebrously Fundamental energies. Such currents are potent in the extreme. While difficult to manifest and often dangerous to manipulate, these necrotic zests are the tools with which a skilled danged



wrangler plies his trade—conversing with corpses, commanding carcasses, controlling cadavers, and otherwise manipulating the boundaries between vivacity and demise. The specific rituals and protocols utilized in the culmination of the danged wrangler’s craft are known only to the danged wranglers themselves. Observable routines certainly help the corpse jockey focus her art, but the true zazz comes from the manipulation of caliginous Fundamental moxie. Danged wranglers know how to nab such zazz but they

aren’t keen on sharing their secrets with the rest of us. Of course, ever the intrepid investigator (and unrelenting nagger), your dauntless author has scooped some poop on the matter.

After a ridiculous amount of cajoling, a bit of healthy stalking, a few bribes, an eventual and inevitable hostage situation, and some vague promises about what he’s allowed to do to me after I die, Glomer Clad-in-Black, one of Keister Island’s preeminent danged wranglers agreed to spill a bean or two. Glomer categorizes the

danged according to various criteria he's a bit too shy to discuss. No worries, though, he wrote it in his diary (upon which I plopped peepers). The basest danged, I paraphrase, either *want* to be wrangled or are so mindless as to have utterly no opinion on the matter. Apparently, being a corpse is remarkably boring. Even compulsory servitude, he reasons, is better than eternal ennui and constant putrefaction. Besides, he continues to reason, with the lowest forms of unlife we aren't mucking about with intellectual conundrums, intrinsic essences, what it means to have a self, and other such deeply wisenheimerical concepts. The lowest forms of unlife, he claims, are basically furniture. Sure, such shuffling carcasses can perform simple tasks, like fetching slippers, opening doors, guarding stashes, and possibly whipping up a batch of cookies when the grandkids visit, but they might as well be pets. The animus that compels such creeps is purely zazzular. No remnant spark of previous selfhood remains. Wrangling such husks is a relatively simple matter. All a dangler (that's a fun contraction) need do is nab a bit of Fundamental gusto from the undisclosed realm in which such gustoes gust, direct it into the carcass, and the deed is indeed a deed. Every danged wrangler has her own individual technique. Some use black ink to cover the corpse in cryptic glyphs. Some ply it with dark poetry or moody dance. Some scream at it, berating it with insults and mean compulsions. Others blow smoke up its butt. The ways of the danged wrangler are angsty, bizarre, and totally emo.

It is theorized the dearth of coherent cogitation in these humbly danged noodles fuels their trademark craving for brains. Certainly they do not require nutritive sustenance—their moans and ministrations are fueled by zazz. Indeed, in many such specimens, danged wranglers have satisfied their servants' yearnings with critter brains, cauliflower, puddings, gourdshrooms, and other such brain-shaped foodstuffs. Glomer squishes fish guts and waffle batter into vaguely brainular blobs and those do the trick for most of his collection. Still, there

remain an obstinate few who demand nothing less than the freshly harvested skull scrapings of thinking peeps (or, at least, recently thinking peeps). Animal brains won't do. Brain-looking things are right out. Only real, peepular brains hit the spot. Danged creeps of this nature are either destroyed, ignored, locked away, put on guard duty, fed in secret, or unleashed upon the populace, depending upon the proclivities of the danged wrangler who made them (assuming they were indeed made and not spontaneously arisen).

Brilliant observers might wonder how, if the lowest danged possess no shred of previous identity or spark of intellect, are danged wranglers able to communicate with them? Glomer hints that gabbing with cadavers is an act significantly dissimilar to the animation and re-vivification of such things. It's tricky stuff, but apparently when a danged wrangler converses with a corpse he's not actually doing anything significantly zazzular to the actual physical remains. Instead, he's using those remains to form a mystical connection to the Fundamental gist of the being that once resided there. Wherever that gist may be, whether in some dark recess of the Nether Regions or in another inscrutable afterlifular domain, the danged wrangler spouts some gab, the gab travels dark and transcendental pathways to the spiritual remnant of the peep, the peep spouts back (usually in a cryptic or confusing manner) and conversation is attained. Simple, yet hideously complex.

While the lowest incarnations of the danged lack any sense of personal identity beyond their physical form and the manner in which the danged wrangler decorates them, the next batch of unstiffened stiffs is more subjectively endowed. Sometimes by design and sometimes by incidental happenstance, otherwise lowly dudes of the danged retain a glimmer of intellect and a wisp of consciousness. Occasionally, they preserve more than a glimmer and a wisp. Glomer says many factors influence such things—the corpse's age, how long it's been dead, the manner of its demise, the amount of



decomposition or mutilation it has suffered, the whim of the gawds, certain actions and happenings that occurred before it croaked, and other less fathomable considerations (but mostly the whim of the gawds). Such mindful danged are obviously capable of far more complex tasks than their lesser ilk. Accordingly, when such guys are commanded by danged wranglers, they are often trusted with positions of responsibility and authority. Still, we're talking about your basic, everyday walking dead peeps. Sure, they can probably talk and make mixed drinks and boss around the lesser danged and maybe they even remember who they were before they kicked the bucket, but they're still, in essence, pretty basic specimens of the ambulatory deceased.

What, however, about the more complex forms of unlife? There's some significantly weird jazz out there. Even the dimmest dolt can wrap his noodle around the concept of a plain old shambling dead guy. No big deal. Plenty of peeps plop peepers on weirder stuff before breakfast. I mean, just yesterday I had lunch with a guy whose face is upside down and whose left arm is two right arms. His name is Leeman

and he sells neck ties on the Mongerdocks. Nobody thinks he's odd even though he has six legs and belly buttons where his nipples should be. My point, if I have one, is this—strange things abound, most of which aren't even strange. It takes something pretty weird to freak out and out freak even the least cosmopolitan of Oith's denizens. We're jaded and we're all weird in one way or another (or five or six or forty). Some of the danged, however, make those lowest forms of unlife we were just discussing look like Boredo the Bland in the presence of Leeman (for reference, Boredo the Bland only has two legs and his face is not on upside down. Also, his nipples are nipples). The higher forms of unlife are rarely simple meandering carcasses. They have powers.

In the interest of maintaining this dissertation's trademark brevity, let's simply acknowledge a few of the more esoteric talents and aptitudes displayed by such peeps and creeps of the danged. Other publications go into considerable detail regarding the various taxonomies of such things. We'll mention them here but we'll save the dirty dirt for another time. First, what's the deal with all the translucence? Cer-



tain danged do indeed display varying degrees of visibility. Most are completely opaque, just like you (presumably) and me. Others are vaguely see-through, perhaps hinting at a mystical connection to another realm (or maybe they're just shy). Some, however, are entirely invisible—unseeable through normal eyes. Sometimes they waffle between states, being completely imperceptible one instant and all up in your face the next. Glomer says such danged do indeed dwell simultaneously here and elsewhere—residents of a province part Oith and part unknowable otherness. They're here but they're also not here. We'll discuss this topic again in a bit, spilling yet more beans on the why and slapping some skin on the how.

Invisibility's lesser known sibling, intangibility, is another trait common among the less corporeal danged. Some of these guys can control their interactions with the physical world—turning their ability to touch things on or off on a whim (like my ex-wife's libido). Others are stuck unable to manipulate their surroundings at all without zazzular assistance. That means no more stubbed toes or bonked noggins but it also means no more snuggles, cuddles, and hugs. I imagine the majority of these creatures have progressed beyond a desire for such sentiments, but I have no conclusive evidence to prove such an assertion. Is the ability to walk through walls worth an existence bereft of embraces, gropes, and fondles? I am unqualified to answer, al-

Why don't intangible peeps drop through floors and into the center of the Oith or just kind of float off into the sky?
Another mystery worth exploring...

though the grumpiness exhibited by many such danged implies it is not.

Perhaps the creepiest of all dangedular proclivities is the corporeal possession of living peeps. It's kind of an uncool thing to do, but certain danged have the ability to actually take up residence inside of another peep. Sometimes they just sort of hang out in there, occasionally tracking mud on the carpet and leaving crumbs in the sofa, but otherwise causing little harm. Other times they take over the place, squatting in the brain box, occasionally even evicting the original tenant and usurping control of the digs. This sort of behavior is generally frowned upon.

Some danged beget other danged. They do this not in the old fashioned and time honored way your parents probably did, but through pathogenic or zazzular means. This is another topic we'll revisit a bit later on.

The mobilized mortified are veritable cornucopias of curious and caliginous capabilities. Unfettered, as they are, by the restraints and prohibitions of mortal existence and profused with zazz and darker brunts by the very nature of their continuance, there are few limits to their potential. In fact, some of the mightiest among them—eidolords, leches, and others—were already powerful zazz waggles before they croaked. Their post mortal thaumaturgies are no less compelling. Other danged manifest zazzular and similarly palpable endowments as a circumstance of their existence. Dim grimacers, for example, radiate otherworldly cold. Crème quaffers can transform into slogs and command cremefillians. Peeps who spot an ooh spooky are overcome by supernal fear (unless they're too cool). I've heard of danged whose shrieks sunder eardrums, danged whose gaze turns peeps to slime, danged who mutate with a lick, danged with sleep inducing groans, danged who feast on eyeballs, danged who fly, danged who look just like everyone else, danged who fart fire, danged who burp flies, danged with bad ass horns, monstrous danged, miniscule danged, danged who are totally metal, danged who chomp bones, and danged who ARE STANDING RIGHT BEHIND YOU!!!!

If a danged bites someone and that someone becomes a danged as a result,
does that make the original danged some sort of danged daddy or is that not how it works?

HOW DANGED BECOME DANGED

Obviously, not all danged are intentionally created by danged wranglers. There are, as mentioned about forty paragraphs ago, a host of circumstances that might lead to the inception of such creatures. Some are intentional, some are accidental, some are unknowable, and some are simply weird. Let's explore.

GAWDLY INTERDICTION

Considerations of death, demise, and what happens or fails to happen once a peep or creep's bucket is kicked fall within the jurisdictional purview of many, many gawds. Most religions, even those with creeds ostensibly uninterested in such things, preach some form of afterlife or, at the very least, an approved method of corpse disposal or funerary procedure. Some faiths, like the Brothers of the Blessed Bonebucket of Boorglezar, make such concerns the core of their doctrine. The Returners from Whence We Came, in contrast, die so often they casually shrug it off (although even they yearn for a rad hereafter in the Gut Everlasting). Karmasaturists, despite their reincarnational confidence, observe intricately complicated funeral traditions and grandiose rituals. The Danged, obviously, have plenty to say on the matter.

Regardless of the tenets of their dogma, gawds are often flaky and eccentric beings, prone to bouts of anger and fits of whimsy. The punishments they hurl from above (or, more likely, below) take many forms. Sometimes as revenge for gross blasphemies, errant sins, or impertinent sacrileges, and sometimes because such happenings jibe with the bailiwick of the faith, gawds themselves lay down some Fundamental zazz on a peep or creep, rendering its cadaverous state uncadaverous. The most infamous such peeps are the formidable eidolords, exalted holy rollers of The Danged granted postmortal continuance by whatever Fundamental entity grants such things.

DELETERIOUS DERELICTION

Occasionally, danged just sort of pop into existence. The actual mechanism by which this occurs is mysterious and best left to more qualified minds to ponder. The basic gist of the matter, however, isn't difficult to grasp. Sometimes, when a peep croaks in a particularly emotional or horrifying manner, circumstances collude to leave a remnant of his essence behind. This vestigial quintessence is often bound to a specific locale, haunting the digs until finally laid to rest in a prescribed manner (which usually involves an epic quest on the part of whoever is doing the laying).

Danged of this nature arise, it is believed, either because the circumstances of their demise were extraordinarily profound, egregiously unjust, or because something important remains unfulfilled. Maybe it has to do with sufferesence or euphoric sonority. Perhaps it relates to the power of belief or some undescribed cardinal resonance. Whatever the reason, it is evident to anyone who has visited digs cluttered with translucent chain draggers and wispy door slamers that such things exist.

Ooh spookies and other incorporeal residua are exemplary specimens of this clade. While they are often simply nuisancical and seldom cause any real suffering, more potent and terrifying creeps sometimes emerge. Horrific and murderous monstrosities known as smilers, for example, are the danged remains of victims wrongfully killed by Flower Children and other righteous assassins. Avoid them.

PESTIFEROUS MALAFFLICTION

Danged sometimes come to be through less cryptic means. When gawdly intervention and spontaneous genesis are involved many questions remain unanswered and unaskable. This next horde is more easily classified. Certain creeps and creepers exude toxins, pathogens, and other virulent substances that squirt those who croak from their influence into a danged

situation. Other monstrosities inflict dangedness through an assortment of less definable biological or Fundamental processes. Those who either burst or starve through the ministrations of a hanker are among such unfortunates.

Ailments, such as chronic death syndrome and the dreaded staleness that afflicted the denizens of Toast a few decades ago, are known to inflict a danged state upon their victims. Whether such sicknesses are in fact zazzular curses, gawdly arbitrations, or naturally occurring afflictions is debated but, regardless of their origin, peeps they send snoozing in the dirt don't stay snoozing for long. In fact, there's supposedly an entire island off the coast of Grease wholly populated by the danged. Those who visit, rumors say, either lose their minds to the hungry denizens or join their ranks after prolonged exposure to the stank-ridden breezes that blow across the barrier lagoon.

MORTIFEROUS MALEDICTION

Hocus pokers, containimators, and other wagglers of zazz (especially danged wranglers) are not to be trifled with. The Fundamental energies at their disposal can be dangerous and unpredictable. Unwise is the buffoon who willfully insults such a guy. A potent waggler can, sometimes even by accident, smack a jinx on a peep that will ruin his entire day (or worse). Although usually the purview of danged wranglers, who often perform such ministrations on purpose as part of their daily routine, an errant blop of hocus pokery or transient wisp of containimatory whatnot might indeed end someone's life but not necessarily his lifestyle. Such evil utterances are rarely employed. Hocus pokers have plenty of more appropriately potent and more easily controllable zazzes at their disposal.

Haunted digs inhabited by restless remnants are not particularly uncommon. Far more scarce, although similarly random and inexplicable, is the phenomenon of the cursed locale. Digs such as these can be found across the glob, typically in ancient ruins and equivalently

spooky venues. Peeps who buy farms in these neighborhoods tend to stick around, haunting the place and selling farms to whoever happens by. Despite their rarity, several confirmed sites of this nature are known. The despoiled burg of Yew Nork houses several such zones. Floom's Bulgenoggin Branch supposedly sports such a legacy as well. Whether such domains are zazzularly cursed or are infested with vile pathogens (such as those that afflict that island we discussed a couple paragraphs ago) remains unproven, although hocus pokers insist mystically Fundamental zests pervade many of these locales.

Occasionally, peeps will purposefully afflict themselves with danged-inducing zazz. Certain devotees of The Danged yearn for such ministration. So too do determined danged wranglers. Consider the formidable lech. Creatures such as these arise through adherence to countless obfuscous rituals and extraordinarily treacherous waggings. The process is both deadly (if done incorrectly) and undeadly (if done correctly). The result is either a lifeless cadaver or one of the most powerfully dominant danged to roam the Oith.

ESOTERIC HAPPENSTANCE

We've explored ways in which peeps and creeps of the danged can arise through the actions of danged wranglers, the will of gawds, the ravages of poison and disease, the influence of vile curses or dark zazzes, and through abandonment, dereliction, and profound emotional turbulence. These are all, to varying degrees, relatively explicable. Inexplicable, however, are the origin stories of certain other danged. See if you can determine how...

A funguy in Wernburg fell asleep next to his smelven wife and awoke the next morning with his eyes crossed out and her brain in his mouth.



The crew of *The Glomp's Gush* sailed from New Ooorlquar and arrived in Yapple translucent and evil.

Barmany Thrice-Pierced was devoured by an esophagator only to emerge three weeks later from the sandy beaches near Borf, apparently alive and well aside from the trademark eyes and a propensity to spontaneously vomit esophagator poop.

Greeshkuh the Preeminent, a Boorglezarian holy roller, was found in the basement of her boorgthedral completely encased in a ball of dung. When the ball was demolished her danged corpse proceeded to attack the congregation.

Many such stories exist. In fact, bosses at the Whole Hole Suppository of Knowledge have been attempting to attract gadabouts to investigate these claims and others like them for some time. Mysteries abound...

APPENDIX 01: PEEPS

BLORB

*A blorb and his pals, scores in number,
Reposed for a brief bout of slumber.
While he dozed his friends croaked
And so when he awoked
He did so remarkably dumber.*

THE LOWDOWN

Grunkulo Phlunk, the noted Ewgian naturalist, in his book *Phlunk Thunks* describes a blorb as a "...saggy pink beanbag chair of a guy..." Nobody since has offered a more appropriate description. Blorbs have something of the fish about them, something of the bodul, and something of the beanbag chair. Their flesh is doughy, shiny, and thick—redolent of greasy things, muddy things, and the Big Drink. It's like a butt had a baby with a big blushing jelly bean that somehow grew arms and legs (and a nose). I mean that with all due respect.

Blorbs are relative newcomers to the cosmopolitan scene. Having only recently (within the past century) begun to wander from their ancestral villages in the marshes of Ewg and the nukular caverns of Glowhio, these peeps are curious, inquisitive, and eager to prove themselves among Oith's more wordly denizens. While they occasionally join group of other species they are most comfortable among their own kind, perhaps because they are inexplicably but undeniable



ably smarter in larger numbers. It's true—the more blorbs there are in a congregation the more intelligent they each are. This may explain why they have been so historically hesitant to leave their ancestral homes.

The reasons for the contemporary blorb diaspora are numerous. Some travel abroad to escape enslavement by the lashmasters of Ewg or increasing depredation by beasts expanding beyond the bounds of the Phesterance and the Teats of Boorglezar. Others find solace and fulfillment among the holy rollers of the Boorglezarium, whose missionary endeavors have increased in recent decades. Still others, the largest group of all, have merely fallen victim to tales told by travelers and developed a desire to see the world beyond their tiny pastoral homelands. A burgeoning wanderlust has flourished among this latter faction, lending the entire species a stereotypical (if often deserved) reputation for eager curiosity and ceaseless peregrination.

It is believed, but not proven, by wisenheimers who believe such unproven things, that blorbs are a particularly robust and intelligent variety of mutant land fish. These enigmatic peeps certainly have much in common with those leggy creeps—including the physiological capacity to breathe both below and above the drink, the aforementioned increase in intellectual ability when they gather in groups, and the possession of legs. Of course, if the possession of legs were the only criteria for inclusion in such a distinctive category, most of us would be proudly calling ourselves mutant land fish as well. Since we aren't, let's leave such speculation to the thunks.

SCRAPPIN'

Although blorbs are typically amicable and generally peaceful their ire can be raised just like anyone else's. They may look a bit silly (not unlike the rest of us) but an enraged blorb is nothing at which to laugh. Their floppy bods are surprisingly durable and they'll cut a hater if they want to.

GETTING ALONG WITH OTHERS

Exceptions abound, but blorbs are usually well-disposed toward just about everyone. They are open to new experiences and boundlessly curious about the world and the peeps and creeps that inhabit it. They are slow to anger and quick to forgive. Unfortunately, many peeps find blorbs to be gross and rather ugly, a condition that often sours the disposition of these otherwise friendly dudes.

BLORB NAMES

Blorbs who dwell among those of other species tend to favor blunt and monosyllabic names. In predominately blorbish villages, in keeping with their mob mentality, names tend to increase in complexity and intricacy with the population. In general, the more blorbs in attendance when a blorb is named the longer and more elaborate her name tends to be.

Blorbs I've met include Bobbb of Yapple, Bubb of Floom, Ch'zokkhyanufloxxiak Hyuglodufusiakk of the Blorbish City of Psychrolutes along the Secondary Transverse Litoral Fringe of the Independent Bossdoms of Ordure, and Glugg of Doop. It's not uncommon for a blorb to have multiple names, each used in dependence upon the current state of his intellect.

RACIAL EDGES AND HINDRANCES

DRINK BREATHING: Blorbs are equally at home above and below the drink. They can breathe water as well as air and move at their normal Pace whether on land or under water.

DURABLE GOODS: Blorbs have +1 Toughness on account of their thick and flabby hide. They take half damage from falls and attacks by blunt weapons.

MOB MENTALITY: Somehow, blorbs get smarter when they hang together. Although his initial



Smarts die cannot be higher than d6, a blorb gains one die of Smarts (maximum d12) for each exponential increase in blorbs and/or mutant land fish in his direct vicinity (two total blorbs = +1, four total blorbs = +2, sixteen total blorbs = +3, 256 total blorbs = +4).

See-In-The-Dim-O-Vision: Penalties for darkness or poor light conditions are halved.

OOGLY: Blorbs fall into two categories (choose one): So UGLY THEY'RE CUTE (-1 Charisma, +1 die Persuasion and Performing) and So UGLY THEY'RE UGLY (-2 Charisma, +1 to Fighting and Contanimating).

COBLIN

Regale me with tales from not here
And I'll spout you some gab in your ear
About peeps in the form
Of what passes for corn
While one nears from the rear with a spear.



THE LOWDOWN

What passes for corn is a foodstuffian staple throughout much of the glob. Peeps from Clorb's Wang to Babajuana cram that jazz in their craws with gusto. They munch it fried on a stick. They slather it in grease. They gobble it popped, creamed, reamed, steamed, baked, caked, sautéed, scrambled, on the cob, off the cob, boiled, broiled, oiled, soiled, roasted, toasted, raw, thawed, slawed, frozen, grilled, chilled, milled, blanched, ranched, poached, croached, simmered, scalded, basted, stewed, souped, frittered, caked, hushed, puppied, breaded, mealed, gooped, congealed, smoked, pickled, tickled, purpled, fermented, and purred into an enemy's skull with red crud and a paper umbrella. If a thing can be done to a food it's been done to what passes for corn. By and large, the what passes for corn doesn't object to such ubiquitous consumption. It's a food and that's what foods do. They, generally, don't mind being eaten. Occasionally, however, they do...

Enter the coblin! Legends say an ancient entity, active around the Time of the Flush, inflicted foul experiments and wicked undertakings upon the innocent foodstuffs of the day. This cruel malefactor, whose identity is speculated only in whispers and soiled undergarments, planted the seeds that would eventually birth the coblin race. Could this be Jemimah, the Hostess of Hate, whose cravings consumed millions in her scorching ovens of sacrifice and whose epicurean lies birthed cremefillian angst? Do we refer to Jee'emmo the Meddler—an ancient and forbidden Hoomanracian gawd feared before the Wipe? Perhaps Great Cornthulhu himself arose from primordial slumber, his tummy arumble with hankerings for a new delicacy, creating the first crop of coblins in an unspeakable fit of darkly gourmandular inspiration. Many choose to believe this is true.

The coblin ancestral homeland is the blighted and luminous geographical scab of Glowhio. There, in the cribriform caverns be-

neath the burg of Roze, the greatest coblinish concentration resides. Like blorbs, coblins have begun to spread across the glob in recent decades. Although the largest and most vigorous coblin communities dwell among the craters and chasms of Glowhio, where they tend vast groves of enormous fruit and honor foul gawds from hidden silogogues, sizable populaces endure across the continent and elsewhere. The largest such gathering is in the burg of Yorf along the outer margin of the Open Range. Cheeseburg in the Moonular Cheese Fields boasts a considerable coblin population as well.

Today's coblins have little in common with their ancient, comestible kin. For one thing, they're no longer quite as edible as once they were. Gazillions of years of exposure to nukular, mutagenic, and zazzular influences have transformed these once innocuous side dishes into a robust and illustrious main course. Coblins may resemble enormous sapient ears of what passes but corn (with arms, legs, and faces, of course), but, nevertheless, they walk, they talk, they cuddle their nibblets, and they battle their foes. They frolic and they fight. They worship and they smite. They do what they do the way peeps do, which makes sense, since they're peeps.

SCRAPPIN'

Although such a claim is far from universally applicable, coblins tend to enjoy the wallop of combat and the flush of battle. They aren't necessarily overcome by bloodlust but many at least suffer from some sort of blood urge (especially among those who revere the Elder Cobs).

Don't ever refer to a coblin as corny unless you aren't particularly fond of you limbs.

GETTING ALONG WITH OTHERS

Coblins are interesting peeps. Their motives and impulses are varied and complex (not unlike most of the rest of us). Those who worship the Elder Cobs are often violent and sinister. They do their best to hide such proclivities

in public but many are secretly compiling a list of potential sacrifices for later reference. Coblins uninterested in the Elder Cobs are just like anyone else—belligerent or agreeable depending on personal whim, mood, or inclination. Still, even friendly coblins tend to be suspicious by nature. They are slow to trust and quick to doubt.

Like cremefillians, coblins tend to be angry and resentful toward those who openly devour their distant kin. It's an academic begrudging, really—coblins understand why other peeps eat what passes for corn, they just think it's kind of unsettling. Since coblins don't eat (they derive nourishment from sunlight and drink) they are a little grossed out by those who do.



COBLIN NAMES

As befits their esoteric heritage, coblins often choose names that evoke a sense of the mysterious, the zazzular, or the unhinged. A hocus poker of some renown, known as P'ah'po'clap the Unreaped, waggles his zazz in New Ooorl-quar. Other coblins of note include Rhedd'boq Q'oll (an outspoken proponent of Cornthulhu worship), Orv'jiff the Unpoppable (a crowd favorite in Floom's Scrappin' Hole), P'p the Remarkably Remarkable (who claims to be remarkable but, as far as I can determine, is remarkable only because he calls himself "The Remarkably Remarkable"), Unbattered M'ozz (a smellcaster at the Garden of Smellemental Glee), Q'on of the Cob (weirdo of Roze), and Nixtamal the Unsobriqueted (a gadabout from Ewg).

RACIAL EDGES AND HINDRANCES

CHILDREN OF THE COB: Vegetal in nature, coblins do not consume food. Instead, they derive sustenance from sunlight and water. A coblin must spend at least an hour each day soaking the gleam from the sun (if the sky is overcast, as it usually is, two hours should suffice). Divested of such attention, a coblin will begin to weaken in a manner similar to that suffered by an animal



Thorzog P'poppop, a coblin Tourist, believes ancestral coblins didn't spontaneously crap up in mere Oithly fields but instead arrived with the first oofos.

deprived of food (Vigor roll each day beginning the day after sunlight deprivation, failure adds one Fatigue level; Incapacitation leads to death in 4d6 hours; Recovery of one Fatigue level per day with at least one hour of immersive sunlight exposure).

Predictably, coblins are influenced only by those diseases and poisons that specifically affect plants. They do, however, sleep and are wobbled by booze and pottyspronge much like any other organism.

KERNEL OF TRUTH: Coblins, being suspicious by nature, can usually tell if they are being deceived. Whenever an untruth is spoken in a coblin's presence the Boss may make a secret Smarts roll at +2 to detect the subterfuge.

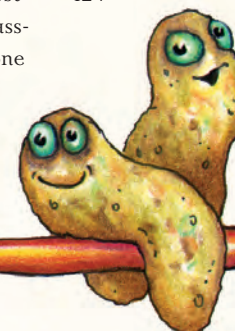
POPPIN' MAD: In extreme circumstances, as a matter of final recourse and only once every three days, a coblin can focus the intensity of her own emotions to such a degree that her body literally explodes with rage. The result is an eruption of superheated kernels—puffed, ruptured, and deadly—that lays waste to the immediate vicinity. The coblin herself is Shaken and suffers two wounds from such an outburst (one if she passes a Vigor roll, none if she passes both a Vigor roll and a Spirit roll). Everyone nearby (medium burst template) takes

4d6 points of heat and explosion damage. The coblin may spend a benny to increase the damage to 4d8.

For two days after using this power the coblin is bereft of kernels. She loses her +1 natural Toughness bonus and has a -1 Charisma penalty.

SHUCK OFF!: Coblins, due to their thick coat of seeds, have a natural +1 Toughness bonus. By focusing his will a coblin is able to inflate his integumentary kernels, temporarily rupturing them and encasing himself in a bulky husk of natural armor, increasing his Toughness bonus to +3. The enhancement stays in affect for a number of rounds decided by the result of a Vigor roll made by the coblin when he initiates the endowment (see below). This counts as an action. During this time, due to his increased bulk, the coblin suffers a -1 penalty to Agility and associated skills.

VIGOR ROLL	DURATION
4-7	6 rounds
8-11	1 hour
12+	1 day



A number of hours equal to the result of that same Vigor roll must pass before the coblin is able to use this talent again.

Like all things in Glowhio, coblins glow with a dim luminescence while in their ancestral domain. Of course, again like all things Glowhioan, they lose their luster soon after departing that realm.



DORK

*Deep in the depths of the deepest dark deeps
Dwell a race of atrocious—the vilest—peeps.
They'll gut you for fun
While avoiding the sun
Then gut your best friend while he weeps!*

THE LOWDOWN

The Underwhere's caliginous depths spread beneath much of the glob. Here is a dark and perilous realm inhabited by dark and perilous peeps. Among the darker and perilouser of

said peeps are the cruel and tenebrous smelves known as dorks. There's nothing good about what they do. They lurk in vast subterranean burgs, plotting schemes, hatching mischief, and launching raids against a vast plenitude of enemies. Chief among these foes, of course, are their surface-dwelling kin—the convivial and frolicsome smelves. Dorks absolutely hate smelves and rarely miss an opportunity to visit misery upon them. Thankfully, these sneaky and malicious villains seldom venture beyond the gloomy murk of the Underwhere except on the darkest of nights. Smelven villages in proximity to that unlit realm have learned to bolster their defenses when the Skybutt clenches.

Of course, dorks needn't travel beyond their cavernous homeland to find peeps to revile. Plenty of enemies present themselves below ground as well. Hareins are particularly abhorred. Dorks hate everyone (and everyone hates dorks, so it evens out). Their society is founded on war, rivalry, enslavement, and cruelty. Dorkish families, led by cruel, power-hungry mommies, vie against one another for dominance, amassing vast armies of slaves and underlings. They perform vile sacrifices to horrid gawds, such as Stan, Cornthulhu, Sean, and the twin Dorkish divinities known as Wicked Brofusus and Tenebrous Somb.

Despite their evil (and well-deserved) reputation, there do exist certain extremely rare and aberrant dorks who, for various reasons, are possessed of dispositions antithetical to their execrable siblings. Such "good" dorks are despised above all other malefactors—even surface smelves. They have no place in Dorkish civilization and are pursued ceaselessly by their heinous relatives. In spite of their scarcity, it is these peculiar dorks whom a non-dorkish peep is most likely to interact with (while exiting the conversation with limbs intact, anyway). Consider, for example, the infamous G'r'r'zit of Chump, who evaded dorkish pursuers for years among the Dimplestacks and Mungepiles of Keister Island before his ultimate demise at the hands of the Dillididium. Consider also Yeasty R'p'zz'zz, who painted himself green and hid among the Fungish of Wermburg. His true nature wasn't revealed until he croaked of natural causes and Grand Papa Uncle Mosstache washed off the paint during the funerary preparations. Still, virtuous dorks are either extraordinarily rare or extraordinarily good at hiding.

Aside from their skin color, which ranges from at least fifty shades of gray to pitchest black, dorks resemble terranean smelves. They possess the same diminutive stature and the same bulbous schnozzes. Similarly, dorks take great pride in their enormous noses, decorating them with elaborate cosmetics and complex tattoos. Dorks arm themselves with angry

weapons and garb themselves in fearsome duds, often in emulation of scary beasts or mystic horridities—the better to intimidate their foes and dishearten their victims. While smelves are typically felicitous and amicable, dorks are the opposite—angry, hateful, and intolerant. Stay away. Stay far away.

SCRAPPIN'

Predictably, dorks dig all sorts of scrapping and fighting. In many cases, especially when challenging a more powerful foe, they will begin a scuffle by throwing waves of enslaved minions into the fray beforehand.

Dorks love to arm themselves with wicked looking weapons and scary implements of demise. The more barbs, prongs, blades, and stabby things such a tool has, the more endearing it is to the smelf who wields it.

GETTING ALONG WITH OTHERS

Dorks revel in evil. They get off on being bad guys. They rarely befriend anyone who isn't a dork, although smelves and hareins bear the brunt of their rancor.

Of course there are those few aberrant dorks who don't, for whatever reason, actually hate everyone else. Such individuals have their own motives and considerations—which are completely anathema to the mainstream dorkish situation. Even more so than smelves and hareins, these malconformations are, to the dorkish sensibility, vile in the extreme.

DORK NAMES

Apostrophes and unpronounceable syllables are all the rage among dorkish parents. They plop monikers on their larvae that would sprain a funguy's tongue. Also, family pride is a big thing. A typical dork name might go something like K'lith'lith'o'nonk'k'lith N'dokk'okk of the Hurb'lolo'mixtay'lip'ip Pol'givv Kith, F'foof'limp'd'lokk'lokk of the Burb'mop'mop

Kith, or Mommy H'liii'iip'm'no'no of the Ni'kolp'lp'pp'droq'fl Kith. The first two or three syllables usually suffice when dorks interact among themselves (K'lith, F'foof, and Mommy H'liip, respectively).

RACIAL EDGES AND HINDRANCES

ABERRATION: Dorks who go against mainstream Dorkish society ("good" dorks) have the Enemy (major) Hindrance. Normal dorks will attempt to capture or kill such a peep at any opportunity. Happily, their time spent above ground has divested them of the penalties dorks suffer usually when exposed to bright light.

MIGHTY PEEPER: Dorks can see in absolute blackness without any penalties. Their vision is similarly unimpaired by smoke, fog, or any other non-zazzular atmospheric obfuscation. By concentrating, as an action, dorks may peer through up to one yort (1") of solid matter. Conversely, dorks suffer a -1 penalty to all rolls when operating in partly cloudy daylight. This penalty increases to -2 in brighter conditions.

NASALLY ENDOWED: Dorks have the Nosebloating and Schnoz to Be Reckoned With Edges. They also meet the prerequisites for the Super Sniffer Edge described in *The Whole Hole – A Gadabout's Guide to Mutha Oith – Volume 01: Keister Island*.

REALLY SMALL GUY: Dorks may, at the player's discretion, take the Really Small Guy Edge.



Dorks have really snazzy eyes. While commonly red or orange, purple or pink peepers occasionally surface. Well, they don't surface, because they are usually subterranean, but they show up. They exist.

DUNGCE

*A dungce with a basket of poop
At the head of a similar group
Said, winking with mirth
After viewing my girth,
"If you're hungry I'll give you a scoop".*

THE LOWDOWN

Having just completed a dissertation about the malicious and loathsome dorks, it is with great relief that I turn my attention to the far more agreeable dungces. These amicable peeps, physically similar in many ways to Oith's more familiar croaches, are rotund, peaceful, and generally jovial in disposition. Although relatively rare across much of the glob, dungces often intermingle with other peeps, enjoying a convivial and gregarious existence. In fact, though they are seldom encountered, dungces and their ancestors play an important role in keeping the Oith's ecosystems in balance.

Remarkably, and perhaps at odds with the Fundamental nature of our planet, dungces actually enjoy housework, cleaning, and other janitorial activities. This proclivity appears altruistic in nature until one notices the dungce's "interesting" obsession. All dungces, at least all the dungces I've ever met, share a singular fascination for topics of an excremental nature. They really, really dig poop—both literally and figuratively. Speculation abounds as to the provenance of this utterly engrossing preoccupation, although many wisenheimers hypothesize an association with the plop-pushing activities of the ancestral dungces, tiny scarabic critters who cleansed the antediluvian Oith of feces and refuse. They were the original Polishers. In fact, these same little dudes yet linger, doing the same job they always have. Historically, wherever creeps crap or peeps poop tiny little prototypical dungces have eventually shown up to roll the stuff away. With that in mind, it's no wonder dungces share the peculiar infatuation of their



miniscule predecessors. Sure, it's a compulsion, maybe even a fetish, but nobody's getting hurt and, if you think about it, without dungces and their primitive ilk we'd all be up to our faces in other folks' feculence. With the exception of the occasional containimator, don't nobody want that...

To continue the narrative, although many might prefer I end it here, dungces don't simply roll poop into balls and cart it off somewhere never to be seen again. Nope. They eat the stuff. They build their homes with it. They fuel their cookfires and warm their lairs. If there's a thing that can be done it can be done better with poop, apparently. Were you aware that different creeps have different seeps and the ballast of every beast has a vast and varied assortment of auspicious and functional usages? I wasn't—at least not as aware as I became after a single con-

versation with an exuberant dungce. I learned all about poop. More, in fact, than I ever thought I might imagine wanting to know. I learned, for example, that plorp plops, and the plops of other large herbivorous beasts, can be flattened, dried, and made into paper upon which one can pen prose about poop with a stylus constructed of hardened grilla turds using ink made from strained broccodile diarrhea (broccodiarrhea?)? I learned a great deal about which animals produce poops that can be eaten fresh and which should be dried, cooked, purified, or seasoned before consumption. I learned about poop paint, poop powder, poop pottery, poop plaster, poop poetry, poop pastries, poop plate mail, poop projectiles, poop playthings, the procedural processes of poop preparation, and so, so much about the principal points of poop politics. By the end of our confabulation I had

Again with the poop?
Your momma done raised you wrong.



absorbed more poop on poop than a tablecloth at Under the Sink's Fabulous Fece Feast (invitation only).

From all this discussion of bodily waste one might imagine dungces are all clean freaks and Polishers. The opposite, in fact, is true. While such peeps probably exist somewhere, dungces typically scrub and scour not because they want things to be pristine—they simply crave and covet the resultant dregs and dross harnessed by such activities. Part of it also is, in keeping with the beneficial chore performed by the consanguineous beetles that share part of their name, dungces genuinely like to be helpful. I mentioned earlier their custodial inclinations appear altruistic. That's because, among other things, they actually are. Dungces are some of the nicest peeps a peep's prone to peep—until circumstances warrant otherwise. With their solid carapace, multiple limbs, and rugged stature, dungces can (and will) smack a wallop on an attitudinous foe if the need presents itself.

Unsurprisingly, dungces are attracted to the Boorglezarian faith and to the Dungleling sect in particular. A peculiarly large congregation are followers of Hoomanitarianism and its related creeds as well. Dungces tend to be focused but open-minded. They take their poop seriously but welcome new ideas and new point of view. I want to be a dungce when I grow up.

SCRAPPIN'

Dungces, in my experience, are slow to anger. They don't particularly enjoy fighting and usually try to solve disagreements with words

and platitudes (usually somehow related to poop). If those things don't work they are more than capable of laying a smack down on a hater.

GETTING ALONG WITH OTHERS

I've yet to meet a dungce who wasn't friendly, companionable, and helpful (at least at the outset of our interaction). Sure, they'll crack a carapace or two if it becomes necessary, but if mellows remain unharshd such is the desired way of things.

Dungces are fascinated by piles, for reasons that become obvious when one considers the obsessions of the former and the physiology of the latter. Remarkably, dungces are not inclined to eat piles. Instead, they revere and respect them as living embodiments of, well... you get the picture.

DUNGCE NAMES

Dungces don't typically follow any specific conventions when naming their larvae, although references to dung balls and Boorglezar are popular among those who revere that being. Dungces I've met include Gloppy Muskus (an Old Ooorlquarian contaminator), Spherical Plop (whose interactions with the Pinksnout worms of the Phesterance have inspired many a gadabout), Crackalacka the Frequently Tolerable (who operates The Grease Puddle, a grub midden in Yorf), Buttburger the Aromatic (a former puparch at the Boorgthedral of Imago Coleop), and Roller Grote (who runs the gift shop at the Boorglezarium).

RACIAL EDGES AND HINDRANCES

DUNG BUDDIES: Due to their profound affinity for such beings, dungces receive a +1 bonus to all attribute and skill rolls when in the direct proximity of an allied pile. Conversely, should a dungce ever find himself at odds with a pile he receives a -1 penalty to rolls made while in that guy's presence.

DUNGSTER: Dungces eat poop. It's kind of their thing. Resultantly, they gain a +2 bonus to any Vigor rolls made to resist the effects of poison or disease and a +1 bonus to Contanimating and Survival. Duncish Boorglezarian holy rollers gain a +1 bonus to Holy Rolling.

EXCREMENTARY, MY DEAR: By poking, smelling, tasting, and otherwise investigating a sample of feces a dungce is able to discover many things about it. With a successful Smarts roll the dungce can determine the species of organism that created the poop (assuming it is a species with which the dungce is familiar), the foods of which it is composed, and the relative amount of time since it was created. With a Raise, the dungce can tell the pooper's gender and approximate age and whether or not it is afflicted with any diseases or toxins. With two Raises, the dungce acquires a deep and profound understanding of the pooping organism, gaining a +2 bonus to all future interactions (all rolls made to fight, track, influence, communicate with, or otherwise engage) that creature.

HOW I ROLL: In convenient emulation of the dung balls they revere, dungces can tuck their limbs and roll quickly about. In this state their Toughness and Pace are increased by +2. They can't use their limbs or any held objects, but they gain a natural smash attack, inflicting Str+d4 damage upon anyone in their path. They may attack any number of enemies without penalty, as long as those foes are in a straight line within the range of the dungce's Pace. As an action, an enemy may attempt an opposed Strength roll in order to halt the dungce's roll.

STOOL TOOL: Dungces are trained from birth in the art of poop sculpting. They begin with a d6 in Crafting (sculpture) and can create all sorts of useful objects and materials using various dungs, plops, and ordures.

I feel like this spot could use one of those decorative thingees but I ran out of them and the decorative thingee store is closed today.

HAREIN

*Intolerant, cruel, and supreme
Among all peeps, the hareins scheme
To create on the glob
An Oith free of the mob
And accomplish the harein dream.*

THE LOWDOWN

Hareins are all that and a bag of clams. At least they think they are. These lagomorphic troglodytes consider themselves the paragons of Oithly awesomeness, created by extinct gawds and placed upon the Oith to reap its dubious bounties and extend their own superior domain across the glob. Everyone else is a lesser being fit only for enslavement, derision, or extermination. Gadabouts venturing into the Underwhere are well advised to stay far, far away from the extensive burrows and fortified condos inhabited by these intolerant, rancorous, adorable little fluffy-wuffies.

For reasons that are historically unclear, hareins despise dorks above all other peeps. The two constantly battle, perhaps for supremacy of their underground turf or perhaps simply because they abhor each other. Don't misunderstand—hareins hate everybody—they just harness a particularly potent dose of belligerence for the (equally reprehensible) dark smelvers. Thankfully, in common with their nemeses, hareins seldom excursion beyond the stygian confines of the Underwhere. Both malefactors occasionally raid surface settlements for jazz and slaves but, historically, large-scale harein invasions have been the stuff of cautionary tales and horror stories rather than actual things that are things. Recent road-rumors and grub-midden gab, however, suggest such a scenario might not be so distant. An anonymous gadabout, fresh from a perilous expedition deep into the Underwhere has lately been touring the various suds shacks of New Ooorlquar ranting about an immense harein army massing beneath the Teats of Boorglezar. His counterpart, an equally anony-

After being lost to history for some time, a significant hutch of hareins was recently discovered by gadabout Zlozz Kirpanski dwelling in a cliffside cavern deep within the Keister of Gawd. Zlozz's grand great pseudo uncle (on his nephew's side) wrote extensively on the subject many years ago.

A dungce in Babajuana custodianates a museum of poop. The Excrementorium, as it's known, contains samples from almost every known living creep. Gadabouts can earn significant clams by bringing in unique or rare specimens.

mous gadabout named Uncredited Whatsis, has been frequenting the Whole Hole Suppository of Knowledge in Floom with similar tales to tell. Are these mere stories and publicity capers (the two are indeed penning a book together) or is a huge force of trumpeting harein's poised for dominion of Oith's veneer? Only time, (or investigation) will tell...

Harein society is rigidly structured and militaristically inclined. Does (breeding mommas) squirt out litters of bun-buns (larval hareins) who are all raised together in great nursery warrens. As the bun-buns mature they are trained in the ways of warfare and intolerance, eventually becoming warriors, holy rollers, chefs, or whatever the nursery masters train them to be. It is a rare harein who decides his own fate.

The boss of a harein horde is, for some reason, usually the fluffiest and most flocculent among them. This murderously adorable dictator, known as the Fhurhr, enjoys complete and unquestioned dominance over his constituent hareins. They do his bidding and bid for his doings. I'm not sure what that last part means but it sounded cool in my head.

Earlier, I mentioned something about hareins being created by extinct gawds. This fits with their mythology. According to hareins, after whatever gawds birthed the first hareins saw how awesome their progeny were they committed suicide, knowing they could never exceed their accomplishment. Harein holy rollers don't so much worship gawds as they simply demand things of them. It seems to work, since such peeps are among the highest ranking and most powerful of all hareins.

Also potentially placed in harein society are those corpse-cuddling zazz wagglers we like to call danged wranglers. Every Fhurhr has an elite squad of these peeps, each one commanding a host of rustling husks and other forms of unlife. Hareins are nothing if not efficient, making use of croaked creeps and perished peeps in much the same manner as those still breathing.

As sporadically happens with the rarely deviant dork, occasionally a harein defies the

totalitarian tenets and oppressive strictures of her society and splits the digs to live a life of untotitarian tenets and unrestricted non-oppression. Such a harein becomes an outcast and is shunned (or worse) by other hareins. Of course, it is such shunned hareins that a shab (non harein) is most likely to encounter. I've encountered a shunned harein a time or six in my day and I've found them to be as personable and ordinary as anybody else (although, they might have been particularly convincing spooks now that I consider the possibility).

SCRAPPIN'

Hareins love to get their scrap on. They'll fight anyone for any reason, especially dorks.

GETTING ALONG WITH OTHERS

Hareins are xenophobic and obdurate. They believe they are Oith's perfect (and cutest) peeps. All others, whom they refer to as shabs, are inferior. The worst of the shabs are the dark smelves known as dorks, with whom hareins have an ancient and profound enmity. It is a rare harein who can tolerate the presence of a dork.

Although hareins deride shabs and consider them mediocre organisms, they recognize the occasional necessity of interaction with such creatures. Hareins aren't unquestionably aggressive toward other peeps (although they often are), just condescending and superior.

HAREIN NAMES

In keeping with their typically intolerant views, Hareins prefer not to share their given names with outsiders. Therefore, each harein has several names—one they use only with their littermates and close friends, some they use when interacting with other hareins, and one they use when engaging shabs. The littermate name is usually intimate and floofy because hareins think they're all adorable and stuff (Woogums, Shnuggles, Cuddwee, Wuddlee, etc...). The



A dork nose stuffed with nails and poisons, usually on a stick or long chain, is a favorite weapon of many harein scrappers. They call it a "dorknosestuffedwithnailsandpoisonsusuallyonastickorlongchain".

name reserved for other hareins changes often and reflects the hareins various accomplishments and deeds (Dorkspork the Illegible, Irk-wurkle Cukeslayer, Chippwick the Incisor, etc...). Hareins with military rank are referred to by their position and number (Gutter 1st, Sneaker 5th, Slitter the 213th, etc...). Among shabs, hareins insist on honorifics and aggrandizements (Your Aggregational Orponstinance Dorkspork the Superior, Her Opulent Hurpletude Irk-wurkle the Incredibly Awesome, Chippwick Who-Could-Totally-Get-Me-In-A-Headlock-From-Which-I-Would-Never-Escape, etc...).

RACIAL EDGES AND HINDRANCES

BUDDY SYSTEM: Hareins gain a +1 bonus to Fighting, Shooting, and Throwing whenever two or more are engaging the same enemy or group of proximitous foes. This stacks with bonuses offered by the Dorkrage Edge.



CHOPPERS: A harein's front teeth are rather formidable. They have a natural bite attack of Str+4 and can chew through just about any object with a Toughness of 8 or less.

DORKRAGE: Hareins have a modifier on all Fighting, Shooting, Throwing, or Tracking rolls made against dorks (based on the harein's Spirit Attribute as follows):

SPIRIT	MODIFIER
d4	-1
D6	0
D8	+1
D10	+2
D12	+3

JERK: Despite its inherent cuteness, a harein's condescending worldview plops it with a -1 Charisma penalty when interacting with shabs.

SEE-IN-THE-DIM-O-VISION: Hareins are adapted to a subterranean existence. They do not suffer penalties for Dim or Dark lighting (although they still can't see in total darkness).

LUCKY FEET: A harein's vertical and horizontal jump are increased by 1". Additionally, the lucky guy gains an extra Benny at the start of each session.

SCORNFUL HUBRIS: Mainstream hareins have the Arrogant Hindrance. Those who defy harein society have the Outcast Hindrance.

WIGGLY LITTLE FELLOW: Although they are relatively small (Size -1), hareins do not have the traditional Toughness penalty associated with such a condition. Hareins can scramble through holes and gaps considerably smaller than one would imagine. With a successful Agility roll a harein may pass through an aperture half the width of its body. Hareins gain a +1 bonus on any Agility rolls made to escape bonds or entrapment.

MARSHFELLOW

*A marshfellow brimming with grudge
At a foe too determined to budge
Made his surliness known
When he whipped out a bone
And clobbered the peep into sludge*

THE LOWDOWN

Originally inhabiting various small islands and coastal marshlands throughout the Dingdom of the Dong, the resilient and snarky marshfellows have expanded their domain in recent decades (due largely to the Ding's increasingly persistent incursions into their ancestral digs). Nowadays these peeps, distantly related to cremefillians (but not generally inclined to admit it), can be found just about anywhere. They often prefer swampy or volcanically active wildernesses, where their natural buoyancy and/or toastability can be used to advantage, but sizable populations can be found in various burgs across the glob as well.

Marshfellows are roughly cylindrical dudes with squishy white cephalothorax sort of torsos and spongy, cremefillianesque arms and legs. They're squat, stout, and brimming with attitude. Peer one's gist sideways at your own risk.

SCRAPPIN'

Marshfellows are not shy. They will lay a smack down on anyone who offends them. Their cushy bloat keeps them smiling, absorbing blows after blow as they smirkingly dismantle their foe.

GETTING ALONG WITH OTHERS

Typically rather angsty, marshfellows are a bit on the surly side. They often have difficulty making friends, especially with cremefillians for various reasons. Few peeps cling to grudges and vendettas as passionately as a disgruntled marshfellow. Although rudeness and bad manners infuse their social interactions, marshfellows are



as quick to laugh as they are to anger (usually at someone else's expense). They enjoy partying, practical jokes, and shouting at things.

MARSHFELLOW NAMES

Marshfellows who dwell among civilized peeps usually plop their offspring with names that make them sound bigger and tougher than they probably are, often aggrandizing themselves in the act. Bulging Brocep of the Loins of Burnt Bogbloater is a marshfellow (and competitive toe wrestler) I once met in Yapple. Those of a more boondockular bent tend to grab monikers that emphasize their surly nature or rambunctious lifestyle. I can't really think of any right now. Oh wait, I think there was this guy in the Scum Quag who went by Furious Chinchaffer or something like that.



Puffy Giggrager, one of Oith's predominant giggly giggers, does this really cool thing where he throws giggities at his foes and then the giggities explode because that's what giggities do sometimes when they die and then his foes are all like, "Aaaaaaah, you threw an exploding gigicity at me!"

RACIAL EDGES AND HINDRANCES

BUOYANCY: Marshfellows float on water and other liquids. A marshfellow laden with gear weighing at least 80 yorts will be neutrally buoyant and can swim like most other peeps. One carrying 200 yorts or more will sink.

DELICIOUSNESS: Unfortunately for them, marshfellows are totally yummy. A creature who bites one receives a +1 to any further bite attacks against that marshfellow for the duration of the encounter.

SQUISHINESS: Since marshfellows are durable dudes they take half damage from falls and attacks by blunt weapons (no damage at all with a successful Vigor roll). Their internal stickiness makes them immune to bleeding and they are unaffected by diseases and poisons except those that harm cremefillians and their ilk.

TOASTABILITY: When a marshfellow is burned, he develops a tough, resilient crust. For each wound suffered by fire, a marshfellow gains +1 Toughness (maximum +3). The bonus remains for one day after the wound heals.

APPENDIX 02: HINDRANCES & EDGES

NEW HINDRANCES

CONTANIMONSTER (MAJOR)

Through the performance of their craft containimators continuously interact with treacherous and unclean Fundamental entities. Such influences and collusions are not without their consequences. If a containimator with this Hindrance rolls a 1 on her Contanimating roll (regardless of the result of the Wild Die) she must make a Vigor roll. If she succeeds she is

merely Shaken by a temporary affliction. If she fails she contracts a random Mutation and must roll on the Mutation chart on page 233 of *Low Life: The Rise of the Lowly*. If both the Contanimating roll and the Wild Die are 1, no Vigor roll is permitted.

This aphorism supercedes the Sickness rules detailed on page 143 of the *Low Life: The Rise of the Lowly* core rulebook. Additionally, a contaminator who chooses this Hindrance may benefit from up to six points from Hindrances at character creation rather than the usual four.

UNDECIDED (MINOR OR MAJOR)

As a devout member of the Undecided sect of Booglezarians you believe decisions should be made by Booglezar itself, not by ignorant mortals like you. As such, you depend on a Cube of Sacramental Resolve to act as your interlocutor. As a minor Hindrance you consult the cube when you awaken each morning and behave that day according to the talisman's wisdom. As a major hindrance you must consult the cube whenever you are called upon to make a decision, no matter how trivial.

Cubes of Sacramental resolve take many forms, very few of which are actually cubic. In practice, any sort of device that randomizes decision making can be employed. Dice, spinners, liquid-filled hollow spheres within which floats a thing with words on it, cards, entrails, bones, leaves, and indiscriminately interrogated strangers have all been used. To simplify things a sample chart follows, although devotees are encouraged to create their own devices for personal use.

Basically, the believer asks a question, consults the cube, and acts accordingly. Sample questions might include “How should I behave today?” “How should I behave when I enter this restaurant?” “Should I eat this sandwich” or “Does this guy deserve to get stabbed in the throat?”

Failure to behave as directed may result in snubs or other penalties as decided by the Boss.

Unkulus Gooop, a contanimator who hangs out in the plorp patty pastures wholeward of Yapple, has three ears on the ears on the eyes on his nose.

TABOO (MAJOR OR MINOR)

A peep with this Hindrance is either forbidden from or compelled to perform a specific task as a precept of his religion. Failure to adhere to such strictures could get a holy roller snubbed or a layperson shunned by his peers or otherwise penalized as determined by the Boss.

The Boss and player are encouraged to create their own taboos or roll on the Random Taboo Generator on page 277.

NEW EDGES

CONTANIMAESTRO

REQUIREMENTS: Veteran, Contanimating d10+

Under normal circumstances the PP spent to create contanimatronic minions are only regained if that minion is destroyed or dismissed. With this ability, you are able, through the utilization of complex and uncomfortable rituals, to nab them back anyway. Such processes require the creation of a focus device concocted from the same detritus of which the minion is made. This object is inserted or ingested into your body (I said it was uncomfortable). Over the course of time (one per day) the PP are restored and the focus device may, presumably, be removed.

Use of this talent is potentially dangerous. At the end of the ritual, after all PP are regained, you must make a Vigor roll at -2 or develop a random mutation (roll on the Mutations chart on page 233 of the *Low Life: The Rise of the Lowly* core rulebook).

PHRAGG

REQUIREMENTS: Heroic, Contanimating d10+ or Holy Rolling d10+ (Crudbrother)

Occasionally, through particularly disgusting and unmentionably grotesque interactions with contanimants, a contanimator becomes infused with the Fundamental energies of those creeps. So intimate are his explorations of things contanimatory that he takes on aspects of



D20	BEHAVIOR	AFFIRMATION?
01	Evil	Absolutely not
02	Mischievous	No
03	Greedy	Nuh uh
04	Rude	Please no
05	Indecisive	Nope
06	Larcenous	Negative
07	Lascivious	Don't
08	Lazy	Ask again later
09	Apathetic	Do the opposite
10	Cautious	You decide
11	Adventurous	Ask a friend
12	Quirky	Probably
13	Outgoing	Positively
14	Shy	Yeah
15	Empathetic	Sources say yes
16	Pragmatic	Do it
17	Generous	Certainly
18	Friendly	Yep
19	Helpful	For sure
20	Benevolent	Definitely



those creatures, altering his physical form and imbuing him with bizarre and vulgar Fundamental endowments.

Foremost, the contanimator develops the immunities inherent to all contanimants. He suffers no ill effects from poison or disease, although he still manifests any visible symptoms of such things. The contanimator retains all the skills, attributes, traits, Edges, and Hindrances he had before the transformation with a few exceptions. So hideous does he become that his Charisma is reduced by two points (minimum of -3). Furthermore, his Vigor is increased by one die type (maximum of d12+2) and he gains 2d4 PP and one additional zazzular power. Contanimatronic minions created by a phragg are automatically Wild Cards without having to double the PP cost.

Aside from the aforementioned Charisma reduction, becoming a phragg brings several unpleasant side affects. First, true contanimants tend to resent phraggs, and those who are under no compulsion to act otherwise will usually direct their malice toward the phragg before other victims. Additionally, there is a chance, however minute, that a phragg could be conjured and commanded by another contanimator. Such a contanimator would have to know the phragg's real name and summon him as if he were a contanimant of the fourth pedigree. If the conjuration is successful the phragg may make an opposed Spirit roll against the summoner in order to ignore her commands.

The methods by which a contanimator becomes a phragg are unclear. It appears to be random, although criteria must, presumably, be met.

PRINCE OF DORKNESS

REQUIREMENTS: Novice, Dork

As a paragon of dorkish perfection you enjoy several gobs of impressive snazz. For one thing, you don't make much noise when you move. This gives you a +2 to all Stealth rolls. This is definitely related to the fact that you don't actually touch the ground when you walk. In fact, it definitely is. Similarly, you are unlikely to leave footprints or to trigger traps or devices that depend on pressure plates or contact with the ground. You can even levitate vertically, without the benefit of nosebloating, for brief periods of time (a number of rounds equal to the result of a Spirit roll). Additionally, your zazzularly honed senses give you a +2 bonus to all Notice rolls made to detect secret doors or hidden traps. As a final awesomeness, when battling foes in dark or dim settings, you are able to (as an action) cause all enemies within the area of a medium burst template to glow with a faint, purplish luminescence, making them easier to hit (+2 to Fighting, Shooting, and Throwing rolls made against them for 2d4 rounds).

SEMIGAWD

REQUIREMENTS: Novice, Holy Rolling d6+, at least one Attribute d12

Gawdly juice lurks somewhere in your lineage. Your dad probably wasn't a gawd, but maybe your dad's dad's dad's dad was. Or perhaps your mom was an exceptionally attractive lump of cheese and your pop was a particularly libidinous divinity who happened to wander by at an opportune moment. Whatever the case, there is something of the divine (or infernal) in you and peeps tend to take notice of such things. This manifests itself in several ways. First, you gain a +1 bonus to all Persuasion rolls. Second, PP costs for Powers cast using Holy Rolling are reduced by 1 (it's assumed your ancestor has some pull in that department). Similarly, you gain a +1 bonus to Spirit rolls made when requesting a Solid. Third—and this is the big one—you are

kind of immortal. If you ever croak you don't actually croak. Instead, if conflict or misadventure would render you deceased you (and all the stuff you have on you) just kind of disappear into an intangible and unknowable oblivion. Your pals will subsequently be visited by some Fundamental messenger or another who will direct them toward a quest, the completion of which will result in your revival and restoration.

There's a bunch of baggage associated with being a semigawd as well. Peeps, once they catch a whiff of your nature, tend to ask a lot of favors. They'll nag you into performing all sorts of chores, like cleaning their stables, killing their local monstrosities, and rescuing their distressed damsels. It's a glamorous and fulfilling lifestyle, but it has its annoyances.

APPENDIX 03: NEW POWERS

FILTH FORM

RANK: Novice

POWER POINTS: 3 (special)

RANGE: Self

DURATION: 1 minute (1/minute)

PREREQUISITE: Crudbrother or Contanimating

This zazz allows a contanimator to temporarily transform himself (and all worn or carried jazz) into a disgusting puddle of viscous slime (just what every mother wants for her daughter). While in this condition he is able to move across any solid surface, including walls and ceilings, at a Pace of 6, and can fit through remarkably narrow gaps. Although he is impervious to all physical attacks and is unable to speak, waggle additional zazz, or lift objects, he can still be affected by magic, fire, and other forms of energy (his Parry and Toughness are unchanged).

While in Filth Form the contanimator may choose to exude corrosive goo. His touch attack dissolves organic material, inflicting 3d4 damage. With a raise on the Contanimating roll, his

touch wrecks 3d6 damage and his Pace increases to 10.

When a contanimator with this power reaches Seasoned rank he is able to further transform his physique and physiology, taking on a form identical to that of a specific contanimant type of his choosing (restricted by Rank as described in the chart below). He gains all the aspects of that contanimant, including its special abilities, attacks, defenses, and vulnerabilities, but retains his own Smarts, skills, and Edges (as long as such things are practicable in the new form). As a consequence of the transformation any mundane items (including clothing and armor) worn or carried by the contanimator during the metamorphosis are irrevocably destroyed. Zazzular items are expelled from the immediate vicinity instead.

RANK

FORM ASSUMED

Novice	Puddle of Corrosive Slime
Seasoned	Any Contanimant of the First Pedigree
Veteran	Any Contanimant of the Second Pedigree
Heroic	Any Contanimant of the Third Pedigree
Legendary	Any Contanimant of the Fourth Pedigree*

*A Legendary contanimator with a Contanimating skill of d12 or higher may choose to transform into a contanimant of the fifth pedigree.

Obviously, a contanimator may assume the form of a contanimant of a lesser pedigree than his rank allows, if such a transformation suits his current disposition. As an added danger, if the contanimator rolls aces on both the Contanimating die and Wild Die the transformation becomes permanent, trapping him forever in contanimatory anatomy (until a suitably epic cure can be implemented).



ILLUSTRABRICATE

RANK: Novice

POWER POINTS: Special

RANGE: Touch

DURATION: Special

PREREQUISITE: Happy Little Accident

This zazz allows the waggler to, by drawing or painting a detailed image of an item onto a specially consecrated sheet of paper, conjure that item into existence. Doing so requires ten minutes of effort per page drawn and a successful Crafting roll. Just about any mundane object can be created in this manner, although the drawing must be an actual, life-sized, representation. Painting a castle on a sheet of paper, for example, would yield a tiny castle.

The paper needed for this zazz can be crafted by the holy roller. In one day, with the expenditure of 50 clams worth of material and a successful Crafting roll he can fabricate 2d20



such pages. Each such sheet is sufficient for the drawing of an item as large as a typical knife, spork, frying pan, hat, or similarly sized object. Multiple sheets can be placed side by side in order to create larger commodities. The PP cost for this power is equal to 2PP per sheet of paper used.

Jazz conjured thusly exists for a single day and is generally of decent quality, although the holy roller may spend additional PP during illustrabrickation to increase the duration (1 PP per extra day). If the Holy Rolling roll is a raise the jazz is of good or snazzy quality. With two raises the conjured items are of exceptional or pimpin' quality, afford a +1 bonus to one relevant skill or trait roll (Charisma, Fighting, Crafting, etc...), and are permanent.

It is considered uncool for a Happy Little Accident to illustrabrick items simply to sell them for clams. In fact, doing so is considered a minor sin (major if the object is particularly clammy).

LAUNDER

RANK: Novice
POWER POINTS: 2
RANGE: Touch
PREREQUISITE: Polisher

By wagging this zazz a Polisher is able to magically clean the person and garments of a single peep. The targeted peep and associated duds and jazz are spontaneously cleansed of all



stains, filth, and detritus. By spending 4 PP, the Polisher may extend the Power's area to affect everything within a medium burst template. For 6 PP he can affect a large burst template.

The Toughness of any contaminant or pile in the area when the zazz is wagged is reduced by 1d4. Contanimators thusly affected have a -1 penalty to all Contanimating rolls until they sufficiently resoil themselves.

A Heroic Polisher, utilizing a complex and extensive two-day ritual, may use this Power to permanently enchant a single garment, making it impervious to dirt and filth. The wearer of such duds is unsoilable as long as they are worn and gains +2 Toughness against attacks by Contanimants and zazz wielded by Contanimators. The Polisher may not thusly enchant a second set of threads unless the original is destroyed or desecrated.

SCROWZLE

RANK: Heroic
POWER POINTS: 5 (special)
RANGE: Touch (two targets)
PREREQUISITE: Fungish

Aaaaaaaaah, yeah. Oooooooooo, baby. This is some impressively passionate zazz right here. It authorizes a Fungish holy roller to imbue a dose of fungal fecundity upon two organisms of differing species, obliging those peeps or creeps to match their otherwise incompatible anatomical structures and disparate physiologies. In essence, it allows them, while the zazz is being wagged, to perform certain acts—certain nasty, yet unspeakably alluring acts—and produce hybrid offspring from the commission of said acts. This is how such peeps as fungiles,



smoaches, werduls, snelves, bloblins, ooforcs, and cremefizn'ts come to be.

So potent is this zazz that even organisms that aren't naturally able to reproduce (such as tizn'ts and piles) can be induced to do so. Animals and plants can intermingle. So too can those of cremefillian lineage and those of contaminant, bestial, fungal, or Fundamental ilk. Unfortunately, the oddspring created from such unions are invariably unable to proliferate without similar zazzular intervention.

This Power does not impart any particular desires or appetites unto the affected targets. Just because they are able to get it on doesn't mean they want to.

Scrowzle's influence lasts for as long as it takes to do the deed, or until the candles go out and the holy roller stops crooning romantic ballads in the background, whichever occurs first. Once impregnated, the gestational conceits of the mother hold sway, with the larva hatching or emerging according to whatever principles govern such things.

As a side effect, when cast upon a funguy, Scrowzle causes that peep to immediately triple in size for one hour, with a resultant temporary increase of two dice in Strength (maximum d12+2) and a +4 Toughness bonus.

Some thunks postulate mutant land fish might be the result of an ancient scrowzling between a normal fish and a particularly lonely dude. Whether such a theory reveals more about the lonely dude or the thunks is open to discussion.

APPENDIX 04: SOLIDS AND SNUBS

Gawds are finicky, inexplicable beings. Holy rollers and ecumenical wisenheimers spend lifetimes attempting to elucidate the unknowable will and desires of those they revere. Canonical narrative gives us a decent idea of what has worked in the past but—gawds being the turbulent Fundamental entities they are—nobody can be absolutely certain what obeisances and benedictions will earn favor or harvest spite at any particular moment. Holy rollers perform rituals and utter supplications because they were trained to do so by those who came before and because such things usually do the trick. Prayers are invoked, egos are stroked, and gawd and worshipper both generally feel pretty good about the situation. Holy rollers give their time, treasure, and toil—increasing the gawd's influence and power—and the gawd does them a solid, healing their tummy troubles or letting them waggle a bit of zazz in return. It's a remarkably even and mutually beneficial exchange.

Sometimes, however, a holy roller gets something wrong. Maybe Boorglezar isn't feeling the juice right then or the Porcelain Gawd doesn't like the cut of your jib for some reason. Perhaps the Santa doesn't think you've tortured enough smelves of late or you took too long to gut the guy whose name your budd whispered in your ear. Your sequined jumpsuit might be too disheveled or your Suffering Socks aren't tight enough. More likely, you've acted in a manner antithetical to your faith's dogma. Maybe it was an accident or maybe it was on purpose. Maybe you just weren't thinking clearly or you forgot some long-scribbled tenet. Whatever the case, you've messed up and your gawd isn't happy about it. Prepare to be snubbed!

Typically, holy rollers perform various rituals each morning and throughout the day in order to commune with the object of their devotion. It's just part of rolling holy. There are obvious exceptions, of course, particularly among those who don't actually worship a particular gawd,



but rites and liturgies are the usual way of things. Those other peeps have other ways and whatever gawds are paying attention are paying attention.

Holy rollers may request a solid by making a Spirit roll once a day (either in the morning or whenever is appropriate). The Boss may force a holy roller to check for snubs whenever a sin is committed. Modifiers apply, according to the Boss, based on how closely the holy roller adhered to the tenets of his faith or how gravely he has sinned since his last such plea. Rituals or sacrifices may also affect the roll.

SOLID

If the character is playing to the virtues of his religion the Boss may, at his discretion, allow the player to make a Spirit roll, appealing to his gawd for a special favor.

Praying for solids is tricky business. Some gawds don't like being nagged.



SNUB

If a holy roller commits a sin (as described by the dogma of his religion) the Boss may force him to make a Spirit roll to see if he is Snubbed. A peep under the influence of a Snub may not plea

for a Solid until atonement is achieved, although further sins may lead to further Snubbings. Some Snubs last for the rest of the day and others are permanent unless atonement or another condition is met. The Boss has final discretion as to the duration of a Snub. Some, especially those that involve the loss or destruction of an item, last until the object is replaced or as otherwise described.

RITUALS AND SACRIFICES

A holy roller may increase his chances of being granted a solid by performing a ritual or sacrifice in honor of his gawd. Such things are at the Boss's discretion but usually involve an expenditure of clams or other material goods and some sort of public or private obeisance. Suggested rituals for each religion are listed in the next appendix.

ATONEMENT

A character who is snubbed must atone by committing virtues appropriate to his faith. Mortal sins can only be atoned for with some sort of quest or intense show of devotion. Once the Boss determines atonement has been attained the peep may make a Spirit roll (modified according to the level of sin committed) to see if he is forgiven and returned to his usual state. Failure indicates further atonement is required.

Plea for a solid once per day when appropriate. Roll for a snub whenever a sin is committed.

SPIRIT ROLL

Success
Raise
Two Raises
Three Raises
Failure
1 or less (Spirit or Wild Die)
1 or less (Spirit and Wild Die)

RESULT

Nothing special happens. All is well. Move along.
Solid for the rest of the day.
Solid for the rest of the day and +1 Holy Rolling.
Solid lasts until snubbed.
-1 Holy Rolling.
Snub for the rest of the day.
Snub and lose Holy Rolling until Atonement.

MODIFIERS

ROLEPLAYING: +1 to +2
MINOR SIN: -1

RITUAL OR SACRIFICE: +1 to +2
MAJOR SIN: -2

MORTAL SIN: -4

Yeep Yeep Tumm of the Dongfonders, as an act of atonement, built a temple out of the stale remains of his perished ancestors.

APPENDIX 05: RELIGIONS SUMMARIZED FOR HER PLEASURE

The subsequent list details each religion for quick reference and includes the following information:

RELIGION NAME SYMBOL OR EMBLEM

GAWD: The central figure worshipped by adherents of the faith. It may or may not be an actual gawd and it may or may not actually be worshipped.

DOGMA: The basic premise or slogan of the religion.

VIRTUES: Things the religion encourages.

SINS: Things the religion discourages.

RITUALS: Rites and practices performed by the faithful.

SOLID: What happens when a holy roller does something right.

SNUB: What happens when a holy roller does something wrong.

ATONEMENT: How to make up for doing something wrong.

EDGES OR HINDRANCES: Edges and/or Hindrances inherent to each holy roller of the faith. All peeps who have the Arcane Background (Holy Roller) Edge also have whichever of these pertain to their chosen religion. They do not count toward the initial Edges and Hindrances allowed during character creation.

The described Edges and Hindrances apply to peeps who follow the mainstream dogma of the religion. Cults, creeds, sects, and splinter factions might have different ones as determined by the Boss.

AVAILABLE POWERS: A list of the Powers from which holy rollers may choose.

AAAAATHEIST



GAWD: Aaaath

DOGMA: Be first in all things. Think without thought.

VIRTUES: Speed, spontaneity, being first, mergence of thought and action.

SINS: Premeditation, patience, prolonged contemplation or preparation, tardiness.

RITUALS: Races, fast talking, impromptu dances.

SOLID: Draw an extra card for initiative and act on the best one.

SNUB: Draw an extra card for initiative and act on the worst one.

ATONEMENT: Win a race against a peep or creep renowned for its speed. Impulsively get yourself into a very dangerous situation then talk your way out of it without pausing to think.

FIRSTER: During any round in which an Aaaatheist goes first she gains a +2 bonus to whatever rolls are made during her action. If her action occurs on an initiative card of 5 or lower she has a -1 to her rolls for that action. A Firster's running die is a d8. It increases to d12 if she has the Fleet-Footed Edge.

AVAILABLE POWERS: Armor, Banish, Barrier, Beast Friend, Blast, Blind, Bolt, Boost/Lower Trait, Burrow, Burst, Confusion, Damage Field, Darksight, Deflection, Detect/Conceal Arcana, Disguise, Elemental Manipulation, Entangle, Environmental Protection, Eviction, Fear, Greater Healing, Growth/Shrink, Havoc, Heal-

I bet I can writethis, in the manner of an Aaaatheist, faster than you can read it!

ing, Intangibility, Invisibility, Light/Obscure, Pummel, Quickness, Shape Change, Slumber, Smite, Speak Language, Speed, Stun, Succor, Summon Ally, Telekinesis, Warrior's Gift.

BIG BABY



GAWD: Unknown

DOGMA: Only through the unbiased eyes of a larva can one truly see. We are all larva.

VIRTUES: Dependency, imagination, wonder, immaturity, puerility.

SINS: Cleaning up after oneself, maturity

RITUALS: Crayon drawings, public tantrums and displays of immaturity.

SOLID: You are very alert and cranky. You gain the Danger Sense Edge and +1 to Fighting.

SNUB: You are a nappy little fussy. You have one level of Fatigue and must make a Vigor roll at the beginning of every encounter to avoid falling asleep for 2d4 rounds.

ATONEMENT: Make a very big mess and refuse to clean it. Do something to publicly embarrass your heap.

CRYBABY: Once per day you may throw an epic tantrum. If you succeed a Vigor or Performing roll (your choice) your conniption attracts the attention of a nearby group of peeps or creeps (decided by the Boss). The peeps or creeps will either feel sorry for you (1-7 on a d10) and try to help (by fighting your foes, offering you food, changing your diaper, etc...) or be annoyed

(8-10) and try to shut you up (by spanking you, killing you, eating you, etc...).

Big Babies can communicate amongst themselves using a proprietary language of babbles, gurgles, and coos.

AVAILABLE POWERS: Armor, Banish, Barrier, Beast Friend, Blast, Blind, Bolt, Boost/Lower Trait, Burrow, Burst, Confusion, Damage Field, Darksight, Deflection, Detect/Conceal Arcana, Disguise, Divination, Elemental Manipulation, Entangle, Environmental Protection, Eviction, Greater Healing, Growth/Shrink, Havoc, Healing, Light/Obscure, Pummel, Quickness, Shape Change, Slumber, Smite, Speed, Stun, Succor, Summon Ally, Telekinesis, Warrior's Gift.

BOORGLEZARIAN



GAWD: Boorglezar

DOGMA: All praise be unto Boorglezar, who rolled the Oith from the Fundamental dung of creation. Everything is everything and Boorglezar is also everything but sometimes nothing. Existence, like Boorglezar, is multifarious and complex—all things to all peeps. There's a Boorglezarian creed to justify just about anything.

VIRTUES: Reverence for Boorglezar, his prophet Shimmizar, and the sacred dung ball, etc...

SINS: Irreverence. Others vary by creed.

Rituals: Dung rolling, prayer circles, many others vary by creed.



SOLID: Boorglezar digs you. You gain a +1 to all skills.

SNUB: Oh, poop. Boorglezar is displeased. You have -1 to all skills.

ATONEMENT: Perform elaborate public displays of devotion such as encasing your head in a ball of dung or meditating on a solitary mountaintop while knitting sweaters out of shnooble wool, gain converts, host a pancake breakfast, or do something equally grand in Boorglezar's name.

WHATEVER: To reflect Boorglezar's protean continuance Boorglezarian holy rollers begin with an extra Professional Edge and minor or major Hindrance.

AVAILABLE POWERS: Armor, Banish, Barrier, Beast Friend, Blast, Blind, Bolt, Boost/Lower Trait, Burrow, Burst, Confusion, Damage Field, Darksight, Deflection, Detect/Conceal Arcana, Disguise, Divination, Elemental Manipulation, Entangle, Environmental Protection, Eviction, Fear, Greater Healing, Growth/Shrink, Havoc, Healing, Intangibility, Invisibility, Light/ Obscure, Pummel, Quickness, Shape Change, Slumber, Smite, Speak Language, Speed, Stun, Succor, Summon Ally, Telekinesis, Warrior's Gift.

BOTTOMLINER



GAWD: The Almighty Clam
DOGMA: Clamminess is synonymous with holiness. Be a prophet of profit.
VIRTUES: Fiduciary solvency, affluence, selfishness, greed, hoarding.
SINS: Charity, overtipping, destitution, selfless generosity, unwise investments.
RITUALS: Clam baths, vulgar displays of wealth.
SOLID: Your personal wealth is increased by 1000 clams for every raise on your Spirit roll.
SNUB: You are stripped of all clams and items of value normally carried on your person and your duds are reduced in quality by two steps. Armor, weapons, and zazzular items are safe.
ATONEMENT: Broker a clammy deal. Perform an ostentatious public demonstration of affluence. Gamble and win big.

GAWD CLAM IT!: You begin with the Filthily Clammy Edge. However, you suffer a -2 penalty to Holy Rolling if you are carrying less than 1000 clams upon your person or in your direct proximity. If you are ever bereft of clams entirely the penalty increases to -4. If you are carrying or wearing items valued at 10,000 clams or higher you gain a +1 Holy Rolling bonus. All Bottomliners have the Greedy Hindrance.

AVAILABLE POWERS: Armor, Banish, Barrier, Beast Friend, Blast, Blind, Bolt, Boost/Lower Trait, Burrow, Burst, Confusion, Damage Field, Darksight, Deflection, Detect/Conceal Arcana, Disguise, Divination, Elemental Manipulation,

Entangle, Environmental Protection, Eviction, Fear, Greater Healing, Growth/Shrink, Havoc, Healing, Intangibility, Invisibility, Light/Obscure, Pummel, Quickness, Shape Change, Slumber, Smite, Speak Language, Speed, Stun, Succor, Summon Ally, Telekinesis.

COHORT OF THE PORCELAIN GAWD



GAWD: The Porcelain Gawd
DOGMA: The Flush is inevitable. All things circle the drain. We are here to jiggle the handle.
VIRTUES: Encouraging decay, entropy, dissolution, deterioration, collapse, alteration, or change.
SINS: Medical attention, repair.
RITUALS: Destruction, deconstruction, rearranging the furniture.
SOLID: You may voluntarily cause any object you touch with your hands or terminal appendages to deteriorate (the item loses 1d4 Toughness each round for 1d4 rounds). A particular object may only be affected once.
SNUB: Items you touch are deteriorated as described above, whether you want them to be or not.
ATONEMENT: Topple a government. Afflict yourself with a horrid disease or random mutation. Destroy something clammy or important. Eat some rotten food. Break something you dig.
DEARRANGEMENT: Cohorts add an additional

The Porcelain Gawd goes by many names, none of which I will write here for your edification.

d4 of damage to any destructive Power they waggle. However, any time a Cohort rolls snake eyes, unless she has the Freak Occurrence Magnet Edge, she must make a Vigor roll or develop a random mutation (page 233 of *Low Life: The Rise of the Lowly*). Luckily, when rolling on the Mutations chart (chart 8.2), Cohorts may influence the outcome in any direction by one number per die of Spirit they possess (d4=1, d6=2, etc...).

AVAILABLE POWERS: Armor, Banish, Barrier, Blast, Blind, Bolt, Boost/Lower Trait, Burrow, Burst, Confusion, Damage Field, Darksight, Deflection, Detect/Conceal Arcana, Disguise, Divination, Elemental Manipulation, Entangle, Eviction, Fear, Growth/Shrink, Havoc, Intangibility, Invisibility, Obscure, Pummel, Quickness, Shape Change, Slumber, Smite, Speak Language, Speed, Stun, Telekinesis, Transmogrify, Wall Walker, Warrior's Gift.

CORNTHULHIST



GAWD: Cornthulhu and various Elder Cobs
DOGMA: Cornthulhu digs atrocity. Appease him with nefarious deeds and vile sacrifices.
VIRTUES: Committing unspeakable deeds in reverence to Cornthulhu.
SINS: Sincere kindness, altruism, or benevo-

lence. Irreverence to Cornthulhu,
RITUALS: Sacrifice of the living, chanting about vile things while harmonizing with other cultists, unspeakable rites.
SOLID: You gain a +2 bonus to Stealth and may use the Poppin' Mad Edge without suffering wounds or being Shaken. If you are not a coblin you gain a +1 bonus to Fighting, Shooting, Stealth, and Throwing instead.
SNUB: You are targeted for sacrifice and will be stalked by fellow Cornthulhists intent on your demise (Boss's discretion).
ATONEMENT: The sacrifice of an important peep (a familian, friend, civic leader, celebrity chef, etc...) or a significant number of lesser peeps.

CULT PHENOMENON: In emulation of the Elder Cob you revere, once per day you may direct the various silky strands of your husk into a writhing mass of tentacular fury. This has the same effect as the Entangle Power within a medium burst template centered on your body and lasts for 2d4 rounds. Although it takes an action to initiate, this ability does not require concentration to maintain. If you aren't a coblin you instead gain the ability to cast Darksight upon yourself at will and without expending PP.

Unfortunately, your tenebrous habits make it uncomfortable for you to perform in daylight. You suffer a -2 to all Spirit rolls made while outside during the daytime.

AVAILABLE POWERS: Armor, Banish, Barrier, Beast Friend, Blast, Blind, Bolt, Boost/Lower Trait, Burrow, Burst, Confusion, Damage Field, Darksight, Deflection, Detect/Conceal Arcana, Disguise, Divination, Elemental Manipulation, Entangle, Environmental Protection, Eviction, Fear, Growth/Shrink, Havoc, Intangibility, Invisibility, Light/Obscure, Pummel, Quickness, Shape Change, Slumber, Smite, Speak Language, Speed, Stun, Summon Ally, Telekinesis, Warrior's Gift.

There isn't enough room here to start the next entry. Enjoy this filler text instead.

A popular form of sacrificial torture among Conthulhian coblins is the practice of roasting peeps on a spit. Or maybe it's spitting on roasting peeps. I can't remember.

CRITTER CULTISTS



GAWD: Assorted Creeps and Critters

DOGMA: Emulate or revere the critter you venerate.

VIRTUES: Emulate or revere the critter you venerate.

SINS: Don't emulate or revere the critter you venerate.

RITUALS: Emulate or revere the critter you venerate.

SOLID: A creep of the type you adore shows up to hang out with you and be your sidekick.*

SNUB: A creep of the type you adore shows up to try to kill you.*

ATONEMENT: Emulate or revere the critter you venerate.

*If the critter you worship is a singular or particularly powerful creep it will probably send an emissary of another type instead.

CREEP PEEP: Based upon assorted traits of the critter you revere you gain a single Edge and a single Hindrance determined by a thoughtful, respectful, and forthright conversation between you and the Boss.

AVAILABLE POWERS: Armor, Banish, Barrier, Beast Friend, Blast, Blind, Bolt, Boost/Lower Trait, Burrow, Burst, Confusion, Damage Field, Darksight, Deflection, Detect/Conceal Arcana, Disguise, Divination, Elemental Manipulation, Entangle, Environmental Protection, Eviction,

Fear, Greater Healing, Growth/Shrink, Havoc, Healing, Intangibility, Invisibility, Light/ Obscure, Pummel, Quickness, Shape Change, Slumber, Smite, Speak Language, Speed, Stun, Succor, Summon Ally, Telekinesis, Warrior's Gift.

CRUDBROTHERS



GAWD: Unspecified containimants

DOGMA: Containimants are awesome. Filth is really cool. Nothing is more pure than that which cannot be made more impure.

VIRTUES: Filthiness, reverence for containimants.

SINS: Cleaning, bathing, using soap, tidying up a bit.

RITUALS: Pollution, public displays of enfilthification, befouling idols, and generally making things dirtier.

SOLID: Your touch causes a random mutation in any organism that fails a Vigor roll (one attempt per peep or creep).

SNUB: You are afflicted with a random mutation. Consult the Mutations chart on page 233 of Low Life: The Rise of the Lowly.

ATONEMENT: Summoning and debasing oneself before a powerful containimant, wallowing in muck or filth, ritual befoulment, gaining converts.

IN CRUD WE TRUST: In addition to several traditional Holy Roller Powers, Crudbrothers can

access bits of zazz usually reserved for Contanimators. Additionally, they gain +2 Charisma when interacting with containimants and containimators. Crudbrothers despise cleanliness and suffer a -1 penalty to all trait and skill rolls when in a clean environment.

AVAILABLE POWERS: Armor, Banish, Barrier, Beast Friend, Blast, Blind, Bolt, Boost/Lower Trait, Burrow, Burst, Confusion, Conjure Contanimants, Damage Field, Darksight, Defile, Deflection, Detect/Conceal Arcana, Disguise, Divination, Elemental Manipulation, Entangle, Environmental Protection, Eviction, Fear, Filth Form, Growth/Shrink, Havoc, Intangibility, Invisibility, Light/Obcure, Pummel, Quickness, Slumber, Smite, Speak Language, Speed, Stun, Succor, Summon Ally, Telekinesis, Transmogri-fize, Warrior's Gift.

SNUB: Cheese begins to grow in your various joints and cavities, giving you a -2 to all Agility related skills and trait rolls.

ATONEMENT: Gaining converts, spreading cheesy influence, creating a new variety of cheese.

CHEESINESS: Not surprisingly, the Curdled are experts on all things cheese. They gain the Knowledge (cheese) skill at d10. With a successful skill check they are able to discern just about any applicable detail about any sample of cheese with which they are presented (its origin, ingredients, nuances, etc...). During any day on which a Curdled tastes a new variety of cheese he gains a +2 bonus to Holy Rolling and all Spirit related rolls. Of course, if a Cheese Head doesn't get his morning wedge of breakfast cheese he becomes predictably surly. The Curdled all have the Junkie Hindrance (major).

AVAILABLE POWERS: Armor, Banish, Barrier, Beast Friend, Blast, Blind, Bolt, Boost/Lower Trait, Burrow, Burst, Confusion, Damage Field, Darksight, Deflection, Detect/Conceal Arcana, Disguise, Divination, Elemental Manipulation, Entangle, Environmental Protection, Eviction, Fear, Greater Healing, Growth/Shrink, Havoc, Healing, Intangibility, Invisibility, Light/ Obscure, Pummel, Quickness, Shape Change, Slumber, Smite, Speak Language, Speed, Stun, Succor, Summon Ally, Telekinesis, Warrior's Gift.

THE CURDLED



GAWD: Unknown

DOGMA: Cheese please!

VIRTUES: Celebrating the wonders of cheese.

SINS: Casting dispersion upon cheese, cheese-makers, or anything related to cheese. Lactose intolerance.

RITUALS: Eating cheese. Making cheese. Talking about how great cheese is.

SOLID: You find a special lump of cheese growing somewhere on your body. It will stay "fresh" as long as it is attached to you and eating it immediately restores two wounds.



THE DANGED



GAWD: ...of the Danged

DOGMA: An essence of divinity resides in that which once lived but no longer does but kind of does anyway.

VIRTUES: Reverence for and emulation of ...of the Danged.

SINS: Irreverence to the dead and creatures ...of the Danged.

RITUALS: Hauntings, funerary reenactment, puppet shows.

SOLID: A Lowest Form of Unlife wanders over and becomes your servant.

SNUB: A gang of 2d4 Lowest Forms of Unlife try to kill you.

ATONEMENT: Entombment, epic quests, conversion of the faithless, dark and expensive rituals.

DANG IT!: The Danged have access to several powers normally available only to danged wranglers. Additionally, they have a +1 Charisma bonus when interacting with creatures ...of the danged. Conversely, when dealing with living peeps their Charisma modifier is -1.

AVAILABLE POWERS: Armor, Banish, Barrier, Beast Friend, Blast, Blind, Bolt, Boost/Lower Trait, Burrow, Burst, Cadavergab, Confusion, Corpse Command, Damage Field, Dang, Darksight, Deflection, Detect/Conceal Arcana, Disguise, Divination, Elemental Manipulation, Entangle, Environmental Protection, Eviction, Fear, Greater Healing, Growth/Shrink, Havoc,

Healing, Intangibility, Invisibility, Obscure, Pummel, Quickness, Shape Change, Slumber, Smite, Speak Language, Speed, Stun, Succor, Summon Ally, Telekinesis, Warrior's Gift.

DONGFONDER



GAWD: The Ding of the Dong

DOGMA: Do what the Ding says.

VIRTUES: Bureaucracy, obedience, adherence to the creed, spreading the Ding's influence, promoting cremefillian ideals.

SINS: Disobedience, breaking taboos, irreverence toward the Ding or the Dingdom.

RITUALS: A vast assortment of rites, customs, and formalities.

SOLID: You are granted a vision from the Ding, permanently removing the taboo of your choice from your list of required formalities.

SNUB: A vision of the Ding commands you to add a new permanent taboo to your roster.

ATONEMENT: Public shaming, torture, overly-complicated rituals and quests.

TABOOZLED: Dongfonder formalities are intricate and often bemusing to outsiders. Each Dongfonder is required to randomly select three taboos from the chart on page 277. Alternately, the player may expend one Hindrance Point to choose two of the taboos instead of rolling randomly. Failure or refusal to adhere to these strictures is a sin.



Each time the peep gains a new rank (Seasoned, Veteran, etc...) he gains a new random taboo. To reflect the peep's rise through the complex bureaucracy of the creed a benefit is gained at each rank as well (as long as the Boss agrees the peep has been observing his taboos and he meets any prescribed requirements):

NOVICE: Free d6 in Language (Ding Lingo).

SEASONED: +1 Charisma toward cremefillians.

VETERAN: A Novice Wild Card Dongfonder holy roller becomes your apprentice and servant.

HEROIC: Lashmaster Edge (extends to Dongfonders of lesser rank, including apprentice).

LEGENDARY: Leader of Peeps Edge.

AVAILABLE POWERS: Armor, Banish, Barrier, Beast Friend, Blast, Blind, Bolt, Boost/Lower Trait, Burrow, Burst, Confusion, Damage Field, Darksight, Deflection, Detect/Conceal Arcana, Disguise, Divination, Elemental Manipulation, Entangle, Environmental Protection, Eviction, Fear, Greater Healing, Growth/Shrink, Havoc, Healing, Intangibility, Invisibility, Light/ Obscure, Pummel, Quickness, Shape Change, Slumber, Smite, Speak Language, Speed, Stun, Succor, Summon Ally, Telekinesis, Warrior's Gift.

FLOWER CHILD



GAWD: Unknown

DOGMA: Maintain euphoric sonority through peace, love, and murder.

VIRTUES: Happiness, kindness, assassination

SINS: Melancholy, spreading sadness, ignoring your budd, random killing

RITUALS: Meditation, tie dyeing, arts and crafts, communing with one's budd, knife sharpening.

SOLID: You gain a +2 to Fighting, Shooting, Stealth, Throwing, and Tracking while pursuing or engaging a target designated by your budd.

SNUB: Your opponents gain a +2 bonus to Fighting, Shooting, and Throwing rolls made against you. You also lose the extra die roll afforded by your budd.

ATONEMENT: Assassinate a particularly influential or powerful target or perform some other epic quest as dictated by your budd.

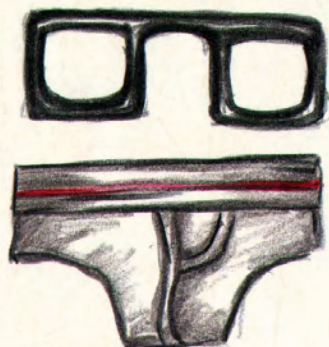
BEST BUDD: Once a Flower Child becomes a holy roller and participates in a Budd Mitzvah ceremony she is bonded with a budd. The budd communes with her, becoming her companion, spirit guide, and murder coach. As long as her budd is alive, healthy, uninjured, and in close proximity the holy roller may roll her Spirit die instead of her Wild Die to decide the outcome of any Fighting, Holy Rolling, Shooting, or Throwing rolls (counting only the highest result, as usual).

If the holy roller's budd croaks she is

stripped of her Holy Rolling and suffers a -1 penalty to all trait and skill rolls until she bonds with a new budd. Such a process usually requires an epic quest of some sort, as directed by the Culttivators.

AVAILABLE POWERS: Armor, Banish, Barrier, Beast Friend, Blast, Blind, Bolt, Boost/Lower Trait, Burrow, Burst, Confusion, Damage Field, Darksight, Deflection, Detect/Conceal Arcana, Disguise, Divination, Elemental Manipulation, Entangle, Environmental Protection, Eviction, Greater Healing, Growth/Shrink, Havoc, Healing, Intangibility, Invisibility, Light/Ob-scure, Pummel, Quickness, Shape Change, Slumber, Smite, Speak Language, Speed, Stun, Succor, Summon Ally, Telekinesis, Warrior's Gift.

FLUFFY NUBBLER



GAWD: Fluffy

DOGMA: By collecting their awesome jazz we become closer to the divine Hoomanrace.

VIRTUES: Collecting, researching, and talking about Hoomanrace artifacts.

SINS: Damaging, destroying, or disparaging an artifact of the Hoomanrace.

RITUALS: Cleaning, organizing, posing, and showing off your collection.

SOLID: You are alerted to the precise direction and distance of any Hoomanracian vestiges within 5000".

SNUB: You are no longer able to sense Hoomanracian artifacts.

ATONEMENT: Acquire a significant artifact.

ARTIFACTUAL: By concentrating for an action, a Nubbler may make a Notice roll to attempt to determine the presence of Hoomanracian artifacts within 1000", as determined by this chart:

NOTICE	INFORMATION GLEANED
Success	Approximate direction
Raise	Precise direction and approximate distance
Two Raises	Precise direction and distance

A nubbler may use this perception multiple times each day, however, each activation after the first suffers a cumulative -1 penalty to the Notice roll.

Additionally, a Nubbler gains a +2 bonus to Smarts rolls made to determine the usage or purpose of a Hoomanrace artifact. Unfortunately, a Fluffy Nubbler may only access his Holy Rolling skill if he is in direct physical contact with a Hoomanracian relic of some sort. Most holy rollers keep an action figure, idol, or similar object in their underpants or hanging talismanically from a neck cord or something. Such an item is gifted to each holy roller upon his ordination.

AVAILABLE POWERS: Armor, Banish, Barrier, Beast Friend, Blast, Blind, Bolt, Boost/Lower Trait, Burrow, Burst, Confusion, Damage Field, Darksight, Deflection, Detect/Conceal Arcana, Disguise, Divination, Elemental Manipulation, Entangle, Environmental Protection, Eviction, Fear, Greater Healing, Growth/Shrink, Havoc, Healing, Intangibility, Invisibility, Light/Ob-scure, Pummel, Shape Change, Slumber, Smite, Speak Language, Speed, Stun, Succor, Summon Ally, Telekinesis, Warrior's Gift.

Here's another one of those awkward spaces that isn't big enough to place the header for the next entry yet is too large to remain empty.

FUNDAMENTALIST



GAWD: Assorted Fundamentals (varies by creed)
Dogma: Embrace the thing your Fundament epitomizes.

VIRTUES: Varies by creed.

SINS: Varies by creed.

RITUALS: Varies by creed, but usually involves displays of obedience or reverence toward the worshipped Fundamental.

SOLID: Varies by creed.

SNUB: Varies by creed.

ATONEMENT: Varies by creed. A lot of jazz varies by creed. It's pretty easy to come up with stuff, though. For example, if you revere hankers you should probably gorge yourself, if you dig snuffs kill a bunch of peeps, etc...

FUNDAMENTALISTIC: Specifics vary by creed, but here are a few samples based on the ones described earlier.

THE CRAM

Crammish holy rollers are able to eat any organic matter (and many inorganic things as well). They are immune to all ingested poisons and foodborne illnesses. Of course, they all have the Obese Hindrance (+1 Toughness, -1 Pace, d4 running die).

THE MASSACRAVERS

Massacravers gain a cumulative +1 bonus

to Holy Rolling and Spirit rolls for each innocent victim they murder on a given day (maximum +3). The tally resets when they awaken each morning. Victims must be sentient and innocent of any significant crime. They may not be creeps or peeps who are current enemies of the heap nor may they be particularly aggressive, predatory, or cruel.

THE ZEALOTS OF ZAZZ

Zealots of Zazz have an expanded list of available powers that includes all those normally accessible to hocus pokers as well as those reserved for holy rollers. Their devotion to zazz, however, makes them glow faintly, revealing their zazzular nature to even the most casual observer and causing them great difficulty when attempting to hide in darkness.

AVAILABLE POWERS: Armor, Banish, Barrier, Beast Friend, Blast, Blind, Bolt, Boost/Lower Trait, Burrow, Burst, Confusion, Damage Field, Darksight, Deflection, Detect/Conceal Arcana, Disguise, Divination, Elemental Manipulation, Entangle, Environmental Protection, Eviction, Fear, Greater Healing, Growth/Shrink, Havoc, Healing, Intangibility, Invisibility, Light/Ob-
 scure, Pummel, Quickness, Shape Change, Slumber, Smite, Speak Language, Speed, Stun, Succor, Summon Ally, Telekinesis, Warrior's Gift.



FUNGISH



GAWD: The Moss Boss

DOGMA: Celebrate the wonders of fungus.

VIRTUES: Generosity, abundance, fecundity

SINS: Disparaging the Moss Boss or things fungal.

RITUALS: Wonking the 'spronge, orgies, communing with fungus.

SOLID: You are granted visions of the gubertinct and might just learn something special. Make a Spirit roll with a +2 bonus:

SPIRIT ROLL

Success
 Raise
 Two Raises
 Three Raises

WHAT YOU LEARN

An interesting tidbit of knowledge.
 Something vaguely relevant to your current situation.
 Something specifically relevant and helpful to your current situation.
 A cryptic and profound secret of the universe (the Moss Boss's quiche recipe, why the sky is sometimes blue and sometimes yellow, the Gubernator of Ewg's real name, etc...).

Failure
 Snake Eyes

Nothing.
 You are blinded (Sightless Hindrance) until dealt a solid.

SNUB: You are overcome with hallucinations and suffer a -1 penalty to all trait and skill rolls. Attempts to wonk the 'spronge suffer a -2 penalty to the Vigor roll.

ATONEMENT: Some sort of quest revealed through wonking the 'spronge (see *The Whole Hole – A Gadabout's Guide to Mutha Oith – Volume 01: Keister Island* for more information about the gubertinct and 'spronge wonking).

FUNGISHOUSNESS: Fungish begin with a free d8 in Knowledge (Fungus). They enjoy a +1 Charisma modifier when interacting with funguys and other fungal organisms and may use Spirit instead of Vigor when reading the Gubertinct. When a Fungish holy roller reaches Legendary rank he gains the Scrowzle power for free.

AVAILABLE POWERS: Armor, Banish, Barrier, Beast Friend, Blast, Blind, Bolt, Boost/Lower Trait, Burrow, Burst, Confusion, Damage Field, Darksight, Deflection, Detect/Conceal Arcana, Disguise, Divination, Elemental Manipulation, Entangle, Environmental Protection, Eviction, Fear, Greater Healing, Growth/Shrink, Havoc, Healing, Intangibility, Invisibility, Light/Ob-
 scure, Pummel, Quickness, Scrowzle, Shape Change, Slumber, Smite, Speak Language, Speed, Stun, Succor, Summon Ally, Telekinesis, Warrior's Gift.



ATONEMENT: It's all good, baby. You didn't mess up—you just had a happy little accident. If you caused harm or hurt someone maybe paint them a picture or something. Of course, Boss Rob probably won't consider it atonement unless whoever was wronged (or an emissary or relative) forgives you.

ARTEESTICAL: Although they shun zazz of a destructive nature, Happy Little Accident holy rollers begin with the Illustrabricate power in addition to the normal allotment.

Because of their tranquil nature Happy Little Accidents have the Pacifist Hindrance (minor) and are forbidden from wielding deadly weapons, preferring to talk their way out of a fight or, as a last resort, subdue their foes in a nonlethal manner. To further this aim, they receive a +2 bonus to Persuasion rolls made when trying to make friends or talk someone out of a conflict. Each Happy Little Accident begins with a d6 in the Crafting skill of her choice.

AVAILABLE POWERS: Armor, Banish, Barrier, Beast Friend, Boost/Lower Trait, Burrow, Confusion, Darksight, Deflection, Detect/Conceal Arcana, Disguise, Divination, Elemental Manipulation, Entangle, Environmental Protection, Eviction Greater Healing, Growth/Shrink, Havoc, Healing, Illustrabricate, Intangibility, Invisibility, Light/Ob-
 scure, Quickness, Shape Change, Slumber, Smite, Speak Language, Speed, Stun, Succor, Summon Ally, Telekinesis, Warrior's Gift.

HAPPY LITTLE ACCIDENT

GAWD: Boss Rob

DOGMA: There are no mistakes—only happy little accidents.

VIRTUES: Optimism, creativity.

SINS: Pessimism, complaining, wielding deadly weapons.

RITUALS: Art projects, mostly.

SOLID: Gain +2 to your Crafting skill.

SNUB: Suffer a -4 penalty to your Crafting skill.

HOLESOME



GAWD: Holes

DOGMA: The darkest depths reveal the darkest darks.

VIRTUES: Deep thought, spelunking, philosophy, digging holes.

SINS: Filling in holes, closed-mindedness.

RITUALS: Burial, meditation, dangling, silent contemplation, dissertating, digging, math.

SOLID: A profound philosophical or mathematical principle is revealed to you, increasing your Smarts by one die.

SNUB: Your Smarts is reduced by two dice (minimum of d4) and you suffer a -2 penalty to all Smarts based skills.

ATONEMENT: Cave dangling, ceremonial burial, an epic quest into the Underwhere.

THE HOLE THING: Although they can't necessarily see in the dark, penalties for darkness, low light, and obstructed vision are reduced by half (round up). Holesome holy rollers are immune to asphyxiation, smothering, and other suffocatory happenstances caused by lack of breathable air (but not poison gas, drowning, etc.). Furthermore, their subterranean habits and contemplative nature give them a +1 bonus to Climbing, Survival (Underwhere), and Common Knowledge.

Unsurprisingly, Holesome are notoriously agoraphobic, suffering a -2 penalty to all rolls made while in open spaces (outdoor regions with unobstructed areas of 10" or larger).

AVAILABLE POWERS: Armor, Banish, Barrier, Beast Friend, Blast, Blind, Bolt, Boost/Lower Trait, Burrow, Burst, Confusion, Damage Field, Darksight, Deflection, Detect/Conceal Arcana, Disguise, Divination, Elemental Manipulation, Entangle, Environmental Protection, Eviction, Fear, Greater Healing, Growth/Shrink, Havoc, Healing, Intangibility, Invisibility, Light/ Obscure, Pummel, Quickness, Shape Change, Slumber, Smite, Speak Language, Speed, Stun, Succor, Summon Ally, Telekinesis, Teleport, Warrior's Gift.

HOOUMANITARIAN



GAWD: The Ancient Hoomanrace

DOGMA: Much love to ancient Hoomanrace!

VIRTUES: Extolling the virtues of the Hoomanrace.

SINS: Disparaging the Hoomanrace, damaging Hoomanracian artifacts.

RITUALS: Prayer, preaching, creating idols, craft projects.

SOLID: A tattoo or other embellishment depicting an ancient Hoomanracian appears somewhere on your body, granting you +2 to Holy Rolling and +1 Charisma when interacting with other Hoomanitarians.

SNUB: Other Hoomanitarians shun you and you lose you Holy Rolling skill.

ATONEMENT: Public humiliation, gaining converts, epic quests to find Hoomanracian relics.

HOOUMAN NATURE: Hoomanitarianism is a popular and widespread faith. Holy rollers often have many contacts, connections, and friends across the glob. Except in areas where their religion is outlawed or unpopular (That One Place with All the Sand, The Dingdom of the Dong, etc...), Hoomanitarian holy rollers gain a +2 bonus to Streetwise and Investigation rolls and can usually find a free meal and a place to stay without too much trouble. Of course, in those places I just mentioned they are profoundly unwelcome. Their Streetwise and Investigation skills have a -2 amendment instead and their interactions with the general populace incur a -1 Charisma penalty.

AVAILABLE POWERS: Armor, Banish, Barrier, Beast Friend, Blast, Blind, Bolt, Boost/Lower Trait, Burrow, Burst, Confusion, Damage Field, Darksight, Deflection, Detect/Conceal Arcana, Disguise, Divination, Elemental Manipulation, Entangle, Environmental Protection, Eviction, Fear, Greater Healing, Growth/Shrink, Havoc, Healing, Intangibility, Invisibility, Light/ Obscure, Pummel, Quickness, Shape Change, Slumber, Smite, Speak Language, Speed, Stun, Succor, Summon Ally, Telekinesis, Warrior's Gift.

GAWD: Jelvis and his entourage of Patron Stains

DOGMA: Glory unto Jelvis!

VIRTUES: Mercy, cheek turning, smiting blasphemers, spouting about the righteousness of Jelvis.

SINS: Almost anything, but it's cool if you apologize to a daddy afterwards and repent.

RITUALS: Too many to name here but most involve prayer, singing, and hip thrusting.

SOLID: Your lower case "t" grants you a +2 Holy rolling bonus and inflicts potentially greater damage (Str+d8+3).

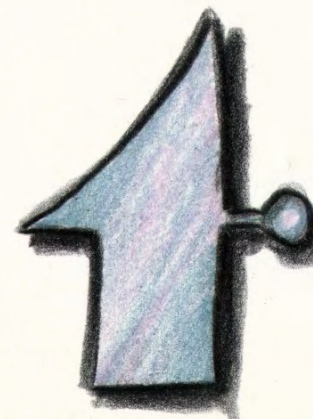
SNUB: Your lower case "t" is destroyed. You must atone and then create (Crafting -2) or acquire a new one from a Jeezle Freakian holy roller of a rank equal to or greater than your own. Until you do you lose your Holy Rolling abilities.

ATONEMENT: Apologies to Jelvis and penance as dictated by an ordained daddy (usually public shaming, incessant repetition of verses from the Good Book, or acts of personal sacrifice for lesser sins. Graver sins often require quests, the conversion of heretics, or more extreme personal sacrifices).

MERCY, BABY: All Jeezle Freakian holy rollers are gifted with a specially consecrated lower case "t". While in possession of his "t" the holy roller expends only half the usual PP when waggling the Healing, Greater Healing, and Succor powers. Additionally, the "t" can be used as a melee or thrown weapon (Str+d6+2).

AVAILABLE POWERS: Armor, Banish, Barrier, Beast Friend, Blast, Blind, Bolt, Boost/Lower Trait, Burrow, Burst, Confusion, Damage Field, Darksight, Deflection, Detect/Conceal Arcana, Disguise, Divination, Elemental Manipulation, Entangle, Environmental Protection, Eviction, Greater Healing, Growth/Shrink, Havoc, Healing, Intangibility, Invisibility, Light/ Obscure, Pummel, Quickness, Shape Change, Slumber, Smite, Speak Language, Speed, Stun, Succor, Summon Ally, Telekinesis, Warrior's Gift.

JEEZLE FREAKS



An important distinction often overlooked by Jeezle Freakian laypeeps is that, in order to be absolved of a transgression, a sinner must actually apologize to an ordained daddy and complete the prescribed penance. He can't just say "Sorry, Jelvis" and be forgiven.

The Holesome aren't only about holes. They also dig arrows and signs that point to significant holes.

JEMIMAH'S WITNESSES



GAWD: None, although the Hostess of Hate and other malefactors figure prominently.

DOGMA: The Hoomanrace were horrible villains worthy only of hatred.

VIRTUES: Dietary restrictions, desecration and debasement of Hoomanrace vestiges, extolling cremefillian merits.

SINS: Intentional preservation or utilization of Hoomanrace artifacts, consuming pastries, cakes, or baked confections.

RITUALS: Desecration of Hoomanracian effigies and symbols.

SOLID: You can recognize Hoomanrace relics and Hoomanitariums (holy rollers and laypeeps) on sight. Additionally, you gain a +1 bonus on any rolls made to fight, track, intimidate, or deceive such peeps.

SNUB: A crisis of faith leaves you temporarily sympathetic to the Hoomanitarian cause, afflicting you with a -2 penalty to Holy Rolling.

ATONEMENT: Quests to find and destroy Hoomanracian relics.

RIGHTEOUS HATRED: A Jemimah's Witness's angst gives him a free d6 in the Taunt skill. However, anytime a Jemimah's Witness recognizes someone as a Hoomanitarian he must make a Spirit roll to avoid impulsively confronting the heretic and either harassing or outright attacking him.

AVAILABLE POWERS: Armor, Banish, Barrier, Beast Friend, Blast, Blind, Bolt, Boost/Lower

Trait, Burrow, Burst, Confusion, Damage Field, Darksight, Deflection, Detect/Conceal Arcana, Disguise, Divination, Elemental Manipulation, Entangle, Environmental Protection, Eviction, Fear, Greater Healing, Growth/Shrink, Havoc, Healing, Intangibility, Invisibility, Light/ Obscure, Pummel, Quickness, Shape Change, Slumber, Smite, Speak Language, Speed, Stun, Succor, Summon Ally, Telekinesis, Warrior's Gift.

KARMASUTURIST



GAWDS: The Veedlic Pantheon.

DOGMA: Wash, rinse, repeat. Reincarnation is governed by karma.

VIRTUES: Anything that increases positive karma (unless you're a bad guy).

SINS: Anything that increases negative karma (unless you're a bad guy).

RITUALS: Offerings and gifts, meditation, contortion, prayer

SOLID: All of your traits are increased by one die type.

SNUB: All of your traits are reduced by one die type.

ATONEMENT: Perform virtuous acts of generosity and sacrifice (unless you're a bad guy).

REINCARNATION: If a Karmasuturist croaks she will be reborn the very next day as (usually) another type of creature. The new creature is born however creatures of its type are born (or created) and typically has no recollection of its past lives. Wild Card characters, however, may make a Spirit roll upon death. Success

means the new creature is somehow the same relative age the peep was when she died and is blessed with vague memories and inclinations related to her former life. A raise indicates the peep retains her full memory, including any skills or Edges she previously had, and can speak (whether or not the type of creature she becomes is normally able to talk).

The critter the peep reincarnates as is determined by the Boss, taking into consideration the karmic balance she had upon her demise. It can be just about anything, of any gender or species, even another playable character type. In general, if the peep amassed positive karma it should be something on par with or more powerful than what she was before. If her karma leaned negatively it should be something lesser than her previous incarnation.

Intentional non-altruistic suicide amasses huge amounts of negative karma, so no cheating by killing yourself to become something more potent. You might come back as a potato.

AVAILABLE POWERS: Armor, Banish, Barrier, Beast Friend, Blast, Blind, Bolt, Boost/Lower Trait, Burrow, Burst, Confusion, Damage Field, Darksight, Deflection, Detect/Conceal Arcana, Disguise, Divination, Elemental Manipulation, Entangle, Environmental Protection, Eviction, Fear, Greater Healing, Growth/Shrink, Havoc, Healing, Intangibility, Invisibility, Light/ Obscure, Pummel, Quickness, Shape Change, Slumber, Smite, Speak Language, Speed, Stun, Succor, Summon Ally, Telekinesis, Warrior's Gift.

MANLINESS OF THE BOMBASTIC BEARD

GAWD: Dad

DOGMA: Hirsutism and masculinity denote holiness.

VIRTUES: Hairiness, masculinity, chivalry, patronization, mansplaining.



SINS: Failure to act in a chivalrous and patronizing manner.

RITUALS: Shaving, building stuff, woodworking, laying down coats over puddles, holding doors, explaining things.

SOLID: Your beard grows ever bushier and more grandiose (+1 Charisma).

SNUB: Male pattern baldness (-1 Charisma).

ATONEMENT: Spend an afternoon shopping with a female peep. Hold all the bags and occasionally sit on a bench looking forlorn while she tries on clothes. When she asks if they make her look fat, tell her they do not. Buy her dinner and expect nothing in return.

BOMBASTIC MANLINESS: You are the sworn defender of the weaker gender! You gain a +1 bonus to all Fighting, Holy Rolling, Throwing, and Shooting rolls made while actively protecting a female (or other non-male) peep.

It should be pointed out that membership in the Manliness does not require an adherent to actually be male. One must simply be manly.

AVAILABLE POWERS: Armor, Banish, Barrier, Beast Friend, Blast, Blind, Bolt, Boost/Lower Trait, Burrow, Burst, Confusion, Damage Field, Darksight, Deflection, Detect/Conceal Arcana, Disguise, Divination, Elemental Manipulation, Entangle, Environmental Protection, Eviction, Fear, Greater Healing, Growth/Shrink, Havoc, Healing, Intangibility, Invisibility, Light/ Obscure, Pummel, Quickness, Shape Change, Slumber, Smite, Speak Language, Speed, Stun, Succor, Summon Ally, Telekinesis, Warrior's Gift.

NOT-OF-THIS-OITHLING



GAWD: Ancient Aliens.

DOGMA: Reverence and obeisance to the ancestral oofos.

VIRTUES: Espousing the virtues of oofos and their ancestors.

SINS: Disparaging or damaging ancient oofos, their workings, or their relics.

RITUALS: Abductions, probings, ceremonial harmonizing

SOLID: You acquire the Boggle, Mind Reading, New Perspective, and Rapport powers.

SNUB: Suffering socks, zazz no mo'.

ATONEMENT: Discover a significant ancient oofo artifact or vestige.

TOURIST: Tourist holy rollers are permitted to have both the Arcane Background (Dementalism) and Arcane Background (Holy Roller) Edges (each with its own pool of PP). Additionally, they all have the Obsessulon Edge.

AVAILABLE POWERS: Armor, Banish, Barrier, Beast Friend, Blast, Blind, Bolt, Boost/Lower Trait, Burrow, Burst, Confusion, Damage Field, Darksight, Deflection, Detect/Conceal Arcana, Disguise, Divination, Elemental Manipulation, Entangle, Environmental Protection, Eviction, Fear, Greater Healing, Growth/Shrink, Havoc, Healing, Intangibility, Invisibility, Light/ Obscure, Pummel, Quickness, Shape Change, Slumber, Smite, Speak Language, Speed, Stun, Succor, Summon Ally, Telekinesis, Warrior's Gift.

POLISHER



GAWD: An Unnamed Gawd

DOGMA: The Oith and its denizens must be cleansed of filth and impurity.

VIRTUES: Purity, cleanliness, hygiene.

SINS: Messiness, dirtiness, crud, filth, and all things impure, consorting with containimants.

RITUALS: Bathing, tooth brushing, grooming, house cleaning

SOLID: You are impervious to defilement, gaining +2 Toughness against all attacks, zazzular or physical, by containimants and containimators.

SNUB: You are stained! A strange gob of filth mars your physique and cannot be scrubbed clean (even with Launder). You suffer a -2 to all Spirit based rolls.

ATONEMENT: Perform a grand oblution (you probably think I misspelled ablution or oblation, but instead I made a contraction of the two words), such as scrubbing an entire tenement, mucking the stables of a herd of incontinent plorps, sponge-bathing a bunch of old people, etc...

NEXT TO GAUWLINNESS: Polisher holy rollers have the Launder power in addition to their other zazz. They are obsessively clean and must make a Spirit roll any time their clothing or person becomes noticeably befouled or suffer a -1 penalty to all rolls. Luckily, their righteous hatred of filth earns them a +1 bonus to Fighting, Holy Rolling, Throwing, and Shooting rolls made against piles, containimants, and containimators.

Some peeps consider the Polishers to be the ultimate champions of purity and goodness. Others believe they are more evil than a Santanist and Seananist sandwich with Stanismist sauce and rancid onions. It's all a matter of perspective.

AVAILABLE POWERS: Armor, Banish, Barrier, Beast Friend, Blast, Blind, Bolt, Boost/Lower Trait, Burrow, Burst, Confusion, Damage Field, Darksight, Deflection, Detect/Conceal Arcana, Disguise, Divination, Elemental Manipulation, Entangle, Environmental Protection, Eviction, Fear, Greater Healing, Growth/Shrink, Havoc, Healing, Intangibility, Invisibility, Launder, Light/ Obscure, Pummel, Quickness, Shape Change, Slumber, Smite, Speak Language, Speed, Stun, Succor, Summon Ally, Telekinesis, Warrior's Gift.

(Edge requirements must still be met). For example, a peep who reveres The One with the Slog might choose the Beast Master Edge and the Lame Hindrance (utilizing her companion slog for mobility), a devotee of The One with the Gills could choose Fish Breath and Anemic (to reflect his difficulty breathing above water), someone who worships The One with the Clams would fittingly select Clammy and Greedy, etc... The player and Boss are encouraged to create new Edges and Hindrances appropriate to the peep.

Pox Aroman holy rollers who do not devote themselves to a specific gawd instead gain a free d6 in Knowledge (religion) and a +1 bonus to Holy Rolling and Charisma when operating within the Pox Aroma. Outside of the Pox, where the influence of the pantheon is limited, they have a -1 penalty to Holy Rolling.

AVAILABLE POWERS: Armor, Banish, Barrier, Beast Friend, Blast, Blind, Bolt, Boost/Lower Trait, Burrow, Burst, Confusion, Damage Field, Darksight, Deflection, Detect/Conceal Arcana, Disguise, Divination, Elemental Manipulation, Entangle, Environmental Protection, Eviction, Fear, Greater Healing, Growth/Shrink, Havoc, Healing, Intangibility, Invisibility, Light/ Obscure, Pummel, Quickness, Shape Change, Slumber, Smite, Speak Language, Speed, Stun, Succor, Summon Ally, Telekinesis, Warrior's Gift.

POX AROMAN



GAWD: The Aromatic Pantheon

DOGMA: There is a gawd for every situation.

VIRTUES: Varies by gawd.

SINS: Varies by gawd.

RITUALS: Poetry, offerings, varies by gawd.

SOLID: You are granted the favor you request (at the Boss's discretion).

SNUB: You are cursed by the gawds in some ironic and hilarious manner as decided by the Boss.

ATONEMENT: Atonement varies by gawd and transgression but, typically, epic quests to discover or recover some interestingly mythological artifact are popular.

AROMATIC: Holy rollers who favor a particular gawd may choose one extra Hindrance and corresponding Edge appropriate to their devotion

The Pox Aromans have more symbols than they have gawds. The Flaming Spork of The One With the Flaming Spork is pictured here.

RETURNER FROM WHENCE WE CAME

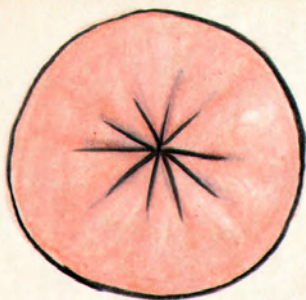
GAWD: The Gut Everlasting (kind of).

DOGMA: From the Gut we are born and to the Gut we return.

VIRTUES: Bravery, boldness, heroics, risk.

SINS: Cowardice, wimpiness, pusillanimity.

RITUALS: Extremely dangerous and often heroic behavior.



SOLID: Word of your deeds is spreading. You gain +1 Charisma and are treated as a celebrity by those who hear of your exploits. Additionally, the rate at which you heal or regenerate is doubled.

SNUB: You suffer a severe injury and are afflicted with the Lame Edge.

ATONEMENT: Extreme misadventures and deeds of daring-do (such as funambulizing across the Gawdchoppers, leaping from the Speculum, lava surfing Mount Funky, taunting Zonkle, or wearing a smelf costume to an Xmas party).

YOU AGAIN: If a Returner croaks anywhere but the Keister of Gawd, within the digestive tract of The Incredibly Huge Monster™, or by being swallowed alive by some beast, he will be reborn a day later with three wounds, his original body quickly decaying into muck and eventually disappearing altogether. With a successful Spirit roll the rebirth process only takes 2d4 hours and only two wounds are suffered. A Raise on that roll means he only has one wound and the process takes a mere 2d4 rounds. Two Raises plops him upright in 2d4 rounds and free of injury (although not necessarily free of poison or disease).

Of course, Returners From Whence We Came are notoriously audacious and reckless. They all have the Overconfident Hindrance. This business replaces the Returner From Whence We Came Edge described in *The Whole Hole – A Gadabout's Guide to Mutha Oith – Volume 01: Keister Island*.

AVAILABLE POWERS: Armor, Banish, Barrier,

Beast Friend, Blast, Blind, Bolt, Boost/Lower Trait, Burrow, Burst, Confusion, Damage Field, Darksight, Deflection, Detect/Conceal Arcana, Disguise, Divination, Elemental Manipulation, Entangle, Environmental Protection, Eviction, Fear, Greater Healing, Growth/Shrink, Havoc, Healing, Intangibility, Invisibility, Light/ Obscure, Pummel, Quickness, Shape Change, Slumber, Smite, Speak Language, Speed, Stun, Succor, Summon Ally, Telekinesis, Warrior's Gift.

SANTANIST



GAWD: The Santa

DOGMA: The Santa directs us to do awesomely deplorable things to smelves and other peeps.

VIRTUES: Naughtiness, callousness, brutality, voyeurism, burglary, gluttony, the corruption of larvae, the enslavement of smelves.

SINS: Niceness, especially toward smelves.

RITUALS: Decorating, singing, smelf torturing.

SOLID: You gain a +1 bonus to all Climbing, Fighting, Holy Rolling, Shooting, Stealth, Throwing, and Tracking rolls made while pursuing or interacting with smelves or dorks.

SNUB: The Santa no longer sees fit to grant you zazz. You are stripped of Holy Rolling.

ATONEMENT: Do something particularly nasty to a large number of smelves.

THE SANTA'S LITTLE HELPER: Santanists begin with either the Beast Master Edge (with a paindeer pet) or the Lashmaster Edge (with an Enslaved Novice Wild Card smelven slave). Furthermore, all Santanists have the Mean Hindrance (-2 Charisma).

AVAILABLE POWERS: Armor, Banish, Barrier, Beast Friend, Blast, Blind, Bolt, Boost/Lower Trait, Burrow, Burst, Confusion, Damage Field, Darksight, Deflection, Detect/Conceal Arcana, Disguise, Divination, Elemental Manipulation, Entangle, Environmental Protection, Eviction, Fear, Growth/Shrink, Havoc, Intangibility, Invisibility, Light/Obcure, Pummel, Quickness, Shape Change, Slumber, Smite, Speak Language, Speed, Stun, Succor, Summon Ally, Telekinesis, Warrior's Gift.

ATONEMENT: Epic acts of profanity and debasement.

PIOUS IMPIETY: Seaninsts are resilient to the blessings and curses of other holy rollers. As such, a Seananist holy roller may make a Spirit roll to resist any zazz waggled against him by a holy roller of another faith. Success means the zazz in ineffective. A Raise indicates the zazz affects or is centered on the caster instead. In any case, it is only the Seananist himself who is unimpacted. His companions, bystanders, and anyone else in the area of affect are influenced as normal.

Additionally, although they suffer the cosmetic, discomforting, and contagious effects of such conditions, Seananists are not otherwise affected by disease (they suffer no penalties beyond damage to Charisma and cannot be killed by pestilence or illness).

Seananists suffer (or enjoy) a -2 penalty to Charisma because they are awful. Furthermore, their dogma forbids them to wear more than the barest shreds of clothing, lingerie, or bondage gear. Armor covering more than one location is right out.

SEANANIST



GAWD: Sean

DOGMA: Perform holy acts of sacrilege, profanity, and perversion to test the faith and resolve of others.

VIRTUES: Depravity, blasphemy, perversion, profanity, lewdness, disease.

SINS: Entering sacred digs without performing an act of desecration, expressing agreement or commiseration with the religious views of others, denying the progress of a disease.

RITUALS: Sacred blasphemies, rants, stuff that's usually done in private.

SOLID: You are immune to the zazz waggling of other holy rollers.

SNUB: You are stripped of Holy Rolling and Pious Impiety.

AVAILABLE POWERS: Armor, Banish, Barrier, Beast Friend, Blast, Blind, Bolt, Boost/Lower Trait, Burrow, Burst, Confusion, Damage Field, Darksight, Deflection, Detect/Conceal Arcana, Disguise, Divination, Elemental Manipulation, Entangle, Environmental Protection, Eviction, Fear, Greater Healing, Growth/Shrink, Havoc, Healing, Intangibility, Invisibility, Light/ Obscure, Pummel, Quickness, Shape Change, Slumber, Smite, Speak Language, Speed, Stun, Succor, Summon Ally, Telekinesis, Warrior's Gift.

SNOOZER

GAWD: Sleep (I guess, not really)

DOGMA: Only when we sleep are we truly real.



VIRTUES: Sleeping, dreaming, snoring, napping, talking about sleep.

SINS: Wearing clothing other than pajamas, staying awake for too long.

RITUALS: Napping, lucid dreaming.

SOLID: You do not suffer the cumulative -1 penalty associated with dreaming items into existence.

SNUB: Insomnia! You are perpetually cranky and may not dream things into existence.

ATONEMENT: Epic quests to find the perfect location for a nap, followed by a very, very long slumber.

SOMNAMBULISM: Even though they are usually asleep, Snoozers can speak, see, move, and otherwise act as though they are awake. They are in a nearly perpetual state of slumber, so they gain the benefits of sleep even while active and never suffer the effects of Fatigue caused by sleep deprivation. Of course, they aren't quite as alert as roused peeps, so they suffer a -2 penalty to Notice rolls, may never take the Alertness or Danger Sense Edges, their running die is a d4, and their Agility may never rise above d8.

Here's where it gets super cool, though. Since they are usually asleep, Snoozers are able to dream certain things into existence. A Snoozer may, with a successful Spirit roll, conjure a single handheld, non-zazzular, item. As long as the Snoozer is asleep and is in contact with the thing it remains real enough. Even specific items, like a key to fit a particular lock, may be conjured in this manner. If he lets go of

it, sets it down, or hands it to another peep it ceases to exist. Similarly, if the Snoozer is awakened (by a loud noise or by being Shaken or Wounded) the object goes away. Each consecutive use of this power incurs a -1 penalty to the Spirit roll. To recharge, the Snoozer must sleep, immobile and uninterrupted, for an entire day. Since Snoozers are able to fall asleep at will whenever they want, this usually isn't a big deal.

As a further boon, all Snoozers have the Slumber power in addition to those they select at character creation. Using the Slumber power costs half the normal PP.

AVAILABLE POWERS: Armor, Banish, Barrier, Beast Friend, Blast, Blind, Bolt, Boost/Lower Trait, Burrow, Burst, Confusion, Damage Field, Darksight, Deflection, Detect/Conceal Arcana, Disguise, Divination, Elemental Manipulation, Entangle, Environmental Protection, Eviction, Fear, Greater Healing, Growth/Shrink, Havoc, Healing, Intangibility, Invisibility, Light/ Obscure, Pummel, Quickness, Shape Change, Slumber, Smite, Speak Language, Speed, Stun, Succor, Summon Ally, Telekinesis, Warrior's Gift.

STANISMIST



GAWD: Stan

DOGMA: Do what you want. Take what you want. Be what you want. In Stan's name, of course...

VIRTUES: Self-indulgence, vice.

SINS: Charity, compassion, altruism.

RITUALS: Sacrifices and offerings, cannibalistic blood orgies, raves, chanting, moshing, head banging, singing backwards.

SOLID: You sold your soles to Stan. Your feet no longer touch the ground, somehow. You don't leave footprints and can walk on any horizontal surface (even through fire or over water) without difficulty. You don't trigger traps by stepping on them nor can you be injured by stepping on sharp objects. Of course, you can't wear shoes or the whole thing just kind of goes to the Nether Regions. Wearing boots, socks, or other footwear while in such a state is offensive to Stan, who will probably revoke this awesome power and snub you instead.

Optionally, the Boss may choose a similarly ironic or punnish Solid to deal you. Stan digs puns and irony.

SNUB: You are cursed in an ironic manner. The exact conditions are up to the Boss, but I bet she'll think of something fun.

ATONEMENT: Do something extremely selfish at the expense of others, throw a huge party, sacrifice something bad ass.

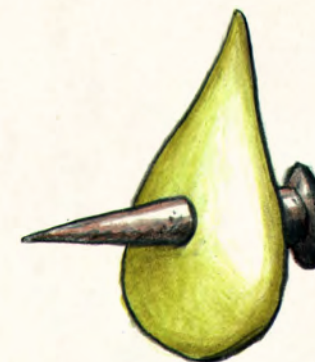
STANTASTIC: Every Stanismistic holy roller owns a super cool scary mask. They don't even have to pay for it—it's part of the initiation package. This thing is bad ass. As long as the Stanismist is wearing it he gains +1 to Holy Rolling and Intimidation rolls and +2 Armor to his head. Furthermore, once per day he is able to waggle a Fear spell independently of his normal PP or available powers.

A Stanismist whose mask is lost or destroyed loses those abilities and suffers a -2 penalty to Holy Rolling until a suitable replacement is crafted or acquired.

AVAILABLE POWERS: Armor, Banish, Barrier, Beast Friend, Blast, Blind, Bolt, Boost/Lower Trait, Burrow, Burst, Confusion, Damage Field, Darksight, Deflection, Detect/Conceal Arcana, Disguise, Divination, Elemental Manipulation, Entangle, Environmental Protection, Eviction,

Fear, Growth/Shrink, Havoc, Intangibility, Invisibility, Light/Obscure, Pummel, Quickness, Shape Change, Slumber, Smite, Speak Language, Speed, Stun, Summon Ally, Telekinesis, Warrior's Gift.

SUFFERING SOCK



GAWD: Sufferessence (sort of)

DOGMA: Forestall another Flush by gathering sufferessence unto yourself.

VIRTUES: Torment, torture, and pain inflicted upon oneself.

SINS: Zazzular healing, avoiding pain.

RITUALS: Self torture.

SOLID: You can now endure four Wounds before you are Incapacitated instead of the usual two (gaining the associated bonuses for each one as described below).

SNUB: You have caused a grave physical injury to yourself. Your Pace is halved and all physical trait tests have a -2 penalty. Although you still can't be Shaken by physical damage you no longer gain bonuses (or penalties, thankfully) from Wounds or Fatigue. You will begin to heal naturally once the Snub ends.

ATONEMENT: Perform a significant act of bodily harm, humiliation, or endurance upon yourself.

TORMENTALIST: Suffering Socks do not incur penalties for Wounds or Fatigue. In fact, where such detriments would normally be induced a bonus is instead acquired. For example, a Suffering Sock with one wound gains a +1 bonus to

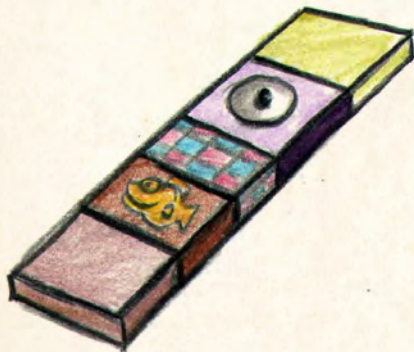
Pace and all trait tests. Fatigued and Exhausted holy rollers similarly gain trait test bonuses until they reach an Incapacitated state.

Suffering Socks are not Shaken by physical damage. They still make a Spirit roll when injured, and the player's marker should still move to Shaken if the roll fails, but they do not suffer the debilitating effects of such a condition.

This Edge replaces the Suffering Sock Edge described in *The Whole Hole – A Gadabout's Guide to Mutha Oith – Volume 01: Keister Island*.

AVAILABLE POWERS: Banish, Barrier, Beast Friend, Blast, Blind, Bolt, Boost/Lower Trait, Burrow, Burst, Confusion, Damage Field, Darksight, Deflection, Detect/Conceal Arcana, Disguise, Divination, Elemental Manipulation, Entangle, Environmental Protection, Eviction, Fear, Growth/Shrink, Havoc, Intangibility, Invisibility, Light/Obscure, Pummel, Quickness, Shape Change, Slumber, Smite, Speak Language, Speed, Stun, Summon Ally, Telekinesis, Warrior's Gift.

YORTIAN



GAWD: Yort

DOGMA: Yort has the measure of all things.

VIRTUES: Measuring things, extolling the virtues of Yort, emulating Yort, accepting bribes.

SINS: Disparaging Yort or the importance of measurement, soliciting bribes.

RITUALS: Measuring things.

SOLID: You don't even need a Yortstick to measure stuff. You're that good. You also, because you're that good, gain a +1 bonus to Holy Rolling and Notice rolls.

SNUB: Your Yortstick is damaged (but still usable). You lose your Holy Rolling until it is replaced and properly consecrated by a Yortian holy roller with a Rank higher than or equal to your own.

ATONEMENT: You must craft a new Yortstick and have it consecrated by a Yortian holy roller with a Rank higher than or equal to your own. I feel like a just said that...

YORT COURT: Being a Yortian carries with it a certain societal regard and legitimacy. Yortians, as the sacred bearers of Yortsticks, are the only ones authorized to declare how big things are, how much they weigh, how far away they are, and so forth. It's a hefty responsibility (if a bit arbitrary in practice).

Peeps know they need an ordained Yortain in order to measure the things they need measured and to settle disputes regarding the measuring of said things. They often present free stuff and other bribes to any Yortian holy rollers who wander by. Norms are encouraged to take advantage of such amenities when they are offered but never to directly solicit them outright.

AVAILABLE POWERS: Armor, Banish, Barrier, Beast Friend, Blast, Blind, Bolt, Boost/Lower Trait, Burrow, Burst, Confusion, Damage Field, Darksight, Deflection, Detect/Conceal Arcana, Disguise, Divination, Elemental Manipulation, Entangle, Environmental Protection, Eviction, Fear, Greater Healing, Growth/Shrink, Havoc, Healing, Intangibility, Light/Obscure, Pummel, Quickness, Shape Change, Slumber, Smite, Speak Language, Speed, Stun, Succor, Summon Ally, Telekinesis, Warrior's Gift.



APPENDIX 06:

A COMPENDIUM OF CREEPS

BLASPHEMENTAL

Vile, profane, and more vulgar than your Uncle Cuddly after his seventeenth snuggle-blarf, blasphemementals are, as their name suggests, the Fundamental gubernators of blasphemy, profanity, and stank. Their every utterance is a noxious insult and their every gesture is a delicately choreographed effort to offend. In service to the execrable gawd Sean, these lewd and irreverent monstrosities spread corruption, sacrilege, and obscenity wherever they roam.

Although a variety of blasphemementals exist, certain traits are shared by them all.

SPECIAL ABILITIES

COMMON TO ALL BLASPHEMENTALS

AIN'T NO THANG: Although they manifest the physical symptoms of such things, blasphemementals are never adversely affected by diseases, poisons, curses, or mutations. They cannot be taunted, intimidated, or embarrassed.

SACRILICIOUS: Blasphemementals gain a +2 bonus on all trait rolls against holy rollers or anyone wielding a sacred relic, religious symbol, or item infused with holy zazz (including weapons imbued with Smite cast by a holy roller). Physical attacks and holy rolling powers cast by holy rollers against blasphemementals suffer a -2 penalty.

DRAT (BLASPHEMENTAL)

Drats are big, wobbly, bean bag chair looking monstrosities that bounce around prowling for sacred relics to defile and holy rollers to violate. They delight, as do all blasphementials, in obscenity and desecration.

ATTRIBUTES: Agility d10, Smarts d4, Spirit d10, Strength d6, Vigor d10

SKILLS: Fighting d8

PACE: 4 **PARRY:** 7 **TOUGHNESS:** 8

FLABULOUS: A drat's elastic blub is extraordinarily resilient and bouncy. It is immune to all damage inflicted by falls or blunt weapons. Drats can jump up to 8" vertically or horizontally.

PROBE OSCIS: A drat's proboscis is tumesciently prehensile and is utilized in all manner of atrocious and invasive ways. A drat may attack with this organ, inflicting Str+d6 damage and afflicting its victim with a wicked curse. Anyone thusly violated (Shaken) must pass both a Vigor roll and a Spirit roll or be compelled to forever litter his speech with frequent and offensive expletives and blasphemous cusswords. Such an affliction could potentially hinder zazz wagging and may cause a holy roller to utter sinful rants and heresies (-1 Charisma, -1 to Hocus Poking and Holy Rolling, -1 when rolling for Snubs; followers of Sean suffer no penalties).

SEE WHAT YOU MADE ME DO: Drats can see in the dark, no worries. Additionally, anyone who inflicts a wound on a drat in melee combat must make a Spirit roll or instantly recall his most pruriently embarrassing moment (Shaken).

SQUISH: Drats usually attack by bouncing high into the air and landing on their foe. This pounce inflicts Str+d8 damage. If a drat's first attack is successful it may make additional attacks against the same opponent or any adjacent victim, each with a cumulative -1 penalty and each occurring on the next step of the initiative count, until it either misses or the initiative count runs down.

GRAWLIX (BLASPHEMENTAL) WILD CARD

Oh, what lewd vituperations and execrable atrocities await the poor goosier who encounters one of these...

Grawlives epitomize the blasphemential situation. They are scurrilous, profligate, and obscene, leaving absolutely nothing to the imagination. They speak only in repugnant expletives and pruriently elaborate insults. They came here to offend and offend they do. Why else would they manifest as enormously endowed, lasciviously gesturing, vulgarity spewing fists? They want nothing from you but your outraged gape and gaping outrage.

That last sentence is, of course, only true if the you in question isn't religious. If that's the case you're in for a real treat. I mean that ironically. Grawlives really dig corrupting the faithful. Nothing brings them greater pleasure than violating the chastity of the sanctimonious, defiling the pure, and countermanding the convictions of the righteous.

ATTRIBUTES: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d10, Strength d8, Vigor d10

SKILLS: Fighting d10, Intimidation d12, Notice d6, Taunt d12, Tracking d6

PACE: 4 **PARRY:** 7 **TOUGHNESS:** 7

GEAR: Weapon (Str+d8+disease)

AVERT YOUR GAZE: It's tough to look at a grawliv. They just sort of let it all hang out in a manner about which I'm not comfortable writing. Anyone fighting or otherwise targeting a grawliv must make a Spirit roll to avoid subconsciously averting his gaze and suffering a -2 penalty to the attack. Roll each round.

LINGER: Grawlives usually bob suggestively as they hover a few yorts above the ground. Fly Pace 8.

OFFENSIVELY OFFENSIVE: Although they prefer a more seductively corrupting influence, these blasphementials don't shy from physical violence. Most arm themselves with bastard-



ized representations of the symbols and tools used by holy rollers, the most popular being upside lower case "t"s or weapons crafted in the likeness of distorted and tortured members of the Hoomanrace, often smeared with dung and other bodily secretions. Anyone wounded by such a device must make a Vigor roll or contract a severe infection (gain one level of Fatigue each day beginning the day after the wound; when Incapacitated must make a Vigor roll or die. If Vigor roll succeeds lose one level of Fatigue each day until healed).

STANK EYE: As an action, a grawliv may attempt to glare suggestively at one opponent. The victim must make a Spirit roll with a -2 penalty or be overcome by extraordinarily vivid and obscenely lurid thoughts. A peep thusly afflicted is Shaken and can take no actions other than those necessary to relieve himself (or herself) of such a state. If you know what I mean...

To do so she must fail a Vigor roll (and the associated Wild Die). One such attempt is allowed each round beginning the round after the situation manifests.

STICKS & STONES: Grawlises say hurtful things. They may use Taunt or Intimidation instead of Fighting. The opponent's Spirit die is used in place of his Parry when determining success. An opponent shaken by such an attack is affected normally. Instead of Wounds, however, the victim takes Fatigue damage. Targets who can't hear or who have their hearing obstructed are immune to such violations.

UNSPEAKABLE THINGS: Sometimes a gawlrix attacks in a manner about which your tender eyes are too innocent to read. It begins with an open-palm (open-face?) smack (Str+d6). A victim Shaken by such a blow immediately falls to the ground and must make a Vigor roll or be paralyzed and unable to move for 2d4 rounds. That's usually more than enough time for the blasphemental to do its business. Use your imagination but keep in mind oofos are immune. This attack is typically more embarrassing than deadly, but the victim's Pace is reduced by 2 for the remainder of the day and he may require counseling. Any holy roller other than a Stanismist or Seananist subjected to such attentions must roll for a snub as if he committed a major sin.



HERETICK (BLASPHEMENTAL) WILD CARD

These tiny parasitic blasphementials infiltrate their victims in a manner most egregious. Don't think about it too carefully, but they sort of come in through the front door, usually while the hapless gudgeon is answering nature's call, so to speak. They lurk patiently in cesspools, outhouses, and privies, skulking under the rim or among the feculence, awaiting the arrival of a suitable host. When such a peep sits down to get to business the heretick joins in, literally. It crawls into the host's body, aided by analgesic secretions, working its way around for a few days before finally settling in a comfortable location and exerting its profanatory influence.

A victim infested by a heretick slowly begins to act in ways counter to its convictions. Religious individuals commence to blaspheme. The wanton become chaste and the prudish get their freak on. Lawfully minded peeps commit blatant crimes. Extroverts invert. The effect can be both liberating and unnerving, since the peep still holds to his convictions but is powerless to avoid violating them.

For obvious reasons, hereticks linger near monasteries, boorgheddrals, and other places congregations congregate, hoping to slip into something a bit more sacred.

ATTRIBUTES: Agility d12, Smarts d8, Spirit d12, Strength -, Vigor d10

SKILLS: Notice d8, Persuasion d10, Taunt d10

PACE: 1 **PARRY:** 4(10) **TOUGHNESS:** 7(9)

ABSURDLY SMALL: Hereticks are very, very small. Like, small enough to crawl up a peenostiril small. They have +6 parry against creatures of size Small or larger. Although they can speak and are relatively intelligent, their voices are almost imperceptibly quiet.

DEEPLY INFESTED: A victim may make a single Notice roll during the commencement

of the infestation process to perceive an approaching heretick before it moves in. After that, he won't even know he's been afflicted until he starts acting strangely. Once inside, a heretick will wait a few days, establishing imperceptible physical and emotional connections with the host until it decides to act. The victim of a heretick may make a Spirit roll any time the blasphemental attempts to make him act in a manner opposite to his convictions. Failure forces him to do or say something untoward, possibly even sinful or dangerous. Thankfully, hereticks enjoy toying with their victims, corrupting them and offending their friends and superiors. They seldom try to kill their hosts or cause them physical harm.

Although hereticks are able to speak to their hosts (silently, from within), they prefer to drive them mad rather than reveal their presence.

If a heretick's host dies the heretick will work its way out the same way it came in, eventually seeking a new victim and beginning the process anew. There is no known way to remove a heretick without killing the host, but such a thing is, presumably, somehow possible.

HARDER THAN HARD: The tough shell of a Heretick gives it Armor +2.

BLOTT

Blotts are fungeous quadrupeds that roam fungles, rugs, caverns, swamps, and other damp, luscious realms grazing on carrion, dung, and various saprophytic delights. Favored mounts of the Fungish, blotts are typically gentle and easily domesticated.

Although they are usually solitary, great herds of blotts sometimes gather to spread their funky spores.

ATTRIBUTES: Agility d6, Smarts d4(A), Spirit d8, Strength d10, Vigor d10

SKILLS: Climbing d6, Fighting d6, Notice d8, **PACE:** 8 **PARRY:** 5 **TOUGHNESS:** 9

ALL-AROUND-O-VISION: A ring of ribbonry sensory filaments encircles a blott's mushroomy dome. Although a blott's vision only extends a few yorts (10"), it can perceive just about anything within that range in a complete sphere around itself unhindered by darkness, fog, invisibility, or solid objects. Since they have no specific front, blotts can not be flanked.

BUMP: If threatened, a blott can wallop a nasty thump or trample, delivering Strength+d4 damage.

SIZABLE: Blotts are big enough to carry a rider. They can lug about 1000 yorts of jazz and are Size +2. Smaller attackers gain a +2 bonus to hit them.

SPORES: Three extendable prehensile sporangia sprout from a blott's bulk and can spray spores in a cone template in any direction or in a medium burst template centered on the bulk. Although the spores are normally used during blott mating encounters, they impart a vague sense of randy lust in anyone who inhales them. A Vigor roll is needed to ignore such impulses, which can manifest in a number of distracting ways that are best left to the imagination but typically result in a -1 penalty to all trait rolls for 3d4 rounds, which explains why blott ranchers smile so much.

Unfortunately, blott spores lose their efficacy after an hour or so.

BUDD WILD CARD

Ask any wisenheimer supposedly in the know and he'll hip you to the gist that budds are magical plants that whisper grim instructions into the ears of Flower Children, directing those jovial and felicitous peeps to commit insidious acts of assassination and murder. That wisenheimer would only be partially correct. Those few peeps who have even heard of such things assume the budd is the plant itself. That assumption is false. Budds are, in fact, Fundamental en-



See, it's a blott (also a pile and some scrambling funge).

tities—mysteriously abstruse vitalities that promote the furtherance of euphoric sonority on Oith. These wispy spirits inhabit uniquely consecrated flora and are symbiotically attached to a specific Flower Child. The bond between the two is profound and reciprocally harmonious. The budd gets to reside on Oith and the Flower Child receives divine guidance and companionship.

Although they are almost never found without an accompanying Flower Child or within the sacred grounds of The Plot, budds are unique and individual organisms. A budd can dwell within veritably any type of flora, fungus, plant, or vegetation, although, perhaps due to the relative scarcity of such things on Oith, actual blooming flowers are overwhelmingly preferred. Once a budd takes up residence it can only be evicted by its own demise or by the death of its companion. The mechanism by which a budd determines assassination targets is complex and otherworldly. Y'all wouldn't understand. Don't worry your pretty little head.

ATTRIBUTES: Agility d4 (rooted), Smarts d8, Spirit d12, Strength d4, Vigor d10
SKILLS: Notice d6, Persuasion d12+2 (special)
PACE: 0 **PARRY:** 4 **TOUGHNESS:** 12

EXTENDED WARRANTY: Although they are rooted in place and usually can't move of their own accord, an aura of zazzular protection surrounds a budd (but not its companion). This accounts for its high Toughness. Any zazzular power directed explicitly at a budd has a 50% chance of reflecting back upon the waggler instead. Budds are immune to all poisons and diseases that do not directly affect plants.

SYMBIOSISH: A deep empathic and sympathetic bond exists between a budd and its Flower Child. The two are intrinsically connected in indescribable ways, both emotionally and intellectually. Although they don't communicate audibly, the two are able to instantaneously share mental images and private conversations. It is in this manner that a budd issues directives and hit lists to its companion.

If a budd and its Flower Child are ever separated by a distance that disallows them to directly interact with each other they each suffer a -1 penalty to all trait rolls until they are reunited. A budd whose Flower Child dies will quickly wither to dust, its Fundamental gist returning to the elsewhere from which it came. Conversely, if a budd is ever killed its bonded Flower Child immediately loses access to her Holy Rolling ability and suffers a -1 penalty to all trait rolls until she bonds with another budd. This process is long and arduous, involving some sort of epic quest to prove herself worthy of a new companion.

Furthermore, as long as a budd is healthy, alive, and nearby, its Flower Child companion may roll her Spirit die instead of her Wild Die to determine the outcome of trait rolls.



Where does a budd live before it inhabits a plant? Man, I don't know this stuff.

CONTANIMANT

Contanimants are the Fundamental custodians of muck, filth, rot, and decay. You already know that. There's a whole chapter about them elsewhere in this book so I won't waste your time spouting too much gab in this sentence, which I realize is already pretty run-on-ular and considerably longer than it should be, for which I currently offer this profound and heartfelt apology that I am writing right now to you from me because I am wasting your time and you deserve to be treated with respect and proper adherence to the societal code that dictates proper etiquette within the community we share. What I will do, however, is provide you with this updated contanimant summoning chart. It lists an assortment of contanimants by pedigree and by conjurer rank. This chart supersedes the one on page 153 of *Low Life: The Rise of the Lowly*.

CONTANIMANT SUMMONING CHART

RANK	PP	CONTANIMANT	MIN.*
Novice	1	First Pedigree	d4
Seasoned	2	Second Pedigree	d6
Veteran	3	Third Pedigree	d8
Heroic	4	Fourth Pedigree	d10
Legendary	5	Fifth Pedigree	d12

*This is the minimum Contanimating skill die needed in order to waggle the zazz.

CONTANIMANTS BY PEDIGREE

FIRST PEDIGREE: Feck, Glump*, Mork*, Sop*, Wuss
SECOND PEDIGREE: Dinge*, Dross, Slud*, Sfink
THIRD PEDIGREE: Droool*, Kanker, Mensch, Phlegmoppet*, Tuffph*
FOURTH PEDIGREE: Bruiser, Goose*, Slerp*, Splooj*, Wanker
FIFTH PEDIGREE: Bad Ass, Phleek*, Raunch, Scumlord*, Swood*

*Described in this book.

SPECIAL ABILITIES COMMON TO ALL CONTANIMANTS

CONTANIMANT: Contanimants can be summoned, controlled, and bound by the actions of contanimators.

IMMUNITIES: Contanimants, since they are literally made of such things, are immune to all poisons and diseases.

DINGE (CONTANIMANT)

Dinges resemble smooth, wispy globs of greyish funk. Their gangly limbs, prehensile forehead, and coiled tail set them apart from similar smooth, wispy globs of greyish funk. These reprehensible stalkers prowl fungles, caverns, basements, and other dank and dreary locales. They skulk in the shadows and occasionally mutter odd incantations or recite sad and terrible poetry to keep themselves occupied between victims. A dinge's cherished pastime is to sneak up on a peep or creep and goose with its senses, often causing it to go blind or deaf, then striddle the terrified thing for a while as it bumbles and blunders along. Dinges get a kick out of such things. Nothing makes them chuckle harder than watching a blind dude stumble into a cesspool or split his melon on a dangling stalactite (except, perhaps, watching a deaf guy fall victim to a noisy predator).

ATTRIBUTES: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d10
SKILLS: Climbing d12, Fighting d8, Notice d8, Stealth d12, Tracking d8
PACE: 6 **PARRY:** 6 **TOUGHNESS:** 12

ENBLINDENING: An opponent walloped by a dinge's dangling forehead must make a Vigor roll or be instantly struck blind, his orbs engorged with foggy muck. The effect usually wears off in 2d4 hours (another Vigor roll is allowed at this time and then once an hour until successful, although two subsequent failures

ensure the blindness is permanent).

ENDEAFENING: The prehensile tail of a dinge causes deafness in anyone clobbered by it. A successful Vigor roll negates the effect, which potentially eventually wears off in the same manner as the blindness described above.

SEE-IN-THE-DARK-O-VISION: Dinges are unaffected by darkness, fog, and similar conditions.

DROOOL (CONTANIMANT)

Droools are all about smooching. They'll smooch anyone at any time, with or without permission. Their circular mouths and probing blue tongues are perfect vessels for all manner of osculatory endeavors. The problem is, a droool's kiss tastes unpleasantly of vinegar and sweaty socks. Also, it's rather deadly, afflicting the object of such affections with horrifying bouts and gouts of slobberous profusion. The victim essentially drools himself to death.

ATTRIBUTES: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d10
SKILLS: Fighting d8, Notice d8, Stealth d10
PACE: 6 **PARRY:** 6 **TOUGHNESS:** 7

MELD: Droools can merge their bodies with any type of mud, dirt, or stone. Doing so adds +4 to the droool's Toughness. However, although a droool in such a state may move at its normal Pace it may perform no other actions. Merging is considered an action, unless the droool passes an Agility roll, in which case it may merge into the surrounding before or after planting a kiss on a foe.

SMOOCH: Anyone kissed by a droool must succeed a Vigor roll or develop a severe drooling problem. Speech becomes unintelligible and many forms of zazz wagging are almost impossible (-2 Charisma, -3 Holy Rolling and Hocus Poking. Furthermore, the victim must make another Vigor roll at the end of each day thusly afflicted or lose one die from each physical trait

(Strength, Agility, Vigor). Success brings the condition into remission and traits and speech impediments heal in a number of days equal to the number of trait dice lost. If any trait reaches zero the patient croaks.

GLUMP (CONTANIMANT)

In a seemingly paradoxical display of un-contanimant-like behavior, glumps scour caverns, fields, and cesspools, slurping up all manner of droppings, dung, and other biological waste with their hollow, trunk-like, tentacles. While this results in remarkably cleaner digs the glump's motives are far from janitorial. Indeed, such detritus ferments and agglomerates within the creep's feculent gizzard, becoming incrementally and horrifyingly more rancid and foul with each gastric churn. When threatened, or simply in the mood to wreck someone's whole





day, the glump is apt to blast Oith's foulest farts from the trumpet-like orifices at the tip of said tentacles. Be elsewhere when this happens.

The Garden of Smellemental Glee is rumored to have several glumps on the custodial staff. The smellcasters of those digs are just about the only peeps on Oith who can tolerate such horrid, horrid flatulence.

ATTRIBUTES: Agility d4, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d10

SKILLS: Fighting d6, Notice d10, Shooting d10

PACE: 4 **PARRY:** 5 **TOUGHNESS:** 7

FLATUBLAST: Once every three rounds a glump is capable of directing a semi-solid eruption of concentrated flatus in the shape of a

cone template. Anyone caught in the blast must make a Vigor roll with a -2 penalty or take 3d4 Fatigue damage.

SEE-IN-THE-DARK-O-VISION: Glumps are unaffected by darkness, fog, and similar conditions.

STICKY TUBES: A glump's feet adhere to any solid surface, allowing it to climb walls, ceilings, and other vertical and upside-down structures with ease.

TOOT: Glumps often harass their foes by channeling intensely concentrated gusts of rancid flatus through their prehensile tentacles. Using its Shooting skill, a glump can target a single individual. A hit forces the target to succeed a Vigor roll or be Shaken by uncontrollable retching and vomitous spasms.

Even peeps without noses can be affected by a glump's flatublast.

GROOSE (CONTANIMANT) WILD CARD

These lofty pillars of flesh and metamorphic angst delight in random mayhem. Mutation is their gig. To clarify, they enjoy causing others to mutate, not necessarily mutating themselves. A goose resembles a tall, greasy stalk of meat with a broad, slog-like foot, protruding tentacle, and an inexplicably and independently hovering forehead and eye socket.

ATTRIBUTES: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d8, Strength d10, Vigor d10

SKILLS: Climbing d8, Fighting d8, Notice d6, Stealth d8

PACE: 6 **PARRY:** 6 **TOUGHNESS:** 9

ANOMSIC: Greese do not have a sense of smell and are therefore immune to most smell-casting reeks and whiffs.

DEVOURANCE: Sometimes a goose doesn't just want to mutate a peep, it wants to eat him instead (or in addition). A goose, because of its unusual anatomy, is only able to bite peeps who are grappled by its tentacle, but when it does so it has a +2 bonus to its Fighting roll. The bite of a goose inflicts Str+d8 damage.

MUTAGENIC TOUCH: The grasp of a goose's tentacle causes unpredictable mutations in anyone who is snagged by the creep's grappling attack and fails to escape on the following action. Such peeps must succeed a Vigor roll or develop a random permanent mutation (roll on the Mutations chart on page 233 of the *Low Life: The Rise of the Lowly* core rulebook). If a peep remains grappled but succeeds the Vigor roll he must try again each round until he either escapes, fails, or is eaten. Once a mutation takes hold the goose either loses interest and drops its foe or tries to devour it.

SIZABLE: Greese are pretty big. Size +2. Smaller opponents have a +2 bonus to hit them.

WALL WALKER: Grooses can cling to and move across any solid surface.



MORK (CONTANIMANT)

Squiggly little verminous thugs, morks talk a big game but typically rely on more potent containimants to get the job done. They really get off on indignity, fart jokes, expletives, your mother, and insulting your mother.

ATTRIBUTES: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d4, Vigor d6

SKILLS: Climbing d12, Fighting d4, Intimidate d4, Notice d6, Taunt d12

PACE: 6 **PARRY:** 4 **TOUGHNESS:** 5

ASPERSONIALLY VITUPEROUS: Morks don't have much in the way of physically damaging attacks. Sure, they can bite and headbutt, inflicting Strength+d4 damage, but their ultimate weapon is the spoken word. The filth that spews from their guttermouths could make a blasphemental blush (not really, it's a metaphor; blasphementals are hardcore). Anyone subjected to a mork's ranting insults must make a Spirit roll against the mork's Taunt roll (this counts as an action for the mork). Failure indicates the victim is shocked and appalled, distracted to the point where any attacks against him have a +2 bonus for the duration of the encounter. Morks are masters of wit and roast, able to read their targets with great insight and tailor their insults accordingly.

Lord Mungus the Priss reportedly committed suicide after a mork publicly insulted his choice of footwear.



The Phleekgeeks are a sect of Crudbrothers and Critter cultists who revere phleeks above all other containimants.

PHLEEK (CONTANIMANT) WILD CARD

These monstrosity hulkings hulkings monstrosities squat supreme atop the containimant heap (without calling out specific entities by name). They are enormous, cruel, and rapacious. Only the most powerful containimantors summon them, often to their profound regret.

Phleeks occasionally hide among the populace of civilized burgs, zazzularly changing form in order to blend in. Here, they plot insidious crimes from the shadows and subjugate lesser dudes, often posing as containimantors or Crudbrothers.

ATTRIBUTES: Agility d6, Smarts d10, Spirit d12, Strength d12+5, Vigor d12

SKILLS: Climbing d8, Fighting d12, Intimidate d12, Notice d6, Shooting d8, Stealth d8, Swimming d10, Taunt d10, Throwing d8, Tracking d10

PACE: 10 **PARRY:** 8 **TOUGHNESS:** 15

CERUMONIAL FLAME: Once per encounter (for each ear) a phleek can squirt a lump of incendiary wax from its ears (Shooting, range 12/24/ 48). The wax sticks to anyone or anything it touches and covers an area equal to a small burst template. 1d4 rounds later it will erupt in flame, inflicting damage for four rounds (4d4 the first round, 3d4 the second, 2d4 the third, and 1d4 the fourth).

FILTH FORM: Phleeks can use the Filth Form power at will to take the form of other containimants. Additionally, each phleek has another form it can adopt, usually that of the first peep or creep it devoured when it arrived on Oith. The phleek gains all of the physical, mental, and zazzular powers and abilities of the new form but retains its own mind and motives (as well as its skills, traits, and Edges).

HEAD BUTT: Phleeks sometimes use a massive headbutt to attack foes. This attack inflicts Str+d6 damage.

REALLY BIG: Phleeks are some big dudes. They are size +8. Ranged attacks against them and melee attacks by smaller creatures have +2 to hit.

RELATIVELY INVULNERABLE: Phleeks are not injured by acid or fire. They take half damage from cold and electrical attacks.

HIGH UNCOMMANDABLE: When conjured by a containimantor, phleeks are able to make an opposed Vigor roll against the containimantor's Smarts to ignore the summoner's commands. Failure leads to submission but success often ends with the containimantor's unseemly demise.

SEE-IN-THE-DARK-O-VISION: Phleeks can see in the darkest of darks. They are unhindered by fog, gloom, or other such potential impediments.

SPIT: By conjuring immense globs of caustic phlegm from deep within its gullet a phleek can blast a cone template shaped gob of viscous awfulness. Anyone caught in the mess is entangled and must succeed a Strength check in order to move (two subsequent Strength checks to escape). Additionally, acidic grossnesses in the muck inflict 3d4 damage each round to anyone thusly entrapped.

SWALLOW: Although it is toothless, a phleek can slurp up peeps and swallow them whole like nobody's business. If the phleek scores a raise on its bite attack, which inflicts Strength+d8 damage, it may either inflict an extra d6 damage as is usual for a raise or it may attempt to swallow the victim whole. Such a victim is allowed a Strength or Agility check to squirm free. Failure means he is engulfed.

A swallowed victim takes 3d4 points of damage each round due to the caustic enzymes in the creep's belly and must succeed a Vigor roll each round or suffer a level of Fatigue. An Incapacitated peep will die the next round. A peep trapped inside a phleek may attempt to cut his way free by inflicting two wounds with an edged weapon (the inside of the Phleek has Toughness 8 and Parry 4).

Although they typically chill at size +8, phleeks can alter their size at will, morphing from Size-2 to Size+8 as a single action (their Toughness is unaffected).



PHLEGMOPPET (CONTANIMANT)

Phlegmoppets are absolutely disgusting. Just, gross...

They cough up immense gobs of buttery vomit, hurling the goop at their foes while chuckling softly to themselves through the next mouthful. Peeps struck by such foulness are affected in strange and unpredictable, yet consistently terrible, ways.

Contanimators often employ phlegmoppets as guardians over specific locales, where their rootable nature gives them an edge. The Litter Bug is known to travel with a phlegmoppet anchored in an enormous wheeled flower pot that is probably a contanimatronic minion but might just be a flower pot (It's hard to tell with the Litter Bug).

ATTRIBUTES: Agility d8, Smarts d4, Spirit d8, Strength d8, Vigor d10
SKILLS: Fighting d8, Notice d6, Throwing d10
PACE: 2 **PARRY:** 6(5) **TOUGHNESS:** 7(9)

AIN'T NO THANG: Phlegmoppets are not affected by slipperiness, stickiness, or flame. They do, however, take double damage from cold based attacks for some reason.

BARBED TAIL: The wickedly thorny tail of a phlegmoppet is a formidable weapon. It inflicts Str+d8 damage but can not be used if the creep is rooted.

DRIFTER: Phlegmoppets fly with Pace 10 (unless they are rooted).

FLESHY LOBES: A phlegmoppet has one hand, with which it hurls phlegm, and four fleshy lobes. It can attack with three of these lobes each round against a single target (instead of puking). The lobes inflict Str+1 damage. If a victim is Shaken by any such attack the phlegmoppet automatically engulfs its target's face in its mouth and pukes a massive load of phlegm right in the kisser. The victim is blinded, deafened, and immediately begins to drown. A successful Strength or Healing roll is needed in order to remove the goop and cure each such malady (one for drowning, one for deafness, one for blindness).

ROOTABLE: A phlegmoppet may spend an action anchoring itself to the firmament with its barbed tail. The tail can affix to any solid surface. A phlegmoppet thusly anchored gains a +2 bonus to Throwing rolls and Toughness but suffers a -1 to Parry. Additionally, while a phlegmoppet is rooted, the contanimator who commands it (if such a guy exists and is in the direct vicinity) receives a +1 bonus to his own Parry and Contanimating rolls as long as the thing is rooted and alive. Mutiple phlegmoppets do not impart multiple bonuses (although it would be cool if they did).

VOMITOUS PHLEGM BUTTER: Phlegmoppets chuff up immense globs of foul and phlegmy puke. It is at once extremely sticky and remarkable slippery. They catch such stuff in their

hand and then hurl it viciously at those who displease them (Throwing roll, range 12/24/48). Anyone struck must succeed a Strength roll or drop any handheld items. Next, an Agility roll must be made in order to avoid falling down. Third, a Vigor roll is needed to ensure the victim does not begin to choke and drown (one level of Fatigue each round until the puke is removed with a Strength or Healing roll or the victim dies). Last, a Spirit roll ensures the victim is not Shaken by the grossness of the situation.

Anyone moving through an area affected by the vomitous phlegm must make an Agility roll to avoid slipping and falling and a Strength roll to avoid becoming entrapped.

VOMITOUS PHLEGM BUTTER DELUXE: Once per encounter a phlegmoppet can retch up a particularly potent gob of phlegm. It works identically to that described above but is also on fire, inflicting 2d6 damage per round on anyone to whom it sticks. It can be removed by total immersion in water or by stop, drop, and rolling for 1d4 rounds.

SCUMLORD (CONTANIMANT) WILD CARD

Immense, hulking monstrosities of flesh, goop, and way too many eyeballs, scumlords are some of the most terrifying and insidious contanimants ever to stomp a goosier into toejam. They prowl the Underwhere and other moist and dismal realms, lunching on whatever crosses their path and building armies of enslaved minions of the danged to do whatever bidding suit their whim. They are uglier than your mom and twice as mean.

ATTRIBUTES: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d12+2, Vigor d10
SKILLS: Climbing d12, Fighting d10, Notice d12, Tracking d12
PACE: 8 **PARRY:** 8 **TOUGHNESS:** 13(15)

BIG: A scumlord is a big dude. They are size +6. Attacks made against them by peeps of size medium or smaller gain a +2 bonus.

DENSE: Scumlords are encased in thick blubbery skin. This gives them +2 Toughness and makes them impervious to cold.

HORNY: There's this big spiky horn protruding from a scumlords face. Its attack inflicts Strength+d6 damage.

SEE-IN-THE-EVERYWHERE-O-VISION: Scumlords can see in utter darkness. Their vision is unaffected by fog, snow, smoke, or any other obstruction, magical or otherwise. In fact, just to show off, they can see through up to 10" of any solid material.

TAIL OF THE DANGED: Scumlords are equipped with a mucosal prehensile tail-like organ. The thing is coated in enzymatic goo, which inflicts 1d8 damage per round to anyone in its grasp. Anyone killed by the slime instantly becomes a lowest form of undeath permanently under the control of the scumlord.

Normal grapple rules apply to anyone snagged by the tail, although if a scumlord takes a Wound while holding a victim it must make a Spirit roll or inadvertently drop it.

TOEJAM: This one is kind of gross. A scumlord is able to attack a foe of medium size or smaller by slurping the victim up with its hollow tootsies. A victim thusly assaulted may make a Strength roll to escape. Failure indicates the prey has been completely engulfed, taking Strength+d4 damage. On the following round the scumlord will stomp hard, squirting the captured peep back out at a high rate of speed (Shooting, range 12/18/24). This attack inflicts 4d4 damage to the victim (Agility roll for half damage) and anyone struck.

TOO MANY EYES: To lock gazes with a scumlord is to court madness (or something equally poetic). Anyone in melee combat with such a creep must avert his gaze (-2 to any rolls involving sight) or be overcome with temporary madness, attacking a random friend or foe until a Spirit roll is succeeded.

SLERP (CONTANIMANT) WILD CARD

Slerps kind of resemble enormous and extremely generously endowed rotting melons perched high atop lanky and gangling stilts. Their anterior appendage is a horrific device capable of administering murderous hickies and killer wallops. Also they have big teeth.

ATTRIBUTES: Agility d10, Smarts d4, Spirit d10, Strength d12, Vigor d10

SKILLS: Fighting d8, Notice d6

PACE: 12 **PARRY:** 6 **TOUGHNESS:** 10

HICKEYS: A slerp's preferred method of attack is to slurp with its proboscis-tail-business end thing. It can either swing and clobber, inflicting Strength+d6 damage, or suck. When

sucking, the apparatus causes massive hickies and severe bruising. While the attack itself only causes Strength+d4 damage, a victim Shaken is dehydrated and loopy, suffering a -2 penalty to all rolls for the rest of the encounter. When using its tail a slerp gains a +2 bonus to Fighting.

IT WILL BITE YOU: If it does, you'll take Strength+d8 damage. A slerp's chomp has a Reach of 3 but it is unable to bite anyone who is directly adjacent.

RANGY: Slerp are some tall goosers (size +3). Of course, they are mostly leg, but it still counts. The kick of a slerp is a dangerous thing, inflicting Strength+d8.

SQUIRT: Slerps are able to suck up liquids, dirt, gravel, and other such materials with its distended prolapsed rectum then spray them in a cone template inflicting whatever mischief the Boss deems appropriate.

SLUD (CONTANIMANT)

Paradoxically, sluds are both blubbery and ethereal. Their maws veritably drip with blunt, rectangular choppers and their tiny hands constantly rub together as if their sinister plans are finally coming to fruition. Sluds are wet and slippery with little beads of hyperhydrosic perspiration inexplicably dripping upward from their greasy flab. They're like big, disgusting balloons with inappropriate intentions.

ATTRIBUTES: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d8

SKILLS: Fighting d8, Notice d6, Stealth d10, Tracking d10

PACE: 6 **PARRY:** 6 **TOUGHNESS:** 6

LEVITATORY: Sluds don't actually fly, but they are neutrally buoyant in air. They pull themselves along with their slender tails.



Turn to page 146 in order to plop peepers on a drawing of a slerp.

PERSPIRATORY CARESS: Sluds may attack by biting (Strength +d6) or by creepily touching a foe with their delicate red hands. The hands cause no damage but anyone touched by them begins to sweat profusely. So profuse is the sweat that the victim must make a Strength check in order to retain its grip on any handheld items and immediately suffers a level of Fatigue (and another every four hours). The sweating lasts an entire day, but a Vigor roll is allowed each hour in order to shake off the effects and regain a level of Fatigue.

SEE-IN-THE-DARK-O-VISION: Sluds can see in complete darkness and give no beans about fog and stuff.

SWEATY: Sluds are covered in a thin shimmer of greasy sweat. They are completely immune to acid and attacks by blunt weapons. Any other physical attack against them has a 40% (1-4 on d10) chance of sliding off ineffectively. Sluds take half damage from fire.

UNPLEASANT MOISTNESS: Anyone touched by a sop begins to feel a sense of unpleasant dampness in their various cracks and crevices, like maybe they didn't finish all their paperwork or someone spilled a few drops of booze down their crack when they were bending over to tie their shoes. It's nothing terrible, just annoying and a bit funky. The effect usually lasts for a few hours then fades on its own, although no amount of toweling or wiping will make it go away sooner.

A peep suffering from such attentions must succeed a Spirit roll or suffer a -1 penalty to all trait rolls for the duration.

WALL WALKER: Sops can move across any solid surface like it ain't no thang.

SPLOOJ (CONTANIMANT) WILD CARD

Sploojies look like gross, saggy, flying hats. They prey upon peeps, descending over them and excreting horrific, mutagenic secretions that transform their victims into lesser containimants. It's a bad thing.

ATTRIBUTES: Agility d10, Smarts d6, Spirit d10, Strength d6, Vigor d12

SKILLS: Fighting d10, Notice d6, Throwing d10
PACE: 2 **PARRY:** 7(9) **TOUGHNESS:** 7

FLYABLE: Sploojies fly with Pace 12. They are nimble little dudes and gain +2 to their Parry as long as they do not have a trapped victim.

GRABBERS: A splooj has three spiny claws with which it grabs its prey. It may attack with all three simultaneously against one victim. Each inflicts Str+d4 damage and immediately

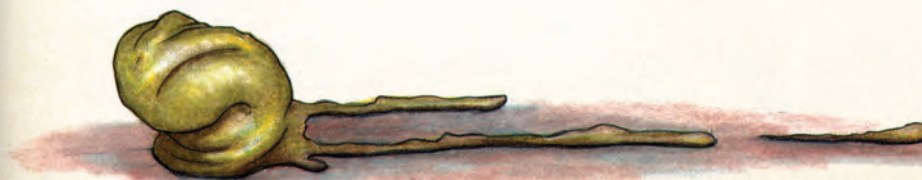
SOP (CONTANIMANT)

Greasy nuggets of goop and slime, sops are moist, unpleasant little boogers who want nothing more than to ensure that everyone else is as moist and unpleasant as they are.

ATTRIBUTES: Agility d10, Smarts d6, Spirit d10, Strength d6, Vigor d6

SKILLS: Fighting d4, Notice d6, Stealth d10
PACE: 6 **PARRY:** 4(6) **TOUGHNESS:** 5

LITTLE: Sops are pretty tiny, about the size of a typical dude's noggin. They gain +2 Parry against larger foes.



Perspiratory Caress - Opening for Vomitous Phlegm Butter Deluxe - Live at the Reekbottle Theater!



grapples with the foe, who may make a Strength roll to escape. If all three claws grapple a single opponent horrific shizzle happens, as described below.

HORRIFIC SHIZZLE: If a splooj manages to grapple an individual foe with all three of its claws it will settle its body over the victim's head like a hood and begin to exude terrible secretions. The victim must first make a Vigor roll to avoid falling into a catatonic state that lasts until he is freed from the splooj's embrace. If the Vigor roll is successful he is unaffected but must make another Vigor roll each round, with a cumulative -1 penalty, until he is either freed or succumbs. Once a Vigor roll is failed the victim can do nothing but stand complacently while the splooj excretes yet more foul substances.

This second batch contains a potent mutagen that slowly transforms the victim into a containimant (the boss should choose an appropriate containimant of the first, second, or third pedigree). The transformation process takes an entire day, during which it can only be halted or reversed by an application of the Defile power by a containimator of Veteran rank or higher or by Greater Healing waggled by a Crudbrother. Once the transformation is complete the peep is essentially a containimant of the selected type. He retains his memories

and any Smarts based skills or Edges, but is otherwise a containimant. Contanimators subject to this ministration become phrags instead, gaining the Phragg Edge described on page 185. Piles are immune.

If a splooj suffers a wound it will release its prey, although it can lift a victim of medium size or smaller off the ground and fly with a Pace of 6.

SWOOD (CONTANIMANT) WILD CARD

Swoods, some of Oith's most virulent and mighty containimants, resemble bloated, blistered bags of gelatinous muck bedazzled with crapulent blisters and feculent secretions. Their thorny choppers, cavernous maw, and pulpy tongue foretell doom for all who traipse within chomping distance. Patient and conniving, swoods lurk in plain sight, trusting their remarkable camouflage to hide them from potential prey.

ATTRIBUTES: Agility d10, Smarts d8, Spirit d10, Strength d10, Vigor d12

SKILLS: Fighting d10, Notice d10, Stealth d12, Tracking d12

PACE: 8 **PARRY:** 7 **TOUGHNESS:** 14

BITE: Swoods bite. Their massive chomp inflicts Strength+d8 damage.

FOAMY BUNS BATTER: Swoods excrete noxiously effervescent foam from a glandular crevice. It takes one round for a swood to cover an area the size of a medium burst template centered on itself, which counts as an action. Anyone who steps in the gunk must make a Vigor roll or be Shaken by intense tingling sensations and severe bodily itching.

PRETTY DARN BIG: Swoods are pretty darn big. They are size +4. Attacks against them by smaller opponents have a +2 bonus.

RUBBERY BLUB: A swood's dense skin gives it +2 Toughness. Additionally, a swood is im-



TUFFPH (CONTANIMANT)

Tuffphs are disgusting, acne-riddled hulks that look like the aftermath of a 'spronged' orgy involving Luscious Laplicker, three fat worms, Credulous Shmeckle's former mother-in-law, somebody with an incredibly long tongue, and a pregnant pickle. Also, someone at the party swallowed an eyeball and then gagged it back up but it just kind of dangled from their distended soup hole on a string of viscous phlegm. Your mom was there too.

ATTRIBUTES: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d10, Strength d10, Vigor d10

SKILLS: Fighting d8, Notice d10, Shooting d10

PACE: 6 **PARRY:** 6 **TOUGHNESS:** 10

INVISIVISION: Although they can't see in the dark, tuffphs can see invisible things and see through up to 4" of solid stone or other such material.

THICK SKIN: A tuffph's thick, blubbery skin gives it a +3 Toughness bonus.

TONGUE WITH WHICH TO BE RECKONED:

The tongue of a tuffph is prehensile and can extend and retract very quickly (Reach +20). Tuffphs usually attack foes with this appendage,

immune to acid and takes half damage from fire and cold attacks.

SEE-IN-THE-DARK-O-VISION: Swoods care not for such petty happenstances as darkness, fog, and smoke.

SNEAKY: Swoods, despite their large size, are masters of stealth and camouflage. Their flesh can change color and even texture in an instant, rendering the creeps nigh invisible in almost any habitat. They move silently, cushioned by foamy secretions, and pounce without warning. They gain +2 to Stealth rolls and usually begin an encounter by attacking with surprise. They are able to stick to walls and ceilings, moving across such surfaces at their normal Pace.

SPHERICALISH: Since swoods are vaguely spherical and have indepenently prehensile tentacular eyestalks they do not have a defined front or back and can not be flanked.

TONGUE OF DOOM: The tongue of a swood is a nasty, nasty thing. Instead of biting, a swood may attempt to lick someone. The attack inflicts Str+d4 damage and anyone thusly licked suffers an additional 4d4 damage from the thing's vile, poisonous saliva (a Vigor roll halves the poison damage). The tongue is prehensile and extendable, with Reach +3.

which inflicts Strength+d6 damage and forces anyone Shaken by it to make a Vigor roll at -2 roll or immediately sprout horrendous clusters of wretched acne. The zits and pimples are raw and blistering, imparting a -1 penalty to all trait rolls and a -1 Charisma penalty. This attack uses the tuffph's Shooting skill.

Although the trait roll penalty wears off after 1d4 hours, acne caused by this attack is permanent unless cured by Greater Healing. Peeps or creeps who are immune to disease are unaffected.

ZONE OF INCONTINENCE: Anyone who comes within the confines of a medium burst template centered on a tuffph begins to question the integrity of their bowels and the solid

consistency of the contents therein. A peep entering this zone must succeed a Vigor roll or immediately evacuate their system in all the ways a peep of their species usually does such things, but with increased urgency and mess. This results in one level of Fatigue and a further -1 penalty to all physical trait rolls for the duration of the encounter (unless some way is found to clean the mess). The peep must make a Vigor roll every other round in which he remains in the zone, with potentially compounding impairment and Fatigue, regardless of the success or failure of the previous roll. Incapacitation results in death.

As an action, a tuffph may expand the zone of incontinence to cover a large burst template.

Contanimators, Crudbrothers, oofos, and peeps or creeps who are immune to disease or poison are unaffected.

DAMMIT

Dammitts are strange little creatures that embody or represent certain Fundamental and elemental phenomena. Although, they prefer to dwell in regions where climatic conditions favor their intrinsic nature, they can be found elsewhere on occasion, usually driven there by calamity or lamentable happenstance.

Specialized hocus pokers, known as dammit binders, master the zazz needed to capture dammitts and manipulate their unique abilities toward various purposes. The most famous of these are Uster the Damp's hot dammit binders of Bottom Saloo. Others, however, have appeared elsewhere in recent times, despite the secretive and possessive nature of most such practitioners.



Sometimes tuffphs like to drag their tongue on the ground behind them like a tail. It's cute in an awkward sort of way.

SPECIAL ABILITIES COMMON TO ALL DAMMITTS

IMMUNITIES: In addition to invulnerabilities inherent to individual types, all dammitts are unaffected by acid, poison, and disease.

COLD DAMMIT (DAMMIT)

These frosty little balls of ice and snow frolic atop frigid mountaintops and chill through hoary blizzards. They roll and gambol, delighting in the blustery freeze of winter's hoary squall. Of course, if the local climate isn't cold enough for their enjoyment, cold dammitts are easily capable of bringing the chill with them, often to the detriment of everyone else.

Although they are typically peaceful, cold dammitts do, on occasion, lose their cool. When they get mad they are more than capable of freezing the tootsies off a gooser.

ATTRIBUTES: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d4, Vigor 10

SKILLS: Climbing d6, Fighting d4, Notice d8

PACE: 6 Parry: 6 **TOUGHNESS:** 7(special)

COLD PECKER: When threatened, a cold dammit can deliver a pernicious bite. Its beak inflicts Str+d6 damage and is usually accompanied by a frigid burst (see below).

ICE COLD MOFO: Cold dammitts, obviously, are not harmed by freezing temperatures or any kind of cold based attacks. Cold is kind of their thang. In fact, a fluctuating aura of cold extends around a cold dammit in the area of a small burst template. The dammit may alter the temperature within that zone at will, ranging from slightly chilly to absurdly frigid (up to 1d10 damage inflicted per round upon anyone within the zone; warm clothing halves damage).



SIZE -1: Cold dammit are little guys, roughly the size of your momma's butt.

STRENGTH IN NUMBERS: Cold dammitts usually hang out in mobs of three, often stacking one atop the others. When arranged in such a manner, the dammitts are able to intensify the range and magnitude of their aura. Two cold dammitts thusly heaped affect a medium burst template and can inflict up to 2d10 damage (2d10 in a small burst, 1d10 in a medium burst). Three influence a large burst template and cause up to 3d10 damage (3d10 in a small burst, 2d10 in a medium burst, and 1d10 in a large burst).

Additionally, each cold dammit in the pile adds a point of Toughness to the others (an individual has a Toughness of 7, each dammit in a stack of two has a Toughness of 8, in a stack of three they each have a Toughness of 9). As dammitts are removed from the stack (they tend to freeze together so the only way to do this is to kill them) the Toughness of each changes appropriately.

While dammit binding is described in *The Whole Hole - A Godabout's Guide to Mutha Olth - Volume 01: Kelsier Island*, additional information will be included in a future product. Please standby...



GAWD DAMMIT (DAMMIT)

Gawd dammits are among the most inquisitive and gregarious of dammits. They wander the grounds of taboornacles, sin-o-gogues, temples, and other sacred sites, taking a keen interest in the workings of holy rollers and the machinations of faith. They ask endless questions and spout innumerable proverbs and aphorisms, many of which seem pointless or irrelevant but eventually lead to profound understandings and deep insights. Holy rollers enjoy the company of gawd dammits and consider their presence auspicious.

Although they usually squat holy digs, gawd dammits are occasionally encountered elsewhere. The often seek out wandering holy rollers and tag along on their adventures, acting as both spiritual advisor and mascot.

ATTRIBUTES: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d12, Strength d4, Vigor 10

SKILLS: Fighting d4, Holy Rolling d10, Notice d8, Persuasion d10

PACE: 2 **PARRY:** 6 **TOUGHNESS:** 7 **PP:** 20

POWERS: See below

BLESS THIS MESS: Any holy digs that are home to a bound gawd dammit are blessed. Holy rollers gain a +1 bonus to any Holy Rolling rolls made within the grounds and the PP cost for all Holy Rolling powers is halved. Creatures that prey specifically on the devout, such as blasphemicals and holy muthas, are unable to enter unless they pass a Spirit roll at -4. Securing a plot in such a manner requires the services of a dammit binder.

FLUTTER: Even though they are wingless, gawd dammits can fly with a Pace of 8.

ROLLIN': Gawd dammits tend to adapt themselves to the religion of the digs or holy rollers with whom they associate. They have four holy rolling powers suitable to their chosen religion.

SMITE BITE: A weapon kissed by a gawd dammit gains a +2 bonus to damage for 1d4 hours. A gawd dammit may use this power up to four times per day. It is possible for a binder to stuff a gawd dammit into a weapon, a feat that would impart such a bonus continuously.

DILLIDID

These scurrying, arachnidical monstrosities prowl the Underwhere in search of squishy prey to gobble and others of their species with whom to make more dillidids. Although they are deadly predators, dillidids have been domesticated for centuries by dorks and other subterranean peeps.

The Dillididium, a sect of Dorkish Critter Cultists revere and emulate these shambling monstrosities. To each his own...

ATTRIBUTES: Agility d10, Smarts d4(A), Spirit d8, Strength d10, Vigor d10

SKILLS: Climbing d12, Fighting d6, Notice d10, Stealth d10, Swimming d6, Tracking d8

PACE: 10 **PARRY:** 5 **TOUGHNESS:** 7(11)

CARAPACE: A dillidid's chitinous exoskeleton affords it Armor +4.



DEADLY CHOMP: Dillidids are armed with vicious chelicerae. They are quick to bite, inflicting Strength+d8 damage and injecting painful paralytic venom (Vigor roll. Failure: Paralyzed for 2d4 hours, Success: Fatigue, Raise: No effect).

HEAR-IN-THE-DARK-O-HEARING: Dillidids have enormous ears with which they can detect prey from great distances. They gain a +2 bonus on Notice rolls where hearing is a factor, making them extremely difficult to surprise.

SEE-IN-THE-DARK-O-VISION: Endemic to the Underwhere, dillidids can see normally in the dark and are unimpaired by fog, smoke, and other such obscurities.

WEBSLINGER: Dillidids exude sticky filaments from protruding glands on their backside. They use these to secure paralyzed prey for later consumption (Strength roll at -3 to escape) and to construct wicked traps. Anyone who steps in such a trap, which covers a small burst template and is difficult to see (Notice roll at -2), must make an Agility roll. Failure means the peep is completely stuck. His Pace is reduced to 0 and he suffers a -4 penalty to all Agility and Strength related rolls. Success indicates the victim is partially stuck and suffers a -2 penalty to Pace and Agility and Strength related actions. With a Raise he is unaffected.

Plopping a web counts as an action and is often used defensively by dillidids in battle or when fleeing from even scarier things.

Dillidid webs can be burned away with fire or scraped off with an implement crafted from dillidid chiton or fur, substances that also prevent dillidids from becoming ensnared in their own webs. Dorks, especially those in the Dillididium, often wear clothing and boots of dillidid hide to avoid such entanglements.



DRIBBLER

Loyal and easy to train, these endearing scamps are valuable pets and steadfast guardians. Although pudgy and hypersalivatory their mischievous antics and affectionate cuddles endear them to their masters. A dribbler is a clammy pet, but loyal and snuggable.

ATTRIBUTES: Agility d6, Smarts d4(A), Spirit d8, Strength d10, Vigor d10

SKILLS: Fighting d6, Notice d6, Stealth d10, Swimming d6, Tracking d6

PACE: 6 **PARRY:** 5 **TOUGHNESS:** 7

PTYALISM: Dribblers drool a lot. Thankfully, when it is fresh from the dribbler's mouth the creep's saliva has curative properties, doubling the natural healing rate of any wound the creature licks. Dribbler saliva can be concentrated and enhanced with a successful use of the Healing skill. This creates an ointment that heals one wound each hour and can stay fresh for months if stored in an airtight container.

TRAINABLE: Dribblers are often trained (by peeps with the Beast Friend Edge) to watch over and protect specific peeps and treasures. Doing so increases the dribbler's Notice and Fighting to d10 and its Parry to 7.

GROAST

Packs of these angsty porcine monstrosities prowl Oith's fungles, rugs, caverns, and other dreary and moist realms. Although typically mean and apt to cause a ruckus, groasts are sometimes domesticated and used as mounts by Suffering Socks who enjoy getting their buns toasted by the creep's scorching posterior. Similarly they are occasionally hunted or ranches for their prized, self-cooking meat.

Groasts usually dwell in damp and musty environments where their flaming backs don't tend to destroy everything edible before it can be gobbled.



ATTRIBUTES: Agility d6, Smarts d4(A), Spirit d6, Strength d10, Vigor d10

SKILLS: Fighting d6, Notice d6, Stealth d6, Tracking d10

PACE: 6 **PARRY:** 5 **TOUGHNESS:** 7

DELICIOUS IN DEATH: When a groast croaks it typically immolates itself, emitting gouts of flame in an area the size of a small burst template. This inflicts 2d10 damage to anyone in its influence and cooks the groast to a nice medium rare.

FLAMES OUT THE WAZOO: Well, not technically the wazoo, but you know what I mean. Weird pores on a groast's back constantly seep singing pyroclastic fumes. These radiate

significant heat such that anyone who comes into contact with them suffers 1d10 damage per round of exposure (Suffering Socks who ride groasts wear special diapers that allow them to feel the burn without suffering lasting damage). Additionally, once every three rounds a groast is able to emit a long tendril of flames from its nostrils. This is in the shape of a cone template and inflicts 2d10 damage to anyone caught in its blast. Living groasts are completely immune to heat and fire damage.

GORE: Although they typically eat mushrooms and carrion, groasts can be fierce adversaries. They'll stab a peep with their jutting tusks, delivering Strength+d6 damage, if the mood strikes.



GRUNDLE

Although it digs hanging with containimants, a grundle isn't actually a containimant itself. It's sort of a containimant wannabe or a containimant groupie. Containimants, for their part, typically ignore such creatures or take advantage of them, sending them for drinks and jazz.

Despite its gross appearance (a grundle is basically a pair of legs and an anus), grundles are friendly, gregarious, and eager to please. They pretty much do whatever anyone (especially a containimant or contaminator) tells them to do, although their lack of grasping appendages often foils their sycophantic endeavors.

ATTRIBUTES: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d4, Strength d4, Vigor d12

SKILLS: Fighting d6, Notice d12, Stealth d8, Tracking d12

PACE: 6 **PARRY:** 5(6) **TOUGHNESS:** 8

AIN'T NO THANG: Grundles are immune to all zazz waggled by containimators. They are unharmed by poisons and diseases. Furthermore, although they can be Shaken or Wounded by containimants, attacks by such creatures can never actually kill a grundle (the grundle simply remains at deaths door until it heals).

FRIENDS IN LOW PLACES: Grundles, if pressed, can attack by kicking (Strength+d4). They prefer, however, to summon containimants to aid them if endangered. By concentrating for one round a grundle can summon 1d4 random containimants of the First, Second, Third, or Fourth Pedigree (roll 1d4 to determine pedigree). The containimants will arrive on the following round. They are under no compulsion to help the grundle, but usually do anyway.

SMALLISH: Grundles are little guys. They gain a +1 Parry bonus when attacked by larger foes.

SMELL-O-VISION: Although they lack eyes, ears, and noses, grundles are able to see, hear, and smell as well as the next guy, assuming the next guy can see in complete darkness and smell through walls. Grundles can also talk, although their breath is pretty rank and their voices sound like air slowly escaping a mook udder.



HOLY CARP

These tiny, colorful fish are the cherished pets of holy rollers across the glob. There isn't much special about them, aside from their brilliant coloration and the fact that they radiate a tangible aura of sanctimonious righteousness and ardent religious fervor.

Although rare, holy carps can be found in rivers, lakes, and streams throughout Mutha Oith but are most common in the Dingdom of the Dong..

Nobody knows how grundles are able to see, smell, and hear, but grundles do such things anyway.



ATTRIBUTES: Agility d6, Smarts d4(A), Spirit d12, Strength -, Vigor d6

SKILLS: Notice d8

PACE: 4(swim) **PARRY:** 4 **TOUGHNESS:** 5

HOLINESS: Any holy roller with a pet holy carp, regardless of her religion, gains a +1 bonus to Holy Rolling and has access to an additional Power of her choice as long as the fish is alive and within 10".

LEVITATIONAL: Holy carps sometimes adopt a tranquil meditative pose, hovering just above the surface of the water. While in this state they are impervious to harm.

TINY: Holy carps are about the size of a thumb. Not a big ass odre thumb or something, but a regular thumb. They gain +2 Parry against larger opponents.

MOOK

Hugely be-uddered mammalian beasts, mooks browse Oith's fungal scarps and mossy rugs. Also Oith's farms and ranches. Peeps have been domesticating mooks (or their ancestors) since before The Flush, eating them, riding them, wearing them, and guzzling their juice.

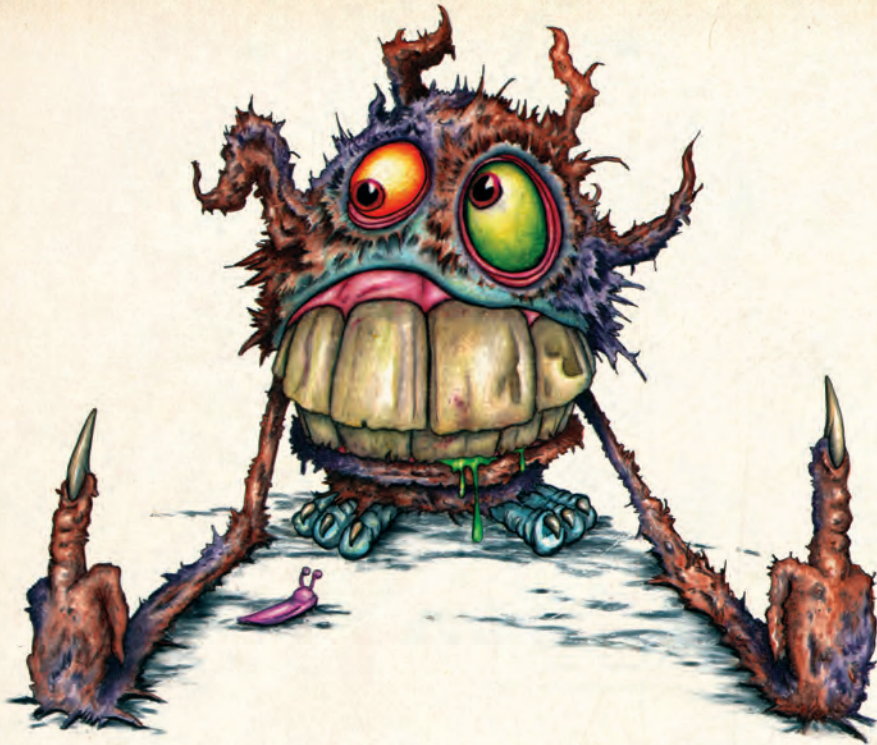
ATTRIBUTES: Agility d6, Smarts d4(A), Spirit d6, Strength 12, Vigor d10

SKILLS: Fighting d6, Notice d8

PACE: 8 **PARRY:** 5 **TOUGHNESS:** 7(9)

CLAWS AND HORNS: Although typically peaceful, a mook can strike with its claws (Strength+d6) or its horns (Strength+d8).

Although the most common holy carps are the tiny bright orange fellows, other specimens exist. Dig, for example, the iridescent purple dude that sits in a bowl on the desk of Righteous Daddy Blueswade Snooze in the Grey Strand Temple.



MUTHA

PACK 'EM IN: Mooks often roam in large herds consisting of hundreds or even thousands of individuals. When spooked, such herds are known to stampede. Anyone engaged with a stampeding herd takes 2d6 damage every round in which they fail an Agility roll (check every round until the herd disperses or calms down, which typically takes 3-6 rounds, depending on the size of the herd).

THICK SKIN: A mook's hide gives it +2 Toughness.

UDDEROUS: Mooks, both male and female are endowed with enormous udders. By squashing its butt down on a full udder (once per day) a mook can splash forth a geyserous explosion of thick, creamy mook juice. This fills a medium burst template. Anyone within the area of effect must make a Spirit roll or be Shaken. Any Curdled holy rollers caught in such an eruption instead gain a +1 bonus to all rolls until the juice dries (about an hour).

Mook juice is delicious and nutritious, forming the basis of many cheeses, butters, and bowls of breakfast cereal.

Wicked and malicious monstrosities, muthas are vile to the core. Although numerous despicable varieties exist, they are all birthed from horrid queen muthas. These detestable matriarchs vomit forth their insidious offspring to wreak chaos and havoc upon the glob.

All muthas begin life as regular scary ass muthas, some of which mutate into other forms when they hit puberty.

SPECIAL ABILITIES
COMMON TO ALL MUTHAS

TENACIOUS: Muthas are fearless. They can not be intimidated or frightened. Furthermore, they gain a +2 bonus to any Spirit rolls made to avoid or recover from being Shaken.

This ability is inherent to all muthas, even scarier ass muthas (whose description in *The Whole Hole - A Gadabout's Guide to Mutha Oith - Vol. 01: Keister Island* does not explicitly say so).

HAIRY ASS MUTHA

These hirsute brutes are extremely proud of their luscious locks of scraggly body hair. They prowls Oith's various domains, usually alone but occasionally in gangs of up to twenty, cruelly mocking and preying upon the bald, the naked, and the hairless.

ATTRIBUTES: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d10

SKILLS: Climbing d10, Fighting d8, Notice d8, Stealth d8, Taunt d10, Tracking d6

PACE: 6 **PARRY:** 6 **TOUGHNESS:** 7(9)

BEGRUDGING RESPECT FOR THE MOUSTACHULARLY ROBUST: Although they are typically just as chaotic and violent as their more glabrous kin, hairy ass muthas often refuse to attack peeps endowed with impressive facial hair. In fact, they are known to offer themselves in servitude to members of the Manliness of the Bombastic Beard. It's not unusual for a holy roller of that faith to have a companion hairy ass mutha acting as a butler, bodyguard, or steed.

CHOMPERS: The bite of a hairy ass mutha is unpleasant. Not only does it inflict Strength+d8 damage, but anyone Wounded by such an assault must make a Vigor roll or suffer the loss of a large portion of body and/or head hair (hairless peeps, obviously, are exempt). A second such bite and failed Vigor roll renders the victim completely hairless. The hairy ass mutha will attempt to fetishistically devour the shed bristles once the fighting subsides.

FUZZY: This guy's thick coat of eponymous hair affords him a +2 Toughness bonus.

SLASH, STAB, REPEAT: Instead of biting, a hairy ass mutha may choose to attack with its claws. It does so one at a time, but if the first one lands a hit the creep may immediately attack any adjacent foe with the second claw without penalty. If that one hits it may attack again with the first and so on until it misses. Damage is Strength+d4.

HOLY MUTHA
WILD CARD

Holy muthas are righteously scary. They're also scarily righteous. Sort of. Not really. They just really dig religious peeps. Well, they don't so much dig them as they dig out their entrails and feast upon them in a rage of blasphemous gluttony, but that's almost the same thing. No it's not.

Something about corrupting holy rollers and causing them agony really appeals to holy muthas. Some wisenheimers postulate the beasts were sent to Oith by various gawds as a means to test the devotion of their followers. Other suggest that's just a really crappy thing to do and holy muthas are just a bunch of jerks who found a niche market to torment. Whatever the case, holy muthas have the goods when it comes to putting the hurt on a congregation.

Nothing brings a holy mutha more joy than ripping apart a flock of righteous peeps, unless it's turning righteous peeps into unrighteous peeps and then ripping them apart.

These creeps are often found in the company of other muthas (scary ass, scarier ass, etc...), or at least, when they are found, which is rarely, it's usually in the company of those guys.

ATTRIBUTES: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d12, Strength d12, Vigor d12

SKILLS: Climbing d10, Fighting d10, Notice d12, Shooting d10, Throwing d6, Tracking d10

PACE: 6 **PARRY:** 7 **TOUGHNESS:** 10 (12)

CLOBBER: Holy muthas usually fight by bashing peeps with their horned faces. Such an attack deals Strength+d4 damage.

HORNS: A holy mutha's crown of horns gives it Armor +2.

KIND OF A BIG DEAL: Although holy muthas are significantly large (Size +2), smaller peeps do not get a bonus to hit them, because of how they're shaped and whatnot.



NASTY ASS MAW: Do NOT get bitten. Strength+d6.

SEE-IN-THE-DARK-O-VISION: These guys can see in complete darkness without penalties.

UNHOLY Slobber: Using its Shooting skill (6/12/48) a holy mutha can spit a gob of phlegm into the face of an enemy. If the victim is a holy roller he must make both a Spirit roll and a Vigor roll or lose his holy rolling zazz. The zazz can be returned only by use of the Greater Healing power cast by a holy roller of Legendary rank who is of the same faith as the victim.

Once a holy roller ingests holy mutha phlegm a bond is formed between the victim and the mutha. If the victim ever renounces his faith the mutha is instantly transported to his location to revel in the sacrilege.

UNRIGHTEOUSNESS: Holy muthas are completely immune to any zazz cast by a holy roller. They also gain a +2 bonus to any Fighting, Shooting, or Throwing rolls made against holy rollers.

...OF THE DANGED

These poor souls, for various reasons, are neither living nor dead. Zazzular energies have trapped them in a strange state of unliving undeath (or undying unlfe, if you prefer). They often hate the living and try to kill them whenever they can, but not always.

There are as many types ...of the Danged as there are words to describe them. Some are vaporous, some are corporeal. Some are mindless things while others are brilliant. Some rot, some persevere. I'm told Glomer Clad-in-Black, Floom's preeminent danged wrangler is currently scribing a volume of *The Whole Hole* describing these peeps in great detail, but for now, enjoy this small sample to whet your appetite.

...of the Danged come in a variety of flavors, each with its own abilities, detriments, assets, and characteristics. Regardless of all that other jazz, they all share the following features:

SPECIAL ABILITIES COMMON TO ALL ...OF THE DANGED

Formerly Alive: ...of the Danged weren't always that way. They are made from previously living peeps and critters. As such, they often retain many of the assets of their departed selves, including natural weapons and other such functions.

...of the Danged: All ...of the Danged are immune to diseases and poison. They do not suffer Wound Modifiers or extra damage from called shots. They add +2 when recovering from being Shaken and +2 to their Toughness because they are tough, which is what Toughness means.

DEADSLOG (...OF THE DANGED)

Slogs are abundant throughout most of Oith's digs, burgs, and boondocks. Peeps have been riding, wearing, eating, and occasionally getting way too familiar with various slog species for uncountable centuries. Sometimes

these creeps croak and fall subject to a danged wrangler's wagging zazz.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4(A), Spirit d10, Strength d10, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d6

Pace: 6 Parry: 5 Toughness: 9

SCHLEPPER: Like most slogs, a deadslog can haul ten times as much jazz as its Strength otherwise indicates.

DRAGG (...OF THE DANGED)

Repugnant, contemptible, and nasty, drags are vicious hareins of the danged (the upper portion of hareins of the danged, anyway). Something about the process that creates these creeps causes their lower bodies to rot away, exposing dangling masses of decomposing numbles. The monsters ooze along like silent slogs, exuding trails of lubricious juice.

Drags enjoy inflicting various sufferings and torments upon the living. It's kind of their thing. They prowl the Underwhere in search of dorks to murder and hareins to convert.

ATTRIBUTES: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d10, Strength d8, Vigor d8

SKILLS: Climbing d8, Fighting d6, Stealth d8, Throwing d10

PACE: 6 PARRY: 5 TOUGHNESS: 8

BITE ME: A dragg is armed with wicked choppers, with which it can bite for Strength+d4 damage.

GUT CUDDLE: Drags hurl their internal organs like lariats, entangling victims in greasy intestinal coils. Such an attack utilizes the dragg's Throwing skill and has a Reach of 2. Anyone struck must make an immediate Strength roll or be embraced in the thing's clutches. A peep thusly clutched engages in an opposed Strength test with the dragg each round. Success means he temporarily resists the squeeze.

Failure means he gains a level of Fatigue as the constricting viscera intensifies its suffocatory cuddle. A raise or two subsequent wins allows the victim to escape.

While thusly entwined the victim's Pace is reduced to 1 and he is unable to perform any physical actions beyond the opposed Strength test. The drag can perform no actions other than to bite and constrict.

A harein killed in this manner becomes a dragg a few hours after death, eyes abulge and tongue adangle. Anyone else simply dies.

SEE-IN-THE-DARK-O-VISION: Dragg can see in utter blackness without penalty.

EIDOLORD (...OF THE DANGED) WILD CARD

Eidolords are extraordinarily powerful creeps of the danged. They were once potent danged wranglers and holy rollers. Now they are still potent danged wranglers and holy rollers but, through the auspices of remarkably horrible rituals, fell ceremonies, foul obesiances, and depraved sacrifices they are even more potent and they're also ...of the danged. The processes by which this transformation is enacted are cryptic, dangerous, and tenaciously guarded by eidolords who don't want competition from their own kind.

These awesome zazz waggles often command vast armies of the danged. Many conceal their true nature in order to manipulate mortal affairs from the shadows, supplanting governments, mongering wars, and steepling their cruel fingers as their dark plans reach fruition.

ATTRIBUTES: Agility d10, Smarts d12, Spirit d12, Strength d10, Vigor d12+2

SKILLS: Danged Wrangling d12, Fighting d10, Holy Rolling d12, Knowledge (The Danged), Intimidation d10, Stealth d10, Taunt d10, Throwing d8

PACE: 6 (Fly 12) **PARRY:** 7 **TOUGHNESS:** 12 **PP:** 50

GEAR: An assortment of weird devices.

POWERS: Armor, Banish, Barrier, Blast, Blind, Bolt, Boost/Lower Trait, Burrow, Burst, Cadavergab, Confusion, Corpse Command, Damage Field, Dang, Darksight, Deflection, Detect/Conceal Arcana, Disguise, Divination, Elemental Manipulation, Entangle, Environmental Protection, Eviction, Fear, Growth/Shrink, Havoc, Intangibility, Invisibility, Obscure, Pummel, Quickness, Shape Change, Slumber, Smite, Speak Language, Speed, Stun, Succor, Summon Ally, Telekinesis, Warrior's Gift.

DANGED WRANGLER SUPREME: Eidolords are powerful danged wranglers. They may use either Holy Rolling or Danged Wrangling when wagging their zazz. Any creatures of the danged they successfully create through use of the Dang power are permanent regardless of the die result. Additionally, they possess the Corpse Jockey and Drudge Edges.

EVIL CLUTCHES: Something about the eidolordinization process tends to turn these guys evil. In fact, most are pretty evil before they even begin the whole shindig. They exude a palpable aura of malice and foul intentions. Anyone within 5" must make a Spirit roll or be compelled to move away (as if they were under the affects of the Eviction power but affecting living instead of deadish creatures).

GAWD DANG: Eidolords are favored by whatever gawds give them their power. They have +4 Toughness against attacks, zazzular or physical, initiated by creatures of the danged, danged wranglers, and holy rollers of The Danged.

HIGH UNKILLABLE: These creeps are immune to cold based attacks and take half damage from fire and heat (no damage if a Vigor roll is successful). If an eidolord is destroyed its essential essence will swiftly inhabit any creature of the danged within 1000". Over the course of days that creature will become an eidolord itself, gaining the powers listed here, its mind (if it has one) supplanted by that of the original eidolord. If no suitable vessel exists within 1000" the eidolord will truly croak.



On the subject of eyeballs: most living things do not have X shaped eyeballs.

Some dead things have X shaped eyeballs. Almost all peeps and creeps of the danged have X shaped eyeballs. It's sometimes kind of arbitrary.

Another notable side effect of the eidolordinization process is that the subjects bottom half tends to fall off. No big deal.

RENT CONTROLLED: Eidolords are immune to the Eviction power and cannot be compelled or controlled by zazzular means.

SEE-IN-THE-DARK-O-VISION: Darkness, fog, and similar impediments mean nothing to an eidolord. Don't bother them with your insignificant smokes and smogs.

SLAP THE BLACK ON YOUR FACE: Although they typically allow minions and zazz to do their fighting, eidolords can deliver a serious wallop with their legendary backhand slap. Anyone thusly struck takes Strength+d4 damage and must make a Vigor roll at -2 or be forever branded by a grim black eidolord handprint as a memento of the encounter.

YEESH: The corpse of anyone slain while bearing the black hand brand of an eidolord will rise in 2d4 rounds as a lowest form of undeath in thrall to the offending eidolord. Eidolords can create other forms of the danged as well, although such things require ceremonies and rituals and jazz we don't have time to talk about.

EXPECTORATOR (...OF THE DANGED)

These disgusting cremefillians of the danged produce copiously abundant frothing masses of partially hydrogenated animal and/or vegetable shortening (or whatever that goop that flows inside cremefillians is called). They cough up this gunk and hurl it at their enemies. It's gross, but disgusting.

ATTRIBUTES: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d8, Strength d8, Vigor d8

SKILLS: Fighting d6, Throwing d10

PACE: 5 **PARRY:** 5 **TOUGHNESS:** 8

HURL: Expectorators cough up a lot of goop. The stuff is sticky, viscous, and vicious. When it is feeling cruel or threatened, an expectorator gathers up a mass of the stuff and smears it on or throws it at its victims. Anyone thusly struck must make an Agility roll in order to attempt to avoid it. The results are compared to the following chart:



Expectorator goop is much thicker and grosser than regular old cremefillian partially hydrogenated animal and/or vegetable shortening.

AGILITY ROLL	RESULT
Success	Hit but unharmed; cumulative -1 to physical actions.
Raise	Unaffected.
Failure	Gunked up; cumulative -2 to physical actions.
1 (Wild or Trait)	Unable to move or perform any physical actions.
1 (Wild and Trait)	Face covered; 1 level of Fatigue each round that a Vigor roll is failed; blinded, deafened, and suffocating.

The goop sticks around for 4d4 rounds or until washed off with strong alcohol or burned away by fire or acid (which could potentially harm the victim).

A cremefillian smothered to death by expectorator crud will become an expectorator itself.

HANKERBORN (...OF THE DANGED) WILD CARD

Hankers, the Fundamental gubernators of hunger, starvation, famine, and obesity have been mentioned a few times in this book. Hankers themselves are intangible gists incapable of substantial interaction with the material world. They are invisible, intangible, ineffable, and communicate only in belches and borborygmus. In fact, the only manner in which they spread their influence is by manipulating the nutritive urges of those they inhabit (which is just about everyone). This typically takes the form of an occasional tummy rumble, an insistent pang, or a bizarre craving for purpled legs and snuggle-blarfs. Every now and then, however, a hanker gets uppity and goes on a killing spree, forcing its victim to either starve to death despite an abundance of vicinitous rittles or to gorge itself to the point of obese rupture.

The victim of such attentions, regardless of species, becomes a hankerborn, an unlivingish peep or creep forever doomed to an existence of eternal hunger and insatiable appetite. Although others exist, the three most frequently encountered types of hankerborn (hankerlanks, hanker-swolls and hankeryanks) are discussed here.

HANKERLANK (...OF THE DANGED)

Hankerlanks are gaunt and emaciated, the withered vestiges of those who croaked by hanker imposed starvation.

ATTRIBUTES: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d6

SKILLS: Fighting d10

PACE: 6 **PARRY:** 7 **TOUGHNESS:** 9

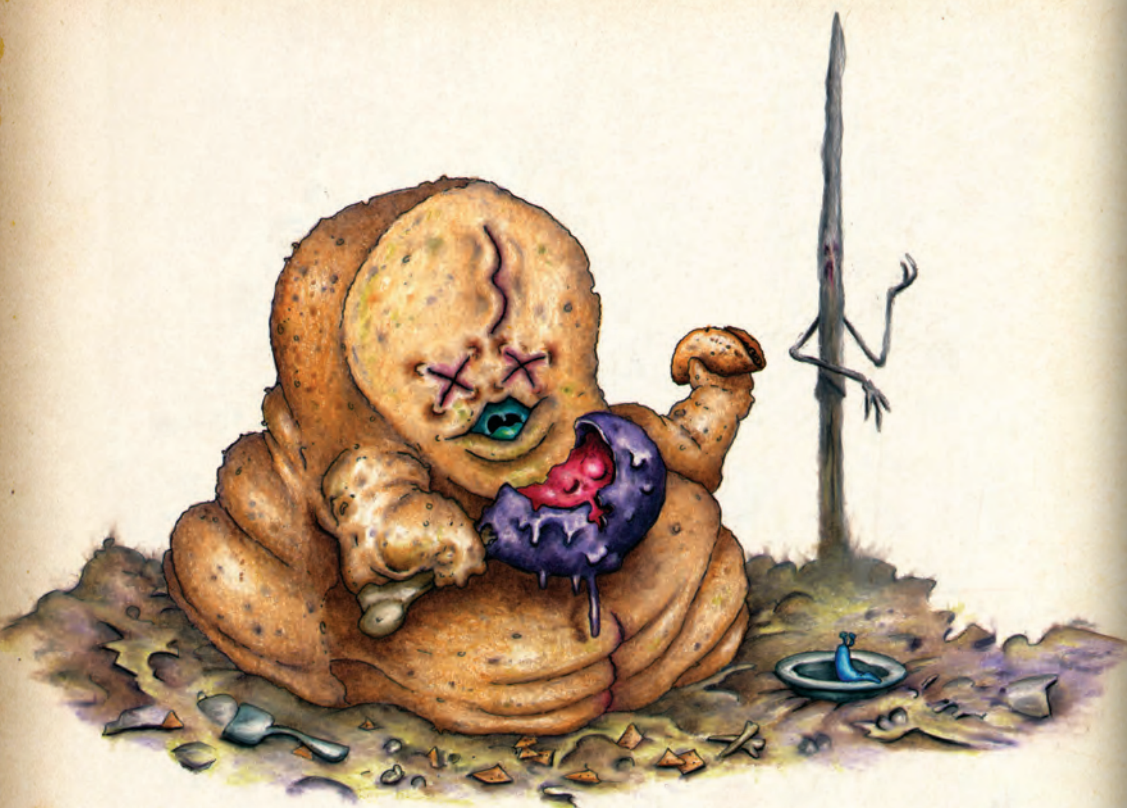
BITE: Although it isn't hungry, a hankerlank still likes to bite. Its maw inflicts Strength+d4 damage.

FAMINOUS: A peep Wounded by the bite of a hankerlank (but not killed) will immediately lose all interest in food and drink as the hanker who inhabits him is infected by some foul influence. The peep will begin to starve (as per the Hunger rules detailed in the Savage Worlds Deluxe core rulebook). Attempts to forcefeed him will be met with vomiting and hostility.

This condition can be cured by use of the Greater Healing power waggled by a holy roller of Legendary rank. If the victim dies his corpse will rise as a hankerlank.

NO VACANCY: If a hankerlank is destroyed the deranged hanker will immediately move into the nearest peep or creep where it will attempt to evict the hanker that already lives there. The affected creature may make a Spirit roll. Success forces the crazy hanker into the next nearest dude and so on. Infested peeps are afflicted with the Faminous jazz listed above.

SKIN AND/OR BONES: The flesh of a hankerlank is withered but tough, like mook jerky. It affords the thing a +2 Toughness bonus.



HANKERSWOLL (...OF THE DANGED)

Hankerswolls are afflicted with a condition opposite to that of their emaciated kin. Rather than losing interest in food they become obsessed with it, constantly devouring everything within the grasp of their greasy, pudgy fingers. If nothing culinarily appropriate is in range they won't hesitate to attack and devour living peeps.

ATTRIBUTES: Agility d4, Smarts d4, Spirit d10, Strength d10, Vigor d8

SKILLS: Fighting d4, Shooting d10

PACE: 2 **PARRY:** 4 **TOUGHNESS:** 10

BARF: Hankerswoll's attack by puking on their opponents. Anyone thusly struck (Shooting, range 6/12/18) must make a Vigor roll to avoid swallowing the stuff. Failure means the victim suddenly becomes inexorably and insatiably ravenous. He will focus on nothing

but the acquisition and devourment of more food, quickly becoming remarkably obese (gaining the Obese Hindrance) and suffering a -2 penalty to all Smarts and Agility related skills. After two days of gorging he must make a daily Vigor roll to avoid gaining a level of Fatigue. If he dies from overeating his corpse will become a hankerswoll.

PUNCH: A hankerswoll's punch deals Strength+d4 damage.

NO VACANCY: If a hankerswoll is destroyed the deranged hanker will immediately move into the nearest peep or creep where it will attempt to evict the hanker that already lives there. The affected creature may make a Spirit roll. Success forces the crazy hanker into the next nearest dude and so on.

THICK: A hankerswoll's thick layer of blubber (or whatever is appropriate for the species) gives it a +2 Toughness bonus.

HANKERYANK (...OF THE DANGED)

Anyone who has ever suddenly experienced a craving for a food they previously despised (or idiosyncratically stopped digging a former favorite) may have encountered a hankeryank. These are the gists of peeps who choked to death while gobbling a cherished morsel. The hanker that dwells within them somehow musters the gumption to keep their essence moving, forever seeking a host who digs that vittle as much as the last guy.

Since a hankeryank is sublimely vaporous and intrinsically invisible (being the mergence of a peepular spirit and a hanker) the host probably won't even notice its presence beyond a new appreciation for a particular foodstuff. Problems occasionally arise, but hankeryanks are mostly harmless.

ATTRIBUTES: Agility -, Smarts d4, Spirit d12, Strength d-, Vigor -

PACE: 2 **PARRY:** 4 **TOUGHNESS:** special

CRAVINGS: A peep or creep inhabited by a hankeryank will crave a particular food above all others. In fact, he will lose interest in any other food item, which can lead to deficiencies and penalties as decided by the Boss. Eventually, the peep will become so obsessed with the grub he won't shut up about it, trying to get everyone else to taste it and generally being annoying.

A hankeryank's host gains the Junkie Hindrance. If he goes without his desired food for 30 days or more the hankeryank will take off in search of new digs. Thereafter, the original host will perpetually despise the once-craved food.

IMMUNE TO EVERYTHING: Hankeryanks cannot be affected by any physical or zazzular attack or phenomenon. The only exception is the Eviction power. When waggled by a holy roller of Heroic rank or higher this power will force a hankeryank into another nearby body. If the host dies so does the hankeryank, although if it dies choking on its favorite food the hankeryank will move on to a new host instead.

HECKPENDAGE (...OF THE DANGED) WILD CARD

Heckpendages are rare and unpredictable brutes animated by the ministrations of holy rollers combined with the fell influence of contaminators and the arcane waggings of danged wranglers. They are at once sacred and profane, crafted from relics of the ancient Hoomanrace and imbued with an assortment of Fundamental energies. Heckpendages are the ultimate status symbol.

What you have is basically an enormous severed arm (it starts out regular size but is embiggened during the massive ritual that motivates it). Various ancient relics are stuffed into the works, sanctified and blessed by a choir of holy rollers. Next a horde of contaminatory essences are shoved in, compelled and bound by a bucket of contaminators. A danged wrangler or two finishes the job, danging the thing with Fundamental whatnots and imbuing it with a so-called life. What emerges from the smogs and fumes of such zazzular industry is a creep worth showing off. The mightiest and clammiest of Oith's denizens ride heckpendages when they want the peepulace to marvel at how mighty and clammy they are.

As splendid as they look strutting the streets of New Ooorlquar and Babajuana, heckpendages are even more impressive on the battlefield. Keistermeister Pretzlenoggin famously rode one into battle during the siege of Stan's Girdle in 67 yafwaf. So too did Jocus Pinch during the battle of Snord Fjord. Uuulon Crepu-los annually parades his from Floom to Goss in observation of The Coming of the Poxcoddler (which isn't a battlefield but is still cool).

Although heckpendages are tough and on the mightier side of mighty, their prestige comes not so much from their efficacy as from the complexity of their creation. "Dig my heckpendage," an owner might bellow, "I paid for it in cash." Peeps who own heckpendages are the same guys who sprinkle red crud on their food and hire other peeps to wear their jewelry for them.



The base model heckpendage is pictured here. Owners typically bling them out with jewels, tattoos, the severed limbs of their enemies, and fancy paint jobs.

ATTRIBUTES: Agility d10, Smarts d4, Spirit d10, Strength d12+4, Vigor d10

SKILLS: Climbing d10, Fighting d8, Tracking d6
Pace: 8 **PARRY:** 6 **TOUGHNESS:** 15

BELCH: Once an hour or so a Heckpendage can emit a thunderous belch. Anyone within the area of a cone template centered on the heckpendage's head must make a Spirit roll or be Shaken (deaf peeps or peeps with their ears covered are unaffected).

EMBIGGENED: Heckpendages are size+4. Opponents at least two sizes smaller gain a +2 bonus to Fighting rolls made against them.

FLICK OFF: Although several methods of attack are open to them, heckpendages often attack foes by flicking them with their mighty fingers. Such an attack deals Strength damage and knocks the opponent back 4" (plus 4" per raise).

IMMUNITIES: Being both contanimatory and ...of the danged, heckpendages are immune to all forms of poison and disease. They do not suffer Wound Modifiers or extra damage from called shots. They add +2 when recovering from being Shaken and +2 to their Toughness. Heckpendages can not be summoned or controlled by contanimators (other than their driver), although they are subject to the Eviction power, against which they gain a +2 bonus on their Spirit roll.

MIGHTY STEED: Heckpendages respond to the will of their driver. It's part of the zazz that goes into making them. If the driver thinks about going left the heckpendage goes left. If the driver says jump the heckpendage jumps (it doesn't ask how high). Anyone driving a heckpendage gains a +2 bonus to their Riding skill.

PROFANELY SACRED: Due to the holy rolling zazz and the ancient relics involved in a heckpendage's creation, the thing and its mounted driver are constantly under the effects of the Armor power, granting a +2 Toughness Bonus to each. Additionally, a heckpendage and its driver gain a +2 bonus on any rolls made to resist the effects of zazz waggled by a holy roller.

REGENERATORY: A heckpendage recovers from Wounds at the rate of one per hour.

STAB: A foe stabbed by a heckpendage's bony face takes Strength+d6 damage. This attack has Reach 3.

SWING: A heckpendage can sweep with its massive upper arm neck thing. This attack is made against all adjacent foes (Reach 2), has a penalty of -2, and inflicts Strength+d4 damage.

HORCPENDAGE (...OF THE DANGED)

A horcpendage is basically a heckpendage made from the severed arm of a horc and an eyeball. It's very much like a heckpendage in many ways, although much grosser. Horcpendages are not quite the showpieces heckpendages are, in fact, they aren't even big. Forget all that stuff I just said. A horcpendage is just the severed arm of a horc that has been danged in such a way that it fights for its boss.

ATTRIBUTES: Agility d10, Smarts d4, Spirit d8, Strength d10, Vigor d10

SKILLS: Climbing d12, Fighting d8

Pace: 6 **PARRY:** 8 **TOUGHNESS:** 9

SCRAPPER: Horcpendages usually have some sort of knife stuck in their goop with which they attack foes (Strength+d6).

SMALL: They have +2 Parry because small.

VISCID: Because they are gross, horcpendages have both the Slimy and Sticky Edges



Glomer Clad-in-Black has a pet horcpendage that he trained to act as a knocker on the front door of his digs in Floom.

LECH (...OF THE DANGED) WILD CARD

Sometimes a Seananist holy roller is just too atrocious to die. His life of debauchery, desecration, and heresy has caught the attention of Sean himself (or at least one of his more potent minions). In recognition of such an achievement, the lucky cuss has been gifted, upon his mortal demise, by being danged into a being of extraordinary power, an undying and unliving emissary of Sean on Oith.

Leches continue to do many of the same things they did when they were alive (most of which your eyes are too delicate to read about here). They just do them with significantly more awesomeness.

ATTRIBUTES: Agility d10, Smarts d12, Spirit d12, Strength d8, Vigor d12

SKILLS: Fighting d8, Holy Rolling d12, Intimidation d12, Investigation d12, Notice d12, Persuasion d10, Taunt d12

PACE: 8 **PARRY:** 6 **TOUGHNESS:** 12 **PP:** 50

GEAR: An assortment of weird devices.

POWERS: Armor, Banish, Barrier, Beast Friend, Blast, Blind, Bolt, Boost/Lower Trait, Burrow, Burst, Confusion, Damage Field, Deflection, Detect/Conceal Arcana, Disguise, Divination, Elemental Manipulation, Entangle, Environmental Protection, Fear, Growth/Shrink, Havoc, Intangibility, Invisibility, Light/Obscure, Pummel, Quickness, Shape Change, Slumber, Smite, Speak Language, Speed, Stun, Succor, Summon Ally, Telekinesis, Warrior's Gift.

AIN'T SKEERT: Leches are too cool to be taunted, intimidated, scared, or embarrassed.

BLASPHEMENTALITY: Once per day, as an action, a lech can summon 2d4 drats, 1d4 grawlixes, or a single heretick. These creatures are under the command of the lech and will do whatever he asks. They remain until the lech dismisses them. A lech's digs are often infested with such creatures.



A lech in New Oortquar raised a fortune simply by carrying around a sign that said "Give Me A Clam Or I'll Touch You." Once his treasure was secure he categorically went around touching all the peeps who paid him.

DON'T LOOK AT ME: As an action, a lech may focus its gaze at a single individual. That peep must make a Spirit roll and a Vigor roll. If the Spirit roll is failed the peep is Shaken. If the Vigor roll fails he is instantly mutated in a random manner (use the chart on page 233 of *Low Life: The Rise of the Lowly*).

DON'T TOUCH ME: So unsettling is the touch of a lech's bare flesh that anyone groped, caressed, or otherwise fondled by the creature must succeed a Vigor roll or gain one level of Fatigue. Thankfully, multiple touches do not impart multiple levels of Fatigue.

PIOUS IMPIETY: As Seaninists, leches are resilient to the blessings and curses of other holy rollers. A lech may make a Spirit roll to resist any zazz waggled against him by a holy roller of another faith. Success means the zazz is ineffective. A Raise indicates the zazz affects or is centered on the caster instead. In any case, it is only the lech itself who is unimpacted. His companions, bystanders, and anyone else in the area of affect are influenced as normal.

SACRILICIOUS: Leches gain a +2 bonus on all trait rolls against holy rollers or anyone wielding a sacred relic, religious symbol, or item infused with holy zazz (including weapons imbued with Smite cast by a holy roller). Physical attacks and holy rolling powers cast by holy rollers against leches suffer a -2 penalty (in addition to the Pious Impiety effects described above).

SEE-IN-THE-DARK-O-VISION: Don't worry, leches can see in the dark and don't give three gooses about fog, smog, smoke, and other such obfuscations.

SKANK: A lech is surrounded by a palpable aura of vulgarity, lewdness, and sleeze. Anyone attacking a lech must make a Spirit roll to avoid subconsciously averting her gaze and suffering a -2 penalty. The Spirit roll is made before every attack roll.

TOUGHER THAN THEY LOOK: They may look like withered old naked dudes, but leches are sincerely bad ass. The zazz that empowers them also adds 4 to their Toughness. It doesn't have to make sense, it just is.



SKECH (...OF THE DANGED)

Skeches are the lingering gists of talented craftspeeps who croaked while leaving a major project unfinished. They futilely labor to complete their masterwork, but to no avail on account of they are immaterial and poorly rendered. Luckily for them, however, they have the nifty ability to inhabit and control the bodies of other peeps.

Skeches aren't necessarily evil, just determined. They are obsessed with the completion of their work and strive to accomplish their goals at any cost.

ATTRIBUTES: Agility d12, Smarts d6, Spirit d12, Strength d6, Vigor d10

SKILLS: Crafting d12, Fighting d8, Tracking d6

PACE: 6 **PARRY:** 6 **TOUGHNESS:** 9

My Tummy is upset.



IMMATERIAL: Skeches appear as roughly drawn versions of their former selves. They can't interact with, nor can they be affected by, the material world (other than by possessing other peeps).

POSSESSION: Skeches attempt to take over the bodies of skilled and talented peeps who excel in whatever craft the skech mastered before its original demise. A skech can only possess a potential host while that guy is intently focused on a difficult task. The host may make a Spirit roll to resist the skech's influence, but if it fails the skech moves in.

A peep possessed by a skech still maintains control of his body but now he has a roommate. The skech will constantly harass and annoy the host from within his own mind, inflicting a -2 penalty to all rolls (except Crafting, to which he gains a +2 bonus) until the task is completed. To accomplish the task the host must create an object or work of art (as determined by the Boss) and succeed his Crafting roll with

two raises. If two raises are not attained he must start over from scratch.

Once the masterwork is created the skech will depart to whatever realm such things depart. The former host retains the +2 Crafting bonus as a parting gift.

SMILER (...OF THE DANGED) WILD CARD

These colorful sacks of skin are the vengeful remains of peeps wrongfully murdered by a Flower Child. Yep, sometimes Flower Children kill the wrong peep. Smilers are relentlessly determined to avenge themselves upon the assassin who caused their demise, hunting the malefactor across the glob, manipulating peeps to its whim, and efficiently slaughtering any obstructing influences.

ATTRIBUTES: Agility d12, Smarts d8, Spirit d12, Strength d6, Vigor d10
SKILLS: Crafting d12, Fighting d8, Tracking d12
PACE: 10 (Fly) **PARRY:** 6 **TOUGHNESS:** 9

IMMUNIZATIONS: Something about the process that creates a smiler inoculates it against all types of fire, heat, electrical, or smellcasting damage. Smilers take half damage from blunt weapons and cold.

SACK OF SKIN: A Smiler attacks by lowering itself over the head of another peep or creep like a hood. A victim thusly encased may make a Spirit roll to avoid the influence of the smiler. If that succeeds he may make a Strength roll to rip it off. This repeats each round until the Spirit roll fails or the Strength roll succeeds. If the Spirit roll fails the smiler completely controls the peep's body (but not his mind or voice) and will use it for whatever purposes fit its design.

If the host croaks the smiler will move on to the next one. Once attached, a smiler can only be removed by killing the host or smiler (which requires called shots in order to avoid harming the host).



WERM KING (...OF THE DANGED) WILD CARD

A regal name for such a tragic beast...

Occasionally circumstances conspire to cause a large group of worms to simultaneously meet their demise while crammed together and twisted up in some sort of overly intimate and fatally unfortunate knot. Maybe they were all mashed into the same mass grave (or mass gravy). Perhaps they were huddled together in a

room and were crushed to death when the roof collapsed. Maybe they were all running from the same really big monster and got trampled. Who knows? What's important is the events of their demise led to them being all tangled up in each other and also danged and angry.

ATTRIBUTES: Agility d4, Smarts d4, Spirit d10, Strength d10, Vigor d12
SKILLS: Fighting d8, Notice d12
PACE: 6 **PARRY:** 6 **TOUGHNESS:** 10
GEAR: Various crude weapons (Strength+d4)

CAN OF WERMS: Any worm killed by a worm king will be added to the mass. The worm king must spend two actions tangling the newly croaked worm in with the rest. After a day in this situation the dead worm becomes danged and adds its potential the whole.

Although a worm king is composed of multiple worms (typically 4d4 but occasionally many more) it behaves as a single entity and may perform one action each round for every four worms in its structure. Every two Wounds suffered by a worm king destroys a single worm. A worm king with fewer than four worms is still able to engage in a single action.

PALLESTHESIA: Worm kings ignore penalties for darkness or obscurity within a 6" radius.

REGENERATION: Worm kings regenerate like nobody's business (one Wound every two rounds). Furthermore, worm kings are immune to damage from falling, crushing, or blunt weapons.

PAINDEER

These squat little brutes are a Santanist's best friend, having been selectively bred by those appalling villains since before the Flush. Specifically cultivated and trained to prefer the flesh of smelves over all other vittles, paindeer serve their brutal masters as guards, pets, trackers, and sleigh-pullers.

ATTRIBUTES: Agility d8, Smarts d6(A), Spirit d8, Strength d8, Vigor d8

SKILLS: Fighting d8, Notice d6, Tracking d10

PACE: 6 **PARRY:** 6 **TOUGHNESS:** 6

A BELLY FULL OF SMELF: A paindeer develops the ability to fly (Pace 12) for a full hour after devouring a morsel of smelf meat.

GUIDE MY SLAY TONIGHT?: The bulbous red nose of a paindeer can shed light in a 30" radius. The creep is able to control the brightness of its schnoz.

PULLING FOR YOU: Although they aren't big, paindeers can pull a load 10x heavier than their Strength would indicate.

SANTA'S CLAWS: A paindeer can maul with two claws simultaneously against the same foe (Strength+d4 each). If a Santanist is within 10" the claws inflict Strength+d6.

SMALL: About thigh-high to a horc, paindeer receive a +2 Parry bonus against foes larger than they are.

TENACIOUS CHOMP: A paindeer's bite inflicts Strength+d4 damage. Once a paindeer latches on it continues to inflict Strength+d4 damage per round until it decides to let go or it is removed (Shaken or Wounded).

THE WEATHER OUTSIDE IS FRIGHTFUL: Paindeers don't care. They are unaffected by cold.

PHLOPP WILD CARD

The dim and petrous depths of the Underwhere are home to some incredibly bizarre organisms. So too are Oith's misty fungles, roiling swamps, and mossy rugs. In fact, all of Oith's realms are infested with weird peeps and creeps. Phlopps, to make that intro relevant, are certainly weird creeps and they can be found in just about any of Oith's terrestrial domains.

Fleshy, flat, and possessed of a strange color-draining caress, phlopps are wily and patient predators, gifted with incredible visual acumen and brilliant natural camouflage.

ATTRIBUTES: Agility d8, Smarts d4, Spirit d10, Strength d10, Vigor d10

SKILLS: Climbing d10, Fighting d8, Notice d12+3, Stealth d10, Swimming d10, Tracking d12+3

PACE: 6 **PARRY:** 6 **TOUGHNESS:** 11

CONSIDERABLY LARGE: Phlopps are pretty darn big. Although their size gives them +2 Toughness, they do not suffer penalties when attacked by smaller peeps and creeps.



RETRACTABLE TOE PRONGS: Phlopps eat with their feet. It's weird but it works for them. The bite of a phlopp's foot mouth thing inflicts Strength+d8. Anyone Wounded by such an attack is grabbed and may make an opposed Strength roll against the phlopp. Failure means he automatically takes Strength+d8 at the beginning of the next round. Success means he escapes. Roll each round until the victim dies or is free.

SEE-EVERYTHING-O-VISION: Phlopps can see everything. They are unimpaired by darkness, smoke, invisibility, solid structures, or any other potential obstruction. They can't be flanked or surprised and are immune to zazzular blindness.

SLAP THE COLOR OFF YOU: Anyone slapped by a phlopp's hand-like appendages takes Strength+d4 damage and must make a Vigor roll or become slightly less colorful. Multiple



slaps compound with each other. After three such failed Vigor rolls the victim and everything he is wearing or carrying exists entirely in shades of grey. Color drainage occurs whether the victim is Shaken or not.

SLAP THE COLOR ON ME: A phlopp is able to alter the color of its own body to match that of the most recent creature from whom it drained color. This often provides the phlopp with excellent camouflage, adding +1 to +3 to its Stealth.

SUPPLE YET STURDY: A phlopp's rubbery flesh adds +2 to its Toughness. Phloppls do not bleed or suffer Wound modifiers. They suffer no damage from falls or blunt weapons.

SAD LITTLE ACCIDENT WILD CARD

Although it attempts to appear cheerful and optimistic, a sad little accident is a miserable, gloomy, inconsolable pessimist. The result of Illustrabricating zazz gone wrong, this odd

construct vaguely resembles the Happy Little Accident whose workings accidentally created it, although considerably rougher, as though it were drawn by a nine year old larva instead of gloriously painted into existence by Boss Rob himself.

Sad little accidents aren't bitter, just depressed. Their pitiful existence is one of hopelessness, longing, and despair. They don't want to hurt anyone, they just want to belong. Unfortunately, such desperate feelings sometimes lead to desperate actions—calls for attention and acceptance that occasionally manifest in unpleasant and dangerous ways. When it isn't curled up in a ball and weeping silently to itself a sad little accident wanders the glob, sometimes aimlessly and sometimes in a panicked and reckless search for its creator, until it finds a heap of peeps to annoy.

ATTRIBUTES: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d4, Strength d6, Vigor d6

SKILLS: Crafting d6, Holy Rolling d8

PACE: 6 **PARRY:** 3 **TOUGHNESS:** 5 **PP:** 25

POWERS: Illustrabricate

INFECTIOUS GLOOM: Sad little accidents are constantly down. They mope, whine, cry, and complain constantly, spreading their dismal melancholy to those around them. Anyone in a heap that includes a sad little accident suffers a -1 penalty to all rolls until the thing goes away. Once a sad little accident gloms onto a heap it becomes very reluctant to abandon its new "friends".

Desperate for attention, a sad little accident will do almost anything in order to impress its heapmates, gifting them with zazzularly created (but often broken or inappropriate) presents, persistently nagging for ways to help, and generally being a nuisance.

UNERASABLE: Sad little accidents suffer from a lot of things. Several things from which they do not suffer, however, are Wound modifiers, extra damage from Called Shots, poison,

disease, or mortality. They are immune to the effects of mentalism and smellcasting.

Although it can be temporarily destroyed, a sad little accident never permanently dies, it just gets redrawn an hour or so later and seeks out its most recent heap.

The only known method by which a sad little accident's sadness can be ended is by use of the Illustrabricate power wagged by a holy roller of Legendary rank. The sad little accident, in this case, loses its melancholy and becomes, instead, happy. Such a felicitous peep adds a +1 bonus to the rolls of its heap (instead of the -1 penalty) and pretty much acts in a manner opposite to its previous disposition.

THE SITTER WILD CARD

Bedtime stories told by Big Babies babble of a mysterious and singular entity known as The Sitter. This benevolent and omniscient nanny keeps her charges safe and guides them on their spiritual journey. Despite the fact that she is usually spoken of in dubious whispers and gurgling baby talk, The Sitter is quite real, although she is only ever seen from the knees down (and never actually sits).

Wisenheimers speculate The Sitter might actually be a gawd or some other powerful Fundamental entity. Maybe she is, but she shows up on Oith often enough that other wisenheimers dispute such claims. Her influence is certainly mighty, her appearance is absolutely inexplicable, and her motives are definitely mysterious. Gawd or not, she's something to behold.



Hey, The Sitter, do those legs go ALL the way up?
Yes. Yes, they do.

ATTRIBUTES: Agility d10, Smarts d12, Spirit d12, Strength d12+10, Vigor d12+2

SKILLS: Notice d12+4, Performing d12, Persuasion d12+4

PACE: 20 **PARRY:** special **TOUGHNESS:** special

BABY SITTING: A Big Baby who spends at least an hour in the presence of The Sitter gains a +1 bonus to Holy Rolling rolls forevermore.

HANDS TO YOURSELF: The Sitter is immune to all forms of harm. She can't be Shaken or Wounded in any way. Furthermore, at will, she radiates a zone of calmness in a large burst template centered on each of her feet. All creatures within this area lose the will to fight and, instead, sit quietly and respectfully, awaiting The Sitter's next bedtime story or tidbit of wisdom.

NAP TIME: The Sitter can waggle the Slumber power at will, as an action, affecting everyone within a large burst template centered within 100" of The Sitter.

PLAY TIME: The Sitter can summon any critters with 1000". Regardless of their normal disposition, such beasts are friendly and playful. This ability can be used once a day and last for 1d4 hours. Occasionally, The Sitter chooses to bestow a pet upon one of her fans. This can be any creature, which is allowed to make a Spirit roll at -2 to avoid the influence. If the Spirit roll fails the monster becomes a loyal and devoted companion to the peep receiving the gift.

STORY TIME: Stories are The Sitter's most common form of communication. She seldom speaks directly to anyone, preferring instead to weave a fantastical tale that somehow becomes relevant to the situation at hand. An injured peep listening to one of The Sitter's magnificent bedtime stories will fall asleep as the story ends and awaken a few hours later completely healed of all Wounds (but not of scars or pre-existing conditions).

WHERE DID SHE GO?: Typically, The Sitter only lingers in a given area for a day or so at a time. Once everyone in her presence is safely asleep she wanders off somewhere, zazzularly transporting to a mysterious and unknown elsewhere.

SITTERMIMIC WILD CARD

Whether these things intentionally impersonate The Sitter, or their pants-wearing antics are merely coincidental, the resemblance (at least from the knees down) is uncanny, particularly to peeps who have never actually plopped orbs on The Sitter. Predatory and iniquitous, sittermimics are smarter than they look and about as wicked as a creep can be. Their favorite prey, in keeping with the theme, are Big Babies, but they enjoy dining upon the larvae (and the children and the adolescents and the adults and the geezers) of just about any species.

Crafty and sinister, nomadic bands of sittermimics wander the Underwhere and other creepy digs, prowling for peeps to torment and infants to devour. Occasionally, they toy with their quarry, organizing elaborate and deadly games for their own amusement.

ATTRIBUTES: Agility d10, Smarts d8, Spirit d10, Strength d10, Vigor d10

SKILLS: Fighting d10, Notice d10, Persuasion d8

PACE: 12 **PARRY:** 7(9) **TOUGHNESS:** 11(13)

BLUE GOO: The ventral surface of a sittermimic's cephalothorax drips with delicious blue slime. The stuff looks atrocious but is actually quite yummy. Any creature that eats the stuff (or bites a sittermimic) must make a Spirit roll 2d4 hours later. Failure means the creature is enamored of the sittermimic, seeking it out and doing its bidding. Further Spirit rolls are allowed once per day in order to attempt to shake off the affects.

Sittermimics often intentionally leave plates of goo sitting out in the hope some hapless sap will take a bite. This is how they trick other peeps into making their pants (and performing other tasks that require hands). Some sittermimics have entire entourages of captivated peeps and creeps who serve them in a number of exciting and disquieting ways.



Although they typically prefer to tower above things by traipsing with their gangling legs, sittermimics are also capable of slithering along the ground trailing their gums like tails.

This one time a pair of sittermimics emerged from the Underwhere near Blist and proceeded to rampage through the digs. The durable peeps of that burg were having none of it and now a quartet of sittermimic legs adorn the exterior archways of the mayor's castle.



MASTICATION: Sittermimics love to bite. They'll chomp a gooser in a minute, sometimes just for fun, inflicting Strength+d8 damage. Anyone of size medium or smaller who is Wounded by such a bite must make an opposed Strength roll against the sittermimic or be swallowed whole. If that happens, the peep automatically takes 4d4 points of acid and crushing damage per round until he either dies or escapes (by succeeding an Agility roll and an opposed Strength roll, which counts as an action).

PANTS: Sittermimics wear snazzy pants made from various hides, skins, and other durable materials. These afford Armor+2 on the creature's legs.

DODGY: Agile and wary, sittermimics have the Improved Dodge Edge, which gives them +2 Parry against ranged attacks.

SEE-IN-THE-DIM-O-VISION: Penalties for darkness and dim lighting are halved when a sittermimic is the subject in question.

STOMP: The stomping and kicking feet of a sittermimic inflict Strength +d8 damage with each attack and force the opponent to make a Strength roll or be knocked back 2d4".

TALL: Sittermimics are very tall. They have +4 Toughness, although, creatures of medium size or smaller nab a +2 bonus to hit them, although striking them anywhere other than their armored legs requires a weapon with a Reach of at least 2 (or some other way to get up there).

SLOG

Everybody knows what a slog is. These limbless cremefillianish creeps have been herded, bred, hunted, and domesticated for centuries. Dozens of varieties crawl across every habitat on Oith (and possibly elsewhere). In case you forgot, here's some jazz about them.

SPECIAL ABILITIES COMMON TO ALL SLOGS

SCHLEPPER: Slogs can haul a lot more jazz than their Strength might indicate. Ten times as much, in fact.

SLOG IMMUNITIES: Slogs are immune to most diseases and poisons except those that specifically affect cremefillians and related organisms.

INVISISLOG (SLOG)

Invisislogs are identical in every way to standard pygmy slogs. I think. I mean, they're invisible, so that's different, but one assumes they are otherwise identical. Why are they invisible? I don't know, they just grow that way.

ATTRIBUTES: Agility d6, Smarts d6 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d10, Vigor d10
SKILLS: Fighting d6, Notice d8
PACE: 6 **PARRY:** 5 **TOUGHNESS:** 7

INVISIBLE: As their name implies, invislogs are perpetually and irrevocably invisible. Zazzular attempts to make them visible always fail. Attacks against them are at -4 because, as I just said, they are invisible.

What, you may ask, about invisilog poop? Is it invisible as well? See, these are the kind of questions that keep the Holesome up at night. This one has an easy answer, as some of Oith's more meticulous slogherders and ranchers can attest. No, invisilog poop is not invisible. There, now you know.

WARSLOG (SLOG)

Despite their lack of intrinsic invisibility, warslogs are dangerous opponents on the battlefield. Armed with savage dentition and a deadly, deadly horn warslogs are often more formidable than the guy on their back.

ATTRIBUTES: Agility d6, Smarts d6 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d10, Vigor d10
SKILLS: Fighting d8, Notice d8
PACE: 8 **PARRY:** 6 **TOUGHNESS:** 7(9)

DEADLY, DEADLY HORN: Stabbing with its horn, a warslog inflicts Strength+d8 damage. If the warslog is running the damage increases to Strength+d10 and the attack ignores up to three points of armor (AP3).

SAVAGE DENTITION: A warslog's bite inflicts Strength+d8 damage and can rip through all but the toughest of armor (AP 2).

SPONGY: Because of their dense hide warslogs have a +2 Toughness bonus and take half damage from slashing and blunt weapons.

WARSLOG, INVISIBLE (SLOG)

It's a warslog AND it's invisible. What the goose more do you want? Although rare, these creeps are used rather extensively among certain Dongfonder battalions in the Dingdom of the Dong.

ATTRIBUTES: Agility d6, Smarts d6 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d10, Vigor d10
SKILLS: Fighting d8, Notice d8
PACE: 8 **PARRY:** 6 **TOUGHNESS:** 7(9)

DEADLY, DEADLY HORN: An invisible warslog inflicts Strength+d8 damage with its stabby horn. If the creep is running the damage increases to Strength+d10 and the attack ignores up to three points of armor (AP3).



INVISIBLE: Invisible warslogs are, wait for it... INVISIBLE! They can't be seen, which is what invisible means, which typically makes attacks against them suffer a -4 penalty.

It's important to note that, although the slog is invisible, it's rider probably isn't.

SAVAGE DENTITION: Don't get bitten. An invisible warslog's bite inflicts Strength+d8 damage and can rip through all but the toughest of armor (AP 2).

SPONGY: Because of their dense hide invisible warslogs have a +2 Toughness bonus and take half damage from slashing and blunt weapons.

YEEVIL WILD CARD

Known colloquially as L'il Debbies, these verminous monstrosities are a cremefillian's worst nightmare. Smarter than they look, yeevils are cunning predators and often cooperate with each other to raid cremefillian digs and slog ranches.

Yeevils feature prominently in Jemimah's Witness myths, legends, and cautionary tales. The progenitor of them all, according to scripture, is a horrendously vile and unimaginably

enormous grotesqueness eponymously known as "Little" Debby. This ancient creature was apparently aligned with the Hostess of Hate and other antediluvian Hoomanracian malefactors.

ATTRIBUTES: Agility d8, Smarts d4, Spirit d10, Strength d12+2, Vigor d12

SKILLS: Climbing d8, Fighting d10, Notice d10, Stealth d8, Tracking d6

PACE: 6 **PARRY:** 7 **TOUGHNESS:** 12

APPETITE FOR CORRUPTION: Yeevils love the taste of cremefillians and their ilk. They suffer no ill effects from eating or biting them.

BURROW: Yeevils can chew through just about anything, moving at half their normal Pace through dirt and at a Pace of 1 through solid stone.

CAPACIOUS: A yeevils are Size +4. Medium or smaller opponents gain a +2 bonus to hit them.

CHEW: A yeevil typically attempts to grapple its prey with both hands (opposed Strength roll to escape), which gives it a +3 bonus when attempting to bite on the following round (and subsequent rounds until the prey is dead or escapes). The bite of a yeevil inflicts Strength+d4 damage. Anyone who survives a yeevil's bite must make a Vigor roll or fall victim to yeevil fever as described below.

DELVING TAIL: A yeevil's long tail can burrow through dirt and loose stone. It is prehensile and can grapple, wield a weapon, or clobber prey (inflicting damage equal to the yeevil's Strength).

PLAGUE DROOL: The round after a yeevil bites a cremefillian, slog, or related organism hard enough to cause a Wound, it can spew forth a stream of corrosive and infectious spittle in the shape of a cone template. Anyone struck by the stuff takes 4d4 points of acid damage (Agility roll for half damage, Raise avoids the spew altogether) and must make a Vigor roll or contract yeevil fever.

YEEVIL FEVER: This unwholesome disease causes a victim to break out in horrible itching

pustules, gaining one level of Fatigue per day beginning the day after contraction. An affected peep may make a Vigor roll each day to drop a level of Fatigue but the malady progresses until the victim succeeds twice in a row or is dead. This disease affects cremefillians, marshfellows, and funguys as well as the usual peeps.

YEEVIL QUEEN WILD CARD

Yeevil queens, the bosses and moms of many weevil gangs, are larger, smarter, crueller, and hungrier than their smaller (but still gigantic) brood.

ATTRIBUTES: Agility d8, Smarts d8, Spirit d10, Strength d12+4, Vigor d12

SKILLS: Climbing d8, Fighting d10, Intimidation d10, Notice d10, Stealth d8, Tracking d10

PACE: 6 **PARRY:** 7 **TOUGHNESS:** 14

EXACTLY LIKE OTHER YEEVILS BUT LARGER: Yeevil queens have all the special abilities possessed by other yeevils (please don't ask me to rewrite them here, just look to your left) except they are Size +6.

EXACTLY LIKE OTHER YEEVILS BUT SMARTER: A yeevil queen usually has an entourage of 2d4 regular yeevils. At least one of them typically carries a bunch of dead slogs or cremefillians as snacks and to fuel their collective Plague Drool abilities.

EXACTLY LIKE OTHER YEEVILS BUT CRUELER: As the largest and toughest yeevils around, yeevil queens are mean and aggressive. They gain a +2 bonus to Fighting rolls against cremefillians.

EXACTLY LIKE OTHER YEEVILS BUT HUNGRIER: A yeevil queen is able to stuff an entire pygmy slog or cremefillian into her maw. The round after doing so the acid damage of her Plague Drool is increased to 4d6.

Vigor rolls made to resist or recover from a queen's yeevil fever suffer a -2 penalty.

Yeevils are one of the few creeps who actually prefer the flesh of cremefillians over all other foodstuffs. "Foodstuffs" is a strange word. "Stuff" seems like it should already be plural and the "s" is extraneous. Oh well.

There are supposedly a bunch of yeevils and a yeevil queen dwelling in the sewers beneath Goss. The Yeev Heave, A popular beverage served at The Greedy Gullet, is named in honor of their honor.

YINDERHISM

Often used as mounts and beasts of burden by peeps who dwell in Oith's more mountainous digs, yinderhisms are often used as mounts and beasts of burden by peeps who dwell in Oith's more mountainous digs. Shut up. Writing is hard.

ATTRIBUTES: Agility d4, Smarts d4(A), Spirit d8, Strength d8, Vigor d8

SKILLS: Fighting d6, Notice d10, Stealth d8, Swimming d8, Tracking d8

PACE: 8 **PARRY:** 5 **TOUGHNESS:** 6

MOUNT: Yinderhisms are easily trained and can carry a rider of medium size or smaller.

TOOTHY SNOUT: Although they are usually casual and unaggressive, a yinderhism's bite inflicts Strength+d4 damage.

WHATEVER YINDERS YOUR HISM: Yinderhisms emit a strange yodeling howl when alarmed or in the mood for some lovin'. This noise can be heard from considerable distances, echoing through mountainous ravines and occasionally attracting the attention of predators.

In areas where they are endemic, a yinderhism's yowl will attract 3d4 additional yinderhisms, who arrive on the scene whenever the Boss deems it is appropriate. The new yinderhisms will help the caller if it is in trouble then typically try to mate with it.

YOLKEL

The incidental happenstances and Fundamental influences that must align for one of these weird, weird critters to exist baffle the calculations of the most introspective Holesome. Part boid, part something, and part something else, a yolkel is what gawds probably scrape off their frying pans after ruining breakfast. With flesh somewhere between scrambled eggs and overchewed slog saddles, a yolkel is at once bulky, floppy, dense, and somewhat curdled.

Yolkels aren't very bright, but they are smart enough to mumble a few words. They are particularly attracted to brightly colored objects and shiny things, although such items rarely remain bright and shiny for long.

ATTRIBUTES: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d8, Strength d8, Vigor d10

SKILLS: Fighting d4, Notice d4

PACE: 6 **PARRY:** 7 **TOUGHNESS:** 7(9)

A BIT RUNNY: If a yolkel is Wounded by a pointy or slashy weapon it exudes a thin, watery yellowish liquid. Anyone who touches this liquid or strikes the yolkel with a natural weapon must make a Spirit roll or burst out in hysterical laughter (Shaken until a Spirit roll succeeds).

DINGE: Yolkels exude a thin, milky film when they get excited. This has the effect of tarnishing anything they touch. Metal weapons, armor, or similar items touching or touched by a yolkel lose one level of quality each time they contact the creature (good items become decent, decent become crappy, crappy are destroyed). Unfortunately for the yolkel, this stuff is also delicious, which makes them particularly attractive to predators. When most predators have a choice of nearby prey they usually choose the yolkel.

LICK: Generally peaceful and curious, if threatened a yolkel will attack by licking its oppressor. Anyone struck by the thing's tongue must make a Smarts roll or become distracted and listless. The peep suffers a -2 penalty to all rolls and must draw an extra card for initiative and act on the lowest one. The effects wear off after the peep has had a chance to rest for at least four hours.

NOT DEAD: Despite its crossed out eyes a yolkel is not a creature of the danged. Nevertheless, actual creatures of the danged are somehow fooled and won't attack a yolkel or anyone within 5" of one unless directly ordered to do so by a commanding authority.

SHELLED: A yolkel's shell is harder than it looks, affording it Armor+2.

SQUAWK: A yolkel can emit a rambunctious chirp once every three rounds. Anyone within 5" of the yolkel must make a Vigor roll or be struck deaf. Further Vigor rolls are allowed once a day until one succeeds and the peep's hearing returns.



ZZZZZZ

Invisible, intangible, and uncool, zzzzzes are lazy and jaded Fundamental spirits of slack and lassitude. All they want is a nice cozy peep to take a nap in, infecting their host with a similar sense of apathy and sloth. For obvious reasons, not the least of which is their alphabetical placing, zzzzzes are feared and reviled by Aaaatheists most of all.

ATTRIBUTES: Agility d4, Smarts d6, Spirit d4, Strength d4, Vigor d4

SKILLS: meh

PACE: 1 **PARRY:** 4 **TOUGHNESS:** 4

SLEEPY TIME: The only known way to contract a zzzzzz is to touch the corpse of someone who croaked while infested with one. When



SYMBOLS: THESE SYMBOLS HIP YOU TO THE DIET, ACTIVITY CYCLE, AGGRESSION, WILD CARD STATUS, AND HABITAT OF A TYPICAL SPECIMEN.

ACTIVITY WHEN IS IT ACTIVE?	AGGRESSION HOW MEAN IS IT?	DIET WHAT DOES IT EAT?
DIURNAL (DAYTIME)	FRIENDLY	PLANTS
NOCTURNAL (NIGHT)	CURIOUS	MEAT
CREPUSCULAR (OR UNSPECIFIED)	APATHETIC (OR VARIABLE)	OMNIVORE
WILD CARD?	SURLY	BUGS
WILD CARD	HOSTILE (OR PREDATORY)	FUNGUS
		PARASITE
		SPECIAL
HABITAT WHERE DOES IT LIVE (MOST COMMON LISTED FIRST)?		
BADLANDS	PLAINS	FRIGID DIGS
THE BIG DRINK	FRESH WATER	FUNGLE
COASTLAND	SWAMP	MOSSY REALMS
DESERT	THE UNDERWHERE	MOUNTAINS
WOODY PLACES	URBAN	OTHER (OR UNSPECIFIED)

this happens, the zzzzzz will attempt to transfer from the corpse into the new host, who is allowed a Vigor roll at -2 to avoid the infestation. A peep or creep who adopts a zzzzzz usually doesn't even realize anything has happened, he just slowly begins to get lazier and more aloof.

A zzzzzz can be removed through a day long ritual involving the application of both the Greater Healing and Eviction powers waggled by a holy roller of Heroic rank or higher. It can't be killed, but this ritual forces it to get off its lazy butt and move into another host.

WHATEVER: A peep hosting a zzzzzz becomes indolent, lethargic, and passive, suffering a -1 penalty to all rolls and losing the gumption to move faster than his Pace. After a week in this state the penalty increases to -2. Another week brings it to -3.

Eventually, after four weeks of infestation, the host loses interest in food and begins to starve. He must make a Vigor roll every day or gain a level of Fatigue.

APPENDIX 07: HEAP OF CREEPS SYMBOLS

The *Heaps of Creeps* and *Heaps of Peeps* are a series of *Low Life* products that include postcard sized art prints depicting a peep or creep on one side and their statistics on the other. Special symbols are used to represent a creep's activity cycle, aggression, diet, habitat, and wild card status.

The symbols indicate the attributes of a typical creep of the type in question. Exceptions, in many cases, are not uncommon. To save space, only the top two or three most likely habitats are listed, although many creeps can be found in a broad assortment of environments.

BLASPHEMENTAL, DRAT



BLASPHEMENTAL, GRAWLIX



BLASPHEMENTAL, HERETICK



BLOTT



BUDD



CONTANIMENT, DINGE



CONTANIMENT, DROOOL



CONTANIMENT, GLUMP



CONTANIMENT, GROOSE



CONTANIMENT, MORK



CONTANIMENT, PHLEEK



CONTANIMENT, PHLEGMOPPET



CONTANIMENT, SCUMLORD



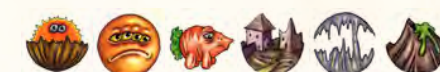
CONTANIMENT, SLERP



CONTANIMENT, SLUD



CONTANIMENT, SOP



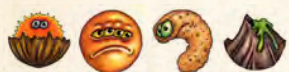
CONTANIMENT, SPLOOJ



CONTANIMENT, SWOOD



CONTANIMANT, TUFFPH



DAMMIT, COLD DAMMIT



DAMMIT, GAWD DAMMIT



DILLIDID



DRIBBLER



GROAST



GRUNDLE



HOLY CARP



MOOK



MUTHA, HAIRY ASS MUTHA



MUTHA, HOLY MUTHA



...OF THE DANGED, DEADSLUG



...OF THE DANGED, DRAGG



...OF THE DANGED, EIDOLORD



...OF THE DANGED, EXPECTORATOR



...OF THE DANGED, HANKERLANK



...OF THE DANGED, HANKERSWOLL



...OF THE DANGED, HANKERYANK



...OF THE DANGED, HECKPENDAGE



...OF THE DANGED, HORCPENDAGE



...OF THE DANGED, LECH



...OF THE DANGED, SKECH



...OF THE DANGED, SMILER



...OF THE DANGED, WERM KING



PAINDEER



PHLOPP



SAD LITTLE ACCIDENT



THE SITTER



SITTERMIMIC



SLOG, INVISISLOG



SLOG, INVISIBLE WARSLUG



SLOG, WARSLUG



YEEVIL



YEEVIL QUEEN



YINDERHISM



YOLKEL



ZZZZZZ



APPENDIX 08:
INTERFAITH RELATIONS

The following page contains a snazzy chart describing how practitioners of Oith's major religions tend to feel about one another. For obvious reasons, the information doesn't apply to every follower of every faith. It is meant as a guideline, not a rule. The Boss and the players are encouraged to make their own decisions regarding interfaith relations and to apply whatever concepts work best for the characters and story.

In the case of polytheistic faiths, like the Karmasuturists and the Pox Aromans, the chart applies to the generic, pantheon-worshipping adherent. There just isn't room in this book to detail every interaction between every gawd in the Vleedles and every divinity in the Aromatic Pantheon.

So too, and for similar reasons, are cults and some of the lesser known religions, like the Snoozers and the Manliness of the Bombastic Beard, omitted.

Even Seananists don't like Seananists.

You must **CHART 9.1** **CHART 9.2** when **CHART 9.3**.

1d4 **RESULT** **1d4** **RESULT**

CHART 9.2

- 3 close your eyes
- 4 eat a specific food
- 5 cover your head
- 6 chant or sing instead of talking
- 7 ride a specific type of critter
- 8 bow or genuflect
- 9 insult another religion
- 10 present your holy symbol
- 11 brandish a weapon
- 12 announce your intentions
- 13 whisper
- 14 pray out loud
- 15 face backwards
- 16 apologize for a wrongdoing
- 17 dance
- 18 offer a gift or sacrifice
- 19 wear jewelry
- 20 draw blood (or similar fluids)
- 21 be barefoot
- 22 extoll the virtues of your gawd
- 23 eat
- 24 drink
- 25 crawl

CHART 9.3

3 in the presence of another gender.
4 in the presence of another religion.
5 passing through a doorway.
6 eating.
7 riding a beast or mabob.
8 you are touched by anyone.
9 the sky is sunny.
10 it is rainy.
11 you are awake.
12 in public.
13 it is a certain day of the week.
14 you are underground.
15 in the dark.
16 wagging zazz.
17 fighting.
18 addressing a superior.
19 the sun sets.
20 the moon is showing.
21 you are Wounded.
22 someone in your heap is Shaken.
23 inside a building.
24 when getting ready to sleep.
25 you wake up.
26 a specific word is spoken.
27 asking for help.
28 confronting a foe.
29 shopping.
30 speaking.

This chart not complex enough for you? Feel free to make your own and share it at The Whole Hole Suppository of Knowledge (www.thewholehole.info).

APPENDIX 10: UPGRADING A CONTANIMATRONIC MINION

As detailed in *Low Life: The Rise of the Lowly*, containimators use the Defile power to create containimatronic minions. What gives, however, if a containimator wants to upgrade an existing minion. The thing that gives is this: no worries, it can be done.

The chart below outlines the cost to improve a minion from one level to the next. The minion can't skip steps, so to go from Novice to Veteran, it must first be upgraded from Novice to Seasoned and then from Seasoned to Veteran, paying the power point cost for each step. The containimator regains all the power points used in this expenditure except one, which joins the pool attached to the minion. As usual, the proper materials must be used to strengthen and improve the minion. It takes a full day to add the improvements and, as before, a successful crafting roll halves the time and a raise adds two additional attribute points.



CONTANIMATRONIC MINION UPGRADES

RANK INCREASE	PP COST	PP REGAINED	ATTRIBUTE POINTS	SKILL POINTS	EDGES OR ABILITIES
Novice to Seasoned	6	5	2	2	1
Seasoned to Veteran	8	7	3	2	2
Veteran to Heroic	10	9	4	3	2
Heroic to Legendary	12	11	5	5	2

APPENDIX 11: ADVENTURE HOOKS

Hopefully, the following rumors and narrative seeds will inspire the Boss to create an exciting and compelling adventure.

The Boorglezarium is hosting a summit and wants a delegation from each of Oith's major religions in attendance. The heap either are the delegates or are tasked with delivering the invitations.

The heap is caught between two powerful creatures of the danged, a lech and an eidolord, who are squabbling with each other for control of an ancient Hoomanracian ruin and the valuable treasure hidden within.

Someone is burgling the vaults of the burg's clammiest Bottomliners. A huge reward is offered for the thief's capture, but clues point to a member of the heap.

It's Xmas Cleave and the Santanists should arrive soon. The heap must decorate their digs and defend themselves from rampaging horcs.

One of the heap is swindled into signing a contract giving his corpse to The Danged upon his demise. A host of persistent assassins and creeps of the danged try to collect early. Why? What's so special about him? That's for you to know and the Heap to find out...

A really neat hole has been discovered. A Holesome holy roller wants to meditate in it but a congregation of the Danged is getting ready to perform their First Exhumation ceremonies. The heap are asked to mediate. Upon investigation, the hole opens into the Underwhere, where a clan of Dillididium dorks are sharpening their weapons in preparation for a raid on a nearby harein lair.

One of the immense enmoslogs that carries the caravan burg of Scab has croaked. The town's leaders hire the heap to travel the glob in search of enough powerful danged wranglers to dang the thing so it can continue doing its job.

Coblins in New Ooorlquar are being kidnapped by the Sons of Sog-Sogsogth. The heap must don hollowed coblin corpses and go undercover to infiltrate the cult's subterranean digs and put an end to their murderous shenanigans.

The heap find a valuable Hoomanracian relic and are pursued by a Fluffy Nubbler who wants to steal it, a Jemimah's Witness who wants to destroy it, a Bottomliner who wants to buy it, and a Hoomanitarian who wants to study it.

One of the peeps is asked to arbitrate an argument over which Pox Aroman gawd is the best. It gets ugly.

Local streams are turning black and tarry. Unbeknownst to everyone, the culprit is a local farmer who is actually a disguised phleek. Her nightly barbecues are leaking something gross into the water. Also she is cooking peeps. A secret cult of Crudbrothers live in her barn and a plethora of containimants haunt her digs. The heap must solve the mystery and put an end the vile pollution.

A Big Baby is lost and can't find his nanny. She is actually right over there, she just keeps putting her hands in front of her eyes and the Big Baby is confused. Nevertheless, he whines for the heap's assistance.



A tub made of cheese sails into the local harbor. It is occupied by a group of Curdled holy rollers on a tour to sample all the cheeses Oith has to offer. The heap are hired as guides or guards. Out on the Big Drink they are accosted by a price-o-corn vessel driven by a Seananist and crewed by blasphementials in search of vic-tims to desecrate.

One of the peeps is host to a skech and must gather exotic supplies and hone her skills in order to create a masterpiece worthy enough to expel the thing. A Flower Child has been tasked with her assassination. Apparently, whatever she is making shouldn't be made.

The peeps are Dongfonders on a mission to convert a primitive tribe of cannibalistic creme-fillians.



APPENDIX 12: CREEDS BY PEEPS

This incredibly snazzy appendix shows faiths in association with the peeps who are most often attracted to that system of beliefs. It does not consider the relative scarcity of certain peeps in relation to others, only the propensity for peeps of that species to belong to the religion in question. For example, there are far more croaches than piles adhering to the Crudbrother faith simply because there are more croaches on Oith. Piles, however, are more likely to become Crudbrothers than croaches are, so they appear higher on the list even though they represent a smaller chunk of the total Crudbrother congregation. Does that make sense?

The peep images represent the top several species to commonly dig what that religion is laying down, from left to right in order of relative commonality. This is more a measure of how common it is for a member of the species to be an adherent of the faith rather than a measure of how often a member of the faith belongs to that species. That's kind of what I said in the first paragraph but I still feel like Kylan and some other people maybe aren't quite getting it.

Oh well. If you still don't understand just nod and play along. Nobody will know.

AAAATHEISTS



BIG BABIES



BOORGLEZARIANS



BOTTOMLINERS



COHORTS OF THE PORCELAIN GAWD



CORNTHULHISTS



CRITTER CULTISTS



CRITTER CULTISTS (DILLIDIDIUM)



CRUDBROTHERS & CRUDMOTHERS



THE CURDLED



THE DANGED



DONGFONDERS



FLOWER CHILDREN



FLUFFY NUBBLERS



FUNDAMENTALISTS (THE CRAM)



FUNDAMENTALISTS (MASSACRAVERS)



FUNDAMENTALISTS (ZEALOTS OF ZAZZ)



THE FUNGISH



HAPPY LITTLE ACCIDENTS



THE HOLESOME



HOOMANITARIANS



JEEZLE FREAKS



JEMIMAH'S WITNESSES



KARMASUTURISTS



MANLINESS OF THE BOMBASTIC BEARD



NOT-OF-THIS-OITHLINGS



THE POLISHERS



THE POX AROMANS



RETURNERS FROM WHENCE WE CAME



THE FLUSH IS NIGH...

SANTANISTS



SEANANISTS



THE SNOOZERS



STANISMISTS



SUFFERING SOCKS



YORTIANS



APPENDIX 13: AN AD

**NEED MORE
LOW IN YOUR LIFE?**



ALL SORTS OF WONDERFUL LOW LIFE JAZZ
IS AVAILABLE ONLINE AT WWW.LOWTIQUE.COM.

APPENDIX 13:
A RECIPE FOR PURPLED LEGS

This old fashioned ancient secret family recipe I just made up was passed on to me by my ancestors, predecessors, offspring, wizened old mentors, acquaintances, descendants, and people I've never met. I hope you dig it.

Look, I don't get it either. I asked people what they wanted to see in this book and they, inexplicably, thought it was a cook book.

STEP ONE: Gather unto thee these secret ingredients: SOME KIND OF LEGS (if you live in the time before The Flush you can use chicken. If not, we suggest linachithi or plorp legs), various crunchy VEGGIES and rhizomes (carrots, taters, celeries, onions, and possibly a rutabaga if you're weird), FUNGUS!!!!, some red Borfian fish WINE(if fish wine is not available in your burg you have my permission to substitute grape wine), garlicks, more garlicks, SO MUCH GARLICKS, hot and spicy powders and herbs, a single lemon, two lemons, a pot to pee in, a pot to put foods in, rendered plorp fat (or vegetable oil), a fork or something like that. Oh yeah, and a frying pan.

STEP TWO: Put some oil (or butter or both) in the frying pan and get it nice and hot. Put some chopped up onions in that jazz but not too many because we want some for later too. Make sure the legs aren't wet. Put them in the sizzling oil and make them brown and crispy. Add the more garlicks and the garlicks and cook them until they are light brown but not burnt. If you burn them they will get bitter and leave you.

Get out that pot we were talking about and heat it up with some oil in it. Drop the veggies and rhizomes in the pot (the one you didn't pee in) and cook them until they start to soften up. Next the legs. Put them in the pot too. Fungus as well.



IDENTIFICATION KEY (A BIGGER IMAGE LIVES ON THE NEXT PAGE): 1 paindeer, 2 splooj, 3 smiler, 4 slerp, 5 grawlax, 6 hairy ass mutha, 7 dunqce, 8 blorb, 9 coblin, 10 budd, 11 dork, 12 yinderhism, 13 harein, 14 dragg, 15 sad little accident, 16 holy carp, 17 marshfellow, 18 dribbler, 19 cold dammit, 20 drat, 21 yeevil, 22 yeevil queen, 23 qawd dammit, 24 scumlord, 25 The Sitter, 26 lech, 27 skech, 28 phleek, 29 swood, 30 tuffph, 31 dinge, 32 blott, 33 yolkel, 34 phlegmoppet, 35 goose, 36 dillidid, 37 glump, 38 droool, 39 worm king, 40 mook, 41 grundle, 42 groast, 43 deadslog, 44 holy mutha, 45 phlopp, 46 sittermimic, 47 eidolord, 48 heckpendage, 49 horcpendage, 50 slud, 51 expectorator, 52 hankerlank, 53 hankerswoil, 54 sop, 55 mork, 56 war slog. Not pictured (cuz tiny or invisible): hankeryank, heretick, invisislog, invisible war slog, zzzz.

Spill some fish wine on your shirt then pour the rest in the pot so the legs don't get lonely. Add the SO MUCH GARLICKS, all slivered up and skinny. Let that stuff cook for a considerable duration. Maybe like once the bubbles get moving turn the heat down and simmer all cool like for as long as it takes to sing *Too Many Toes On Her Tootsies* twelve times. Add the spices and bring it back to a boil. Really, you should have put those in at the beginning but I forgot to mention it. Oh well, they'll be fine.

Cook that jazz on a slow simmer, with a lid on it, until the legs are all falling off the bone and tender and such. If the legs don't turn purple you did something wrong.

It's not my fault. Get some paint and paint them purple.

STEP THREE: PUT THEM IN YOUR FACE! Wait, don't do that yet. Let them cool a bit first or you'll burn yourself. Burning yourself is not fun. Don't do it.

STEP FOUR: You can squeeze a lemon on the stuff if you want. Take the other two lemons and barter them for a box of snack cakes. Use the snack cakes to intimidate any cremefillians who come around trying to nab your purpled legs.

SO GOOSIN' NIGH...



THE WHOLE HOLE SUPPOSITORY OF KNOWLEDGE

A COLLECTION OF GAB SPOUTINGS AND EXPLORATIONS
BY GADABOUTS LIKE YOU!



Oith is a goosin' huge place and it's overflowing with all sorts of interesting jazz, snazz, and zazz (most of which probably wants to eat you). Gadabouts like you wander the glob perusing the various whatnots and recording their observations for posterior. I mean posterity.

Anyway, all that perusal means these peeps generally have a lot to say. Many of them plop their crud into books, such as *The Whole Hole – A Gadabout's Guide to Mutha Oith – Volume 1: Keister Island* (by Toucanacondor Flaminguez) and *The Whole Hole – A Gadabout's Guide to Mutha*

Oith – Volume 2: Holy Crap (maybe you've heard of it?). Others are content to babble over mugs of suds or spout the gab from street corners and rooftops and such. Peeps around here, however, want that jazz written down and readily available for public consumption (like your momma, BURN!).

That's where the Suppository of Knowledge enters the scene. Not only is it the digs from which those lovely tomes we just mentioned are pressed, it's also the place to be for gadabouts on the mellow. Located in the Mongerblocks



of Floom, downwind from the Keistermeister's Palace and the snooty juice of the Bucket Turf, it's a jaunt and a wiggle from both The Place of Pondering and The Froth, which puts it pretty much in the spleen of the burg (or the heart, if you wax that way).

Anyway, the Suppository is basically a sort of secret (in that it's only a little bit secret) library, social club, reliquary, museum, and all-you-can-eat cupcake buffet (every Wensday). To get in you have to be an official Whole Hole gadabout. To become one of those you pretty much just have to have another official Whole Hole gadabout say you're one too.

Once those formalities are squished it's time to peruse the digs. Gadabouts are encouraged to learn from the experiences of their peers and to share the wonders they've encountered throughout their travels across this majestic and hideous ball of yuck we call home.

In case it's not yet clear, the Whole Hole Suppository of Knowledge is a website where

peeps like you and me can go to share our own *Low Life* creations with the community. To learn more, get your shiny wazoo on over to

WWW.THEWHOLEHOLE.INFO

The Whole Hole Suppository of Knowledge is also the online headquarters for an exciting new way to play *Low Life*. I'm referring, of course, to

LIVING LOW

THE LOW LIFE LIVING CAMPAIGN

Living Low lets peeps create a *Low Life* character and play that same character across multiple adventures at various conventions and game days across the world. The character gains experience and advances along the way. Give it a try. I think you'll really dig it.

WWW.THEWHOLEHOLE.INFO

A complete set of rules and guidelines for *Living Low* can be found at the Whole Hole Suppository of Knowledge.

HOO MAN BY BIRTH OITHLING BY THE GRACE OF BOORGLEZAR

Since you're all in a clapping mood and (statistically speaking) probably pooping, grunt out some accolades for these amazing people, without whose contributions this book would still be lurking in my noggin instead of warming your thighs as you read it on the toilet. I love you all. I am humbled by your awesomeness and grateful for your patience, generosity, and support. Don't forget to wash your hands.

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LET'S DROP AN EVEN BIGGER DOSE OF LOVE ONTO THESE PEEPS
FOR VARIOUS REASONS I'M NOT COMFORTABLE GETTING INTO RIGHT NOW:

GEORGE P. BURDELL, SHANE HENSLEY, THE SAVAGES, THOM, GREGORY,
SEAN, KRYSTAL, KELSEY, DAVID "HAREINS WERE MY IDEA" BATES, STEVE, NEAL, ELIZABETH,
TERRA, BART, KEN, DAWN, VICKY, KYLAN, AND EVERYONE WHO COMES TO CON ON THE COB!

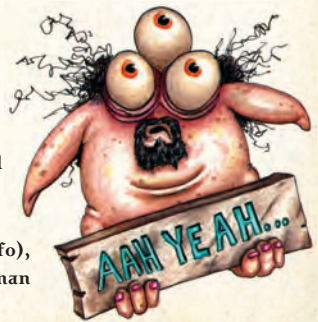
AND YET MORE LOVE TO
HEATHER, ILIANA, & AURORA

FOR BEING THE MOST AMAZINGLY CREATIVE AND SUPPORTIVE FAMILY EVER THERE COULD BE!

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

ANDY HOPP is the handsomest, sexxxiest, most talented, most humble person the world has ever seen. He can bench press like 8000 pounds and he drives two ferraris at the same time. He lives in this awesome cave/mansion/volcano lair in Ohio with his supermodel trophy wife, his telekinetic kids, and way too many pets.

Because he isn't busy enough with Low Life jazz, he also hosts Con on the Cob (www.cononthecob.com), Oddmall (www.oddmall.info), and your mom's quilting circle. Every man wants to be him. Every woman (and some men) wants to be with him. Every dog wants to pee on him.





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PRINTED IN THE USA